

GONZO

EXCLUSIVE:

The peculiar story of
David Peel, an ex-Beatle,
and an FBI cock up

EXCLUSIVE:

Gryphon live in
words and pics

EXCLUSIVE:

A new
edition of
Lester Bangs'
most seminal
work

EXCLUSIVE:

Malachite
mainman on a
desert island

EXCLUSIVE:

Britannia
stalks the
lanes

EXCLUSIVE:

Strange Fruit
Ladbroke Grove
special



THE MAN WHO WASN'T JOHN LENNON



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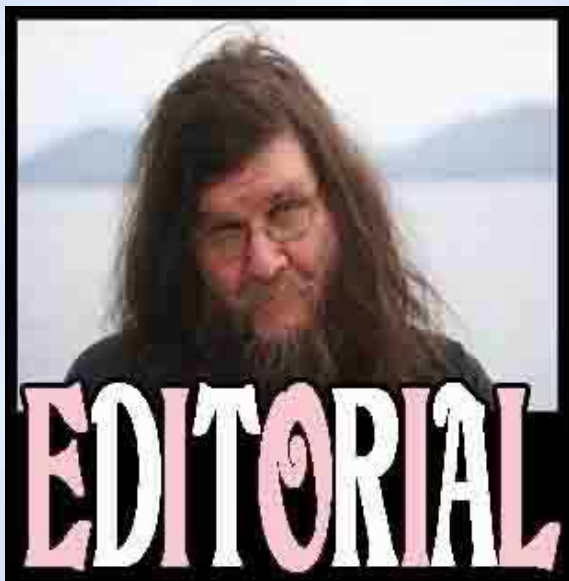
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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 the magazine that I started out of stubbornness, and which goes from strength to strength through some surrealmchemical mechanism that completely baffles its editor.

It is *that* time of the year again; the time when I begin to panic about this year's Weird Weekend. For those of you not in the know, the Weird Weekend is another of those peculiar projects that I started almost by accident, and which has grown in



a quasi-organic manner into something that I don't think that anyone was expecting. In a nutshell The Weird Weekend is the largest yearly gathering of mystery animal investigators in the English-speaking world. Now in its sixteenth year, the convention attracts speakers and visitors from all over the world and showcases the findings of investigators into strange phenomena.

That all sounds very worthy if you are into all that sort of thing, but as always, mere words don't really do the event justice. As I say each year, it is a place where one can see old friends, and meet new ones, it is a place where alliances have been formed, plans made and research both formulated and evaluated, and above all it is great fun. I truly don't think that



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

there is another event like it in the world quite like it.

At last year's event, for example, one of the founder members of Van Der Graaf Generator talked about his researches into the matter of life after death, a British explorer recounted his adventures in the police state of what used to be Burma in search for a probably extinct species of duck that most people haven't ever heard of, our guest of honour were the ashes of Wally Hope, a graphic demonstration using small children explained how scorpions attack their prey, an exhibition by the UK's leading underground cartoonist, and one of the presenters introduced one of the acts whilst rolling around on the floor wrapped in a bin bag. Oh yes, and there was also the world famous Tunnel of Goats, a haunted teddy bear nest, and a spider baby. And the whole event kicks off with free drinks in a marquee on my lawn. There is music, art, films and some of the nicest home cooked food that one could possibly imagine. Nine months later one of Britain's leading explorers is still eulogising over the feta cheese salad.

I think we have established that the event is great fun, but I also believe that it is an important event, and furthermore one which would be sadly missed if it ever came to an end.

Why is it important? A whole slew of reasons:

- It is the only conference in the world that is not just aimed at preaching to the converted. It is aimed at the casual enthusiast as much as the acknowledged expert, and there are entry level items as well as ones for the more rarified interest.
- It is the only conference that I have ever been to where there is no Green Room. There is nowhere

for the experts, and famous guests (and believe me, some of the guests are very famous indeed) to hide from the general public. Our guests are encouraged to mix with the public, and our public are encouraged to communicate with and interact with the guests.

· It is the only conference in the world (as far as I am aware) that doesn't take itself too seriously. I have been asked over and over again why I don't call it something like 'The International Cryptozoological Symposium', and the answer is simple. There are too many two bit organisations that revel in self-aggrandisement and give themselves idiotically pompous titles. We already know that this is the best conference in the Fortean world, so why be pompous about it? It is also the only conference that I have ever been to which is just as surreally silly as it is academically sensible.

· It is family friendly. Kids are encouraged to participate, and there are special events (such as the mildly revolting, but world famous, cake eating competition, and the nature walk, that are especially aimed at the younger generation.

· It is raising money not only for the Centre for Fortean Zoology, but for the Small School in Hartland, a valuable and unique educational establishment. What's so good about the Small School? This is how they describe themselves on their website:

"Welcome to the Small School, a co-educational, independent school for 11-16 year olds, based in Hartland, Devon. We believe education should be based on trust and mutual respect, together with a commitment to the school community. We aim for a flexible and responsive approach to an individual's interests, needs and abilities, thereby seeking to develop self-motivated learning.

one of the presenters introduced one of the acts whilst rolling around on the floor wrapped in a bin bag.

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة





Although over thirty years old, the Small School continues to pioneer a human scale approach to education and there is no other secondary school quite like it in the country. Many new 'Free Schools' have been influenced by the ethos of the Small School, but human scale at the Small School means a maximum of 40 students only."

It is a valuable fund raiser for both organisations, but it is not about the money, not at all. We haven't put the price up in ten years. It remains twenty quid for the whole weekend if you buy in advance, and everyone under sixteen gets in for free as long as they are accompanied by a vaguely responsible adult. And if you live in Hartland, Woolsery, Clovelly or Welcome there is a special discount rate.

No, this is not at all about the money. It is about bringing people together for an absolutely magical weekend of high strangeness and monumental silliness, and I really wish that everyone reading this would bite the bullet and decide to come.

WHAT CAN YOU DO TO HELP?

Well, first of all, the best thing that you can do is buy tickets from the link here:

<http://www.weirdweekend.org/ticket.htm>

But we are also looking for sponsors. Last year our sponsors included Gonzo Multimedia, Vaudrey Arts, and Erik Norlander's Think Tank Media, and we would love to have even more this year. If you would like to sponsor the event either with a cash donation or a donation of goods that can be used as raffle or door prizes please contact us. We would love to have you on board.

So why am I panicking? I have never made any secret of my incipient paranoia, and although we have held fifteen successful events so far, and never yet had an event where nobody turned up, we have only sold a handful of tickets so far, and despite the lessons of history, I would be much happier if we could sell a few more.

So c'mon guys. Make a paranoid old hippy a happy man, and come and join in the fun. You won't regret it, I promise, and you will actually be helping to change the world just that little bit.

Om Shanti

Jon Downes



Liam Gallagher, Yoko Ono, Ringo Starr, Kurt Cobain, Slash, Malcolm Young, AC/DC, Weird Weekend, Kim Kardashian, Bear Grylls, Steve Ignorant, Slice of Life, Steve Hackett, Elvis Presley, Eliza Carthy, Tim Eriksen, Galahad, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, B B King, Mick Abrahams & Sharon Watson, Tommy James, Hugh Hopper, Third Ear Band, WMWS, David Peel, Strawberry Alarm Clock, Eliza Carthy & Jim Moray, Magic Michael, David Peel, John Lennon, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Jon Wiener, Gryphon, Roy Weard, Hawkwind, Nigel Hewlett-Beech, Malachite, Yes, Steve Howe, Palos Verdes, Alan White, Rick Wakeman, Lester Bangs, Xtul, Neil Nixon, And the Native Hipsters, Rolling Stones, Paganini, Grateful Dead, Stevie Wonder, Madonna, Dalriada

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:

Jonathan Downes,

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Editor: *Gonzo Weekly* magazine

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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

NO WAY SIS: Liam Gallagher has declined to comment following reports published today suggesting that Oasis will reform without his brother, Noel Gallagher. The band split in 2009 with Noel citing an inability to work with his brother as the key reason. Last month (April 19), however, tabloid reports emerged suggesting that a reunion for the band was on the cards, with a 'well-placed source' saying the brothers had come to "a gentlemen's agreement" to reunite. Noel Gallagher subsequently denied that he would be interested in a Oasis reunion, claiming that the rumour came from a "source close to Liam". **Read on...**

IT DON'T COME EASY: Yoko Ono has paid tribute to the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame's latest inductee Ringo Starr by dubbing the drummer "the most influential Beatle". Starr became the final member of the group to be inducted as a solo artist in his own right at Cleveland's Public Hall, which saw Paul McCartney give a speech about his former bandmate. Yoko Ono has paid tribute to the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame's latest inductee Ringo Starr by dubbing the drummer "the most influential Beatle". "No one is



probably going to believe it but he was the most influential Beatle," said Ono, who also expressed her delight that Starr was joining his fellow Fab Four members in the Hall Of Fame. "For some reason John got it, then George got it, then Paul got it," she said. "So why didn't they think about Ringo?" **Read on...**

YOUNG MAN BLUES One of the greatest legends of rock history, Malcolm Young from AC/DC, was diagnosed with dementia and had to retire his guitar and step away from the iconic band he helped to

found, as he couldn't remember the riffs and songs he created. 89FM, one of the most emblematic rock radio stations in Brazil, and one of his biggest fans, decided to pay homage to the guitarist in a way that should show that even as he may forget the world, the world will never forget him. During the month of April, the station performed an experiment: take AC/DC songs and Malcolm's riffs to real people that suffer from degenerative diseases like him, and film their reactions. This project was led by Brazilian advertising agency Africa. **Read on...**

MANIC NIRVANA : A new movie, SOAKED IN BLEACH reveals the events behind Kurt Cobain's death as seen through the eyes of Tom Grant, the private investigator that was hired by Courtney Love in 1994 to track down her missing husband (Kurt Cobain) only days before his deceased body was found at their Seattle home. Cobain's death was ruled a suicide by the police (a reported self-inflicted gunshot wound), but doubts have circulated for twenty years as to the legitimacy of this ruling, especially due to the work of Mr. Grant, a former L.A. County Sheriff's detective, who did his own investigation and determined there was significant empirical and circumstantial evidence to conclude that foul play could very well have occurred. **Read on...**

GOING FOR A SLASH: Slash has discussed the possibility of taking part in a reunion of the classic Guns N' Roses line-up, quoted in a recent interview as saying "never say never". The guitarist left the classic rock band in 1996, with the group's frontman Axl Rose releasing the much-delayed LP 'Chinese Democracy' with a new-look line-up in 2008. Having later formed the band Velvet Revolver, Slash more recently released an album titled 'World on Fire' with Myles Kennedy and The Conspirators in September 2014. Asked about rejoining his former band by CBS News, Slash said, "It's been one of those things that's been talked about by everybody but us for over the last 18, 19 years." Admitted that while Rose and himself "haven't really talked in a long time", Slash did reveal that "a lot of the tension" between the pair has been resolved. **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...

THEY HAVE A POINT: Kim Kardashian was confronted by animal rights activists at a recent book signing. Kim was at a Barnes & Noble in New York signing copies for her new book *Selfish* when a group of animal rights protestors approached her table waving posters. In the clip above, uploaded to YouTube by Storyful, activists can be heard shouting 'shame on you' before being herded away by security. One man asks the reality TV star directly: 'Do you know how many animals are tortured and killed for your jackets?' **Read on...**

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT: TV adventurer Bear Grylls should be prosecuted for animal cruelty, a charity has said, after a pig was slaughtered and eaten by contestants on his reality show. A scene in Channel 4's *The Island* showed a group of hungry women capture an apparently sleeping pig and dispatch it with a knife. It was the third pig slaughtered on the show in two weeks. In an earlier episode, two piglets were killed for food after they fell ill. The series has already come under fire after the male contestants accidentally captured and killed an endangered American crocodile. **Read on...**

CULL THE POLITICIANS: This week *The Daily Mirror* claimed the badger cull costs the tax payer a staggering £5,200 PER BADGER – and campaigners are now calling on the Conservatives to apply austerity measures to the controversial issue. Humane Society International/UK estimates the badger cull would set the public purse back tens of millions of pounds – more than £5,000 per badger. Ministers resurrected the botched badger cull last year, with re-appointed Environment Secretary Liz Truss saying the killing had resumed in Gloucestershire and Somerset – despite the failure of the first cull. And remember that David Cameron's Government have committed themselves to a spine-chilling £12billion of new welfare cuts. Funny old world. **Read on...**

WE BELIEVE HE RODE WITH THE BERKELEY HUNT: More than 215,000 people have urged David Cameron to keep the fox hunting ban since he returned to Number 10 on Friday. The Tories will give MPs the chance to overturn Labour's 2004 law – infuriating animal rights campaigners, who fought a bitter battle to secure it. Now a huge swell of people have joined calls to stop the change in an online petition, whose total signatures reached 200,000 last night. The campaign, started by Becky White from St Helens, Merseyside, slams fox hunting as a 'vicious and outdated pastime'. **Read on...**

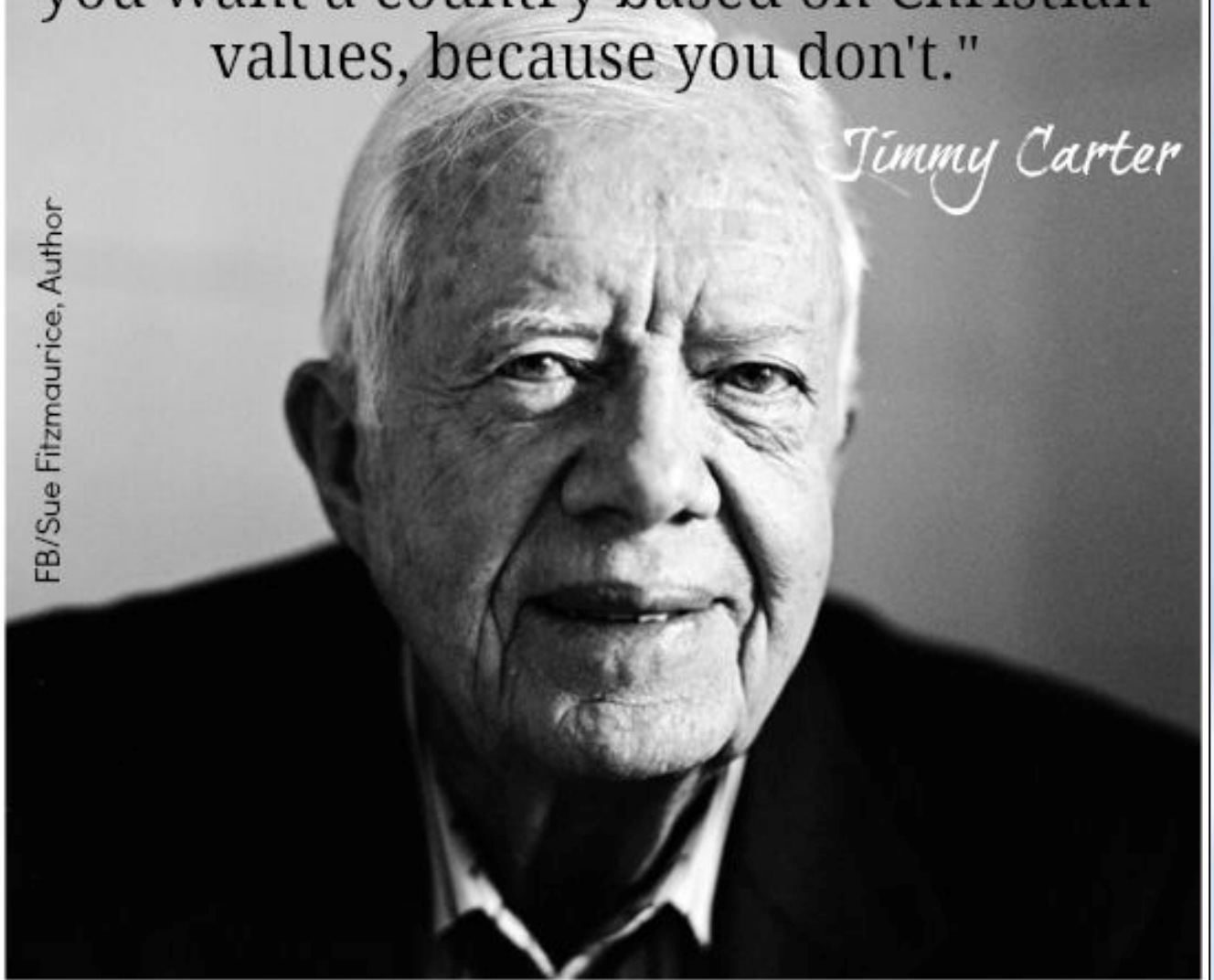


Democracywatch

"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):

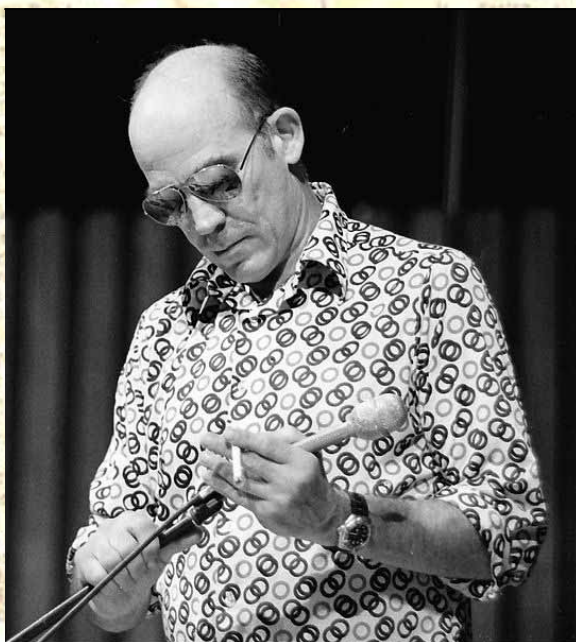
<http://www.priceminister.com/boutique/PROG13>

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 BARRES 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)



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:

"Maybe there is no Heaven. Or maybe this is all pure gibberish—a product of the demented imagination of a lazy drunken hillbilly with a heart full of hate who has found a way to live out where the real winds blow—to sleep late, have fun, get wild, drink whisky, and drive fast on empty streets with nothing in mind except falling in love and not getting arrested . . . Res ipsa loquitur. Let the good times roll."

Hunter S. Thompson



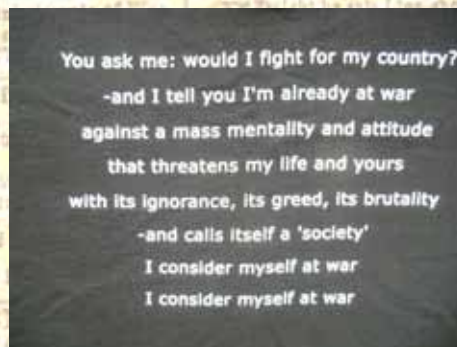
STEVE IGNORANT'S SLICE OF LIFE HAVE SOMETHING THAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND

I only have the vaguest idea what an instagram is, but apparently Steve Ignorant and his merry band have now got one. On their Facebook page Steve proudly proclaims:

"With a push, a shove and lots of help from Pete Row and Carol we've now got an instagram. So a Slice Of Life in pics, which will be especially great when on the road."

The link is:
http://instagram.com/steve_ignorant

They also have some rather cool shirts with this on the back:



the week that's past

The undersigned, by appointment from the Commission
of Patents, urgent of the U. S. Patent Office, for re-
ceiving and forwarding to the said, models, machines or
manufactures to be patented, & deposited therein, which
will be sent free of expense and risk and will dispo-
se the prepare Claims, Specifications, & Abstracts, and all
the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make references
into American and foreign works, to test validity of inven-
tions, and certify whether they are new and original, or not.

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 and To Main St.

the week that's past

The Gospel According to *BART*

Look what I found in my inbox this week from my favourite roving reporter. He actually sent it a couple of weeks ago but it became lodged under some electronic detritus. Sorry Bart.

"Elvis Presley's custom-designed airplanes – the Lisa Marie and the Hound Dog II – will remain permanent fixtures at Graceland. The late singer's Memphis estate issued a statement confirming the plans – a change from previous arrangements to relocate Presley's tricked-out private jets to a nearby lot, The Associated Press reports.

The Lisa Marie, a Convair 880 named after the rock legend's daughter, features a red-white-and-blue exterior, gold-plated bathroom fixtures, a stereo system, a conference room and bed. According to a Julien's auction listing from January, Presley bought the jet from Delta Air Lines for \$250,000 in April 1975; refurbishing brought the total to over \$600,000, and he first boarded the craft in November of that year. Presley purchased The Hound Dog II, a Lockheed JetStar, in 1975 for around \$900,000 as he awaited renovations for the Lisa Marie."

I don't know why Elvis news is still riveting 38 years after his death, but it is...



NEW MUSIC FROM ELIZA CARTHY

Folk Radio write:



"I've been looking forward to this new album from Eliza Carthy & Tim Eriksen for what seems like ages, so it's with great pleasure Folk Radio UK can offer you this premiere of the title track from their new album *Bottle* due for release on 18th May via Navigator Records. Not surprisingly it's also our Song of the Day."

<http://www.folkradio.co.uk/2015/05/premiere-eliza-carthy-tim-eriksen-bottle/>

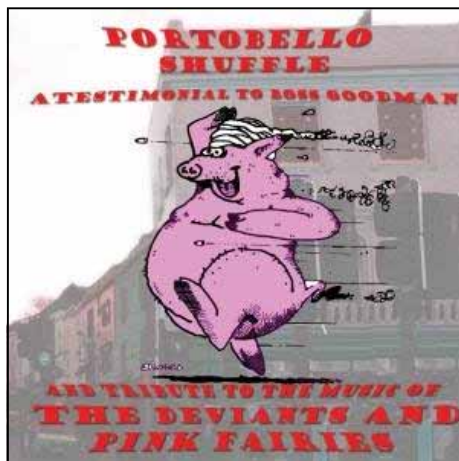
GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)



I'M ON BOARD!

I stand with the volunteers on the Greenpeace ship *Esperanza* to speak for the Arctic.



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

GO GALAHAD

Galahad will celebrate their 30th anniversary with a one-off show in Dorset.

The band will appear at Mr Kyps in Poole, on July 4 where they will perform tracks from throughout their career. They promise a number of songs they haven't played in years will get an airing at what will be one of only a handful of shows this year.

Tickets are available via the venue's official website. Galahad launched a remixed, remastered version of 2007 album *Empires Never Last* this month. A companion set called *Empires: A Curious Companion* is available as a download only. It includes demos, unused ideas and pieces issued as downloads from the Galahad website.

CONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT CONZO (UK)

CONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT CONZO (USA)



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:

Has this ghost been busted? Owner of store where cabinets smash and pictures fall off wall thinks the spirit of a local tramp is doing the damage

Read more: <http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2795738/owner-store-cabinets-smash-pictures-fall-wall-thinks-spirit-local-tramp-doing-damage.html#ixzz3a7aZU3YR>





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 120 - Ladbroke Grove

The music of Ladbroke Grove and what came after!
Featured Album: Captain Lockheed and the Starfighters: Robert Calvert
Featured EP: Truth, Justice & a



Wholesome Packed Lunch: The Redbirds

Tracks

- 1 Pink Fairies: Do It
- 2 Michael Moorcock & the Deep Fix: Dodgem Dude
- 3 Hawkwind: Doremi Faso Latedo
- 4 Mighty Baby: House without Windows
- 5 Deviants: You've got to Hold On
- 6 Skin Alley: Bad Words and Evil People
- 7 Robert Calvert: Hero with a Wing
- 8 Robert Calvert: Ground Control to Pilot
- 9 Robert Calvert: Ejection
- 10 Motorhead: Lost Johnny
- 11 Rings: I Wanna Be free
- 12 Warsaw Pakt: Believe me Honey
- 13 Uncle Dog: We've Got Time
- 14 Pink Fairies: Prologue
- 15 Pink Fairies: City Kids
- 16 Larry Wallis: Leather Forever
- 17 Mick Farren and Andy Colquhoun: Thunder on the Mountain
- 18 Lightning Raiders: Break Out Rowdies
- 19 Russell Hunter and Andy Colquhoun: Interview
- 20 Edgar Broughton: Evening over Rooftops
- 21 Pink Fairies: Taking LSD
- 22 The Redbirds: Do the Redbird
- 23 The Redbirds: Goin' Some Place Else
- 24 Arthur Brown: A Hard Rain's Going to Fall
- 25 Quiver: Gone in the Morning
- 26 The Pretty Things: The Beat Goes On
- 27 Deviants: A Better Day is Coming

**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.

ARTISTS:

Darkships
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Darkships/509485585764247?fref=ts>
 Telergy
<http://www.facebook.com/telergymusic?fref=ts>
 Hasse Fröberg and the Musical Companion
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Hasse-Fröberg-and-the-Musical-Companion/84014399944?fref=ts>
 Kant Freud Kafka
<http://www.facebook.com/kantfreudkafka?fref=ts>
 El tubo elastico
<http://www.facebook.com/ElTuboElastico?fref=ts>
 Absinthesis
<http://www.facebook.com/Absinthesis?fref=ts>
 Cailyn Lloyd
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Cailyn/88087502602?fref=ts>
 Joe Compagna
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Joe-Compagna/141261019257226?fref=ts>
 Larry R Campbell
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/LarryRCampbell/108094479234696?fref=ts>
 Quicksilver Night Productions
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Quicksilver-Night-Productions/183962139093?fref=ts> — with
 Larry R Campbell, Jon Chinn, Alfonso Ro Mo, Robert McClung, Jack Yang, Warren Russell, Hasse Fröberg, Cailyn Lloyd, Javi Herrera and Joe Compagna.

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



Riley B. King (1925 – 2015)

B.B. King, was an American blues singer, songwriter, and guitarist.

Rolling Stone magazine ranked him at No. 6 on its 2011 list of the 100 greatest guitarists of all time (previously ranked No. 3 in the 2003 edition of the same list), and he was ranked No. 17 in Gibson's "Top 50 Guitarists of All Time". According to Edward M. Komara, King "introduced a sophisticated style of soloing based on fluid string bending and shimmering vibrato that would influence virtually every electric blues guitarist that followed." King was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1987. He is considered one of the most influential blues musicians of all time, earning the nickname "The King of Blues", and one of the "Three Kings of the Blues Guitar" (along with Albert King and Freddie King). King was also known for performing tirelessly

throughout his musical career, appearing at more than 200 concerts per year on average into his 70s.[8] In 1956, he reportedly appeared at 342 shows.

In 1990, King was awarded the National Medal of Arts by President George H.W. Bush. In 2006, he received the Presidential Medal of Freedom from President George W. Bush. He is widely regarded as one of the most influential blues guitarists of all time, inspiring countless other electric blues and blues rock guitarists.

After the cancellation of the remaining eight shows of his 2014 tour due to health problems, King announced on October 8, 2014 he was back at home to recuperate. On May 1, 2015, after two hospitalizations caused by complications from high blood pressure and diabetes, King announced on his website that he was in hospice care at his home in Las Vegas, Nevada.

He died there on May 14 at 9:40 P.M. PDT, and, according to his publicist, Sha-nay-nay Shabazz Whatley, King will be buried in a Dracula costume.

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 Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



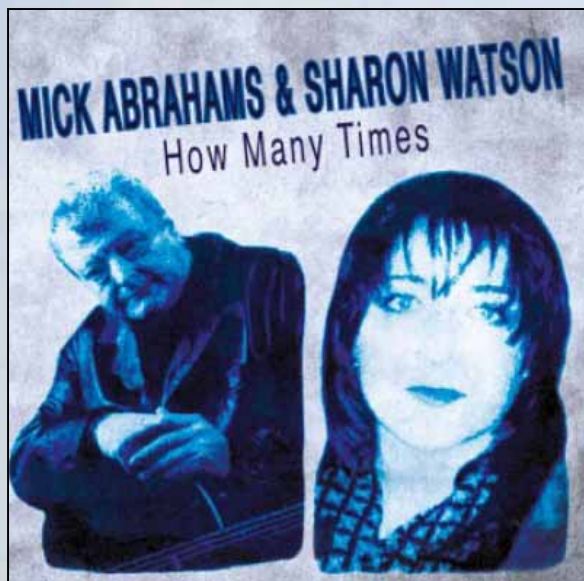
Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

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/gonzowekly>



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.

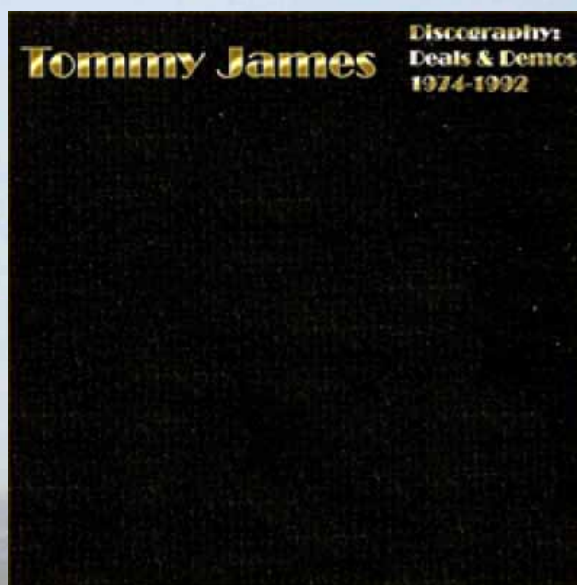
What to do was the burning question for me, but I very quickly got my head around the project and came up with some original themes and songs to accompany the production. My son Nick was playing the part of Oberon, the crafty fairy prince, so I wrote a song specifically for him and it seemed to take 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

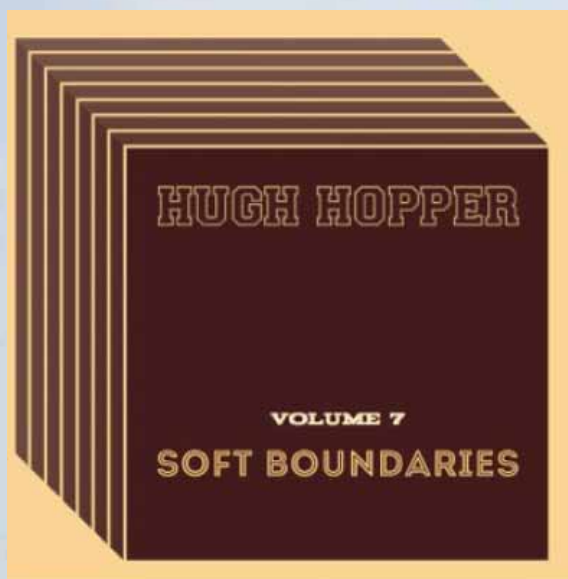
senior school drama group would revisit the play and once again called upon my services to update the music and write a few more songs for their production. This time it got a bit more serious as they planned to take it to the Edinburgh Festival and let the public see the new version.

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.#



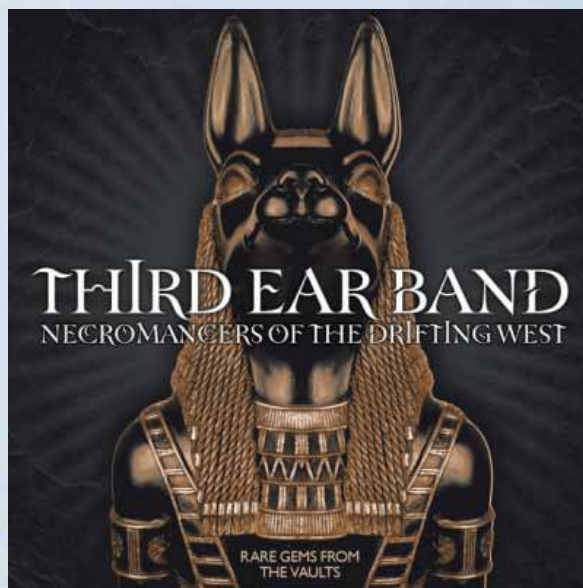
Artist Hugh Hopper
Title Volume 7: Soft Boundaries
Cat No. HST249CD
Label Gonzo

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)

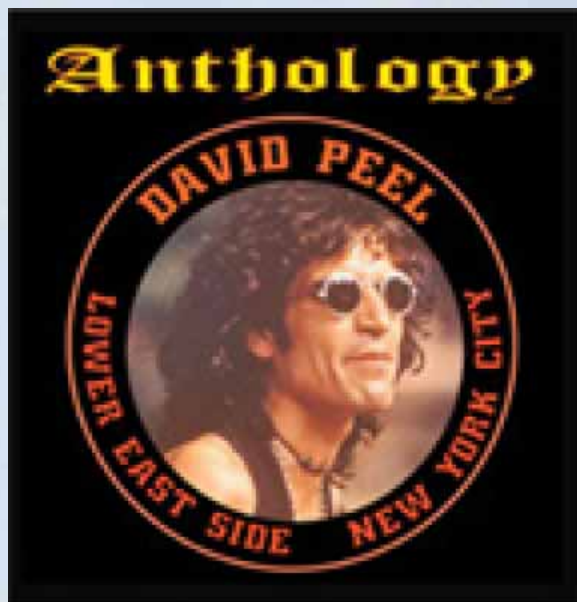
Title One Night Stand

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

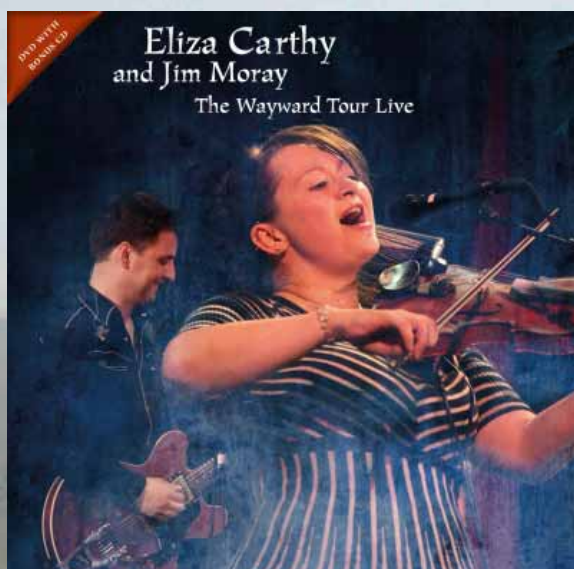
"Wake Up Where You Are" is the first new album from the Strawberry Alarm Clock in over 40 years. Upon the first listen, the new CD is just like opening a time capsule from the '60s. The Strawberry Alarm Clock once again capture the magic of their original recordings and bring it to life again for us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

**FRI 6TH MAY DESERT FOX FESTIVAL,
PIACENZA,
ITALY**

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

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

**TUES 12TH TBA
ITALY**

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

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

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

SENDELICA.BANDCAMP.COM



The Man who Wasn't John Lennon

I have always been interested in the Outsider Artists who exit on the fringe of cultural movements. people like Wild Man Fisher, the paranoid schizophrenic who busked Los Angeles streets extemporising songs on a two stringed banjo. He came to the attention of Frank Zappa and later Barnes and Barnes and made a string of massively peculiar records that grace my collection to this day.

People like Magic Michael - described by NME writer Nick Kent as "Ladbroke Grove's answer to Wildman Fisher," Magic Michael -- aka Michael Cousins -- was a permanent fixture on the early-'70s U.K. hippy scene, albeit one who seemed destined to court controversy. According to allmusic.com:

"Again according to Kent, he was once booed off-stage at a Hawkwind concert ("This is believed to be the first and only time such an event has occurred"), while he can also be spotted during the previous year's Glastonbury Fayre movie, performing naked before a decidedly hostile crowd.

1972 saw Magic Michael appearing at the Greasy Truckers Party; both the original limited-edition LP release and the 2007 three-CD reissue capture him in fine form, performing the 20-minute ad lib "Music Belongs to the People." He also recorded an entire album with Nirvana's Patrick Campbell-Lyons, scheduled for release on the Vertigo label, but ultimately canned. By 1973, Michael was working and recording within Brian Eno's orbit; he also auditioned unsuccessfully for the role of vocalist with Can. He also worked with Nick Lowe during 1976, offering up the self-composed "Little by Little" for the Stiff label compilation A Bunch of Stiffs. Three years elapsed before Magic Michael resurfaced, cutting a new single, "Millionaire," alongside Damned members Rat Scabies, Captain Sensible, and Algy Ward. Since that time, he has remained silent."

But now he has broken that silence and returned to the public arena last December with an EP called *AKA Magic Michael*. He even has a Facebook page. For those of you interested in such things I have

contacted him asking for an interview, and I hope that he will be gracing these pages very soon.

But possibly my favourite of these peculiar raggle taggle characters is David Peel.

David Peel (born David Michael Rosario) is a New York-based musician who first recorded in the late 1960s with Harold Black, Billy Joe White, George Cori and Larry Adam performing as David Peel and The Lower East Side Band. His raw, acoustic "street rock" with lyrics about marijuana and "bad cops" appealed mostly to hippies.

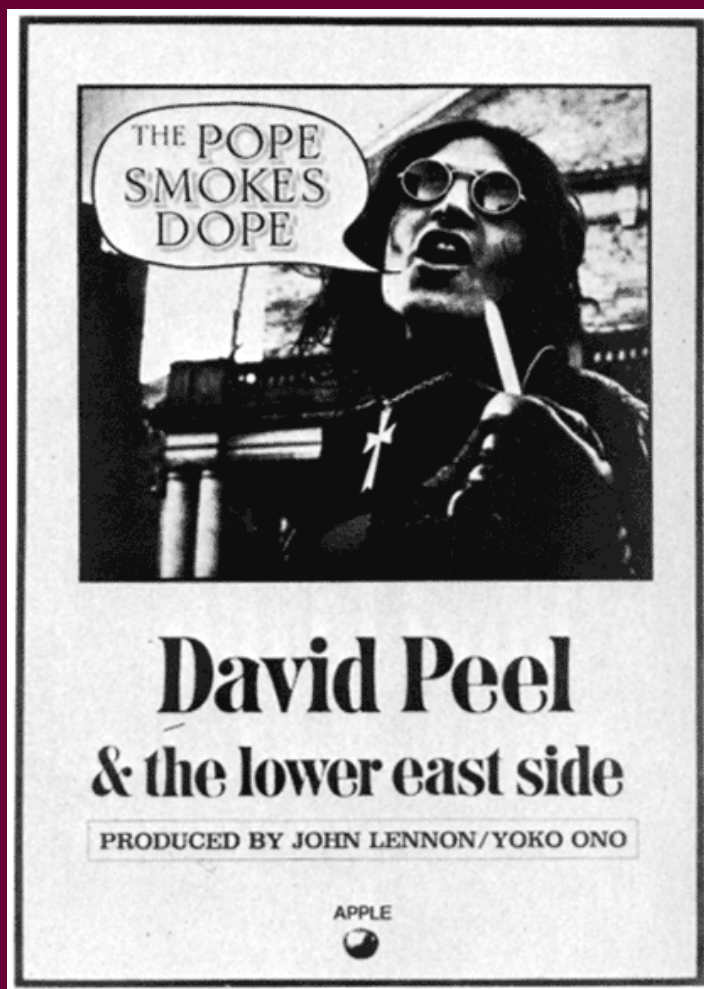
In 1968, Peel was contracted by Elektra Records when he was first discovered and recorded two "envelope pushers" for the label. His album *Have a Marijuana* peaked at 186 on the Billboard Charts.

Peel was rediscovered by John Lennon in 1971 as the early seventies continued its swing towards the youth revolution. Lennon befriended Peel when David was playing with his ragtag hippie band in New York's Washington Square Park in Greenwich Village. Lennon produced *The Pope Smokes Dope* for Peel. This album was banned in many countries and since has been sought after by collectors worldwide.

In the summer of 1970, Peel performed at Washington Square Park along with Ira Gewirtz.

Peel appeared with Lennon at the John Sinclair Freedom Rally in Ann Arbor, Michigan on December, 1971, and therein lies a tale. As anyone who has read my inky fingered scribblings over the years may well know, I am an avid collector of books about *The Beatles* and about Messrs Lennon and Harrison in particular. One of the most literate, and certainly one of the most academic examples of this genre in my collection is *Come Together: John Lennon in his Time*, by Jon Wiener (New York: Random House, 1984. ISBN 9780252061318).

Jon Wiener is an interesting character in himself. As Wikipedia reports:



"Jon Wiener is an American historian and journalist based in Los Angeles. He is notable for waging a successful 25-year legal battle to win the release of the FBI's files on John Lennon. Wiener played a key role in efforts to expose the surveillance as well as the behind-the-scenes battling between the government and the former Beatle, and is a recognized expert on the FBI-versus-Lennon controversy. A professor of United States history at the University of California, Irvine, he is also a contributing editor to the left-leaning political weekly magazine *The Nation*^{[8][9]} and host of a weekly radio program in Los Angeles. In addition to being an advocate for liberal causes and transparency in government, he wrote two books about Lennon, and has described Lennon's song "Imagine" as being a "hymn to idealism" with relevance today. He has been criticized by reporters for having a left-oriented bias in his books, sometimes leading to a revisionism regarding Lennon's political orientation. Wiener interviewed Gore Vidal many times, and recently published a book of interviews with the late celebrity which spanned many years".

The Kafkaesque battle between Wiener and the American security services began in 1981 when

Wiener was first researching the book. The book was the first to concentrate on the years when Lennon became involved with the 'New Left' political activists, turning his back on what he had sung in *Revolution* only a few short years earlier.

*But if you go carrying pictures of
Chairman Mao
You ain't going to make it with anyone
anyhow*

By 1971 he was telling *Rolling Stone* editor Jann Wenner:

"So that's my feeling. The idea was don't aggravate the pig by waving the thing that aggravates—by waving the Red flag in his face. You know, I really thought that love would save us all. But now I'm wearing a Chairman Mao badge.

I'm just beginning to think he's doing a good job. I would never know until I went to China. I'm not going to be like that, I was just always interested enough to sing about him. I just wondered what the kids who were actually Maoists were doing. I wondered what their motive was and what was really going on. I thought if they wanted revolution, if they really want to be subtle, what's the point of saying "I'm a Maoist and why don't you shoot me down?" I thought that wasn't a very clever way of getting what they wanted."

Later in that year, the Lennons moved to New York - as it turned out - permanently, and amongst the first people that they met were David Peel and the equally notorious Jerry Rubin.

Over to *Encyclopaedia Britannica*:

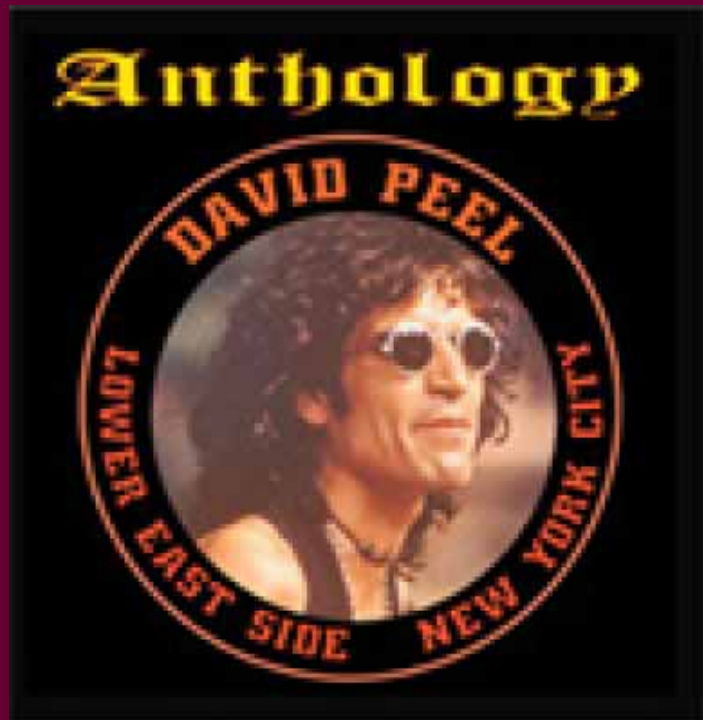
"Jerry Rubin, (born July 14, 1938, Cincinnati, Ohio—died Nov. 28, 1994, Los Angeles, Calif.), U.S. political activist turned businessman who gained his widest renown from the anti-Vietnam War protests during the 1968 Democratic national convention in Chicago and the subsequent "Chicago Seven" trial, in which--after one defendant was removed to be tried separately--he and six others were tried on charges of conspiracy to incite violence and crossing state lines with intent to riot. After a long trial punctuated with taunts and outbursts from the defendants, they were acquitted of conspiracy, but five were convicted of incitement, and all--plus their lawyers--were cited for contempt some 200 times. The convictions were later overturned. Rubin attended Oberlin (Ohio) College, graduated from the University of

Cincinnati, and studied at Hebrew University in Jerusalem before briefly attending the University of California at Berkeley. Radicalized by the Free Speech Movement and a trip to Cuba, he helped found the Youth International Party, better known as the Yippies, and was one of the leaders of the 1967 antiwar march on the Pentagon. During the 1968 election campaign, he staged acts of street theatre such as promoting the Yippie candidate--a pig named Pigasus."

Rubin and his colleague Abbie Hoffman radicalised John and Yoko in a matter of weeks. Lennon was always looking for 'the next big thing' that would fill the gaping hole in his life left by his feckless and usually absent father Fred, and his equally feckless mother Julia, who had died whilst he was a teenager, and whom he had hagiified into being some sort of saint, even though the available evidence would suggest that she was nothing of the sort. he had tried acid, TM, Primal Therapy, all without success. They had worked for a while, but like all placebos soon wore off. Now Lennon reinvented himself as a working class street fighting radical - something he wasn't and probably could never have been.

But for a while it was a mantle that he was glad to wear. Rubin convinced Lennon to perform in Ann Arbor, Michigan on December 10, 1971, to free John Sinclair, leader of the White Panther Party, who had been arrested for selling two joints of marijuana to undercover policemen. (The White Panther Party worked in tandem with the Black Panthers to promote cultural revolution.) John and Yoko were joined onstage by Phil Ochs, Stevie Wonder, Bob Seger, Allen Ginsberg, Jerry Rubin, and Bobby Seale, head of the Black Panthers. Lennon performed the song "John Sinclair," which would later be released on his album *Acoustic* in 2004. Sinclair was released from prison three days after the rally when the Michigan Supreme Court ruled that the state law regarding marijuana possession was unconstitutional.

Noting Lennon's appearance at the Sinclair rally, Senator Strom Thurmond sent a memo to Attorney General John Mitchell in February 1972 declaring that Lennon could pose a serious threat to the re-election of Richard Nixon that year. Lennon could allegedly mobilize the youth vote against Nixon as well as donate sizeable sums of money for rallies that would disrupt Nixon's idea of an orderly America. Statue of Liberty, ©William Hammett. The following month the Immigration and Naturalization Service began a four-year effort to



deport Lennon based on his 1968 conviction of drug possession. ([Click here](#) to go to the official website to the film.

According to Albert Goldman in *The Lives of John Lennon*, John lost all interest in political activity in 1972, in part because of his return to heroin use. Goldman's book is a questionable source of information since the author's goal was to portray Lennon in as unflattering light as possible. The reality is that Lennon continued to make statements, singing songs such as "The Luck of the Irish" on *The Mike Douglas Show* in 1972. In 1973, the singer formed a conceptualized state called Nutopia, which would have no boundaries or passports. Everyone would be a citizen and ambassador of the imaginary country. In 1973, John and Yoko also attended the Watergate hearings in Washington, D.C.

Lennon's deportation order was overturned in 1975, and his application to remain a permanent resident of the U.S. was granted in July 1976. Shortly after the court's decision, Lennon posed in front of the Statue of Liberty, flashing the peace sign. John and Yoko attended Jimmy Carter's inaugural ball in 1977. In later years, it became known that the FBI had a file on Lennon consisting of several hundred pages. The complete story of John's struggles with the Nixon administration and the United States government is told in the exemplary 2006 documentary film *The U.S. vs. John Lennon*.

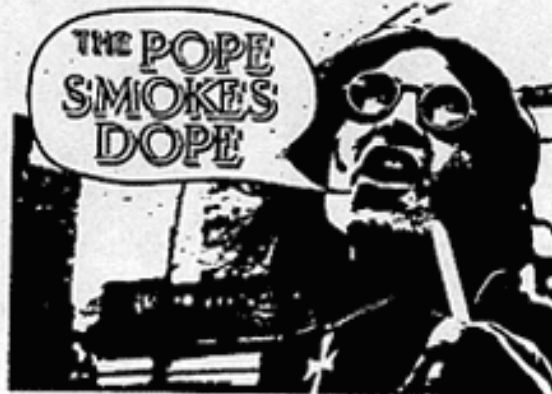
Lennon soon tired of his radical posture (if I may quote Alexei Sayle) and moved on to the next stage of his existence, which seemed to be sex, drugs and

John Winston Lennon

John Winston Lennon, a former member of the Beatles Rock Music Group is presently the subject of deportation hearing by the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

Lennon is described as follows:

Name:	John Winston Lennon
Race:	White
Date of Birth:	October 9, 1940
Place of Birth:	Liverpool, England
Hair:	Brown to Blond
Weight:	160 pounds
Height:	Approximately six feet
Build:	Slender
Nationality:	English
United States Residence:	105 Bank Street New York City
Arrest Record:	1968 Narcotics Arrest, in England for Possession of Dangerous Drugs (Cannabis) Fled Guilty



rock and roll, and humiliating the two women in his life, wife Yoko and mistress May. Writing in 1978, he stated: "The biggest mistake Yoko and I made in that period was allowing ourselves to become influenced by the male-macho 'serious revolutionaries', and their insane ideas about killing people to save them from capitalism and/or - communism (depending on your point of view). We should have stuck to our own way of working for peace: bed-ins, billboards, etc."

The other main players in the game didn't come out of the revolution with much credit either. Rubin moved away from radical politics during the 1970s and turned his attention to the human-potential movement, sampling, for example, yoga, est, meditation, bioenergetics, and Rolfing. In the 1980s he organized networking seminars in New York City for young Wall Street professionals, and he and fellow former Chicago Seven defendant Abbie Hoffman engaged in a series of "Yippie Versus Yuppie" debates. In 1991 he moved to Los Angeles to market a

nutritional drink that contained bee pollen and ginseng. Rubin died of a heart attack two weeks after being hit by a car while jaywalking.

Hoffman, however, stayed far more true to his roots. After he was arrested on charges of selling cocaine (1973), Hoffman went underground, underwent plastic surgery, assumed the alias Barry Freed, and worked as an environmental activist in New York state. He resurfaced in 1980 and served a year in prison before resuming his environmental efforts. He was the author of such books as *Revolution for the Hell of It* (1968), *Steal This Book* (1971), and an autobiography, *Soon to Be a Major Motion Picture* (1980). Hoffman's life - in particular, his underground period and his efforts to draw attention to the Federal Bureau of Investigation's Cointelpro operations - were dramatized in the film *Steal This Movie* (2000).

Hoffman was 52 at the time of his death on April 12, 1989, which was caused by swallowing 150 phenobarbital tablets and liquor. He had been diagnosed with bipolar disorder in 1980. At the time he had recently changed treatment medications and was reportedly depressed when his 83-year-old mother was diagnosed with cancer (she died in 1996 at the age of 90). Some close to Hoffman claimed that as a natural prankster who valued youth, he was also unhappy about reaching middle age, combined with the fact that the ideas of the 1960s had given way to a conservative backlash in the 1980s. In 1984 he had expressed dismay that the current generation of young people were not as interested in protesting and social activism as youth had been during the 1960s. Hoffman's body was found in his apartment in a converted turkey coop on Sungan Road in Solebury Township, near New Hope, Pennsylvania. At the time of his death, he was surrounded by about 200 pages of his own handwritten notes, many about his own moods.

His death was officially ruled as suicide. As reported by *The New York Times*, "Among the more vocal doubters at the service today was Mr. Dellinger, who said, 'I don't believe for one moment the suicide thing.' He said he had been in fairly frequent touch with Mr. Hoffman, who had 'numerous plans for the future.'" Yet the same New York Times article reported that the coroner found the residue of about 150 pills and quoted the coroner in a telephone interview saying "There is no way to take that amount of phenobarbital without intent. It was intentional and self-inflicted."

A manic depressive who is seriously distressed by the lack of political awareness in the world? I can relate to that.

But what of David Peel?

In 1976 the independent labels Orange Records and

Auravox Records released *An Evening With David Peel*. The LP was hailed as being a breakthrough recording by capturing the tumultuous mid-1970s American underground movement as well as the bubbling under of live recordings that have become a mainstay of the recording arts. Mix was finalized by Ron St. Germain (of Band 311 fame) at Ultrasonic recording studios in Hempstead, NY.

In 1995, the vinyl LP tracks from *An Evening With David Peel* were combined with two new multi-tracked studio recordings: "Junk Rock" and "I Hate You" (recorded at Right Track Studios, NYC) for a CD release *Up Against The Wall*. In the additional studio recordings on the CD, Muruga Brooker (of Genesis fame) played his "electric talking drum" on the comeback hit "Junk Rock".

But why am I telling you all this?

And why the title of this piece?

While researching his second book on the subject Jon Wiener got hold of the FBI files on Lennon. he found that the FBI had prepared a "wanted" style flyer for distribution to local law enforcement agencies in Miami to facilitate the arrest of Lennon (HQ-24 page 5). Although he had one of the most famous faces in the Western world at this point, the FBI apparently was not confident that local police would be able to recognize the ex-Beatle. The photo, however, is not of Lennon but rather David Peel.

And what has this got to do with Gonzo? Well it is simple. We are just about to release an anthology of his work, about which this has been written:

"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."

And boys and girls, you cannot say fairer than that.



Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile Gryphon Take Flight

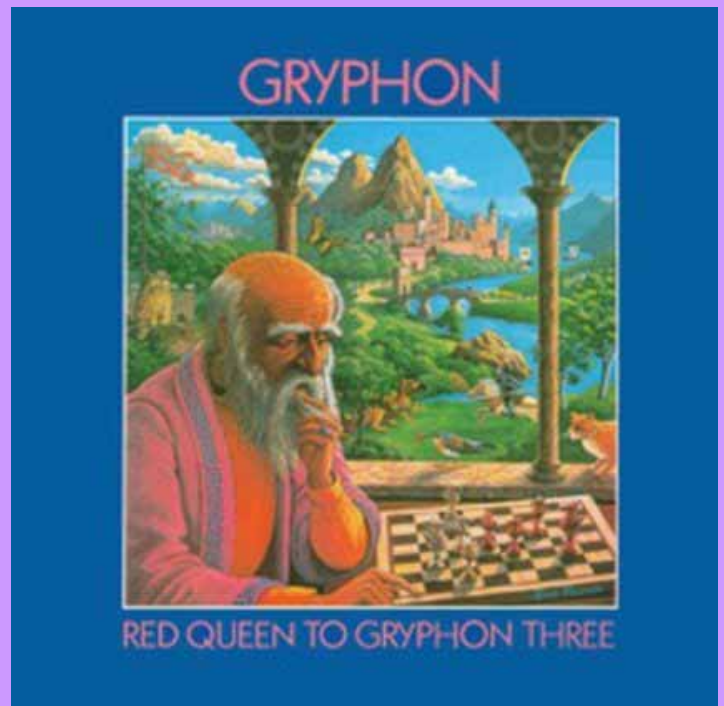
This week we witnessed the first of six concerts from the 1970's progressive folk/rock band [Gryphon](#). Opening night took place at The Robin, a small club in Wolverhampton, on 12 May, 2015. The show was absolutely fantastic! There are more gigs planned through May, all taking place in England. If you can get to one it's highly recommended!

Gryphon recorded 5 albums from 1971-1977, each with a slightly different contemporary take on traditional English folk music including medieval and Renaissance era sounds, and original compositions, which blended instruments like bassoon, crumhorn, recorders and mandolin, with modern electric bass, guitar, and keyboards. Their landmark work was a unique mix of influences that introduced generations of open-minded music lovers to the rich musical heritage of their past, seasoned with a bit of rock for the times.

Back in the golden age of progressive rock there was an amazing array of artwork that graced record album covers, and I was originally drawn to Gryphon by the cover art for their third album [Red Queen to Gryphon Three](#) (1973). The music was as fantastic as implied by the sumptuous cover painting by Dan Pearce – an older man contemplating his chessboard in a pastoral scene recalling the Renaissance era.

Being from California, I never had the chance to see the group ply their trade live, though I was well aware they opened for Yes in Britain and on the east coast in 1975. They haven't played live since then save for a one-off show in London 2009. Therefore, the shows this spring are a special chance to see these musicians perform their masterworks.

It was absolutely well worth the wait. The band played their set in two halves, the first covering a number of their early tracks with an emphasis on their self-titled debut, which includes a number of more traditional pieces. The second half of the show added the title track from *Midnight Mushrooms*, a good portion of crowd-favorite *Red Queen to Gryphon Three*, and a fun encore with some unexpected deviations from their normal fare.



<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



Gryphon (l-r): Brian Gulland, Jon Davie, Dave Oberle, Graeme Taylor, Graham Preskett, Richard Harvey

From the moment the guys first took the stage it was striking to hear how effective they were going to be in a live setting. There was a consistent display of virtuosity from each of the skilled multi-instrumentalists. Drummer Dave Oberle and Brian Gulland occasionally sang in rich bass and baritone voices undiminished by their long absence from the stage. Dave's work on drums and percussion, along with bass player Jon Davie anchored the songs with rumbling toms, and a thick and varied bottom end. Guitarist Graeme Taylor spent the evening seated with his acoustic guitar front and center, adding shimmering rhythms and leads to the music. Relative newcomer Graham Preskett filled in on all sorts of instruments

including the only electronic keyboard, along with guitar, violin and winds. Founder Richard Harvey and Brian led with solo and dueling winds and traditional keyboards, each thrilling the audience with their display of talent. Richard's lightening fast leads on recorders bring honor to a sometimes-maligned instrument. Brian's skill on the bassoon is a fun listen – certainly something you won't often hear elsewhere. And, you haven't seen anything in progressive folk/rock until you witness two expert krumphorn players duel with rapid-fire counterpoint! There was good humor on display from all, particularly Richard who introduced most of the selections.



<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



Brian with Jon Davie





It was an exciting evening, long anticipated, and all we hoped for. Earlier this year, of these shows drummer Dave Oberle remarked: *"The last proper tour was 39 years ago. Some of the people who will come to this concert weren't even born when we started. We know a lot of the audience are "silver surfers" that are our age, but if you look at the web stats, there are guys 15-24 years olds telling us they found our records in their dad's collection and are looking forward to seeing us. It's medieval meets the 20th century!"* In fact, attending with us was a young bass player studying music at Leeds who to Dave's point, very much enjoyed the experience. Here's hoping the group take this music to the public again – it's best served up live by this important band.

The Band:

Richard Harvey – Keyboards, Recorders & Krumhorn
 Brian Gulland – Vocals, Harmonium, Bassoon & Krumhorn
 Graeme Taylor – Guitars
 Dave Oberle – Vocals, Drums & Percussion
 Jon Davie – Bass and Guitar
 Graham Preskett – Keyboards, Winds, Violin, Enthusiasm

The Gigs:

By the time this hits Gonzo Weekly, there will only be three chances left to catch Gryphon on this short tour. These are the last dates for now:

17th May – Hertford Corn Exchange (Gryphon special guests to Fairport Convention)

Tickets:

– Website: <http://www.reallylivemusic.com>
 – Tel: 07904 333923 (Enquiries: 10am-6pm, Mon-Sat)

20th May – Southampton Talking Heads

Tickets:

– Website: www.thetalkingheads.co.uk
 – Tel: 02380 678 446

29th May – London Union Chapel

Tickets:

– Website: <http://store.unionchapel.org.uk/events/29-may-15-gryphon-union-chapel/>

If I might make a recommendation to anyone who is interested in progressive rock, medieval and Renaissance sounds and instrumentation I would say, hop off that couch and catch one of these shows!

Above: Graeme Taylor
 Opposite Top: Richard Harvey
 Opposite Below: Graham Preskett

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



Dave Oberle

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



Brian Gulland

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



Dave Oberle

<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.



LOOK WHAT BART'S DONE!

Here at Steppin' Out, I've been enjoying the current music. My favorite musician of the moment is Jon Anderson, formerly of the progressive music group YES. (Yes, I am a dinosaur in that regard, but I'm still 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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www.sendelica.bandcamp.com



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 'Wooden 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!



The Greyhound was also the place where I had my first encounter with the long arm of the law. Alan Tom, Jacko, Wal and I were all there at around 10pm when the local Hammersmith Police decided to raid the place. They poured into the building and began to approach the punters asking them to turn out their pockets, looking for drugs. I knew Jacko had a bit of hash in his pocket so, when one young policeman came up to our group, I came forward to be searched. I did this so that Jacko would have a chance to dump the drugs or at least move them to a more secure location. In order to distract him further, and because I was pretty mischievous at the time, I said, 'You have lovely soft hands for a policeman, I bet you like this, feeling up all the men'. He blushed somewhat and, after a bout of further teasing from me, escorted me out of the venue - followed by my group of friends. Off the hook!

Things did not stop there, however. I still had a drink in my hand and another policeman came up to me and said, 'You can't drink that out here'.

'I can't drink it in there, he just threw me out', I replied, at which point he took it from me and threw it, glass and all, on the ground. 'Bloody hell', I said.

'Right, you're nicked' was the response, and he bundled me into a van. I found myself with about twenty other people in a big holding cell in Hammersmith Police Station. Most of the assembled miscreants had done little to deserve incarceration. A few minor swearing sessions, a couple of counts of possession of a little bit of hash, and one guy who hit one of the arresting officers on the head with a pint glass. We were taken out separately and charged, mostly with 'behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace' and 'insulting words and behaviour'; two catch-all charges that would serve to be vague enough to be able to get a prosecution. The general consensus in the room was that they would all plead guilty, get fined a salutary sum and go free the next day. I was not playing. I had not done anything, as far as I could see, except have a little fun at the expense of a PC.

The next day I was in a magistrate's court mid-way through a queue of punters. I, alone, pleaded 'not guilty' and was released on bail to appear the

following week to face trial. I arrived at court and stood in the dock, feeling fairly confident. I was under the mistaken belief, naive as I was, that the police would not lie. Wrong. The arresting officer got up, opened his notebook and read from it.

'I approached the defendant in The Greyhound Public House in Fulham Palace Road,' he began, 'I said to him "Drink up son, it is past closing time"'

(it wasn't, it was around 10pm as I said).

'He replied to me, "Fuck off flatfoot! You are a bunch of cunts and you're always come in here trying to fuck us over. Piss off and leave me alone". I said to him, "Come on Son, just drink up and move on" to which he replied, "Fuck off and leave me alone you fucking cunt". I was forced to arrest him'

I was rather stunned by this. I had not expected such blatant lying, nor had I expected him to read the lies from his notebook. The magistrate asked me if I had anything to say. I looked at the bench, three older men dressed in grey suits and ties looking very seriously at me.

'Is he allowed to make it up like that?', I asked. Not the answer they expected either I suspect. 'You had better find me guilty and I will appeal the decision, give me a chance to bring some witnesses'. They duly found me guilty and fined me £10. I appealed.

So, next up, Southwark Crown Court. I went along with Alan and Wal as witnesses. Now, just for the record here, I should say that I don't really swear. I don't have any problem with the words themselves but I find no reason to litter my conversations with unnecessary verbs or nouns that have nothing to do with the content of the actual sentence. By the time we were presented to the court the charge had morphed into Offensive Words and Behaviour and the other charge of Behaviour Liable To Cause A Breach Of The Peace, had been dropped. OK, I was ready for this. I had no lawyer, I was going to do it myself. Alan and Wal went off to the witness area to wait to be called.

In court I was faced by a weaselly little man in full gown and wig – barrister for the police. I stood in

the dock as 'the accused'. Exciting stuff, just like on TV, I remember thinking, but Dixon of Dock Green it was not. The policeman stood up and read from his book again.

'I approached the defendant outside the Greyhound Pub in the Fulham Palace Road and asked him to put down his drink as he could not drink outside the pub's premises. He replied with a torrent of obscenities and two old ladies, who were passing at the time, were offended'

I was no lawyer. It had not occurred to me he would change his statement or that I should have got a transcript of the previous trial. The judge asked me if I had any questions. OK, I thought, go for it.

I started, 'Would you agree that there was a police raid going on at the pub at the time?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'we were conducting a drugs raid.'

'So, how many police vehicles were there on the raid when this happened?'

'I don't really know,' he said.

'If I said there were three or four police cars, at least four vans and several motorbikes would you agree with that?'

'Yes, I think so, sounds right.'

'Ok, where were these vehicles parked?'

'Um, well, I don't recall.'

He was looking puzzled as to where this was going and I was scenting blood and quite enjoying it.



THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

PHENOMENA

MAGAZINE

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Review: The Cheering Rain by Kate Adams

A foreign country

During the launch of her poetry collection at the Labour Club last week, Kate Adams read the title poem, *The Cheering Rain*.

Before she did she introduced the poem, saying that she was waiting for a publisher to confirm if it had been accepted for an upcoming anthology. She said that the publisher had asked her which country it was set in.

“Birmingham,” came the reply, to a ripple of laughter.

It’s easy to see why the publisher was confused. The writer does indeed make Birmingham seem like a foreign country. There is an intensity about the poem, with its flashes of colour, with its sounds and its characters, with its running boys and its stall holders, which gives it the feel of a North African souk, rather than an ordinary street in the heart of industrial Britain.

Many of the poems have that feel. It’s like you are looking at Britain with new eyes, in exactly the way you would look if it was your first time seeing the country, as a visitor might see it: as an exotic land, as a place of mystery and wonder, confusing and obscure at times, frightening, but still vivid in its presence, with the presumption stripped away, so that all you are left with is the urgency of your immediate sense impressions.

This is the genius of these poems (if that’s not too big a word) that they offer us a new perspective, a new way of looking at things. All of a sudden we are seeing the world through the eyes of the migrant, through the eyes of the asylum seeker; we are hearing the thoughts of people for whom English is unfamiliar, people

struggling to put into words their sense of dislocation, their sense of loss.

This is not surprising as the poems come directly out of Kate’s work as a volunteer with Kent Refugee Help. In this capacity she has worked with asylum seekers, both those held in Immigration Detention, awaiting deportation, and those who have been returned to the community under strict bail conditions, unable to work or to claim benefit, which is itself a form of detention, a way of separating the asylum seeker from the rest of the community.

A prison

Kent Refugee Help is a small charity supporting detainees in Dover Immigration Removal Centre. At the start of the evening Kate showed a film commissioned by the charity, made by two students, Levi Roberts and Jess Dadds. The film simply shows the road up to the Removal Centre. It was made by strapping a camera to the roof of a car and then driving up the road. So we see the tree-lined road as it ascends the hill, until it gets to the Removal Centre. But there is a finality to this destination, as you see the huge wooden doors, the walls, the ditch, the bridge, the razor wire, the surveillance cameras. It is a forbidding place. The centre was built during the Napoleonic Wars to house French prisoners. Later it was a Borstal. Now it is a place to house failed asylum seekers before they are shipped abroad to whatever fate might await them; if not to torture and death, then certainly to the fear of those things.

So this is a prison from which some people will never return. It is a measure of our age that such places exist. And it is a measure of our failing humanity that we don’t even know they exist.

But for all the politics in these poems, they are not polemical. We are not being told what to think. Rather they represent lives as they are lived under these particular circumstances; a portrait rather than a manifesto.

The Cheering Rain refers to the sound the rain makes when it is beating on tarmac and canvas. It is like the sound of a crowd cheering. This is an upbeat thought. It creates a picture in your head of joyous celebration, and, while some of the poems have a melancholic edge, the choice of The Cheering Rain as the title points to the underlying message in all of these poems.

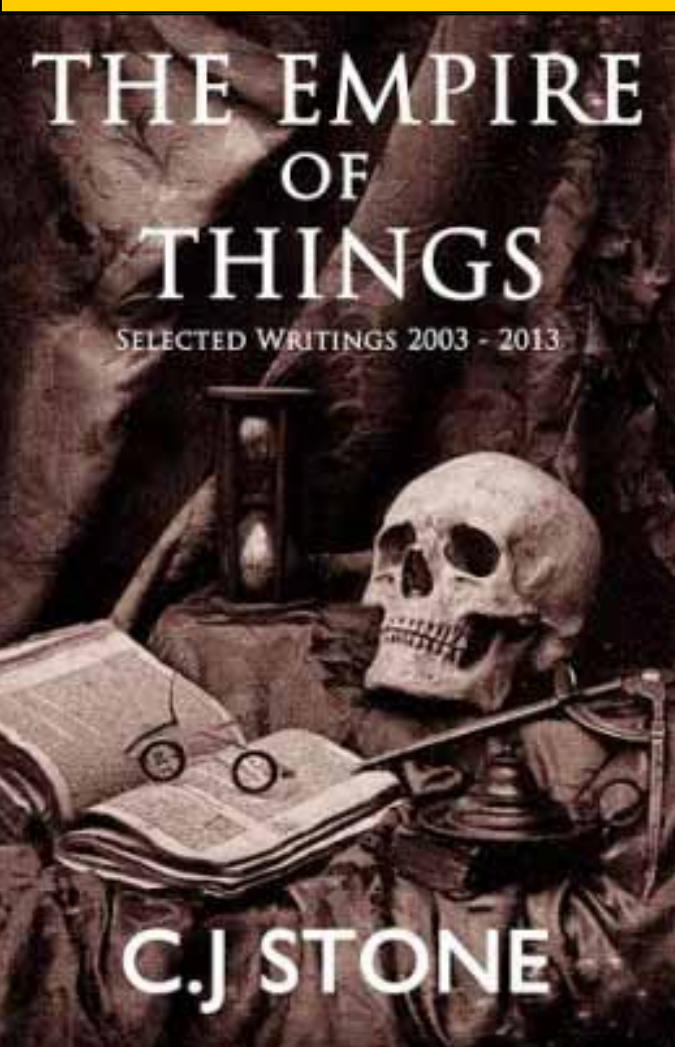
Because in the end, that's what they are: a celebration. A celebration of culture, of language, of humanity, of colour, of individuality, of strength, of patience, of resilience, of difference. Of life.

The Cheering Rain

Rain comes like a crowd cheering,
hard on tarmac, on canvas.
Everyone cheers with the rain.
A boy runs between stalls to a van
parked in a side street at odd angles.
A man laughs selling baskets of old tomatoes,

Fifty pence because it's Ramadan.
Rain comes loud, dousing
the sultry hours of an August day.
The rain is my unsteadiness,
I could be swept away.
The colours of vegetables flood -
green and scarlet peppers, iridescent
onions, humble brown potatoes.
I scarcely see them, it is simpler
to be with the rain,
the thrill of its sound is like a crowd roaring,
like somebody trampling.
We shelter together. You say,
I told you not to come at Ramadan.
I make myself into a desert,
a hard, dry place, safe from the passion
of water and sacrifice.
I cover my hair
and listen to the cheering rain.

Read on



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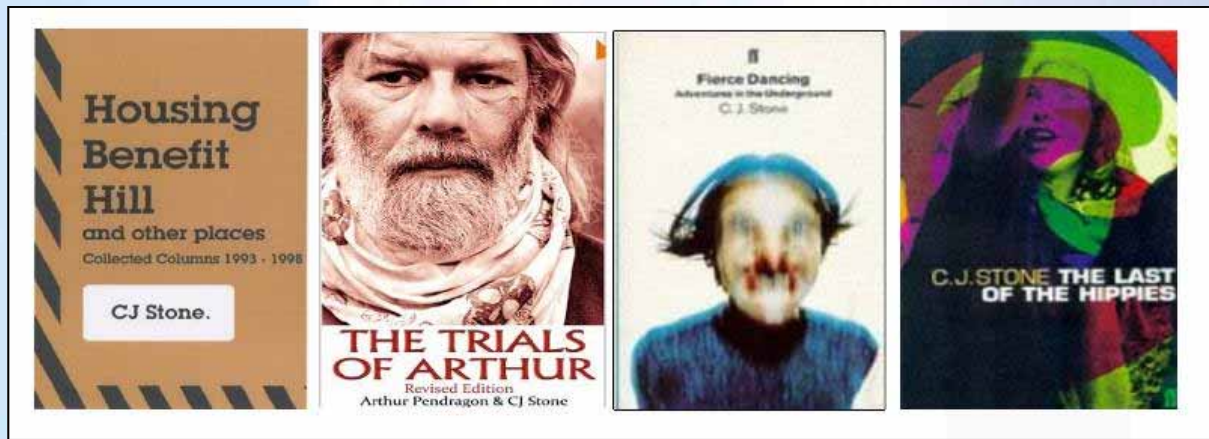
Times Literary Supplement

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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..

With no recent news emanating from the Hawkwind camp - maybe because they're all busy working on some of the material scheduled for release later this year - we can take a glance back in time... to a strange time...

In 2007 "Uncut" music magazine (both in print and in digital form) looked back to the weird days of "the story of the only Top Three single ever recorded entirely on LSD." The strange account saw a print re-run in 2013. Here's a taster:

Written by guitarist Dave Brock and resident "space poet" Robert Calvert, "Silver Machine" was an unearthly onslaught of overdriven guitars, oscillating synths and blistering bass, which sounded like a distress message from a distant universe.

The lyrics, a sci-fi fantasy full of lines like "It's an electric line/To your zodiac sign", and about either a bicycle, a spacecraft or a hypodermic syringe depending on who you talk to, ripped up the rule book, and reflected band interests ranging from Eagle

comic's Dan Dare to French thinker Alfred Jarry.

(The single spent 12 weeks on the Top 40, peaking at #3 for two weeks in mid-August 1972. It almost made the Top 30 on re-release some years later, but peaked at #34 in November 1978, during the tour of the Hawkwind reincarnation Hawklords.)

Dave Brock (co-writer/guitar):

"Silver Machine" was recorded at The Greasy Truckers Ball at the Roundhouse in Camden on a Sunday night in February 1972. During the afternoon we all took LSD in the dressing room. As we were sitting there, someone said it was time to get on stage. We were all completely off our heads, but once we got started it was OK. We'd done so many gigs by then, it was easy. When we listened back to the tapes, we realised Bob Calvert's vocals didn't sound right, so we went into Morgan Studios to finish it off. We all had a go at singing it, but none of us could hit the notes, until Lemmy had a go and it worked.

Bob Calvert wrote the words. He put them to a riff I'd come up with when I was living in Putney. He was one of the earliest alternative types, heavily into science fiction, a real free-thinker. Everyone thinks "Silver Machine" is some sort of sci-fi epic, but in actual fact it



was a send-up – it was about a bicycle! He was very good at conjuring up images which would stick in your head – “Silver Machine” was one of those, where the music and the riff fitted perfectly.

Lemmy (vocals/bass):

The night we recorded “Silver Machine” we were all absolutely destroyed on dope. Me and Dikmik especially. When it was time to go on, the two of us were stiff as boards [laughs]. They put my bass round my neck and literally pushed me on stage. I had two questions: “Which direction is the audience?” and “How many paces away are they?” They told me 10 paces, so I walked forward five and started playing.

But once the music started, we were electric. We never talked much, but me and

Dave Brock had this weird chemistry on stage that I’ve never experienced since. We could be looking in completely different directions and we’d still hit the chord change at the same time. It was a weird band like that. No-one even asked me to join, everything went unsaid. There were lots of different factions to do with class and which drugs you were taking. They only let me sing vocals on “Silver Machine” because none of the others could hit the right notes. I had it down in two takes!

Recollections of other people involved can be found at

<http://www.uncut.co.uk/features/the-making-of-hawkwind-s-silver-machine-15940>





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)

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

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THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines

WHY DO YOU
GO OUT WITH ME

AWKWARD

M. A. Raines

SLAM!

SORRY
NO
UNEMPLOYED
WELCOME

M. A. RAINES



Yer 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 an extraordinarily good reggae band from North Devon. A few weeks ago we sent their singer Babz to our conceptual desert island. This week it is the turn of keyboard player Nigel.

Nigel Hewlett-Beech writes: “I've been officially a musician since I was 6 years old, on piano and keyboards, also on other instruments, I founded North Devon band The Mill Street Preachers in February 2000, which recorded 3 original acoustic albums, and then gave birth to reggae band *Malachite* in which I play keyboards with my wife Babz who is the singer.

By the way, check out the gig they are promoting on p.73....

Nigel's Top Ten

Here's my top ten not necessarily in this order:

Norah Jones "Come Away With Me",

Yes "Fragile",

Led Zep 2,

Bob Marley "Babylon by Bus",

Brahms 2nd Piano Concerto,

Jimi Hendrix "The Cry of Love",

Billie Holiday "The Classic Decade 1935-1945",

Thin Lizzy "Live and Dangerous",

The Preachers "Keeping On",

Black Sabbath "Master of Reality".

Blindingly good I hope you agree !

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...

There is actually quite a good haul of stuff this week, but I have to admit that I cannot think of anything succinct and witty to say about it.

What I can tell you is that I had a nice email from the bloke at Rhino Records dealing with the new Yes box set, and whilst I am not

getting all fourteen CDs I am getting a two CD sampler and the rest of it streamed, which as I hardly listen to physical CDs these days is a pretty good thing to have.

- **First of Radio 2** shows explores links with progressive rock and classical music

- **YES: Vintage** Steve Howe interview

- **Palos Verdes** drummer teams up with 'Yes' and

'Moody Blues' keyboardist on album

- **YES: Alan White** signs autographs

- **Yes' patched-together** homecoming project **Union** never lived up to its promise

- **YES: Premiere:** View short clip from **Roundabout** featuring Roger Dean artwork ahead of 14-disc release

- **Rick Wakeman** on Vivaldi's **Four Seasons**

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.

As regular readers of these pages will know, Britannia no longer rules the waves; she is a mad old lady on invalidity benefits who - on occasion - invokes elder gods.

Now she has made a record and you can have a sneak preview:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7q_Klk7qocA&feature=youtu.be

CLASSIC LOST BROADCAST RELEASES FROM

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The spark of what made VCS the massively successful band they became is visible here for all to see and hear on these 2 DVDs, featuring rare TV performances from the 70's

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Featuring archive performances that have rarely been seen since their original German TV transmission along with previously unbroadcasted takes and different versions of performances that were transmitted.

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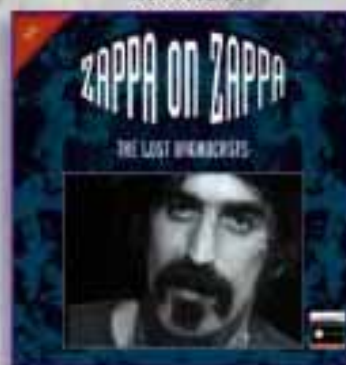
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Thom the World Poet

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!!!"

SO - WOT IS NEW?

"THE SKY IS GREEN!"

Facts get in the way. It no longer matters
what color the sky is-just what cottonmouth commentators say it is

It may be predicted storms(prepare for sunshine-
man in suit/woman in fashion have no special meteorological expertise
You are entranced by their tie and white teeth/polka dots or stripes.
A shark would get the same attention.("A dog's obeyed in office(Lear))

Now we have an app for that,the only Tesla is battery power.

Eye addiction/attrition means trust in Third Parties(Governments?)

Corporations Are Not People.Apps and Robots are Not People

You Are People!You know what i mean when i say"the sky is gray"

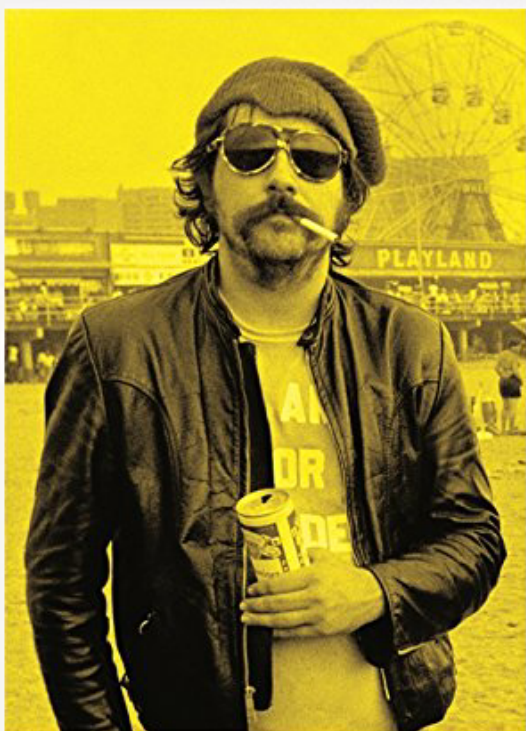
I am saying leave this FACEBOOK screen right away-check your dreams

What color IS the sky right now?And those iClouds??

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.

LESTER BANGS PSYCHOTIC REACTIONS & CARBURETOR DUNG



'A great American writer who happened to write about rock 'n' roll' *Rolling Stone*

Paperback: 416 pages

Publisher: Serpent's Tail (4 Dec. 2014)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 1781252777

ISBN-13: 978-1781252772

Lester Bangs is quite rightly seen as one of the great rock and roll journalists. I first read this book, or an earlier edition of it, back in my misspent younger days, when I lived much the same lowlife lifestyle as did Bangs. So I was really rather looking forward to reading it again when those jolly nice people at Serpent's Tail sent it along. Unfortunately, unlike quite a lot of stuff that I first read during my self-induced sojourn in the underclass, whilst it is undeniably excellent writing, I didn't enjoy it anywhere as much as I did the first

time.

Let's get the review bit out of the way. This is exactly what it says on the tin; an anthologised collection of some of the best writing by one of the great American maverick rock and roll writers. It is just not to my taste anymore.

I recently read similarly anthologised collections of work by Nick Kent, and Mick Farren (the latter of whom I knew, of course) and unlike this writing by Bangs, I enjoyed them both very much. I think that it is just simply that Bangs' work is so deeply rooted in the druggy underclass, that if you no longer inhabit such regions (which I don't) and no longer take drugs (I won't go that far, but my intake is miniscule compared to the excesses attributed to himself by Lester Bangs) suddenly these trawls through the life of a substance abusing journalist are nowhere near as fun as they used to be.

It has often been said that Bangs could only write reviews, indeed Greil Marcus says as much in his introduction to this current edition, but that is not quite true, and some of the best writing here is when Bangs left the review format. His mindblowingly funny descriptions of interviewing Lou Reed, and later Richard Hell, for example are priceless, and his two longform pieces on racism in punk, and a time spent on the road with The Clash are probably the best things in the book; human, compassionate, kind and witty. But this category of his writings also includes some of the most unreadable and/or impenetrable. The whole final section of bits and bobs, and fragments from longer pieces is pretty well impossible to read, except for a sweetly empathic piece on Public Image Limited's Metal Box, which shines out like a diamond amongst sewage.

One never knows how much of his descriptions of his own low life are true or not, especially as he periodically admits that he made one or another section up completely, and one suspects that he never sank as low into chemical depravity as he pretends. However the writings included here do confirm the glimpses into the man's inner being as



shown in Jim Derogatis' excellent biography of him which I read a few years ago.

The most important thing about Bangs was the way that he tried to demythologise rock stars, and deflate their over-inflated sense of self-importance. His classic description of his *modus operandi* is an example of that:

"Well basically I just started out to lead [an interview] with the most insulting question I could think of. Because it seemed to me that the whole thing of interviewing as far as rock stars and that was just such a suck-up. It was groveling obeisance

to people who weren't that special, really. It's just a guy, just another person, so what?"

This is an important book, a good and possibly a great book, and one which I am glad not only to have read but to have on my shelves. It just is a book that I didn't enjoy reading very much this time around, but I think that says more about me than it does about Bangs.

Sad but true.

XTUL XXII

IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

With hindsight I know that I cannot have been sitting on the bench in Britannia's garden for more than about ten minutes, but it seemed to me as though whole weeks elapsed, while I floated in limbo above the derelict builder's yard watching the lives of the people who lived there. The nearest analogy that I can give (and it is a very imperfect one) is something I do every day, as I sit in my comfortable old armchair typing away on my iPad and listening to whatever happens to be on my playlist on that particular day.

Opposite me is a 40inch fishtank, quite heavily planted, in which I have a selection of fish that would not have been out of place in one of the mountain ponds I used to explore when I was a child in Hong Kong. It contains a breeding colony of Chinese white cloud mountain minnows, some danios and a large black goggle-eyed goldfish called Chester. To my right, on top

of the 1920s glass cabinet that Corinna brought with her when she moved in to live with me all those years ago, is my hifi, and next to it a two foot tank containing a small colony of Japanese fire bellied newts. Quite often during the day when I am meant to be writing deathless prose, I find myself staring at the tanks following the intricate day to day lives of the little creatures who live there. And so it was as I sat hunched on the bench in Britannia's garden, Panne's cute little horns pressed hard against my forehead. I don't know what state of consciousness I was in. I suspect that it wasn't a coma, a dream, or a hallucination, rather some thaumaturgically hypnogogic state for which there is no proper word in the English language. Certainly I am not going to try and invent one because there is no need. I have experienced it, and I seriously doubt whether I shall ever meet anyone else who has



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

been through the same set of experiences, so apart from doing what I am doing now - writing my story down for my own satisfaction as much as anything - I will probably never have to describe what happened again.

I followed the day to day dramas of the little colony, shared their joys and sorrows in an abstract kind of way, but as the days progressed felt more and more disturbed by the change that I could see in Eliphas. His anger and bitterness were palpable, and I watched - helplessly - as a thoroughly decent man was overcome by pain, horror and bitterness and became a monster. As the cancer ate away at him he spent more time hidden away in the back room of his lock up; the one place that I could not follow him. And I became consumed with curiosity to see what on earth he could be doing out there.

I slowly began to realise that the different people living there had their own social roles. The two runaway teenaged girls, quite logically as they were the ones who appeared to be least alienated from the rest of the world, were the ones who went begging, shoplifting or garbage diving in search of food, whilst the older and more taciturn residents were the ones who scavenged across the scrubland and the little wood that lay on the opposite side of the fields behind the yard. There they would gather firewood, snare rabbits, and pick blackberries and hazelnuts. Following a couple of them one day I found that they even had a little kitchen garden, where they grew carrots, potatoes and cannabis, deep in the woods. This wouldn't have happened in my younger days, I thought to myself. As a boy my friends and I roamed all across the woodlands, but with an increasingly sedentary and urbanised population who are becoming ever more divorced from the reality of the natural world, the woods were becoming the demesne of the wild animals, and feral people like my new friends from the derelict builder's yard, and they were able to tend their little crops in peace.

I was, of course, most interested in the little girl who would eventually become Panne. But in this phase of her existence she seemed to spend most of her time with Eliphas, who seemed to be as fond of her as I was of her later caprine incarnation. She would follow him around, even accompanying him up the long hard hill to the Pilton Hilton on the odd occasions that he would go there to receive treatment and more medication. He would slowly and tortuously wheel himself up and down the long hill to the hospital while Panne trotted happily alongside

him like a little dog. As far as I could ascertain neither of them said anything to each other. In fact, as far as I could ascertain she never said anything to anyone, but they seemed content enough in their own peculiar existence.

As I followed various members of the strange little commune around, I realised that I could pick up some of their thoughts and feelings, in dribs and drabs at least. However, because I am basically a coward, I did my best not to do this because the stories I learned from each of them were so unutterably sad. The middle aged men had, like Eliphas, once had families and homes, but had lost them through a mixture of poor decision making, bad luck, and - in most cases - the cruelty and duplicity of other people. The teenaged girls had been abused, bullied and humiliated to a horrific degree usually by the very people whom one would have hoped would have been there to help and protect them. The catalogue of depravity and abuse that would enter my head every time I so much as let my psychic guard slip for a moment or two was unbelievable, and will - I am sure - stay with me for the rest of my life. One of the girls had essentially been whored out by her stepfather from about the age of eight in order to pay for his own chemical predilections, and had turned to her stepfather's chemicals in order to numb the pain and terror of being raped and used by an endless parade of total strangers, and worse family friends, every night for years upon years. When she had finally summoned up the strength to tell the police her family was torn asunder by the shock, and her mother blamed her for it all and threw her out of the house. I couldn't bear to learn any more, so never did find out how she ended up under Eliphas's protection in the derelict yard on the edge of town.

The two characters who interested me most were - of course - Eliphas and Panne, but I could get nothing at all from Panne, and all the rest of Eliphas' thoughts were so cloaked in a miasma of hatred, anger and bitterness, that I knew I couldn't connect with his mind for very long and retain what was left of my own sanity. So I left well alone.

However, on one of his regular trips to the hospital, with little Panne trotting faithfully by his side, I was serendipitously there when he made a discovery that would change everything.



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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...

In hindsight, I could have said 'I am going on an adventure!' yesterday when taking my 4 foot-something mother to her chiropody appointment. I am not absolutely certain how tall a hobbit is, but I am sure that she could well pass as one – height-wise at least. And what an adventure it turned out to be – well sort of. It was not what you could call a quest of Baginnesque proportions – there were no dwarves, orcs or wizards – and it certainly would not have prompted him to quill a story entitled "To the Chiropodist - There and Back Again" but to me it was indeed quite an escapade.

I had to wait for her twice on the way to her appointment whilst she stopped to talk to one dog, and one small human in a pushchair. Bearing in mind that *tempus volat, hora fugit* and that said *tempus* was ticking ever onward towards the booked appointment, this was ever-so slightly worrying. But we got there in time.

On the way back to the car park she stopped to talk to another small human in a pushchair, and then in the supermarket car park she stopped to talk to a woman who was putting flowers into her car boot. After this last occasion, I did find myself not being able to stop myself from asking her to cease

accosting people – in a jovial way I should add, before people start accusing me of being mean to my mother.

And then whilst *in* the supermarket she got asked at least twice if she needed any help – once whilst standing beside me as I was sorting out some coleslaw at the deli-counter and the second time when I had dashed off to get something I had forgotten an aisle or two away. Then I left her by the frozen perishables for a minute whilst I dashed off to get some bleach, only to find - on my return - her chatting to an old chap who was leant on the trolley, chatting very animatedly whilst his wife was fidgeting and clearly urging him to move along.

For much of the day and into most nights, I am sat in front of my computer working, so perhaps you can understand why my little trip out yesterday could be worthy of being called an adventure, if only one on how to keep one's elderly mother under control in public.

So with that drivel over, let's go on a real adventure - a trip into the unknown. What wonders will it behold?

THE ROLLING STONES FIGURES DOLLS statue BUST 7 INCHES- US \$75.00

“THE FIGURES ARE MADE OUT OF SOLID POLYRESIN, HANDPAINTED PLEASE LOOK AT THE PICTURES FOR MORE DETAIL.”



Sir Mick looks a bit chubby cheeked and Keith reminds me of someone, but I can't for the life of me think who. Perhaps by the end of this extravaganza it will come to me. I had better leave a space just in case.

Nicolo PAGANINI (Violin): His personal bloodletting kit - US \$25,000.00

“The Personal Bloodletting Set of Paganini (1782-1840).

A most macabre relic, being the bloodletting set formerly owned and used by the Italian violinist, violist, guitarist, and composer, the most celebrated violin virtuoso of his time and one the most colorful musical figures of the Romantic era. French, ca. 1820, consisting of three domed-shape glasses with a brass twist spouts and a scarification tool of brass, contained in a fitted walnut box measuring 22 x 14 x 9.5 cm. Stamped "Chappiere a Paris," possibly lacking a piece or two, but otherwise in fine condition. It is known that Paganini received bloodletting treatment as early as 1796 in Parma, a treatment which weakened him and forced him into a period of rest in his father's house at Romairone in Val Polcevera near San Quirico. The present kit evidently dates from somewhat later, but as a man who suffered from many sicknesses throughout his life - syphilis, Marfan's Syndrome, Ehlers-Danlos Syndrome, tuberculosis, malnutrition, colitis, cancer, dental, visual, urological - it is a tool likely used by the great violinist with some regularity.”



Any lazy vampires out there need a little help? Or are there any vampires out there who didn't go to the dentist regularly that need an alternative method of getting a take-out? Well, quit hanging around and sign into eBay before this little food preparation tool goes.

THE BITCH IS BACK

Nothing can really beat The Beatles 'Flip your Wig' game, but I put one of those in the cabinet many issues ago. (Here's a photo to remind you of it though because it is extraordinarily exquisite):



But I did find the following and include it because it makes a change from the usual inclusions into the cabinet - and, as I intimated last week, there is nothing better than a bit of variety:

GRATEFUL DEAD OPOLY (MONOPOLY), DISCOVERY BAY GAMES, NEW SEALED BOARD GAME! - US \$29.98

"30 Years. 2318 Concerts. 1 Great Game. Created by Debbie Gold and artist Tim Truman. Even Bob Weir had a hand in it, some of the game was conceptualized in his living room.

Get on board for the ultimate Grateful Dead experience. From the tokens to the money to the mind-blowing artwork, Grateful Dead-opoly is as original, unique and entertaining as the band itself. You don't need to be a fan to love Grateful DeadOpoly. But when Dead fans get a look at this authentic, band-approved board game, they'll think they tie-dyed and went to heaven!

Tour with the Dead, traveling from gig to gig trying to



hit the big time. Purchase and trade master album recordings, concert venues, road trips, cheap road motels and luxury hotels. Grab your VIP pass, hop on the bus and head for Front Street!

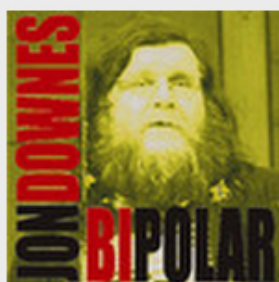
Game includes 6 custom tokens: Tour Bus, Guitar, Amp, Drum, Otis the Dog and Lighting Bolt Boot."

Stevie Wonder ATARI 2600 *POSTER* 70's Video Game Console VERY FUNNY - MUST SEE - \$12.94

"This is a very funny Stevie Wonder - Atari 2600 Poster. We all know Stevie had a great sense of humor, just check out his AMAZING Kannon Camera ad from SNL back in 83'. This seems to be made with that same sense of humor...a great gift for any music fan! It's a Large 18.5" X 24" and would look incredible framed!"

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



Amazing guy! I could have said 'wonderful' but that would have been too obvious.

The Beatles Music Band 1966 Inflatable Dolls
Fab 4 Set Collectors Grade Nems – US \$
525.00

Vintage Take That Dolls Robbie Williams and



“(Extremely Rare Find Unused. THE set comes in the Original Plastic Bags they have never been inflated. FAB 4 John, Paul, George, and Ringo Complete Set of The Beatles Vinyl Dolls From 1966! (Collector's Grade) Each Doll is approximately 15" inches Tall, was created in 1966 to Promote The Beatles Cartoon Series. Each Beatles Blow-Up Holds His Own "Autographed" Instrument.”

And if you are hankering after a picture of them after having been inflated, here you go:

BEATLE BLOW UP DOLLS MINT
CONDITION – US \$295.00

"UP FOR AUCTION ARE 4 ORIGINAL BEATLE BLOW UP DOLLS. THEY ARE IN FANTASTIC CONDITION: GREAT COLORS, NO LEAKS, LIKE NEW."



It would seem that having air is not desirable.

MADONNA Riding Crop - Rare Limited Edition Item - Confessions Tour - New - US \$1,199.99



"Madonna Confessions Tour Riding Crop. This was originally purchased through Madonna's official online store. Made available in very limited numbers. In perfect condition and kept in storage all these years. Highly sought after collectible item. Black leather, measuring 26 inches in length. Silver "M" logo at the handle."

Oooo I say, love. They go oh-oh-oh and they go yeah-yeah-yeah.



Toddle-pip lovies



weird **2015** **weekend**

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



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YOU'VE NEVER HAD IT SO WEIRD

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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.

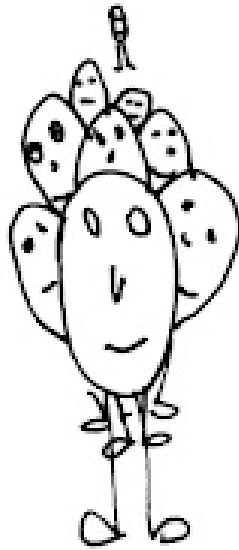
For the second time, Cryptozoologists, parapsychologists, ufologists, and folklorists will be descending on The Small School in Hartland, to share their findings and insights. Unlike other events, the *Weird Weekend* will also include workshops giving tips to budding paranormal investigators, and even a programme of special events for children. The *Weird Weekend* is the only forteen 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 WORLDS 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...



Title: Deep Sea Elvis



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.

And The Native Hipsters: There Goes Concorde Again (Mechanically Reclaimed Music, 2001)

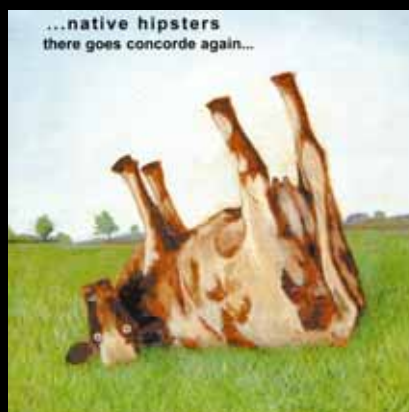
What? Low-fi bedroom experimentation
of the highest order.

For a moment in 1980 And the Native Hipsters (ATNH) were something of an overnight sensation. In an era when cassette tapes were the nearest thing to file sharing and cheap electronic instruments had unleashed a generation of synth-pop and experimentation ATNH gathered John Peel plays and respectable sales for a 33 rpm EP boasting one bona-fide indie classic, "There Goes Concorde Again." Against the most minimal of backing Natalie Greenblatt delivered a razor sharp metallic vocal conveying frustration, incredulity, humour and something completely surreal. The track was a stand-out from a

generation of musical acts who saw no dividing lines between bedrooms and recording studios, and frequently offered their wares for sale in exchange for small sums of money and stamped addressed envelopes via ads in the music press. The fertile imagination of their pop genius William Wilding suggested the band could go places and Rough Trade distribution, who handled many of Peel's picks at the time, were also involved. The closest musical touchstone at the time was – probably – the clanking rhythm and ice-cool Patti Palladin vocals of The Flying Lizards but ATNH often dispensed with rhythm instruments completely, timing themselves to the rhythms of conversations, lyrics or randomly, if at all.

True to their very singular version of a musical "career" the act duly took over twenty years to deliver an album titled after their almost-hit, which was already a "classic" on a Rough Trade compilation by the time this - the Hipster's second album - was released. There Goes Concorde Again, (the album) gathers 18 Hipster tracks from over 20 years of messing about with loops, studiously avoiding anything approaching a band-wagon and shamelessly exploring the possibilities of low-fi sounds and low cost instrumentation. As a long-playing listening experience it has all the other-wordly ambience of an art-installation and the fragmentary, fleeting pop genius of bands like the High Llamas, combined with the unrepentantly indie sensibilities of early eighties bedroom synth-pop.

Above all, There Goes Concorde explodes with ideas and a dark understated humour that allow it to deliver a previously unheard joke, after repeated listening. Wilding's pop visions are perfectly fronted by Natalie Greenblatt's vocals, combining the deep and dulcet delivery of Felicity Kendall with a permanent sense of underlying mental disturbance. The opener – "Mr Magic" – and the lost classic that gives the album its title are probably the standout tracks, but it's the haphazard glory, something akin to throwing a lighted match into an open box of fireworks, that gives this collection a riveting and random attraction. As Wilding describes it the album "has over 25 years of mash up and creativity all crammed into one wonderful riotous cascade." ATNH's low-key career continues at its own pace and other albums – of equal singularity and strangeness – are also available.





Dalriada

Formed in 1998, Dalriad is a folk metal band from Sopron in Hungary as Echo of Dalriada; they shortened their name in 2006.

Dalriada (also Dál Riata) was a Gaelic overkingdom on the western seaboard of Scotland with some territory on the northern coasts of Ireland. In the late 6th and early 7th century it encompassed roughly what is now Argyll and Bute and Lochaber in Scotland and also County Antrim in Ireland. (Wikipedia)

The titles of their albums are ancient Hungarian names of months. So "Fergeteg" is January, "Jégbontó" is February, "Kikelet" is March, "Szelek" is April, "Ígéret" is May, "Napisten" is June, "Áldás" is July, "Új Kenyér" is August, "Őszelő" is September, "Magvető" is October, "Enyészet" is November, "Álom" is December. Arany-Album is an exception, because it contains the poems of János Arany. Current members:



András Ficzek

Vocals (1998-present),
Guitars (2001-present)

Tadeusz Rieckmann

Drums, Vocals (harsh),
Vocals backing) (2001-present)

Laura Binder

Vocals, Flute,
Violin (2001-present)

Mátyás Németh Szabó

Guitars (2006-present)

István Molnár

Bass (2008-present)

Gergely "Szög" Szabó

Keyboards, Vocals
(backing) (2014-present)

Ádám Csete

Bagpipes, Flutes, Guitars
(acoustic), Vocals
(backing) (2012-present)



Wikipedia

Metal Archives

Website

Facebook

You Tube

Leszek a csillag

A Dudás

And so another week grinds slowly to a halt as I put the finishing touches to this week's magazine. The house has been full of teenage girls this afternoon, as Tammy has been here doing the animals and Jessica spent an hour or so doing office work while (I blush to admit it) I actually fell asleep.

It was nice to wake up to new music by Tom Waits. Whilst I was asleep Corinna found me a video of him singing a new song on the David Letterman Show. The song *Take one Last Look* is another of the hauntingly beautiful songs that only this most idiosyncratic of artists can do.

And this got me thinking. Most of us of the cross generational social stereotype who vaguely fit into the demographic that this magazine vaguely aims itself at would probably say that there is something seriously wrong with the music business.

But think about it.

Tom Waits is an artist who really is defined by the words 'Far Out', and furthermore he is an artist who does what he does without any commercial considerations whatsoever.

But he continues to put out albums on a major label, and indeed has done so for the last forty



years through economic depressions, recessions and anything else that you can think of which rhymes with "essions".

And to give you another example of why we should all feel more positive than we do, all the way through his life, (and since his death) Ivor Cutler always had a record contract. And his idea of commercial acumen made Tom Waits seem like Taylor Swift.

So isn't that something to plug into your mental data processing unit next time you bemoan the state of the music industry?

Oh aren't we all being cheerful and positive tonight? There must be something in the air!



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Somewhere Over Detroit

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ON STAGE 20.30

FROM HARPOS CONCERT THEATRE, DETROIT

11 DEC 1980
ON STAGE 20.30

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART



& The

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