

GONZO

Weekly #135

EXCLUSIVE:

**We talk to the king
of Friday Night
Progressive about
his four years on
the air..**

In another particularly groovy issue, Doug catches up with the **Alan Parsons Project** in Los Angeles, John sees **Bridget St John** and **Michael Chapman** in Bristol, Lee waxes lyrical about **Joy Division** and Jon bitches on about **Paul Weller**



THE WEEKEND STARTS HERE



Subscribe to Gonzo Weekly

[**http://eepurl.com/r-VTD**](http://eepurl.com/r-VTD)

Subscribe to Gonzo Daily

[**http://eepurl.com/OvPez**](http://eepurl.com/OvPez)

Gonzo Facebook Group

[**https://www.facebook.com/groups/287744711294595/**](https://www.facebook.com/groups/287744711294595/)

Gonzo Weekly on Twitter

[**https://twitter.com/gonzoweekly**](https://twitter.com/gonzoweekly)

Gonzo Multimedia (UK)

[**http://www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk/**](http://www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk/)

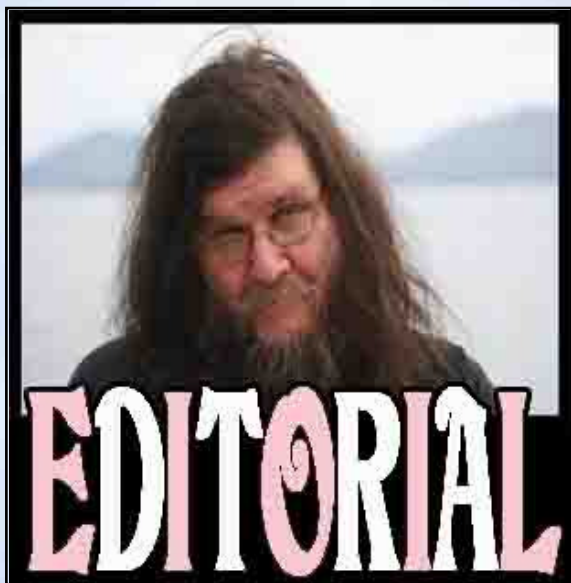
Gonzo Multimedia (USA)

[**http://www.gonzomultimedia.com/**](http://www.gonzomultimedia.com/)

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 my, and I hope your, favourite music and arts magazine. I know that I say this most weeks, but I am constantly astonished at how the magazine, which started off as a humble record company newsletter until I got bored with it, grows in an almost organic manner; contributors come, contributors go, and some who I think will stay go, and vice versa, but it truly doesn't matter. If you will excuse me lapsing into old fashioned hippyspeak, the vibes of the thing are so positive

that it ensures that whichever directions we meander off into, the basic philosophy of the magazine remains the same.

Corinna has been away this week visiting a poorly family member, and I have been back at the ranch with a small kitten, a half-fledged raven, a fledgling jackdaw and all the other people and animals who more usually populate my life, particularly my 86year old Mother-in-law and my best mate Graham who writes various bits and bobs (usually about *Hawkwind*) for this erudite periodical.

I have had Jessica (who calls me her Duncle - half way between a Dad and an Uncle), who is starting working for this madhouse as soon as she finishes her college course that she truly never wanted to do in the first place, and that she only did because they wouldn't let her do the courses she actually wanted to do, at the local college - an institution for which I have very little patience or respect. I have had more dealings with them than I would have liked over the past couple of years, and I find it very hard to break my conviction that they are only there to massage the youth unemployment figures, and that they truly do not give a toss about those unfortunates who are placed in their care by a beneficent Government, *especially* if they are from a council estate, a broken home, or the foster system. I have had young people who come from various of these backgrounds working for me over the past few years, and truly,



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...."



Peason is a wet and a weed as any fule kno

they have been amongst the finest youngsters that I have ever known, and certainly have shown themselves to be more impressive than many of the kids I have worked with who have come from far more privileged backgrounds, including those from my own *almer mater*.

But much though I dislike the educational

establishment to which I refer, this is - believe it or not - actually not the subject about which I would like to hold forth this week. Jessica surprised me a lot this week; partly because of her aptitude with a computer programme that I have been using for fifteen years, and that she only picked up for the first time a couple of weeks back (Adobe Photoshop) and partly for another reason, which



اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



momentarily stunned me.

She didn't know who Bob Geldof was.

As regular readers of this magazine will know, Gonzo Multimedia, the company which finances this august publication, has recently announced the release of a DVD from 1978 featuring *The Boomtown Rats*, who both then and now have always been one of my favourite bands of the era. I came very close to seeing them, because they were playing at Glastonbury Festival in 1985 just as my first wife, our friend Alice and I were unpacking our tents, and they finished (playing the massively unseasonable *Do they know it's Christmas* just as we trudged over the brow of the hill. So I heard them, but never actually *saw* them, and am very much looking forward to the release of the DVD.

As regular readers of my inky fingered scribbles here and elsewhere will probably have realised, the insanely cramped converted potato shed which was once my father's study, and which is now the nerve centre of *Gonzo Weekly*, The Centre for Fortean Zoology, CFZ Press, CFZtv, and Wyrd Music, amongst other things, is also somewhat of a drop-in centre for the local arty crowd, and Jess and I were working hard on Luca Ferrari's excellent biography

of doomed jazz muso Mike Taylor (out imminently from Gonzo), when there was a knock on the door and in walked electronica composer 4th Eden, aka Martin Eve, one of my collaborators and sometime contributor to this magazine.

He demanded tea, and the three of us sat chatting over a cuppa, when the subject of the aforementioned *Boomtown Rats* DVD came up. Martin teased me, suggesting that I should try to interview Sir Bob. I replied, truthfully, that the idea of interviewing Bob Geldof terrified me, and that I was far too much of a coward. Martin said something rude, and winked at Jessica, obviously hoping for and expecting, some form of corroboration.

She stared at him blankly. "Who is Bob Geldof?" She asked.

We were both shocked. Upon questioning it transpired that she had no idea who he was, had never heard of *The Boomtown Rats* or *Live Aid*. It was only then that we realised that *Live Aid* had taken place twelve years before she was born, that she had only been about seven when *Live Eight* took place, and would have been far more interested in *The Tellytubbies* than the miraculous reunion of *Pink Floyd* or the campaign to make poverty history. And this, I think is a valuable life lesson.



The people who are broadly my age, give or take fifteen years or so, are likely to know that the meaning of life is 42, that Peason is a wet and a weed as any fule kno, and that it has been twenty years ago today since Sergeant Pepper taught the band to play (even if it happened nearly half a century ago), but that things which are so well known as to be accepted by people of one generation, mean next to nothing to another one.

I am sure that I am not alone amongst readers of this magazine to have been raised by parents and teachers who thought that our interest in amplified nigger music (as one of my teachers described it) was tantamount to a taste for bestiality, and was symbolic of the fact that the nation, and life itself, was basically going down the drain fast.

I am also sure that I am not the only person reading these words who believed that *our* generation was going to be different, and that we would be the first generation to usher in The Age of Aquarius, with peace, love, tranquillity and free sex and drugs for all, blah blah blah. Well, of course it doesn't work like that, and lots of the people I know of around my age are at least as appalled by the sexual, chemical and musical mores of the current generation as our parents were about us, and - I suspect - that their parents were about them.

And that's about the only point that I want to make in my rant this week. Being old is not a virtue, being young is not a crime, *The Boomtown Rats* were a fantastic band whereas *Skrillax* are a fucking awful row no matter how hard I pretend to be him and try to like them. But that is right and proper, it is the way things are, and the way that I suspect things will always be. It is just about time that people of all generations got their heads around the fact, accepted it, stopped kicking against the pricks, and got on with their lives.

Now young whippersnapper, I want a cup of tea, and when you come back, I will tell you all about something called *Woodstock*.....

Om Shanti,

The ever beleaguered editor.



Bob Geldof, Neil Young, Robert Plant, Deen Castronovo, Florence and the Machine, Damon Albarn, Strawberry Alarm Clock, Tommy James, Pussy Riot, Galahad, Pink Fairies, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Sarah Streeter, John Boudreaux, Samuel McClain, Merrell Fankhauser, Hugh Hopper, Tommy James, Inner City Unit, Mick Abrahams and Guests, Pete Sears, Barbara Dickson, M Destiny, Alan Parsons, Lee Walker, Joy Division, Mumford & Sons, John Brodie Good, Michael Chapman & Bridget St John, Roy Weard, Hawkwind, Richard Muirhead, Yes, Rick Wakeman, Chris Squire, Wyrd, The Jam, Rick Buckler, Xtul, Cher, The Beatles, Jimi Hendrix, Britney Spears, Kanye West, Barbra Streisand, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Dorothy Ashby, Neil Nixon, Tyr

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,
Editor: *Gonzo Daily* (Music and More)
Editor: *Gonzo Weekly* magazine
The Centre for Fortean Zoology,
Myrtle Cottage,
Woolfardisworthy,
Bideford, North Devon
EX39 5QR

Telephone 01237 431413
Fax+44 (0)7006-074-925

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

OFF HE WENT WITH A TRUMPETTY TRUMP: Neil Young has issued a lengthy statement on the recent controversy over Donald Trump using his song 'Rockin' in the Free World' during his presidential run announcement and statements made by Starbucks, Wal-Mart and Monsanto over his album *The Monsanto Years*.

Young took issue with the using of his song, which was written during and was critical of the administration of George H.W. Bush. His management first issued a statement yesterday: 'Donald Trump was not authorized to use 'Rockin' In The Free World' in his presidential candidacy announcement. Neil Young, a Canadian citizen, is a supporter of Bernie Sanders for President of the United States of America.'

Later Tuesday, Donald Trump's campaign said they would no longer use the song although they maintained that they had paid for and had the right to play it. Through a license agreement with ASCAP, Mr. Trump's campaign paid for and obtained the legal right to use Neil Young's recording of 'Rockin' in the Free World' at [Tuesday's] event. **Read on...**

PLANT TURNS A PAGE: Robert Plant played Bonnaroo on Sunday with his band the Sensational Space Shifters, delivering more Led Zeppelin songs than anything from his band's latest album. Plant has seemed to re-embrace his Zeppelin legacy with his latest band, even though the arrangements tend to stray greatly from the original versions. Overall, Plant hit seven Zeppelin tunes in his eleven song set with only three songs from his latest album, *Lullaby and the Ceaseless Roar*. **Read on...**

NOT A PLEASANT JOURNEY: Journey's current drummer, Deen Castronovo has once again been arrested for assault. According to TMZ, police in Salem, OR were called to Castronovo's home on Sunday morning where he was arrested. He was taken to the Salem police station where he was booked for assault, coercion and menacing and released on bail.

Although it is not known who else was involved in the incident, Castronovo was arrested in January 2012 for an incident with his girl friend of the time that included him ripping the phone from her hand when she tried to call her father. In that arrest, he was charged with assault in the 4th degree, criminal mischief in the 2nd degree, harassment, coercion and interfering with making a report. **Read on...**

WELCOME TO THE MACHINE: Florence and the Machine are filling The Foo Fighters' spot at Glastonbury. Last night the American rockers announced that they won't be playing the iconic British festival because of the recent fall that left frontman Dave Grohl with a broken leg. However, festival organiser Emily Eavis has revealed Florence has stepped up to the challenge and will be headlining the Pyramid Stage on Friday June 26.

"Once we heard... Foo Fighters had been forced to pull out, there was only one person we wanted to call and that was Florence," Emily said, reports BBC. **Read on....**

DAMON IN WONDERLAND: Damon Albarn has said that he thinks most musicals are "garbage" and "predictable" but that his new take on Alice In Wonderland will offer fans an alternative. Albarn has written the music for new musical *Wonderland*, that will be shown at Manchester's Palace Theatre in July as part of Manchester International Festival.

The show is inspired by Lewis Carroll's classic novel *Alice In Wonderland* and is directed by the National Theatre's incoming Director Rufus Norris. Lyrics to the songs will be provided by Moira Buffini, who has previously worked on *Tamara Drewe* and *Handbagged*.

Speaking to *The Telegraph*, the Blur frontman couldn't hide his opinion of the majority of the art form and said: "It's saccharine, it's predictable, it's cynical." Albarn, sensing a backlash from his new peers, then added: "That's probably going to alienate me to a lot of people." **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...

WOULDN'T IT BE NICE: Labour Party MPs have nominated a veteran left-wing, anti-austerity candidate to stand for the party leadership against other center-left and Blairite contestants. In a nerve-racking countdown to midday, when submissions closed, Jeremy Corbyn received the requisite 35 nominations from Labour MPs by the skin of his teeth.

On the ballot paper, he will join Andy Burnham, who gained 59 nominations, Yvette Cooper who won 56 and Liz Kendall who secured 37. Corbyn's agent John McDonnell MP confirmed the success on Twitter, posting: "As Jeremy's agent I can confirm that he is on the Labour leadership ballot paper with 35 nominations. Thank you everyone."

Read on...

AND THESE ARE OUR ALLIES: Human rights groups have condemned Saudi Arabia after the beheading of five foreigners this week. Experts warn 2015 will mark a dramatic increase in public executions, as 80 people have already been killed, compared to 88 in the whole of 2014.

Despite mounting international criticism from foreign governments and human rights campaigners, Saudi Arabia has shown no willingness to end public executions. On Monday, a group of five men, sentenced to death for murder and theft, were publicly beheaded. The killings come about a month after Amnesty International decried what it labeled as a "macabre spike" in state-sponsored executions. **Read on...**

I TEND TO AGREE WITH HER WHICH IS A FIRST. GOSH: Rising intolerance and anti-Semitism have reached the point when "it feels like Nazi Germany," pop icon Madonna said, adding that France, in particular, no longer encourages diversity and freedom. "We're living in crazy times. It feels like Nazi Germany," Madonna said in an interview to Europe 1 radio, adding that the situation in Europe is "scary."

The 56-year-old singer also pointed that France has totally lost its tradition of welcoming diversity and honoring freedom, saying that "anti-Semitism is at an all-time high" in the country. "It [France] was a country that embraced everyone and encouraged freedom in every way, shape or form – artistic expression of freedom... Now that's completely gone." **Read on...**



Democracywatch

STRANGE DAYS

PECULIAR TIMING WITH JURASSIC WORLD JUST OUT:

Scientists accidentally discover what appear to be red blood cells and collagen fibres during analysis of 'crap' fossils dug up in Canada 100 years ago. Traces of the soft tissues were found by accident when researchers at Imperial College in London analysed eight rather shabby fossils that had been dug up in Canada a century ago before finding their way to the Natural History Museum in London. The finding suggests that scores of dinosaur fossils in museums around the world could retain soft tissues, and with it the answers to major questions about dinosaur physiology and evolution. More speculatively, it has made scientists ponder whether dinosaur DNA might also survive. Most of the fossils the scientists studied were mere fragments and in very poor condition. They included a claw from a meat-eating theropod, perhaps a gorgosaurus, some limb and ankle bones from a duck-billed dinosaur, and a toe bone from a triceratops-like animal. This ungual claw from a theropod yielded structures which appear to be red blood cells. **Read on...**

INSCRUTIBLE INDEED: A Chinese man is trying to sue superstar actor Zhao Wei for staring at him too intensely through his TV set, causing "spiritual damage". The man said the damage occurred during the primetime show Tiger Mom, the Legal Daily reported. Zhao Wei, one of China's most famous actors, stars in the hit drama about a divided couple's struggle to raise their daughter. The Shanghai Pudong new district court refused to state whether it had accepted the case, but an official criticised the lawsuit, saying "It's not necessary to waste our judicial resources on cases like these." The case has raised fresh concerns over frivolous lawsuits in China, after regulations making it more difficult for courts to reject claims took effect on 1 May. Courts must now provide clearly stated reasons for rejection and citizens have the right to appeal the decisions. The change has led to a 29% increase in cases compared with the same period last year, to just over a million cases, according to the supreme people's court. **Read on...**

I GET NO KICK IN A PLANE. FLYING SO HIGH WITH SOME GIRL IN THE SKY IS MY IDEA OF NOTHING TO DO:

Footage published for the first time shows Amelia Earhart just before she attempted to fly around the world, and not long before she vanished and set investigators on a search that has

yet to conclude Earhart, who had become the first female aviator to fly solo across the Atlantic Ocean in the late 1920s, met photographer Al Bresnik and his brother John in 1937 at an airfield in Burbank, California, to document her first "round the world" attempt. A few months later, after another attempt, she disappeared. At the time, Earhart was already a celebrity - a hero during the Great Depression, a lecturer who endorsed products and hobnobbed with Herbert Hoover, and a pioneering woman in the male-dominated world of aviation. What may be the last surviving footage of Earhart sat on a shelf for more than 50 years until John Bresnik's death in 1992. His son, also named John, unearthed it while going through his father's things after he died - only to put the film into his desk for another two decades, not realizing what he had. "It just always sat in a plain box on a shelf in his office, and on the outside it said, 'Amelia Earhart, Burbank Airport, 1937,'" Bresnik told the Associated Press. "I didn't even know what was on the film until my dad died and I took it home and watched it." **Read on...**

I'M PISSED AGAIN JUST LIKE I WAS LAST SUMMER:

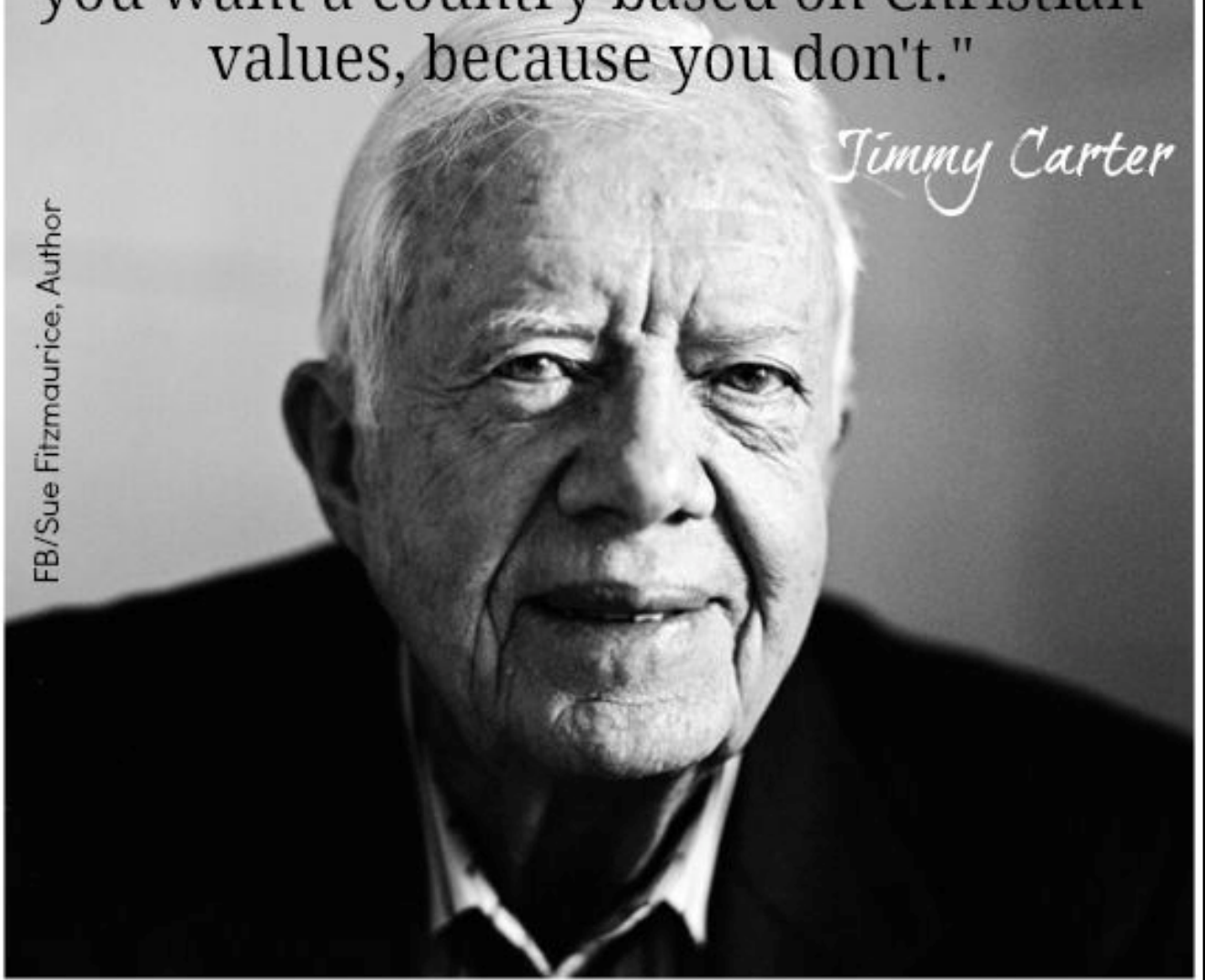
The Iowa Supreme Court today upheld the right of its citizens to get drunk on the front porch. It ruled in the case of Patience Paye of Waterloo, who was arrested two years ago by police responding to a domestic violence case. She didn't want her children to be upset, so she stepped onto her front porch to talk to the authorities. She had been arguing with a man who didn't want her to drive drunk and wouldn't give her the keys. She also didn't have a license. The police said she was the aggressor in the argument, so they arrested her on a charge of public intoxication.

In the ruling today, Justice Daryl Hecht acknowledged that the Iowa Supreme Court had previously ruled that the front steps and common hallway of an apartment house are public places, but he said a single-family home is another story. We recognize that salespeople, neighbors, and other subsets of the public possess an implied license or invitation to approach Paye's front stairs. In another context, business patrons enjoy an implied license or invitation to enter shops and stores in furtherance of commerce. Business premises are commonly considered public places for purposes of public intoxication statutes. **Read on...**

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

Celebrate wildlife on
World Wildlife Day
don't shoot it.





CALL FOR HELP

Hi,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

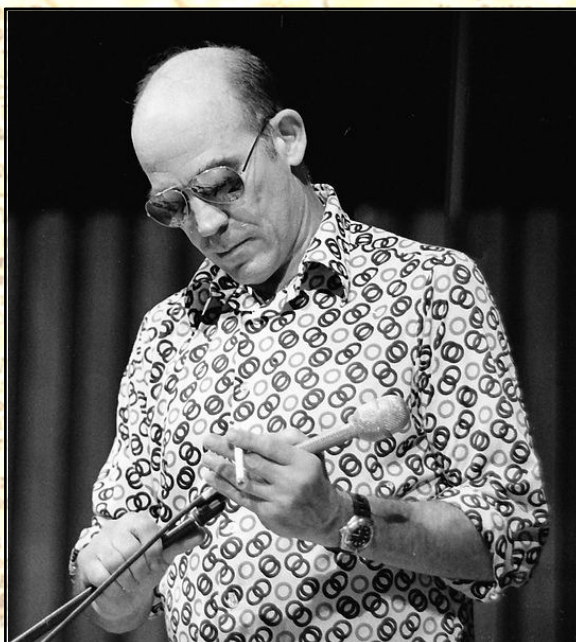
<http://www.priceminister.com/boutique/PROG13>

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

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

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

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



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:

"There was an awful suspicion in my mind that I'd finally gone over the hump, and the worst thing about it was that I didn't feel tragic at all, but only weary, and sort of comfortably detached."

Hunter S. Thompson

THE STRAWBERRY ALARM CLOCK ARE BACK!



"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).

Tracks:

1. Mr. Farmer (single version)
2. Strawberries Mean Love
3. Hummin' Happy
4. Birds in My Tree
5. World Citizen
6. Drifting Away
7. Lose to Live
8. Barefoot in Baltimore
9. Charlotte's Remains
10. Sit with the Guru (classic version)
11. Tomorrow

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

the week that's past



NOT ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONYMONEY

How many musicians are not only surviving but thriving after 40 years in the business?

Well, you can count Tommy James as part of the latter category. James' first record "Hanky Panky" ravaged the charts back in 1966. He followed that up with a string of gold and platinum records like "Mony Mony", "Crystal Blue Persuasion", "Ball and Chain", "Draggin' the Line", "Crimson and Clover" among many.

His music has never lost its importance as it is constantly in demand for soundtracks such as Austin Powers, Apollo 13 and Forrest Gump.

James' latest record is another solid lineup of great rock 'n' roll songs. His songwriting has not diminished with time as this set proves the well is not dry.

The title track is a compelling piece that shows James is in quite good voice as well. "Isn't That the Guy" is a hooky piece with a rhythm that goes straight for the hips. "Love Words" is one of those gorgeous slow cuts that James does so well.

Not merely a retro set from another '60s star, Hold the Fire is a terrific record that would be of interest to anybody who likes great Adult Oriented Rock delivered by a guy who still has the goods.

Tracks:

Isn't That the Guy
Lupe and Joe
Hold the Fire
Love Words
Megaamation Man
Sweet Cherry Wine
It Keeps On Goin'
Angels and Strangers
Give It All
Ordinary Girl
Amy
I Love Christmas (Bonus Track)

Music legend Tommy James has 23 gold singles, 9 platinum albums, and over 100 million records sold worldwide. Over 300 artists, including everyone from Bruce Springsteen and R.E.M. to Kelly Clarkson and Broken Bells, have covered his songs! Hold the Fire, his first new studio album in 10 years, features three Top 5 A/C hits: "Hold The Fire," "Love Words," and "It Keeps On Goin'."

GO20 CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT CONEO (USA)

GO20 CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT CONEO (USA)

the week that's past

The Gospel According to *BART*

I got an email this week from my favourite roving reporter: "This story goes on.. God Bless Pussy Riot.. B". He attached this link:

"Pussy Riot member Nadya Tolokonnikova has been detained in Moscow, where she had been conducting a peaceful protest with activist Katherine Nenasheva.



While stitching a Russian flag in Bolotnaya Square, police asked Tolokonnikova and Nenasheva to end their protest. After refusing to do so, the activists were dragged away from the square by the officers.

According to *The New York Times*, the police issued a statement to the Russian news agency Interfax confirming that the protesters had been charged with "disturbing public order. For 30 days the activist Katherine Nenasheva will be living her regular life wearing a prison robe of a female convict," Tolokonnikova wrote in a statement on the protest titled "Don't Be Afraid." "She goes to exams, takes meetings, goes to the movies, gets groceries, goes out — she continues her daily life."

Read more: <http://www.rollingstone.com/music/news/pussy-riot-member-detained-in-moscow-20150612#ixzz3dWHSwUrS>



GALAHAD FRONTMAN PHOTOBOMBS WEYMOUTH PIRATE

Ok I will admit it. This is pretty much a non story, and was posted on the band's Facebook page, but how many times in my journalistic career will I have an excuse to use such a brilliantly off the wall headline.

Anyway, in a brief chat with Stu yesterday (again on Facebook) he hinted that there are exciting developments afoot in the *Galahad* camp, and that he would be sending me some information.

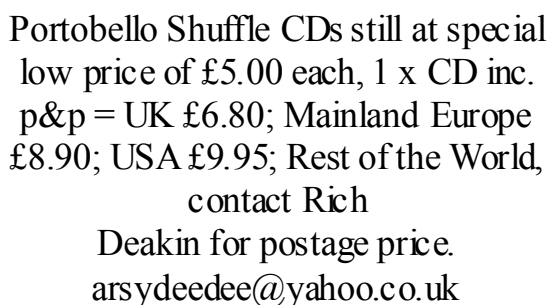
I hope that one can deduce from this that an interview is not unlikely in the next few weeks.

GOING CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GOMEO (USA)

GOING CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GOMEO (USA)



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



We also got some good news about forthcoming studio time from GONZO, when, with a bit of luck we'll be able to complete the disc. Meanwhile we'll be rehearsing for the SONIC ROCK SOLSTICE ON June 19th. Looking forward to this, hope to see you there!

GOZ CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GOZCO (USA)

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
NEW YORK.



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 126 - An A-Z of New Music

The best new music of 2014 and 2015 played alphabetically. Why? Why the hell not!!!



Featured Album: The Decemberists: What a Terrible World, What a

Beautiful World

Tracks

- 1 Anguish Sandwich: Someone Call a Mousetrap
- 2 Bellowhead: Gosport Nancy
- 3 Cactus Knife: Atheist Angel
- 4 The Decemberists: Make you Better
- 5 The Decemberists: Anti-Summersong
- 6 Fall Out Boy: The Kids Aren't Alright
- 7 Lana Grace: 24
- 8 Ham Sandwich: Fandango
- 9 Rob Mills and Ian Sturgess: In Seven
- 10 Jamie T: Zombie
- 11 King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard: Cellophane
- 12 Satellite Paradiso: Super Anti-Hero
- 13 The Loons: Miss Clara Regrets
- 14 Martha: Dust, Juice, Bones & Hair
- 15 Nude Beach: See My Way
- 16 Of Montreal: Fugitive Air
- 17 Palma Violets: English Tongue
- 18 Oh! Gun Quit: Voodoo Meat Shake
- 19 Reverend Deadeye: Lets Get Drunk on Jesus
- 20 Thunderous Jones: Dog in the Window
- 21 The Decemberists: Cavalry Captain
- 22 The Decemberists: Better not wake the baby
- 23 The Unthanks: Flutter
- 24 Viet Cong: Continental Shelf
- 25 Everlasting Yeah: The Grind
- 26 Wolf Alice: Moaning Lisa Smile
- 27 Ghost Poet: X Marks the Spot
- 28 Yak: Smile
- 29 Zola Jesus: Hunger

**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:

Paddy Steer
<http://paddysteer.com/>
 Blank Manuskript
<http://www.facebook.com/BlankManuskript>
 ORK
<http://www.facebook.com/O.R.k.band?fref=nf>
 ONE
<http://www.facebook.com/1OneUniverse>
 Three Wise Monkeys
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Three-Wise-Monkeys/106937686000814>
 Sendelica
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Sendelica/191174294239796?fref=ts>
 Elizabeth the Last
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Elizabeth-the-last/167892503243585?fref=ts>
 Ritchie DeCarlo
<http://www.facebook.com/ritchie.decarlo>
 Baraka
<http://www.facebook.com/BARAKAJAPAN?fref=nf>
 Cold Flame
<http://www.facebook.com/coldflameuk> — with Paddy Steer, Elizabeth the last, Brad Kypo, Alfons Wohlmuth, Cold Flame, Shin Ichikawa, O_R_k, Mariano - One, Ritchie DeCarlo, Pedro Kaldini, BARAKA and Marian Rodriguez.

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



UPLOADED ON WWW.TOPNEWS.IN

Sarah Streeter (1953 – 2015)

Streeter better known by her stage name Big Time Sarah, was an American blues singer.

She was born in Coldwater, Mississippi, and raised in Chicago, where she sang in gospel choirs in South Chicago churches. At age 14, she began singing blues at the Morgan's Lounge Club, and in the 1970s she played with musicians such as Magic Slim, Buddy Guy, The Aces, Junior Wells, Johnny Bernard, and Erwin Helfer.

Her experience playing with Sunnyland Slim led to her first solo release, a single released on his label, Airways Records. Teamed with Zora Young and Bonnie Lee in 'Blues with the Girls', Sarah toured Europe in 1982 and recorded an album in Paris,

France. From 1989, she performed with a group called The BTS Express. From 1993 through 2015, she recorded for Delmark Records.

Big Time Sarah died on June 13, 2015, from heart complications in a Chicago-area nursing home. She was 62



John Landry "Buddy" Boudreaux (1917 – 2015)

Boudreaux was a big band and jazz musician in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. He played saxophone and clarinet. Since 1934, he directed and played in a number of bands that have toured the southern United States and drawn nationally known

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

performers to Baton Rouge. The State-Times newspaper called him “the city’s sound of big band.” His bands backed such artists as Andy Williams, Bernadette Peters, Doc Severinsen, Dionne Warwick, Gladys Knight and the Pips, Burt Bacharach, Johnny Mathis, The Four Tops, Bob Hope, George Burns and Joan Rivers. He opened shows for Tony Bennett, Tony Orlando, Louise Mandrell, The Beach Boys and Bill Cosby. He was co-author—with his barber, Michael T. Abadie—of “My Baton Rouge,” which in 1998 was declared the city’s official song.



Samuel McClain
(1943 – 2015)

McClain, billed as Mighty Sam McClain, was an American Grammy nominated soul blues singer and songwriter. He was born in Monroe,

Louisiana. As a five-year-old, he began singing in his mother's Gospel Church. McClain left home when he was thirteen and followed local R&B guitarist, Little Melvin Underwood through the Chitlin' circuit, first as his valet and then as lead vocalist himself at 15.

While singing at the 506 Club in Pensacola, Florida he was introduced to the record producer and DJ, Papa Don Schroeder and in 1966, McClain recorded a cover version of Patsy Cline's "Sweet Dreams". Several recording sessions at Muscle Shoals produced the further singles, "Fannie-May" and "In the Same Old Way". For fifteen years, first in Nashville, Tennessee, then in New Orleans, McClain worked at menial jobs. McClain toured and recorded in Japan in 1989. The end product, *Live in Japan*, featured Wayne Bennett.[citation needed]

By the early 1990s, McClain relocated to New England through his participation in the "Hubert Sumlin Blues Party" project. This led to Joe Harley and AudioQuest Music. The results were the successful releases, *Give It Up To Love* and *Keep On Movin'*.

After his move to New Hampshire, then followed Sledgehammer Soul and Down Home Blues. In 1998 McClain had two releases, *Journey and Joy* & *Pain* on the CrossCut Records label. *Soul Survivor: The Best of Mighty Sam McClain* was his farewell to AudioQuest in 1999. McClain signed on with the Telarc Blues in 1999, taking his longtime producer Joe Harley with him, and recorded the Blues Music Award nominated *Blues* for the Soul (2000) and *Sweet Dreams* (2001).

In 1996, McClain formed McClain Productions after successfully co-producing his albums with Joe Harley. He also created his own record label, Mighty Music, which released *One More Bridge To Cross* in February 2003. *Betcha Didn't Know* was issued in July 2009 on Mighty Music. It was nominated by the Blues Association as 'Soul/Blues Album 2010'. McClain suffered a stroke in April 2015, and died on June 16, 2015. The cause of death is not yet known

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/gonzowebkly>



Artist Merrell Fankhauser
Title Signals
Cat No.HST314CD
Label Gonzo

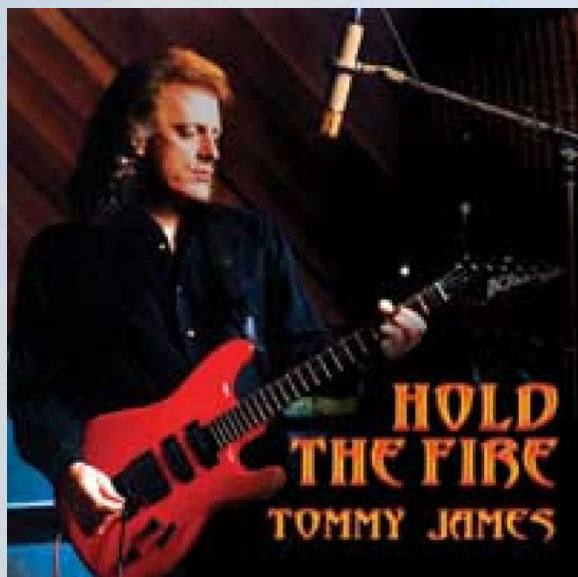
New Sci Fi Symphonic Instrumental Surf album
 Featuring strange radio signals from the underwater
 anomaly off the Malibu California coast. A few years
 back UFO buffs began investigating some strange
 electronic signals that appeared to be emanating from a
 spot deep beneath the Pacific Ocean off the Malibu
 coast. They reported bizarre psychic phenomena in
 conjunction with them, and legendary surf guitarist
 Merrell Fankhauser was inspired to write music
 based on, and including them.



Artist Hugh Hopper
Title Volume 8: Bass On Top
Cat No.HST250CD
Label Gonzo

This acclaimed 10 volume set of unreleased recordings
 by the legendary Hugh Hopper, bass player with Soft
 Machine and so much more, was curated by Canadian
 Hopperologist Mike King, who sadly died during the
 production of the series. Volume eight consists of an
 improvised studio session with pianist Slava Ganelin &
 drummer Aahron Kaminsky, Israel 2007.





Artist Tommy James
Title Hold The Fire
Cat No.7060
Label Aura

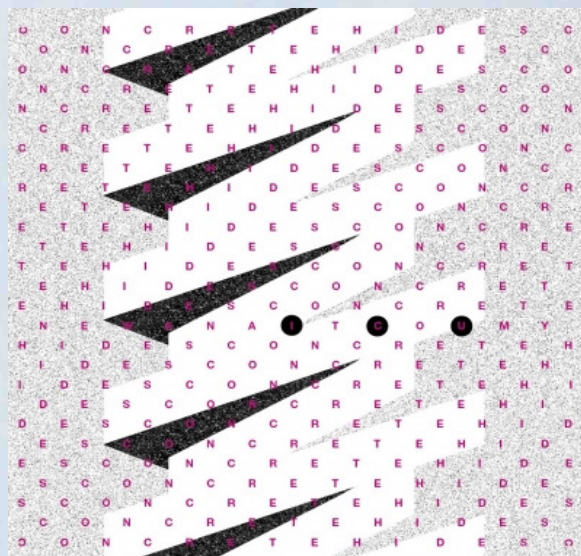
How many musicians are not only surviving but thriving after 40 years in the business? Well, you can count Tommy James as part of the latter category. James' first record "Hanky Panky" ravaged the charts back in 1966.

He followed that up with a string of gold and platinum records like "Mony Mony", "Crystal Blue Persuasion", "Ball and Chain", "Draggin' the Line", "Crimson and Clover" among many.

His music has never lost its importance as it is constantly in demand for soundtracks such as Austin Powers, Apollo 13 and Forrest Gump.

James' latest record is another solid lineup of great rock 'n' roll songs. His songwriting has not diminished with time as this set proves the well is not dry. The title track is a compelling piece that shows James is in quite good voice as well. "Isn't That the Guy" is a hooky piece with a rhythm that goes straight for the hips. "Love Words" is one of those gorgeous slow cuts that James does so well.

Not merely a retro set from another '60s star, Hold the Fire is a terrific record that would be of interest to anybody who likes great Adult Oriented Rock delivered by a guy who still has the goods.



Artist Inner City Unit
Title New Anatomy
Cat No.RRA104CD
Label Gonzo

In 1982 Inner City Unit, the band led by ex-Hawkwind sax man Nik Turner was put on hold as Turner recorded with another ex-Hawkman Robert Calvert. But in 1984 they were back and recorded this exciting album with drummer Steve Pond. It was originally issued on a label owned by yet another one of Hawkwind's many alumni, effectively keeping it in the family. ICU were at the top of the game at the time with UK tour which saw them blowing Americans Husker Du off stage night after night.

Artist Mick Abrahams and Guests
Title Mick Abrahams Revived
Cat No.HST277CD



JON MEETS M DESTINY



It wasn't long after I started running the twin cultural behemoths of *The Gonzo Daily* and *The Gonzo Weekly* that Rob Ayling, the *Gonzo Grande Fromage*, and a friend of mine for the past twenty seven years suggested that we make Gonzo Web Radio a proper Internet Radio Station. We could get a British Government broadcasting license, he suggested and host radio shows which appeal to the sort of people who read the magazine and buy the records and books. What a bloody good idea, I said, always easily enthused by Rob's ideas, and I went off to make it happen.

I had not been much of a radio buff since the end of the seventies, but I threw myself happily into the task of looking for shows that we would be able to syndicate. Most of the shows that I discovered were depressingly bad, but some most definitely were not. I cannot remember how or where I discovered Friday Night Progressive and its host M Destiny, but I was immediately impressed by the guy's attitude, and the way that the show has become the hub of a veritable community of artists and musicians, and I was soon sucked into the creative zeitgeist of the whole thing.

So I diffidently write to M Destiny. Would he be interested in a collaboration? Much to my pleasure and, I have to admit, surprise, he accepted, and we soon became comrades in arms. On occasion I have sat in on the radio shows as they are broadcast. I think that the mixture of performance and interactive chat room is a peculiarly 21st Century set up, but it is one which I believe works extremely well. The show has also introduced me to some excellent new music, most notably the extraordinary talents of *Astronomusic* from Brazil who were kind enough to do an interview for us and become our cover stars earlier in the year.

M Destiny wrote this about his show: 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.

The more I see of the whole governing concept of the Friday Night Progressive artistic model, the more I like it, and I am convinced that as the music business recovers from the recent catastrophic crash and progresses towards the middle years of the century it will be shows like FNP and magazines like this one who will work together more and more and forge strange and exciting new partnerships, and bring about great things.

When I found out that this week (although, because of the way that our syndication works, we shall not be featuring the show on Gonzo Web Radio until next week) FNP and M Destiny are celebrating their fourth anniversary, it seemed blindingly obvious that we should feature them as our cover feature this issue, and so I picked up my telephone and gave M Destiny a ring.....

**Listen
Here**

Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile **ALAN PARSONS AT CLUB NOKIA**



Alan Parsons (c) diegospadeproductions

Alan Parsons and his supremely talented band played the Nokia Club in Los Angeles, performing in town for the first time in 6 years on June 11, 2015. The group was at the absolute top of their game, driving through a set list that included many of their hits recorded over the years as The Alan Parsons Project, and in particular highlighting one of their most popular albums, *The Turn Of A Friendly Card* (1980). It's going to be difficult to express just how amazing this concert was without leaving a bit of the journalist aside and instead sharing these thoughts as a devoted fan of Alan Parsons and all of his work over the years. So here goes, starting with some background.

Alan Parsons is the well-known audio engineer, record producer, songwriter and multi-instrumentalist who began his career as a music engineer with the likes of The Beatles (*Abbey Road*) and Pink Floyd (*Dark Side of the Moon*) and went on to engineer and/or produce award winning artists Ambrosia, Al Stewart, Steven Wilson and others too numerous to detail herein. Alan and collaborator Eric Woolfson began a career as

The Alan Parsons Project (APP) with their definitive progressive rock release *Tales of Mystery and Imagination (Edgar Allen Poe)* (1976), followed closely by *I Robot* (1977). These records are diverse, eclectic masterworks of the genre, and they belong in every quality music collection. Many of us selected our stereo equipment back in the day by spinning one of these albums to test out record players, amps and speakers such was the amazing production and sonic quality of the recordings. As APP went on, they released one great record after another: *Pyramid* (1978), *Eve* (1979), *The Turn Of A Friendly Card* (1980), *Eye In The Sky* (1982) and on, in all ten albums, each demonstrating the strength of the Parsons/Woolfson songwriting team, and showcasing their musical talents and those of their many collaborators. These included orchestral arranger Andrew Powell, long time guitarist Ian Bairnson, drums from Stuart Elliott, bass and vocals from David Paton, and numerous vocalists including the late, great Chris Rainbow, Colin Blunstone, and Eric himself. The project ended in 1990 after Alan and Eric made a brief foray into musical theater with *Freudiana*. Eric continued with musical theater until

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>





Alan Parsons Live (c) diegospadeproductions 2015

his untimely passing in 2009, and Alan went on to present their music live, while releasing and touring four solo records in the 90's and 00's.

The Alan Parsons Project maintained a focus on bringing beautiful melodies and vocal harmonies to their compositions. Along with some rockers, Eric and Alan wrote and recorded many achingly beautiful and sentimental pop tunes and with Andrew's orchestral arrangements, the songs were rendered with lush and dramatic colors. This was definitely prog-pop and contemporary music of its time, for fans with a heart, which left some harder prog-rock zealots behind, while rewarding those who followed. I've found that everyone from several generations near mine know the name Alan Parsons, and can identify, for instance "Eye In The Sky," but many have less an idea just how many hits they would recognize. One reason for this is that Alan and Eric never toured to support this work, save for a show in 1990 just before they split. The first time I was able to see the band was touring to support Alan's excellent second solo record *On Air* (1996) when a new band was assembled with lead vocalist P.J. Olsson.

For this latest concert, Alan Parsons and his musicians were all in a great spirit, reproducing the sound of the APP records with pinpoint accuracy but also with some improvisation, and room to demonstrate virtuosity. The band are: Alastair Greene (guitar), Dan Tracey (guitar), Guy Erez (bass), Danny Thompson (drums), Tom Brooks (keyboards), Todd Cooper (lead vocals, saxophone, cowbell J), and long time vocalist P.J. Olsson. The band showcased the following numbers from throughout the years:

"I Robot" / title track
 "Damned If I Do" / Eve
 "Don't Answer Me" / Ammonia Avenue

"Breakdown" / I Robot, "The Raven" / Tales of Mystery and Imagination
 "Time" / The Turn Of A Friendly Card
 "I Wouldn't Want To Be Like You" / I Robot
 "Days Are Numbers (The Traveller)" / Vulture Culture
 "The Turn Of A Friendly Card" (suite) / title track
 "Psychobabble" / Eye In The Sky
 "Do You Live At All" / new track – single w/*Fragile*
 "Limelight" / Stereotomy



Dan Tracey (c) diegospadeproductions 2015



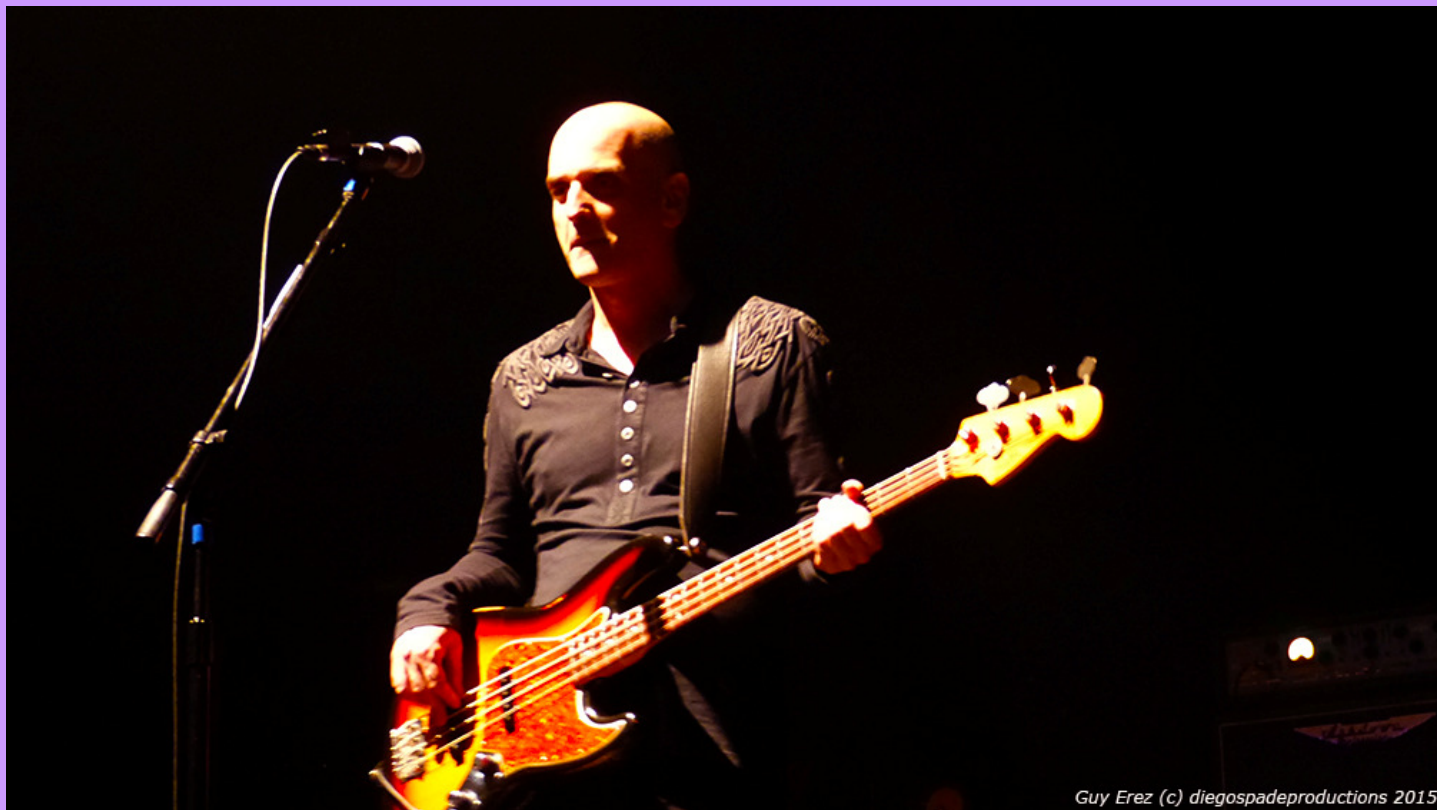
Todd Cooper (c) diegospadeproductions 2015



P.J. Olsson (c) diegospadeproductions 2015



Todd Cooper (c) diegospadeproductions 2015



Guy Erez (c) diegospadeproductions 2015

“(The System Of) Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether” /
Tales of Mystery and Imagination
“Old And Wise” / Eye In The Sky
“Prime Time” / Ammonia Avenue
“Sirius,” “Eye In The Sky” / *title track*

Encores:

“Don’t Let It Show” / I Robot
“Games People Play” / The Turn Of A Friendly Card

This set included something from almost every APP album from 1977-1987, along with Alan’s new single “Do You Live At All.” Vocals took center stage as six of the eight performers sang multi-part harmonies atop crisp instrumentals throughout.



Alan Parsons (c) diegospadeproductions 2015

Alan, Alastair, and Dan took lead vocal on one or more tracks while P.J. and Todd tackled more of the songs. On this night, P.J. in particular stunned the audience with fantastic, heartwarming lead vocals on “Time,” “Old and Wise,” “Don’t Let It Show” and others, each performed with poise and emotion. Additional lead vocalist Todd Cooper nailed several key tracks including a highlight of the evening “Psychobabble,” which shone light on Guy’s bass, plus Donny’s powerful backbeat, and another classic, “Limelight,” peppering others with lilting sax solos, and even some cowbell! Dan sang on the funky hit “I Wouldn’t Want To Be Like You” displaying attitude and chops during the memorable guitar bridge. The centerpiece of this tour is the multi-part suite “The Turn Of A Friendly Card” which gave the band additional time to stretch out, including more layered keys from Alan and classical piano from talented player Tom Brooks.

Alan presided over all of this as master of ceremonies - singing, playing keyboards, acoustic guitar and addressing the enthusiastic audience. Club Nokia was a great venue for the show - intimate while being sizable enough for the large band to resonate. It is part of an entertainment complex in downtown Los Angeles that includes a much larger arena - as Alan dryly noted between songs, “the place is called Microsoft something - we’ll play there one day, when we get big.” During another break Alan noted that all the APP albums were available in the lobby in vinyl format, known to younger fans as “those big black CDs!” and made a pitch for quality music formats, such as his new single available in WAV format, as those MP3’s “just make the music sound awful.” On this night the music sounded fantastic and the performance was stunning, befitting this man of many talents, Alan Parsons, and his marvelous band.

<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'm proud to present music. My favorite musician of all time, Jon Anderson, formerly of the progressive music group YES. (Yes, I am a dinosaur in that regard, 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

Lee Walker's

AURAL NECTAR FOR THE SOUL

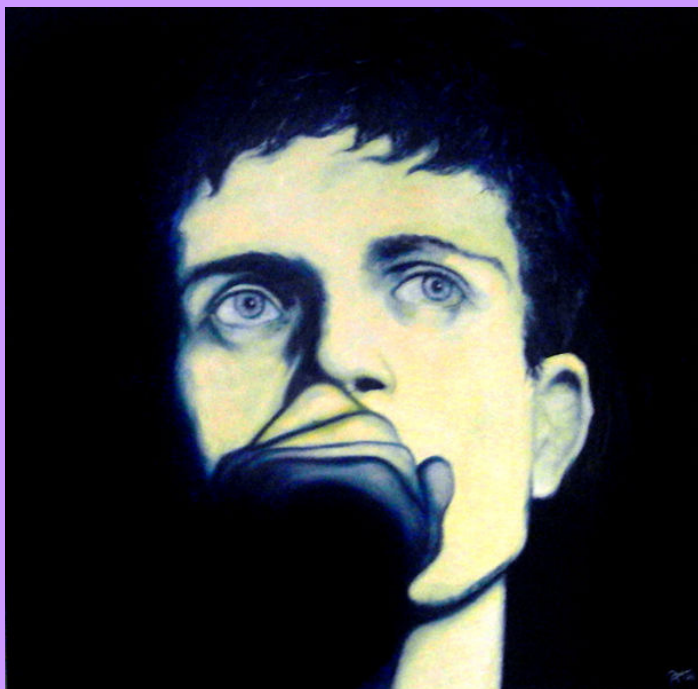
The Gonzo Classic Track Of The Week:

JOY DIVISION – 'NEW DAWN FADES' (1979)

One of the most poignant things about music is its ability to transport us, in the space of a few brief seconds of instantly recognisable melody, back to a certain moment along the path of our lives. It's a gift and a curse, of course, this quality, this power, to act as a kind of auditory time machine, for the obvious reasons that the memories evoked are not always of things we'd consciously choose to recollect.

And sometimes, the remembrance is so bitter-sweet, it makes you simultaneously want to both weep tears of laughter and joy.

I can recall, with perfect clarity the first time I heard *New Dawn Fades*,¹ one of Joy Division's most evocative songs, the closing track on side one of the album *Unknown Pleasures*. During the Christmas period of the long hard winter of 1980-81, we'd been



walking, my teen-aged friends and I, amidst the winter woods of Merseyside, armed with a bass-heavy radio/cassette player listening to the previous night's recording of John Peel's annual Festive Fifty. We'd loved just about every single tune that made up that iconic chart run-down, filled as it was with punk and post-punk classics, but it was the haunting strains of the Number Five entry, and the comments made by Peelie that the song had, poignantly enough, received a large amount of votes from Poland, a country then still part of the Soviet-bloc, and riven by political strife, and the painful struggle at the Gdansk shipyards that had made the greatest impression upon me.

That mournful, descending bass riff, the syncopated drum pattern, the chiming, almost-60s sounding guitar, and over-riding all, the plaintive, old-beyond-his-years vocals of Ian Curtis, the magical sum of these things, each wonderful in their own way, floated from the speakers like the perfect soundtrack to that cold-aided, blade-sharp, December day.

The song, the lyrics, the melody, God, even its very title, summed up, it seemed to me, the paradox of the glacial beauty that had stretched out before us: A wonder to behold. And as Ian Curtis would have it, we were indeed blessed with '*a chance to watch, admire the distance*'

Yet that frigid vista was also deceptively cruel and unforgiving. Deadly. A span of white frozen nothingness filling the weird gap between the dying of the old year and the dawning of the new: A paused breath time. The stony silence between a moment of despair or potential salvation. A life-changing decision. The seemingly right road taken. Or the one ignored. The moment when promise is made with heart felt conviction on behalf of another, but whose life-weary scepticism may prove more than well-founded... Of course, every January 1st, along with the defiant making of resolutions and the raising of glasses, there are at least some reasons to dare to hope, to remain optimistic even. An imminent '*change of scene, with no regrets*.' But then it's equally likely that at best, nothing will change with the ceremonial opening of a brand new calendar. Or at worst, despite having metaphorically '*walked on water, run through fire*' in a bid to cleanse the demons from your soul, all that's left is the grim realisation that you're still '*directionless so plain to see*.'

And that not even '*a loaded gun*' can set you free.

CURRENT TRACK OF THE WEEK

MUMFORD & SONS:

Tompkin's Square Park (From the album: *Wilder Mind*)

And talking about dramatic changes of scene and direction, who could honestly have predicted Mumford and Sons, now well-documented, but still profoundly jaw-dropping conversion from hugely successful purveyor's of banjo-led, *Waterboys*-style folk rock, to full-on, guitar-driven, angst-ridden anthems that wouldn't sound out of place on the latest offerings from *The National*, *The War On Drugs* or even, (whisper it quietly), *Dire Straits*.

The band's third album and follow up to 2012's chart topping, *Babel*, is about as far removed from their previous incarnation as say, *Spinal Tap*'s ill-advised mid-80s "jazz odyssey," though thankfully, Marcus and the boys produce a far more listen-able noise than Derek, the bass player's endless experimental noodlings.

'Tompkin's Square Park,' the album's opening track, with its stadium-sized guitar riff and swirling keyboards, drawled, low-keyed vocals and deeply intense lyrics, provides gleeful confirmation that this is a seamless transformation from Celtic-influenced, foot-stomping sing-a-longs to heartfelt paens of love and loss.

The titular park, in East Village, New York, is the setting for a

lover's tryst at the height of mid-summer, though it's plain from the opening line, that this meeting is doomed to end in betrayal, the breaking of vows and a lie that once cast out, can never be reeled back in.

The imagery is painfully poetic. The shadows pooling with the onset of twilight. The air redolent with the sweetly fragrant odours of freshly cut grass. The sweet musical sound of a woman's laughter floating on a light June breeze. The embrace of a couple in the blue shade beneath the oaks and elms. They stand apart. Then the young man swallows a click in his throat, and in hushed, almost reverential tones utters an awful, bleak confession: '*Only ever told you one lie. When it could have been a thousand..It may as well have been a thousand.*'

He begs her not to cry, but to laugh just one more time, but he knows it's a hopeless request. Instead, he gives voice to words difficult to speak, but so urgently need to be said.

And when at last he's said them, and there's nothing else left to be said, there's only the final sorry parting. One person left stood alone beneath the gently sighing boughs, their arms outstretched as though they're standing on a quayside trying to call back a ship that has long since sailed over the horizon. The other walking, head-bowed, along the heat-trapped winding path that leads to the park gates.

"*No flame burns forever,*" he mumbles, his voice full of regret.

Not even the supposedly eternal ones, it seems.



Michael Chapman & Bridget St John, St George's Bristol

10th June 2015



This former church is a delightful venue which largely hosts classical and jazz gigs, they don't seem to like noisy rockers and so was the perfect venue for these two semi-legends of the late '60s and early '70s. We only found out this gig was on a few days before, which may have been reflected in the sadly half-empty venue on the night.

The hall is also known for its fantastic natural acoustics however and so even with a modest PA system, the SQ was very good throughout. (A pleasant change from too many recent gigs where the house PA system is usually inadequate to give a full band the SQ and gain they deserve.) Michael Chapman strode out on stage first, looking like a roadie in jeans, a sweat shirt and baseball cap (or Americana



perhaps?)

He strapped on the first of two acoustic guitars and proceeded to demonstrate his mastery of the instrument over the next 45 minutes or so. I have a copy of his 'Fully Qualified Survivor' LP somewhere but wasn't able to find it before the night.

Most of his set was instrumental, some pieces contained vocals which nowadays seemed to be of the blues genre rather than folk or singer-songwriter type of delivery. On occasion he seemed to be using his voice as an instrument, rather like John Martyn did. Speaking of which, one guitar piece had JM all over it, it even sounded like the period JM was starting to play with his echoplex and acoustic, but Michael didn't have the echoplex of course.

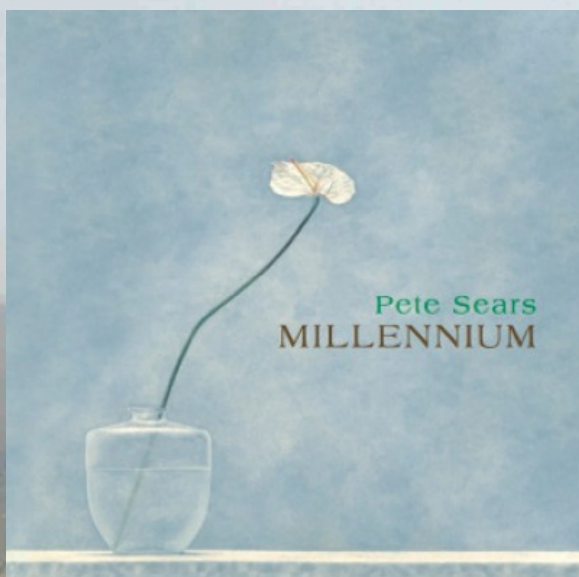
Unlike many masters of their instrument however, Chapman doesn't ram his skills down your throat by playing at 50million miles an hour the whole time. It was very enjoyable set, a longer piece which had a flamenco start being another standout (La Madrugada). I understand from

John Brodie-Good

Label Gonzo

Over the years Mick Abrahams has 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 71 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. And now, at the age of 71 he has made what is possibly the strongest album of his career. This time he is accompanied by a whole slew of special guests including Martin Barre his successor in Jethro Tull, legendary singer Paul Jones, Elliott Randall, Steely Dan's one-time guitarist, Jim Rodford drummer from The Kinks, Bernie Marsden the guitarist from Whitesnake, and Bill Wyman the best bass player The Rolling Stones ever had.

Graham Walker - drums
John Gordon - bass
Jim Rodford - bass
George Murayni - keyboards
Elliott Randall - gtr
Geoff Whitehorn - gtr
Martin Barre - gtr
Bernie Marsden - gtr
Emily Gardner - gtr
Josh Phillips - Hammond organ
Mark Feltham - harmonica vox
Paul Jones - harmonica vox
Beverley Skeete - vox
Don Andrews - vox
Patrick Walshe - vox
Peter Aldridge - vox



Frank Mead - saxophones, squeezebox
Nick Payn - saxophones, vox
Bill Wyman - bass
Terry Taylor - gtr



Artist Pete Sears

Title Millenium

Cat No. HST315CD

Label Gonzo

In the middle of a career which had seen him play with everyone from Rod Stewart to Jefferson Airplane, multi instrumentalist, continued his lifetime's habit of doing what everyone least expected with the release of what he himself describes as "an avant garde piano album" in 2000. Great stuff

Artist Barbara Dickson

Title Answer Me

Cat No. CTVPCD012

Label Chariot

Barbara Ruth Dickson, OBE (born Dunfermline, Fife, 27 September 1947) is a Scottish singer whose hits include "I Know Him So Well" and "January February". Dickson has placed fifteen albums in the UK Albums Chart from 1977 to date, and had a number of hit singles, including four which reached the Top 20 in the UK Singles Chart.

The Scotsman newspaper has described her as Scotland's best-selling female singer in terms of the numbers of hit chart singles and albums she has achieved in the UK since 1976.

Answer Me was originally released in 1967 and this is the first time on CD. Comes with 5 additional bonus tracks.



SENDELICA

2015

PART ONE TOUR

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

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

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

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

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

**TUES 12TH TBA
ITALY**

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

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

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

SENDELICA.BANDCAMP.COM





interviews, he does not like to be classed as a folkie but he sure looks like one on stage. I would have thought that if you can play as well as he can, you could dress up a bit for public performance. Great musicians are special people after all. At 74 years of age he is not going to be treading the boards for ever, go see him while you can.

After a short interval, Bridget St John took to the stage, again with just acoustic guitars to accompany her for the large portion of her set, although Michael came back on and joined her for the last 15 minutes or so. I have played her first two albums a few times and they sounded pleasant enough so again I was hoping seeing her live would really turn me on to her music. I know she was 'involved' with John Martyn years back which also sparked my interest. John Peel was a big fan and her first three LPs came out on his Dandelion label.

Her voice is really lovely, gone is the younger, folkie kind of voice, in its place a soft and mellow, very jazz-like one.

Unfortunately for me, the sameness of the material she chose to play this evening was the slight downer. They all sounded very similar, especially in terms of rhythm and pace. At least three of them started with lines about 'being alone'. I know angst is often the cause of great music but there has to be some variation now and again.

A clear standout song was Dylan's Just like a Woman which she did do entirely in her own style, and stood out as markedly different to the rest of what came before and after. A shame that her own material didn't sound stronger, most of her set were self-composed songs. When you start looking at your watch you know it just ain't right. Michael Chapman joined her for the last few tunes, he could have blown her off the stage but instead choose to add a few well chosen fill-ins and accompaniments to Bridget's wonderful voice and guitar. Then it was suddenly all over and we were thanked for supporting live music rather than staying at home and watching TV..... anytime!

UFO Club : Fruits De Mer Records : Sendelica present The 13th Dream of Dr Sardonicus a Festival of Psychedelia

over three nights
at the Cellar Bar
and Art Gallery
in Cardigan,
Wales

THE BEVIS FROND
ASTRALASIA
SENDELICA
SOFT HEARTED SCIENTISTS
SCHNAUSER
THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL
EARTHLING SOCIETY
SUPERFJORD
THE HONEY POT



plus
SPURIOUS
TRANSIENTS
THE LEGENDARY
FLOWER PUNK

JACK ELLISTER
STEVE KELLY
SENDELICA ACOUSTICA
PARADISE 9
DJ WALLY STAGG

AUGUST 7-9, 2015
ADVANCE TICKETS
£45

(£60 on the door)

FREE
Fruits de Mer CDs
every day...
...exclusive vinyl and
merchandising for sale...
...and an FdM
goodie-bag for everyone
(with a ticket)
on Saturday night

www.sendelica.bandcamp.com

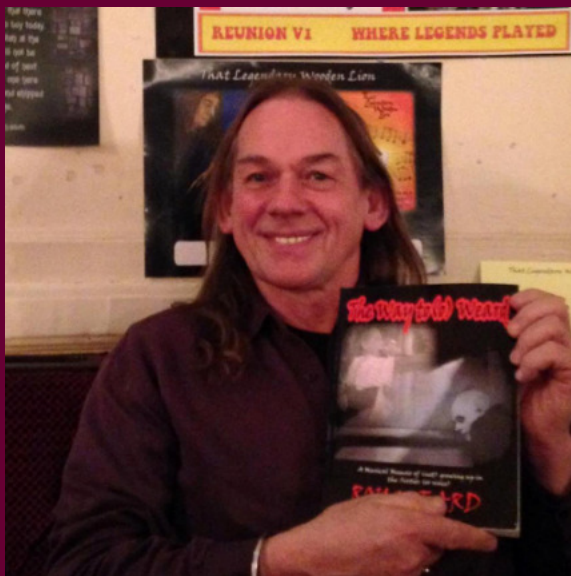


WORDS FROM THE WEARD

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



In Berlin on tour with John Cale I found myself once more, in the *Metropol*. When you load in and out of this gig they put a wide set of stairs against the stage which is around 5m tall.

During the load out for the gig someone moved the stairs to one side and Peter Kirkman (who has been working for *The Scorpions* for absolutely ages, I believe), who had been walking backwards, carrying a lighting truss, fell from the stage onto the floor. He hurt his back quite badly. A few gigs later on we were in a kind of hippie commune in Vienna. Peter had almost recovered from that injury and then accepted a lift back to the hotel from two girls. They were on a motorbike and Peter was transported, over the cobbled streets of the old part of Vienna, in the sidecar. By the time he got back to the hotel he could barely move again.

We did another show in Austria in a much smaller town. This was held in a tent some way out of town. We rolled up and were greeted by the 'promoter's wimp' as they are known in the business. He showed us the stage and then led us to a caravan out the back.

'Here is your rider,' he announced.

We looked at it. There were a couple of crates of beer, spirits, wine, food, fruit and all sorts of stuff

'I think this is the band's rider,' I said.

'Oh no,' came the response, 'They have the same, look.'

And he led us to another caravan which was a bit bigger but had the same stuff in it. I asked him if he was sure about that, but he said he was so I took all the spirits and put them in our bus and then we got on with setting up the stage. After the soundcheck he told us there was no food at the venue so he would take us to a restaurant in town. When we settled down on a table at the restaurant and began to look at the menu John enquired about the way the promoter was settling the bill, 'You are paying

for the food and we buy our own drinks, right?’

‘Oh no, all drinks are included.’

‘Do we have a limit?’

‘No.’

John ordered a bottle of wine that cost around £150.



When we were all packed up after the show we were saying goodbye to everyone. The promoters wimp came up to me and said, ‘I think I made a big mistake tonight.’

‘With the riders and the drinks in the restaurant, I take it?’

‘Yes, you were right. It should have been just the band and you should have bought your own drinks.’

‘I thought so.’ I felt sorry for him, ‘We have not opened the bottles of spirits and some of the beers in the bus. You can have them back if you want.’

He straightened up, ‘No, this was my mistake. It will cost me a lot of money but it was my mistake. You keep them,’ he said.

I never saw him on any other gig again though.

The last gig I did with John was in the *Town and Country Club* in London. During the afternoon John asked if there was any toot around. I told him I would make a few calls and he said he did not want to get much. I had a friend who was a painter and decorator by trade, but he often liked a bit of a smoke and a line. He would often buy more than he needed for himself and sell it on. He was also massively into music. I called him and he came down, getting there just as John finished

the soundcheck. The three of us went back up the stairs in the backstage area of the T&C looking for an empty room. As we ascended the stairs Nico, who was the support act that day, came down.

‘Ah John,’ she said airily, ‘I have not seen you for ages. We must have dinner together.’

‘You will have to sort your fucking act out first,’ was John’s reply.

John was a bit extreme in some ways but I really enjoyed doing gigs with him, and the music

was different every night. Rob Douglas had told me that on a previous tour he came up to him just as the band were going on and said:

‘Take all the cymbals off the kit.’

The drummer complained about this, but he said, ‘You hit the cymbals too much. I pay you to play the drums.’

He did the gig that night with no cymbals and hi-hats and apparently kept hitting out for things that were not there. The next night he asked if he could have hi-hats at least and John agreed so he put two 24” ride cymbals on the hi-hat stand. Rob said they also had a tour manager who used to be production manager for *10cc*. They were sitting in the dressing room one night and he was telling them that the band used to like him to come on an announce them in a funny way; something like, ‘Ladies and Gentlemen. Tonight on stage we have a bunch of old guys who have run out of Moët and fuel for their rollers so they are up here to bash out a few of their old hits....*10cc*!’

John asked him how he would introduce him.

The guy said there was one intro he was never allowed to use. ‘Ladies and Gentlemen. Last night, during the show, a member of the audience got up and hit the piano player.....and that was the first time a fan has ever hit the shit.’

According to Rob, John just looked at him.



PHENOMENA

MAGAZINE

Recognised as the leading online magazine of its type, now distributed worldwide, 'Phenomena Magazine' is a FREE monthly publication. Phenomena looks into the whole realm of the Strange, Profound, Unknown and Unexplained, delving into subjects of the Paranormal, Ufological, Cryptozoological, Parapsychological, Earth Mysteries, Supernatural and Fortean Events. Guest writers along with reviews of books, movies and documentaries add to the content as does recent news from around the world. Phenomena Magazine can be downloaded from our site every month for FREE in PDF Format.

DOWNLOAD YOUR FREE COPY AT...

WWW.PHENOMENAMAGAZINE.CO.UK



PHENOMENA
The Official UPIA & MAPIT Update

ISSUE 42 - MAY 2011

ALIEN ABDUCTION OF CHILDREN
OR IS THERE ANOTHER EXPLANATION?

12 MONTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

IN THE NEWS
LATEST INVESTIGATIONS
A PARANORMAL VISIT TO CHESTER
AND MUCH MORE!

THE FOURTH KIND
MOVIE REVIEW
WHAT IS THE TRUTH
BEHIND THE HIT MOVIE
THE FOURTH KIND?

**MYSTERIOUS ENCOUNTERS
IN MORECAMBE**

**SAINSBURY'S CAR PARK
COMES UNDER SIEGE**

An American In Suffolk

MAPIT COPYRIGHT 2011

12 MONTH
ANNIVERSARY
EDITION

ALL BACK ISSUES
AVAILABLE TO
DOWNLOAD

NOW AVAILABLE IN RUSSIA

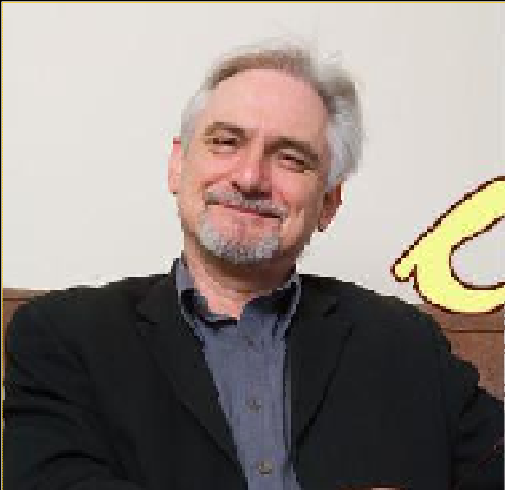
AUSTRALIA. CANADA. THE U.S.

& THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM



FREE!

MAPIT COPYRIGHT 2010



c.j.stone

The War on Drugs Means More Drugs

The War of Drugs

Here are some questions for you.

How come, despite the so-called War on Drugs, going back 70 years or more now, there are actually many, many more drugs on the street than there were then, and in much greater quantities?

How come, despite the War on Crime, there's more crime?

How come despite the War on Terror there's more terror?

How come, despite the massive deployment of UN and NATO "Peace-Keeping Forces" throughout the World, with an increasingly sophisticated armoury of high-tech weaponry at their disposal, there's more war?

And how come, on a planet where 1% of the population owns 40% of the wealth, so many people are going hungry?

Do you think these things might be related somehow?

We all know - any one who has ever taken an illegal drug of whatever description knows - that most of what is told us about drugs is balderdash. We know that ecstasy doesn't kill. We know that cannabis is a mild relaxant with some pleasantly hallucinogenic side-effects. We know that speed is great if you want to talk bullshit and drink copious amounts of alcohol all night and that cocaine - in the right doses - is the perfect



tool for turning you into a self-obsessed little arsehole. Otherwise, well who cares? We know all the pleasures and we know all the drawbacks too, and we don't need the government to tell us what we can and can't do with our own bodies. Even heroin that great scourge of civil society, the greatest single cause of crime in the world today (if you don't count corporate crimes against whole populations): even heroin is OK if its understood properly. It's the perfect pain-killer, and no one in his right mind would want to take it away from a person dying of cancer. And once someone is addicted, well they're addicted. So give them heroin. Make them check into a clinic on a daily basis to get the exact dose they need,

have it administered there (so the addict doesn't go out and sell it) and - Bob's yer Uncle! - no more drug-related crime. The only reason addicts commit their crimes is to feed their habit. Anyone with half a brain can see this.

Diabetics need their daily injection too, and no one is proposing we take insulin away from Diabetics. Or Ventalin from asthma sufferers. Or pain-killers from people with back pain.

The only thing I have against heroin users is how unutterably selfish they are. Smokers roll a spliff then pass it on. Drinkers will buy a round for their mates, when they can afford it. Ecstasy users tend to take it together, for the mutual high they get off each other. Even cocaine users will put out a couple of lines for their friends. But heroin users always save it all for themselves.

They're not interested in what's going on in your body, or in the world at large. They're only interested in themselves, in the effect on their own nervous system, and once they're there, in their nice little warm snuggle-down duvet of self-protected safety, they couldn't give a damn about anybody else. Too busy communing with their own private chemical heaven to be interested in other human beings.

But is that any reason for stopping them doing it? Car-drivers are just as bad. Should we ban cars because most car-drivers are selfish little oiks who couldn't give a damn about other car-users, let alone pedestrians?

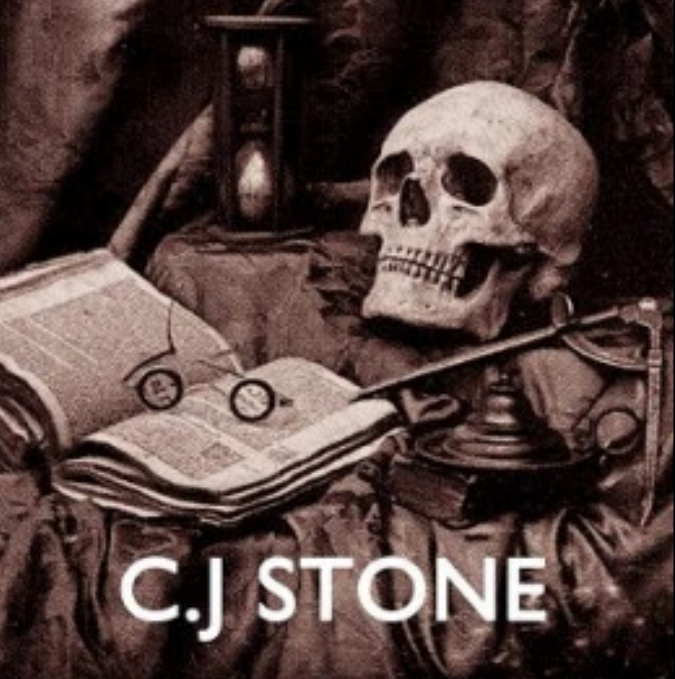
And we all know that alcohol, our legal drug - which is great fun, don't get me wrong, I wouldn't be without it myself - is as dangerous as all of the above, and that nicotine is even more so.

And they sell nicotine to 16 year olds. And we know that there are many more problems associated with prescription drugs like Prozac and Valium, and that Paracetamol, which you can buy over the counter in any corner shop, kills about 600 people in Britain every year. For God's sake: even peanuts and bananas kill some people, and more people die every year from DIY accidents in their own home than from all the drug-related deaths put together. So what's going on?

Read on

THE EMPIRE OF THINGS

SELECTED WRITINGS 2003 - 2013



NOW AVAILABLE FROM GONZO MULTIMEDIA

"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

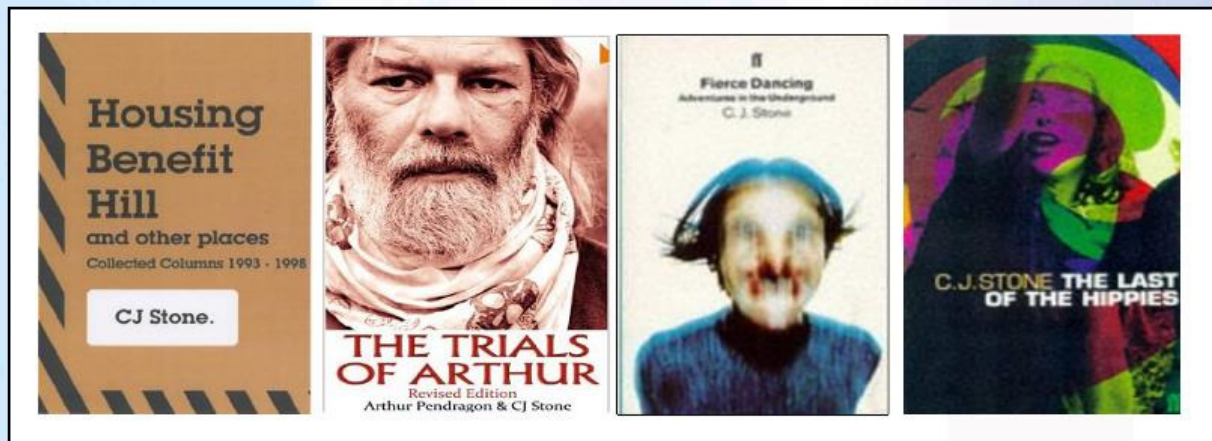
Times Literary Supplement

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

Herald

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

Independent on Sunday



Housing Benefit Hill:

<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X>

The Trials of Arthur:

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

Fierce Dancing:

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

The Last of the Hippies:

<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Last-Hippies-C-J-Stone/dp/0571193137/>



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

DOGLEG WEDNESDAYS

JAM NIGHT

HOSTED BY TRACY & STEVE OF DOGLEG



EVERY
WEDNESDAY
FROM 7:30PM

@ The Coach &
Horses, Appledore



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..

Dave Brock and Kris Tait have just passed their 8th wedding anniversary - the original ceremony was held at Hawkfest (Castle Donington) in mid-June 2007. It reportedly was a traditional-style registry office service, despite being held in an on-site structure called the Strangeness stage barn, and around 100 fans were allowed in to join the official guests at the ceremony.



Outside, more Hawkwind fans were able to take photos of the cake-cutting, although this was back in an ancient era when most cellphones didn't have cameras built in to them, and the Facebook website had only been open to the general public for a few months.

This Hawkfest event was the third such Hawkwind festival.

And, on the subject of Hawkwind at festivals, the UK newspaper The Western Gazette has run a feature entitled "With Glastonbury 2015 about to start, take a look back at where it began..."

It includes some early photos, and a comment that the 1971 event, at which Hawkwind appeared, had an attendance of around 12,000 people. Amusingly, we also learn that the organisers of the inaugural event a year earlier felt that "all other festivals at the time were over commercialised."



<http://www.westerngazette.co.uk/Glastonbury-2015-start-look-began/story-26724524-detail/story.html>

Hawk fest photo: starfarer.net



HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

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

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

Full Earth Address:

.....
.....

Post Code

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

Telephone Number:

Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

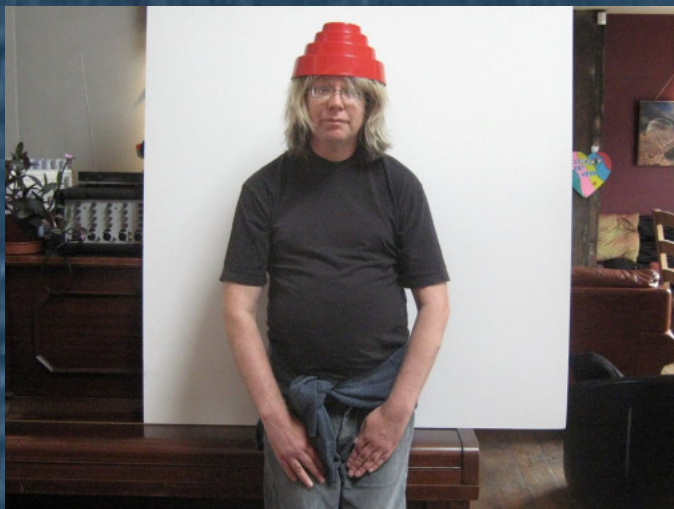
Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



YE 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.



One of my stranger friends is maverick zoologist, poet, performance artist of sorts, author, blogger and complete nutter Richard Muirhead. I have known him since he was five and I was eleven back in Hong Kong 45 years ago. And I really don't know why it has taken me nearly half a century to ask him which records he would take to a desert island.

Richard's Top Ten

1. Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo!
2. U2 War
3. Big Country The Crossing
4. Devo Freedom of Choice
5. B52s Wild Planet
6. The Cars Panorama
7. Talking Heads True Stories
8. Cocteau Twins Blue Bell Knoll
9. Iona Book of Kells
- Jam Sound Affects

THE



CIRCULAR

The Court Circular tells interested readers about the comings and goings of members of The Royal Family.

However, readers of this periodical seem interested in the comings and goings of Yes and of various alumni of this magnificent and long-standing band.

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

It really is all go out there in Yesland at the moment, and once again we have five new posts for you, NONE of which are rehashing old news.

Not that there is anything wrong with rehashing old news, but it is testament—I think—to what a fine band they are that after nearly half a century in operation Yes are not only still recording great new music, but producing enough new news stories to fill a whole week's worth of blogposts.

Of course the biggest news is still bass ace Chris Squire's fight against Leukaemia, but there are concert dates announced for both the UK and the US, and Rick Wakeman is launching his own weekend festival this autumn.

Good ere imit?

- **Album Review: Yes's Progeny - Seven Shows from Seventy-two**
- **Classic rockers Yes, Toto to perform in El Paso at Cohen Stadium**
- **Yes Announce UK Tour Dates**
- **RICK WAKEMAN LAUNCHES FESTIVAL**
- **YES: Chris Squire Hommage**

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.



We have a Blog, a website, a Facebook page, and some free music and will always be plugged shamelessly on the CFZ and Gonzo blogs. Why? Because I can.

So mote it be.

As I briefly noted last week, I made a brief return to the stage last Friday with a four song set at a music and poetry event at the Small School in Hartland.

You can see the video here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mOBKOhb2ajQ>



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 Daevid 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!!!"

SKY DIVE? BASE JUMP!

In National Parks, it is legal to climb, and to fall
It is not legal to have or use a parachute to prevent death/injury
Horses are allowed on mountain trails, but motorbikers are not.

Switzerland, Norway, Italy allow Base jumping
but Yosemite National Park, like Zion National Park Rangers say -
"it is not congruent with the founding purposes of the park"

They wish to "discourage the spectacle" -

happy to have folk enjoy Nature, not folk falling from heights.

Robin Held was arrested on El Capitan in 1979 (before EXTREME SPORTS existed)
In 1999, Frank Gambale drowned in the Merced River. Jan Davis died when her chute failed.
In 2010, Ammon McNeely was subdued by Rangers with a stun gun for Base jumping
Deaths are few. Jumps are many. They continue. Legal only in the Annual Bridge Festival in
West Virginia.

There have been only six deaths since 1999 from Base jumping in National Parks.

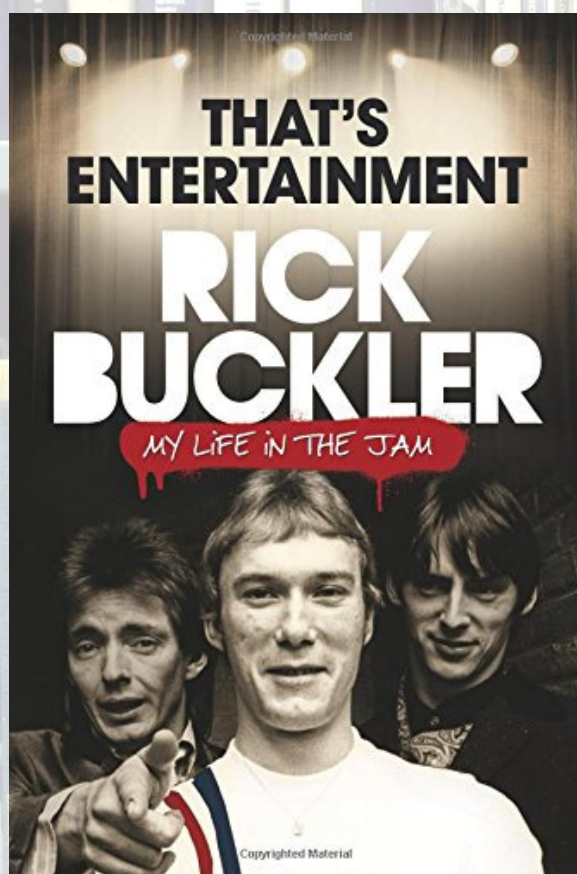
Every year, in Yosemite alone, fourteen people die of various misadventures.

For now, those Base jumpers who died without parachutes or the benefit of legality
are marked by Tibetan Prayer Flags and Heart Shaped Rocks.

May all rocks turn to open hearts. May every winged one fly home safely..

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.



Paperback: 384 pages

Publisher: Omnibus Press (11 May 2015)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 1783057947

ISBN-13: 978-1783057948

This is an interesting little book, and one which raises some useful points. First of all, let me say that apart from their output at the very end, I was never really a fan of *The Jam*, and that with very few exceptions I have never been overly impressed with Paul Weller's solo work either. It is OK if you like that sort of thing, but he has always been well into the second or even third

division of rock stars as far as I am personally concerned.

However, I was 17 and unemployed in the year that the two sevens clashed, and I have always been interested in the history of British punk rock, so when I saw that those jolly nice folk at Omnibus Press had published the autobiography of the drummer of *The Jam* I decided to ask them for a copy.

First of all let's get the reviewing bit out of the way: It is a pretty entertaining read, and one comes away from the book rather linking the author, feeling completely ambivalent about Bruce Foxton, and feeling that Paul Weller is a bit of a prick. Or maybe that's just me. But let me put that into perspective. Earlier this year (or maybe it was the end of last year) I reviewed two *Beatles* related books that - tangentially - talked about Eric Clapton. And Christ on a bike, he was a complete and utter dickhead in the early seventies, if these two accounts are to be believed. And Paul Weller *at his worst* in this nifty little book comes over so much better he is almost Mahatma Gandhi in comparison.

Unlike some of the books I have read in recent weeks this book is remarkably unpolished. As an editor myself I know that most books turn up in my inbox in this condition and have to be pummelled into shape with the care of a fine lapidarist, and - indeed - most of the books that I read and review have been dealt with in just this manner. This book hasn't, which in some ways is refreshing, but sometimes just irritating.

One wonders the shedreasoning behind this lack of editorial involvement. Four possibilities come to mind here:

1. That the author was just so strong willed, not to say bloody minded, that all editorial suggestions were spurned. I have had authors just like that, and usually ended up telling them to go and commit a biologically impossible act of self-procreation. However, unless the author is a



remarkably skilled liar, this would be totally out of character.

2. That the publishers didn't care. Again this is massively unlikely in my mind. Omnibus Press are one of the leading music book publishers in the world, and I have read many of their books. Seldom, however, one as unpolished as this one.

3. That this is a deliberate editorial ploy, to try and come over as a bit of legitimate oral history. The true voice of the people if you like. Jah Wobble called his autobiography *Memoirs of a Geezer* but it was meticulously polished and edited. Other rock autobiographies I have read

have attempted to be the voice of the people and come over ridiculously stylised. Dougal Whatsisname's book about his life on the road with Keith Moon is full of more deliberately stylised patois than *Confessions of a Windowcleaner* and has just about as many pretences to literary merit.

4. That the publishers used the wrong version. This is quite possible. I did it with my autobiography *Minster Hunter* back in 2004, and - mainly because I have never got around to it - the proper version has never seen the light of day. But Omnibus Press have far more publishing chops than did the CFZ back in the dark days before I met my lovely wife, and started to clean



up my act.

But whatever the reason for this, it has actually worked out in Rick Buckler's favour, because it gives a human, and even slightly vulnerable edge, to what would otherwise have been a fairly dull list of gigs, tours and recording sessions. Because, and I truly do not mean to be unkind here, the history of *The Jam* is not a particularly interesting one.

They met at school, farted around doing cover versions and club gigs until they got a stable lineup, jumped on a bandwagon, got a record contract, started another bandwagon (or to be more exact, restarted an old one that most people had forgotten about) had some hits, and then split up when the main songwriter decided he could make more money doing something different.

But this is a bit like describing *Romeo and Juliet* as "two teenagers fall in love and then die". Both when considering Shakespeare and the drummer of *The Jam*, it is the gaps between the main plot events that provide the greatest interest.

Buckler's account of growing up in Woking during the sixties and seventies is fascinating, especially to someone who didn't. But what the

young Rick Buckler and the young Jonathan Downes *did* have in common was a shared emotional involvement with music.

Music mattered to us in a way that I don't think that it did for anyone born before 1940 or after 1995. Sure, those younger and older than me can be music fans, but I think that it is seldom that they engage with music in the same way as those of us of a certain age. Rick Buckler's account of seeing Buddy Rich playing at the Royal Albert Hall, is probably the best piece of writing in the book, and his awe when he describes the minuscule set that Rich was playing is palpable.

Interestingly enough, the most engaging bits of the book, as well as the best writing are those that cover the years before, and after, those when *The Jam* were one of the most commercially successful bands in Britain.

I have tried to analyse why this is, because - after all - with most other books it is exactly the opposite. And I have given up trying. But what is certain is that, despite its flaws, this book is a heart-warming one, and one which I am very glad that I read.

XTUL XXVI

IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

It is quite frightening how quickly a person can become a non-person. It can happen very easily, and it is far more difficult to reverse the process. It has happened to friends of mine, and on one occasion it nearly happened to me. And it happened to David Prentiss. Within weeks of him stopping going to work, he had drifted off the radar of society.

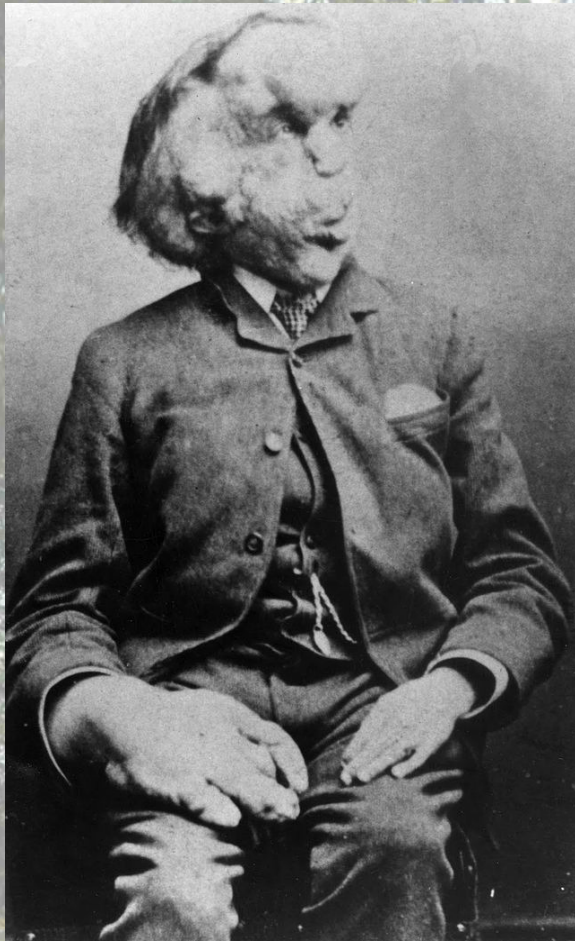
When he found out that his house was going to be repossessed, and that - divorced, jobless and homeless - he was forever alienated from the life that he had led before, and which he had never actually liked much, he set to work. It is a myth that people suffering from deep depression are incapable of action. On the contrary, some people, when they are at the bottom of what I believe Bunyan called the Slough of Despond, achieve a strange plateau of calm and lucidity and are able to make quite complex plans, which is why - I believe - so many suicides are so well planned and executed. Prentiss

reached this state quite easily. As the saying goes, you don't know what you've got until you lose it, but although that is usually taken to mean one specific set of circumstance, some people don't know how unhappy they have been until they are forced to confront the issue. And so it was for David Prentiss. As he trudged from one grubby bedsit to another looking for the cheapest, he realised how much he had hated his wife, and how even the loss of his daughter (whom until a few months before, he would have said was the light of his life) was really something of a relief.

So he was surprisingly cheerful when he moved into a grubby little bedsit at the top of Sticklepath, and took stock of his position. Over a period of about a week he sold all of his possessions. He sold all the furniture in his house, he took the doors and windows out of their frames, and even unscrewed



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



the surprisingly expensive shower unit, and sold the whole lot for cash. He realised in a moment of lucidity that his expensive hifi and collection of valuable jazz records were the trappings of his old life, and had little to do with his new one so he sold them all. He cashed in his pension from the National Union of Teachers, and keeping only his books and his clothes he settled down to his new life.

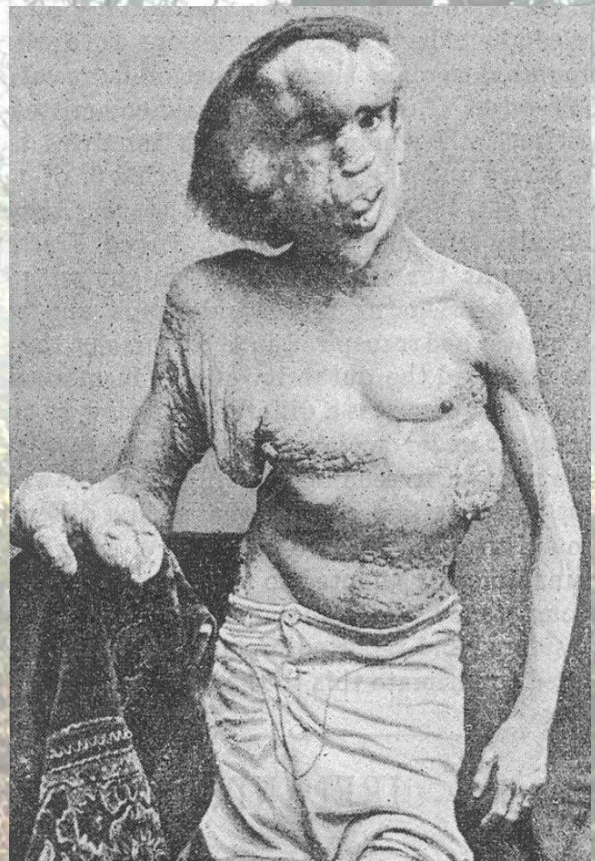
Back in the mid-1980s David had fancied himself a poet, and had become mildly successful, actually managing to sell a few poems here and there to arty magazines. He was also an enormous fan of David Bowie, and he spent the money he had inherited from his Aunt Doris on his twenty first birthday going to New York to see his hero on stage in the leading role of *The Elephant Man*. That evening transformed him and he became completely obsessed with the life of Joseph Carey Merrick, (1862-1890).

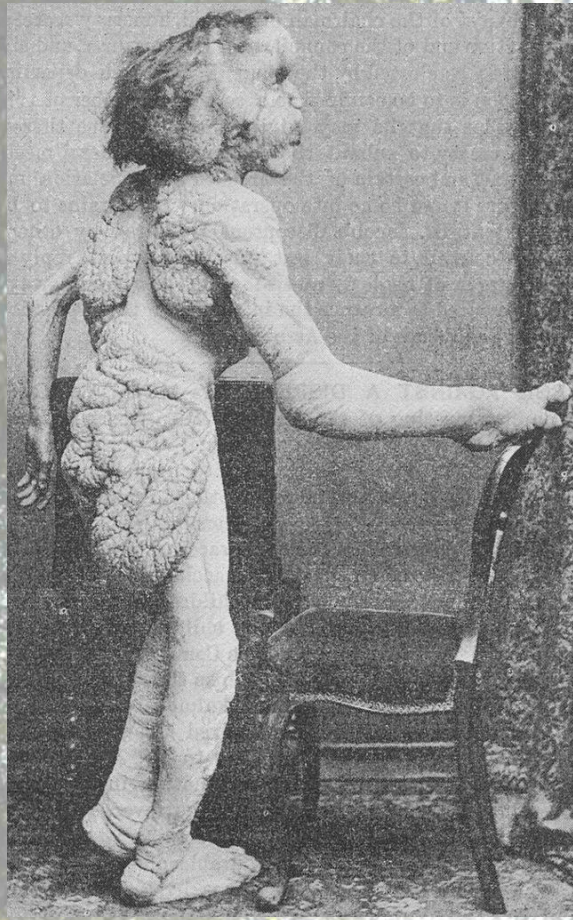
As Wikipedia explains:

"Merrick, was an English man with severe deformities who was exhibited as a human curiosity named the Elephant Man. He became well known in

London society after he went to live at the London Hospital. Merrick was born in Leicester, Leicestershire and began to develop abnormally during the first few years of his life. His skin appeared thick and lumpy, he developed enlarged lips, and a bony lump grew on his forehead. One of his arms and both of his feet became enlarged and at some point during his childhood he fell and damaged his hip, resulting in permanent lameness. When he was 10, his mother died, and his father soon remarried. Merrick left school at the age of 13 and had difficulty finding employment. Rejected by his father and stepmother, he left home. In late 1879, Merrick, aged 17, entered the Leicester Union Workhouse.

In 1884, after four years in the workhouse, Merrick contacted a showman named Sam Torr and proposed that Torr should exhibit him. Torr agreed and arranged for a group of men to manage Merrick, whom they named the Elephant Man. After touring the East Midlands, Merrick travelled to London to be exhibited in a penny gaff shop on Whitechapel Road which was rented by showman Tom Norman. Norman's shop, directly across the street from the London Hospital, was visited by a surgeon named Frederick Treves, who invited Merrick to be examined and photographed. Soon after Merrick's visits to the hospital, Tom Norman's





shop was closed by the police, and Merrick's managers sent him to tour in Europe.

In Belgium, Merrick was robbed by his road manager and abandoned in Brussels. He eventually made his way back to London; unable to communicate, he was found by the police to have Dr. Treves's card on him. Treves came and took Merrick back to the London Hospital. Although his condition was incurable, Merrick was allowed to stay at the hospital for the remainder of his life. Treves visited him daily, and the pair developed quite a close friendship. Merrick also received visits from the wealthy ladies and gentlemen of London society, including Alexandra, Princess of Wales.

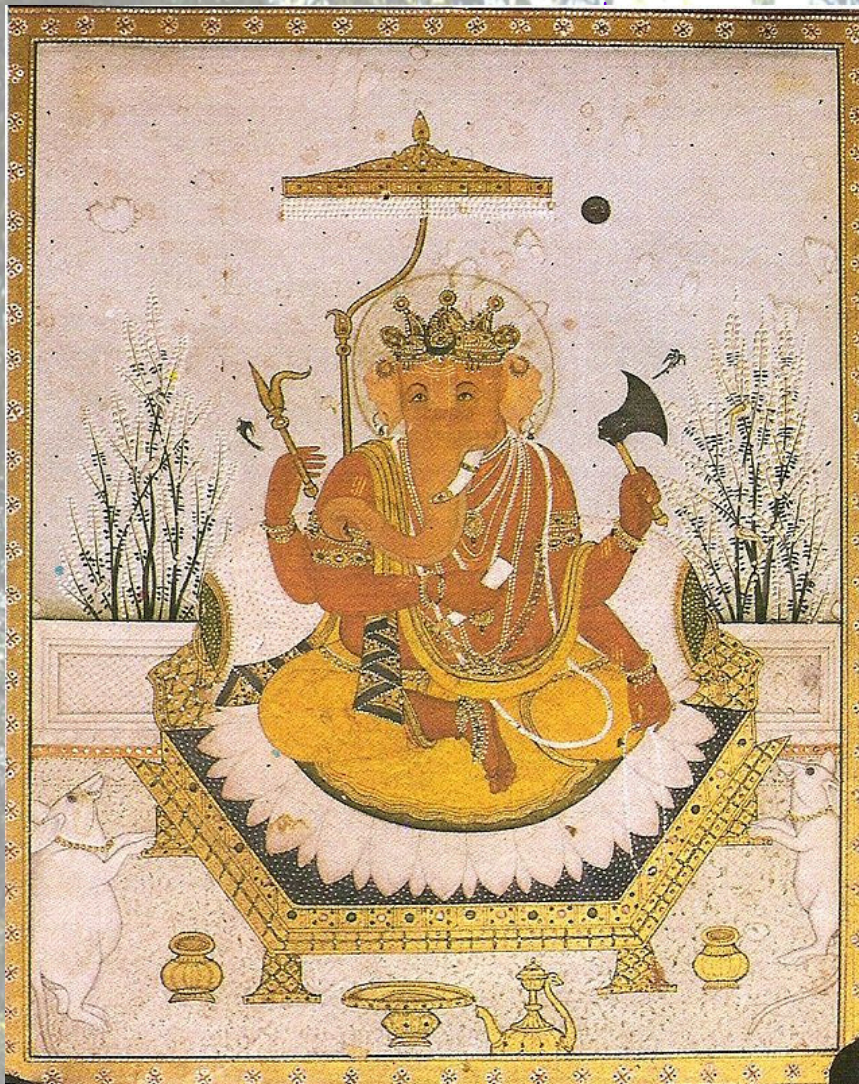
Aged 27, Merrick died on 11 April 1890. The official cause of death was asphyxia, although Treves, who dissected the body, said that Merrick had died of a dislocated neck. He believed that Merrick—who had to sleep sitting up because of the weight of his head—had been attempting to sleep lying down, to "be like other people".

In the current vernacular, people with gender dysphoria "identify" as being a different gender to that as which they came into the world. The people who believe that they are emotionally or

psychologically of a different race than that which they appear to be are said to 'identify' with being black, or white, or Jewish, or whatever. If the expression had been in the cant phraseology of the time, there is no doubt that David Prentiss, a young white man with a tendency to podgyness and a slightly receding hairline, identified with The Elephant Man, to such an extent that he even adopted a pachydermous *nom de plume*.

Although David found the story of Joseph Merrick fascinating for what he believed it told him about the human condition, and about our species' attitudes to disability, he also became obsessed with elephant men as a whole, from Merrick to Ganesha. There are three species of elephant currently accepted by science, in two genera: the Asian elephants in the genus *Elephas* and the two African species in the genus *Loxodonta*. The opening scenes of David Lynch's film *The Elephant Man* refer to the old Victorian superstition that birth deformities are caused by pregnant mothers being frightened by something which is so terrifying that the psychic shock undergone can actually effect the development of the foetus in the womb. It depicts Merrick's mother as having been frightened by an escaped circus elephant. Although David knew that this was nonsense (opinion is divided whether poor Merrick suffered from a rare condition called neurofibromatosis type 1, or an even rarer condition called Proteus Syndrome, or even an incalculably rare combination of the two) the idea took root in his head, and he adopted the *nom de guerre* of Mr Loxodonta, in order to write his poems.

This had a mildly irritating and completely unexpected consequence; he occasionally received cheques made payable to 'Mr Loxodonta' and those jolly nice people at the national Westminster Bank would completely refuse to let him pay them into his bank account. back in the 1980s, things were completely different than they are today on either our timeline, or the one upon which David had been born. In those days when 'The War on Terror' was thirty years in the future, it was reasonably easy to open Post Office savings accounts, and even Building Society accounts under false names. Even I had one, for much the same reason as Mr Loxodonta. All you needed was a friendly neighbourhood postmaster, and a papertrail to provide verisimilitude to your claims, and Bob was your Uncle. It wasn't long before David had a Post Office savings book in the name of his pachydermous alter ego. Although his days as a poet were not going to last, he kept the account open over the years, and when all the Post Office savings accounts were migrated to the National Girobank sometime in the 1990s, David made sure



that he filled in the requisite paperwork, (I didn't bother, and have been kicking myself ever since) and so he had a pretty fireproof bank account in a false name that was almost completely untraceable to him. There was only about fifty quid in the account, but by the time he had made a series of deposits with the proceeds of selling everything that he owned which could be converted to ready cash, and even some of the goods and chattels which the courts had said were now the lawful property of his ex-wife, there was a healthy balance in there of nearly twenty thousand pounds; more than enough to keep him going as he carried out his only remaining lifetime's ambition, that of drinking himself into an early grave, and reading as much as he could in order to improve his mind as he did so.

They say that all men need a garden shed. I have several, but my museum and my conservatory are so chock full of assorted impedimenta that they are not fit for purpose, but I suppose that my converted potato shed where I work every day probably fills that social role for me. But David didn't have that

luxury, and soon tired of commuting each day to the off license and the library and bringing back the fruits of his labours to a dingy bedsit to read and get drunk. So he went in search of a manshed, and after several weeks of driving around the less well trodden highways and byways of the borough of Barnstaple, he found the derelict lock ups on the edge of the industrial estate, which I, and anyone else who has been following this convoluted narrative know very well by now.

He found, to his mild amusement, that the properties were so undervalued that he was not allowed to rent them individually, but that he could rent the whole yard for thirty quid a week. So he did, and slowly began the mildly Herculean task of turning a couple of the lock ups into a place where he could spend his days drinking and reading and

waiting to die. Much to his pleasure he found that those in charge had been so disinterested in the whole area, that they had forgotten to turn off the electricity supply, so his favourite lock up even had heat and light. He even found that a short walk from the main entrance to the industrial estate there was a pleasantly louche pub called *The Beagle*, and he found himself spending more and more of his time there of an evening, and as it was a mildly pleasant summer, and he was still conscientious enough not to really approve of drink driving (unless he really *had* to), he quite often staggered back to his lock up, now furnished with a comfortable mattress, to drink and read through the night.

And so it was late one night after a lock in at *The Beagle* when he was staggering home without a care in the world that he staggered into the path of an oncoming lorry, and the resulting accident lost him the use of his legs forever.



North Devon Firefly
Faery Fayre & Ball 2015
Saturday 18th July

12 noon till 1am

Clovelly Parish Hall
Wrinkleberry Lane
Clovelly, Devon EX395SU

www.spanglefish.com/northdevonfireflyfaeryfayreandball2015

Tel : 01237441999

Adult £10.00 Child under 16 £5.00

FOOD ALL DAY & LATE BAR





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...

My journey up to Stoke-on Trent the other day could be described as a tad exciting - if you have lived a sheltered life that is. There was a wee man in the ladies' toilets at Bristol Coach Station. And his presence caused raised eyebrows and mutterings behind aged hands as to the scandalous nature of such an interloper being encountered within such an inner sanctum. All this excitement, dear readers, for just 20p a visit at this coach station's public amenities. (Amenities of a similar nature in Birmingham's Digbeth coach station (sans errant male) by the way, are 30p a visit. Is this extra 10p going towards the extra security that may be in place to prevent such an event as a wandering male?)

Anyway, there was a queue at these toilets, causing a visible mild panic as passengers - on our coach at least - had already been made aware that the vehicle would leave with or without them in exactly 15 minutes. The last thing us womenfolk wanted was a bloke wandering vaguely around the small area, pacing up and down with wet hands probably looking for something with which to dry them. When one lady broached the subject of his being there, by asking if he needed help, his answer had been that he was waiting for someone. When this brave woman pushed the subject further by asking

who this person was, a short, stout formidable female spoke firmly, and with an alarming amount of venom spitting forth from her pursed lips, that the man was waiting for her. I wanted someone to enquire as to why he was in there, rather than waiting outside, but I guess everyone, including me, had now been warned off from challenging the toxic woman, whose DNA - I am tempted to suggest - could well have been somewhat stained with a smidgeon of harpy somewhere in her ancestry.

Exciting eh?

Not as exciting as this week's additions to the musty smelling cabinet that's for sure.

CUSTOM HANDMADE CHER SHOW 1970'S DOLL-DENNIS ALLEN BELTRAN DESIGNS- CHER FANS-WOW - US \$199.99



“HERE IS A STUNNING HANDMADE CHER SHOW 1970'S GLAMOUR DOLL. MADE BY DENNIS ALLEN BELTRAN...HE DOES DOLLS OF ALL THE STARS AND ALWAYS ADDS A WIMSICLE TOUCH TO THEM. SHE HAS A GREEN FEATHER BOA

AND SILVER GOWN WITH SEQUINS AND SWAROVSKI CRYSTAL RHINESTONES”

Hey this looks like the woman in the toilets. I am surprised there is not a little figure of a man wrapped around her thumb, or even skewered on her thumb - I mean look at those talons.

THE BEATLES MAGIC SLATE GAME ENGLAND NOVELTY TOY MERIT Display - US \$28.99

“Perfect gift for birthdays, musicians! 1964 Reproduction 8" 1/2 x 13" 1/2 The Beatles were one of the earliest groups to be mass marketed around the world. Some products were ex clusive to their native country and not widely produced. Today many of these novelties are scarce and in great collector demand. Slate never used, Quality made! Thats a promise that applies to all our products.”



Don't slate this auction folks. **ALL4 Remco The Beatle doll Display boxes MUST SEE FEEDBACK! - US \$73.99**

“This item is brand NEW, in perfect condition. Reproduction 1964 Remco Beagle doll boxes. WITH INSERTS!

THE BITCH IS BACK

Read feedback:

*...5 stars, this box is worth every penny for you, beatles remco dolls! amazing!!!!
*...These Are So Nice I Can't Find a Word Good Enough!! FAB !!



*...Hi, I received my box with the three plastic cases, and the four "old" Remco boxes--you did a fantastic job of packing them, and shipping them so quickly! And they are fantastic! Now I can enjoy seeing them every day, but they will be protected, and later, (I hope much later!!), my children can decide if they want to sell them, and will have the individual boxes, too! I saw a picture of an old ad recently, that said the whole set was under \$4.00 back in the day--no wonder my sister and I played with the 4 of ours! And they probably ended up in pretty bad shape--my parents would be amazed, I'm sure, if they knew what they were worth now. I really love having these pieces of my childhood once again--thank you so very much!

Jessica
* ASTONISHING Remco Display Boxes. Must see to

believe! Fast S&H-Recommend seller!

* SUPER! They look real, "aged" even! Good job man!

* I received my 4 Beatles Remco Replica Boxes today. They are in excellent, mint condition-I can't tell the difference from the original boxes. May I ask how you perfect to make these boxes to the absolute likeness to the original boxes? Close to the real thing! The inserts holding the dolls are perfect.

Your package was waiting when I got home from work tonight, and the Remco boxes brought back wonderful memories of Christmas 1964 when the dolls were at the top of my Christmas stocking. Fortunately my mom preserved the dolls so that I have them today, and now I have the boxes to store them in."

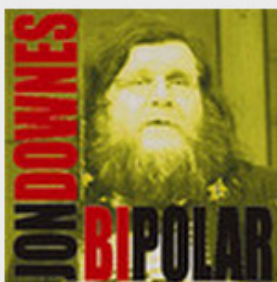
That's a lot of information about boxes.

Jimi hendrix doll - US \$26.00



SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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



MIKE DAVIS

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?



Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

"Jimi hendrix doll 2009 by funky.. hard to find for collectors.. so..here you are collectors..priced to sell"

Hey collectors, where you going with that cash in your hand?

BEATLES "BUTCHER COVER" ALBUM FIGURES, STATUE, DOLLS, FIGURINE VERY RARE! LQK - US \$450.00



"Here is the Limited Edition, Sold out, Very Rare and hard to find Beatles Butcher Cover Album Figures. Very well made. Made of a heavy quality resin & factory hand painted. No Certs came with the set. Comes with the 12 months and numbers 0-9 which fit in the base, see pics. Best looking set on Ebay (only set on ebay) or anywhere else if you can find any to compare it to, You Won't Find This Set Anywhere!!! Made by the same manufacturer of the Revell set i have listed. Only removed from the box 2 times, once when I first got them to see if there was no damage and now to take these pics. Album Not Included! just for comparison. Never displayed, packed away since new."

The cover is disturbing enough, but this is chilling.

Yeezus Sour Patch - US \$10,000.00



“YEEZUS TOUCHED THIS! I SAW HIM AND HE THREW IT AT ME WHEN I ASKED HIM FOR AN AUTOGRAPH AND I PICKED IT UP AND RAN! ONCE IN A LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY! YOU’LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND A SOUR PATCH BLESSED WITH THE POWER OF YEEZUS! IT PROBABLY TASTES LIKE SEX! YOU EVERY TASTED SOUR PATCH SEX?! YOU NEED TO BUY THIS! THIS MAY NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN! BID! BID! BID!!!!”

NO! NO! NO!!!!

Britney Spears Owned Worn Levi's Red Tab Jeans Overprotected Music Video Costume - US \$191,820.00

“The authentic pink custom designed Levis Jeans worn by Britney in her Overprotected Music Video (Darkchild Remix). the jeans are the pink ones on the first mannequin. Leather Trim. comes with certificate of Authenticity”



I am sure there must be a mis-print here - too many zeros for start. \$191.82 is surely the correct price?

Barbra Streisand Cookie Jar - US \$4,999.00

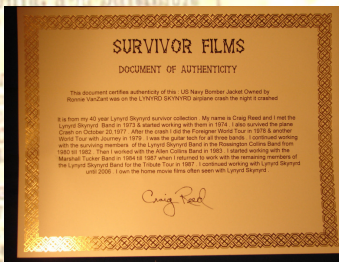


“This is a Barbra cookie jar. It is over 20 years old. Never used. Comes from a smoke free home”

What can one say? There must be a joke there somewhere about crumbs on her chin. Or the spices in these cookies will blow the top of your head off

RARE RONNIE VAN ZANT'S BOMBER JACKET W/COA 1977 LYNRYD SKYNYRD CRASH RECOVERY - US \$15,000.00

“With COA.....Some wear went through a plane crash Not bad otherwise a Historic Piece of R&R...A once in a lifetime opportunity to own Ronnie



Van Zant's very own Jacket....see pics. This is a tremendous bargain at this price guaranteed to only go up in value. Certificate of Authenticity from Craig Reed, Long lime LS Roadie and crash survivor He told me said Ronnie's had the only bomber jacket although Leon and others had blue jackets w/patches as in photo Nice photo given to me by another ebay member. Thank you. ACTUAL RARE ORIGINAL 1977 LYNRYD SKYNYRD RONNIE VAN ZANT PLANE CRASH RECOVERY SURVIVOR RONNIE VAN ZANT'S BOMBER JACKET BOUGHT FROM CRAIG REED BAND ROADIE MEMBER WHO SURVIVED THE CRASH.”

We haven't had one of those macabre collector items for a long time. This is as good as any I guess. Makes you shiver down the backbone.

Sweet dreams



Weird weekend **2015**

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



For the second year running. Hartland..
YOU'VE NEVER HAD IT SO WEIRD

The Small School, Hartland, North Devon
www.cfz.org.uk

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

THE ANTIDOTE FOR NORMALITY;

YOU'VE NEVER HAD IT SO WEIRD

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

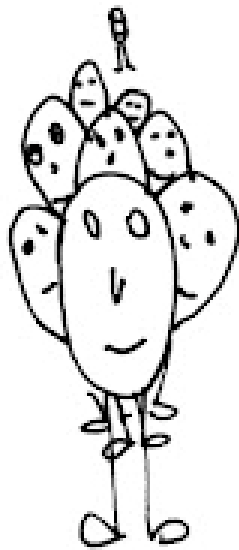
For the second time, Cryptozoologists, parapsychologists, ufologists, and folklorists will be descending on The Small School in Hartland, to share their findings and insights. Unlike other events, the *Weird Weekend* will also include workshops giving tips to budding paranormal investigators, and even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

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



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

THE NINE HENRYS



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

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

THE WORLD'S FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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



"WAITER! WAITER! There's a Film Noir in my Soup"



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.

Dorothy Ashby: The Rubaiyat of Dorothy Ashby (Cadet Records, 1970) What? Classical literary work + jazz harpist = an inspired mix.

The full subtitle of the album reads: "Original compositions inspired by the words of Omar Khayyam, arranged and conducted by Richard Evans." There are other talents involved, but this is the most determined effort made by Ashby to create a work of such singular vision that it transcends any easy categorisation.

Ashby (1930-1986) was an accomplished multi-instrumentalist and singer who forsook touring to settle into the California session scene. The harp was her main instrument but wasn't in heavy demand for session work. One tactic Ashby eventually employed involved creating a series of unique albums, showcasing sounds and styles that broke new ground for harpists. As the Space Age Pop

website notes:

"Ashby's Cadet albums have come to be viewed as among the best early examples of acid jazz, and now fetch eye-watering prices among collectors. Breaks and rhythm tracks from the superb Richard Evans arrangements have become favorites for sampling and remix artists."

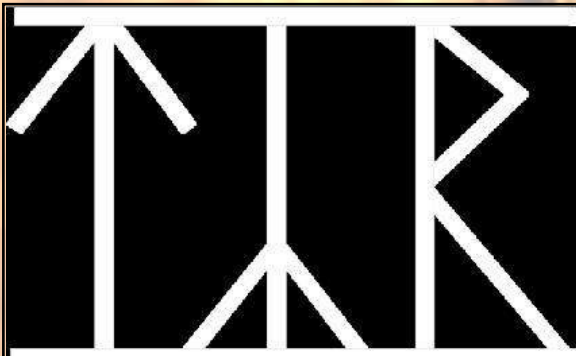
Of all these recordings *The Rubaiyat* is easily the strangest. Spiritual in both intent and impact, the album takes jazz into the abstract areas visited by the likes of John Coltrane and Pharoah Sanders but sounds like virtually nothing before or since. The sounds sampled by others since 1970 include the glissando harp from the opening "Myself When Young" and the percussion break in the following "For Some We Loved." By the end of the opening two tracks the listener has spent over nine minutes in the company of this collection of talent and both tracks have established a pattern of sudden swerves from one sound to another. "For Some We Loved" opens with a poem. From this point onwards the album rotates influences from eastern music, impressive and varied vocals from Ashby, and a masterful display of guiding the musical experiments by means of pulling every possible sound from the harp.

The mixtures of instruments on each track, the arrangements, and the sheer conceit of creating a jazz work inspired by a work of classic literature from another culture make every passing moment both interesting and eclectic. But the real joy here is that so much of this music sets an agenda that hasn't occurred to many people, moves to its own territory and makes a compelling case over ten varied tracks. Ashby produced much more accessible collections.

The Jazz Harpist, for example, is a much simpler blending of standard jazz with the twist of placing Ashby as the lead player. *The Rubaiyat*, by contrast, presents the uninitiated with a plunge into the deep end of Ashby's oeuvre. It makes some allowances for its otherness, notably by leaving the real diversion, "The Moving Finger" to the very end. With a chanted mantra: "The moving finger writes..." at the beginning, followed by a jazz groove with Ashby's harp briefly taking prominence, the string section and vibes take the piece towards protospace rock territory before a fuzzed guitar arrives.

In 1970 there were acid guzzling rock bands incapable of such perfect balancing on the borderlands of insanity and inspiration.

If the album makes few allowances for listeners unfamiliar with its varied sounds it does have two qualities that make it accessible. Firstly, Ashby's background gives the whole piece a staged and theatrical quality. "The Moving Finger," for example, begins and ends with her vocal. Secondly, Ashby's singing has a stagey quality and clear diction, so the listener engages with her personality, even when the music takes a few listens to reveal the varied sounds.



TÝR

Týr is a Faroese Viking metal band, founded in 1998.

Current members are:

Heri Joensen – Vocals, Guitars
Terji Skibenæs – Guitars
Gunnar H. Thomsen – Bass

“Profession of the Christian Faith or Decapitation: This was the choice given by Sigmundur to his Faroese Viking compatriot Tróndur í Gøtu. And so it was that in 999 A.D., the Christianization of the



small “Faeroe Islands” began, casting a veil of oblivion over the ancient Scandinavian gods and only leaving the relics of forgotten heathenry buried deep within the Christian ritual. Or so it was believed...

Exactly 999

years later, a small group fondly remembering the archaic gods and rites came together to form the Faroese Viking metal band, Týr. The one-armed God of War—the bravest of all—became the eponym of the Nordic quartet. Yet Týr mastermind Heri Joensen is no war monger in disguise and points out that Týr (also known as the God of Justice) is also revered for first seeking the avenues of diplomacy—an attribute that does not take away from this god of war’s drive.” (Band’s Facebook page)



Facebook

Metal Archives

Wikipedia

You Tube

Tróndur í Gøtu

Regin Smidur

And so, once again it is what Frank Sinatra described as the wee small hours, and I am putting the finishing touches to my writings for this weekend's edition of the magazine.

It is Corinna that I feel sorry for. She arrived home at about a quarter to eight, late because I fell asleep and missed her message saying that she had arrived in Devon, and so dispatched Graham to find her fifteen minutes later than I should have done.

She arrived back to a cacophony caused by three cats, a kitten, two dogs and a corvid all barking/squeaking/ yowling/cawing in excitement at her arrival. Honestly, I am not exaggerating; Even the half-fledged corvid who currently is being handreared in the corner of the kitchen made the most godawful row as soon as she walked in through the door.

And it goes without saying that I missed her terribly. I was once in a relationship with a girl who was an only child. It appears that her father was so upset by having to look after himself while her mother was in hospital, that he refused to have any further children. Pah! That is despicable.

I am not one of those pathetic men who cannot function without their wives, but neither am I one of the ones who embraces the chance of personal space and freedom at every possible opportunity.



But I love my wife very much and I am very glad that she is home with me once more. Tonight I shall sleep soundly for the first time in a week.

In Corinna's absence, Prudence took on the job of mothering the kitten, probably having decided that it is a puppy of sorts and conveniently ignoring the difference in species. It is very touching to see the tiny cat and the huge dog snuggled up together affectionately.

So basically all is back to normal in the Downes household, or Downeston Abbey as it is affectionately known by some of the cheekier youngsters who work here.

So mote it be.



THE BEST LAID PLANS

BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST

Live on stage

ADMIT • ONE | \$5.50 | STALLS

Somewhere Over Detroit

11 DEC 1980
ON STAGE 20.30

FROM HARPOS CONCERT THEATRE, DETROIT

11 DEC 1980
ON STAGE 20.30

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART



& The

Magic Band

ERIC DREW FELDMAN * ROBERT WILLIAMS * RICHARD SNYDER * JEFF TAPIR/WHITE * JEFF MORIS TEPPER

LIVE

GONZO
MULTIMEDIA

www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk