

GONZO

Weekly #139

EXCLUSIVE:

**Michael Rescigno
reveals all**

And there is also quite a lot of other engaging material including what happened when John when to see **Fleetwood Mac**, Doug revisiting **Relayer** by **Yes**, Jon discovers that **Gram Parsons** was actually a dickhead with the voice of an angel, plus radio shows, news, reviews...



**How the blinking flip did this bloke get a legendary
ex-member of Badfinger to join his band?**

ON THE RAZ



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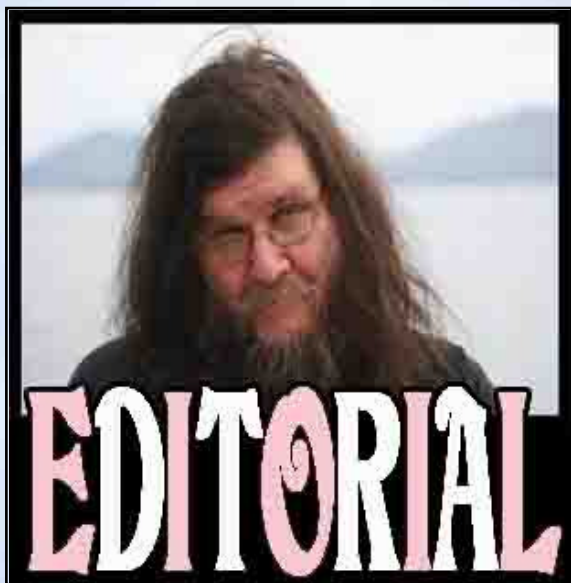
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

1. Art is as important as science and more important than money
2. There is life after (beyond and before) Pop Idol
3. Music can and sometimes does change the world

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



Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of the *Gonzo Weekly* magazine, something which I started for my own amusement, basically because I was bored with writing a *bona fide* record company newsletter, and wanted to have a bash at producing the anarchic journal of letters that I have aspired to producing at various points during my last four decades here on this planet.

I am writing this under very unusual (for me)

circumstances. I am alone. Or rather, I suppose I should qualify this by saying that I am the only human being in the house. There are various ghosts and a multifarious selection of animals, both tame and wild, but I am - at the moment, at least - the only human, and I am enjoying every moment of it.

Don't get me wrong. I love my family and my extended family very much. But sheer solitude and silence (except for an amorous pair of *Testudo graeca* banging their shells together in a large vivarium on the sitting room floor, and the snuffling sounds made when Prudence the bulldog x boxer bitch who looks more like a pygmy hippo than a dog) is both nurturing and oddly comforting for me. It is certainly a novelty, because I am usually surrounded by people.

We are living in strange times. And the big question that I want answered is whether they have always been as strange as this? If so, is it only the ubiquity of information via the Internet that is actually making things seem weirder?

Look at this week for example. SNP leader Nicola Sturgeon has told David Cameron he is "not master of all he surveys" after her party forced a delay in a planned fox-hunting vote. Ministers shelved Wednesday's vote on relaxing hunting laws in England and Wales after the SNP said it would vote against the changes. The party had previously said it



the POWZO Annual 2015

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



Enlightening tales for enquiring minds

“This is an abject humiliation for the Government. After tampering with democracy and trying to dupe the public they have been caught out.”

would not vote on issues affecting England and Wales only. Mr Cameron said the SNP's position was "entirely opportunistic". Downing Street said it was "disappointing" that the vote had to be postponed, and said new proposals on the Hunting Act would be introduced "in due course".

Even Cameron's own cabinet are not wholly behind



him. At least two Cabinet Ministers and an estimated forty Tory MPs were preparing to vote against the repeal of the ban, and it seems that whatever happened the ban would have stayed in place. There is also widespread anger about possible plans to rewrite the Hunting Act so that hunting could be reinstated "through the back door", and if Cameron decides to follow this route then I have a sneaking feeling that once again he will have a monumental fight on his hands.

So why is he doing this? It has only been a matter of weeks since he surprised everyone by being re-elected with a majority amidst a torrent of old-Etonian jokes, and columnists hinting at ex-public schoolboys and their predilection for what I believe Swinburne called 'The English Disease'. In that few weeks he has apparently been doing his best to alienate as much of the electorate as possible, and I truly wonder why.

I am not trying to turn this magazine into a political rag (as one reader accused me a year or so ago) and the main crux of this magazine is and always will be music, books and the like. But I have never known a political *cause célèbre* like the current crises surrounding hunting and to a lesser degree the general culture of austerity. At least not one that has attracted so many A-List music personalities to it. And furthermore, A-listers like Brian May who are not known for making political music. (That is, unless I am missing some rampant subtext within *Bohemian Rhapsody*).

May, who set up Team Fox to fight the repeal of the law, was cautious about celebrating victory. He told Express.co.uk: "It is a victory for Team Fox and all

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



our supporters who have emailed and campaigned with us. This is an abject humiliation for the Government. After tampering with democracy and trying to dupe the public they have been caught out.

"This was hunting by any other name. We have won the battle and we are committed to the war. We stand strong and firm in our commitment and beliefs along with 80 per cent of the population. Fox hunting is cruel and needs to remain in the history books."

Paul McCartney issued a statement: "The people of Britain are behind this Tory government on many things but the vast majority of us will be against them if hunting is reintroduced. It is cruel and unnecessary and will lose them support from ordinary people and animal lovers like myself."

Morrissey wrote: "Often the excuse of 'culling' is tagged on to the argument of legalized killing of beings, yet as we all know, motorized vehicles manage the business of 'culling' foxes and badgers quite well without messengers of death on horseback. Wildlife (that is, freelifers) has its own methods of balancing nature – foxes and owls and birds of prey tending to help themselves to whatever crosses their path.

The countryside, quite remarkably, does not need the Hunting Act to be repealed. You would need to be mindless to believe that it does. People who hunt are under delusions of possession and property and divine right, and their debasement of human standards is always evident in their outrage at ever being questioned about their activities. Meanwhile,

the Hunt Saboteurs (who are always termed 'extremists' by the Daily Bra – as if opposing brutal killing is an extreme emotion) are themselves symbols of freedom. Hunt Saboteurs do not kill. High Court judges on horseback, dressed in blood-red outfits, are the ones who kill."

And continued: "I apologize very deeply for my support over the years for the group Roxy Music. I had no idea until very recently that their singer Bryan Ferry is also an avid hunter, and is now managed by his Lord of the Hunt son, Odious Ferry."

Right on Mozza.

Then there was an interesting piece in today's *Metro*:

Are the public more concerned with the well being of animals than they are those with disabilities?

That's what this artist wants to know, is it because disabled people aren't cute enough to care about? She is pretty annoyed that people are more concerned that the Conservative government might be legalising fox hunting, rather than the cuts they've already served up to disabled people who depend on welfare.

To vent her frustration, she's created some artwork to express her feelings in a positive way. (Take note trolls). Sharing her work online, she captions the image: 'Great that so many people oppose fox hunting, would be nice to see the same outrage over treatment of the disabled and vulnerable in society.' *Metro.co.uk* got in touch with the artist – who wishes to remain anonymous – to find out exactly what motivated her to create the illustrations.

She told us: 'I think reintroducing fox hunting would be horrific and unnecessary. It does feel like they [the Tories] have brought this back now to detract from all the other stuff they're up to.'

One certainly does begin to wonder. And so conspiracy theories come away from the lunatic fringe and into the mainstream, cos you cannot get much more mainstream than the *Metro*. Like I said, we are living in strange times. Strange days indeed (most peculiar Mama).

Hare Bol

Jon Downes



Brian May, Sir Paul McCartney, Morrissey, Nick Cave, Johnny Marr, Damon Albarn, Taylor Swift, Neil Young, Liz Lenten, Auburn, Chris Squire, Oliver Wakeman, Galahad, Steve Hackett, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, David Somerville, Eric Wrixon, Third Ear Band, Arthur Brown, Inner City Unit, Hugh Hopper, Pete Sears, Captain Beefheart, Brand X, Michael Rescigno, Yes, Jon Brodie-Good, Fleetwood Mac, Roy Weard, Hawkwind, Stu Nicholson, Trevor Rabin, Rick Wakeman, Jon Anderson, Gram Parsons, XtuL, Elvis Presley, Beach Boys, 1D, Rolling Stones, Paganini, Davey Jones, Neil Nixon, Albert Ayler, Agalloch

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

A Swedish court had asked the EU court to consider whether this broke copyright law.

Some of the pictures in this magazine are hotlinked to other websites where they are freely available. It is our opinion that we are covered by this ruling. So there!

Of course if someone objects to our using their material we will be good fellows and take it down, unless (and this is a big unless) we feel that it is not in the public interest to comply.

But normally we shall not stand on ceremony. If you want to read more about this decision go to:

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/technology-26187730>

Dramatis Personae



THE GONZO WEEKLY

all the gonzo news that's fit to print

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,
(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)

Graham Inglis,
(Columnist, Staff writer, *Hawkwind* nut)

Bart Lancia,
(My favourite roving reporter)

Thom the World Poet,
(Bard in residence)

C.J.Stone,
(Columnist, commentator and all round good egg)

Kev Rowland,
(Kiwi Reviewer)

Lesley Madigan,
Photographer *par excellence*

Douglas Harr,
(Staff writer, columnist)

Jessica Taylor,
(PA and laughing at drunk pop stars)

Richard Freeman,
(Scary stuff)

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

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

Mark Raines,
(Cartoonist)

Davey Curtis,
(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee
(Pop Culture memorabilia)

Dean Phillips
(The House Wally)

Rob Ayling
(The *Grande Fromage*,
of whom we are all in awe)

and **Peter McAdam**
(McDada in residence)

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

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

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So what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

So this is what I have been doing for much of my life. I am also naive enough to think that music and art *can* change the world, and as the world is in desperate need of change, I am gonna do my best to help.

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

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

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

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

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

THE GOOD SON: Nick Cave's teenage son has died after falling from cliffs. The musician's 15-year-old child Arthur was airlifted to hospital on Tuesday after he was found at the bottom of the Ovingdean Gap in Brighton. A member of the public discovered him around 6pm and tried to give him first aid while emergency services were called. Arthur has a twin brother called Earl, and his father has confirmed his passing in a brief statement. "Our son Arthur died on Tuesday evening. He was our beautiful, happy, loving boy," it read. "We ask that we be given the privacy our family needs to grieve at this difficult time."

The death is not being treated as suspicious, with a coastguard spokesperson also releasing a brief statement. "Newhaven coastguard were called by Sussex police to attend a report of a child who had fallen from the top of the cliff," it read. **Read on...**

THE BOY LOOKED AT JOHNNY: After two huge outdoor summer shows as guest to The Who and Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds, NME Godlike Genius Johnny Marr can now announce a new UK tour that includes a homecoming show at Manchester's Albert Hall. Johnny Marr has enjoyed a rapturous start to his solo career following the critical acclaim greeted to his Top 10 solo albums 'The Messenger' and 'Playland'. Meanwhile his live shows have been celebrated for his ability to combine the best of his new material with select highlights from The Smiths plus others from his extensive back catalogue. **Read on...**

MEANINGFUL LYRICS EH? Sir Paul McCartney reviews his songs as he sings them to stop himself becoming emotional. The legendary musician found fame in band The Beatles in 1960 and has since forged a successful solo career as well as fronting his own group Wings. His tracks are known for their meaningful lyrics, many of which were inspired by events in his own life.

He doesn't let the emotions take over him too much while performing though as he understands his songs are interpreted in various ways. "I'm really doing them just because they're songs. I mean, when

I do Let it Be I'm not thinking about my mum. If there's one thing I know it's that everyone in that audience is thinking something different. And that's 50,000 different thoughts, depending on the capacity of the hall," he explained to British magazine Esquire. "Obviously, when I do Here Today as I do, that is very personal. That is me talking to John [Lennon, Paul's former Beatles bandmate who was killed in 1980]. But as you sing them you review them. So I go, [sings] 'What about the night we cried?' And I'm thinking, 'Oh, yeah: Key West'. We were all drunk. We'd delayed Jacksonville because of a hurricane." **Read on...**

HEY HEY WE'RE NOT THE MONKEYS: Damon Albarn is about to start work on a new Gorillaz album. The band will start recording the follow-up to 2011's The Fall in September, and will likely release the record in 2016. He told Australia's 7.30: "I'm starting recording in September for a new Gorillaz record. I've just been really, really busy so I haven't had a chance. 'I'd love to just get back into that routine of being at home and coming to the studio five days a week.'"

The group went on hiatus shortly after the release of The Fall, and the band's strained relationships left fans sceptical about more music from them. **Read on...**

FIGHTING AGAINST THE STREAM: First Taylor Swift took issue with music streaming firms, now it's Neil Young's turn. The 69-year-old star says he will not allow his music to be on streaming services any more, because he is unhappy with the sound quality offered. He wrote on his Facebook page: "I don't need my music to be devalued by the worst quality in the history of broadcasting or any other form of distribution."

"I don't feel right allowing this to be sold to my fans. It's bad for my music." Young - who was one of the biggest rock stars of the '60s and '70s with bands including Buffalo Springfield - has repeatedly complained about digital audio quality. **Read on...**

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



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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...

SEE YOU LATER INFILTRATOR: The American theme park SeaWorld has suspended an employee who allegedly infiltrated an animal rights group in a bid to undermine its work. The animal welfare group People For the Ethical Treatment of Animals (Peta) claims that SeaWorld deployed a man to masquerade as an activist in the San Diego area, taking part in protests and organisational meetings. "These allegations, if true, are not consistent with the values of the SeaWorld organization and will not be tolerated," Joel Manby, chief executive of SeaWorld Entertainment, said in a written statement. "We have placed the employee in question on paid administrative leave pending the findings of the investigation."

"We will take all appropriate actions based on the results of the investigation to ensure that the integrity and values of the SeaWorld organization are upheld," he said. **Read on...**

MEAT ON THE LEDGE: An Austrian artist is facing a backlash by animal rights activists over his dead animals exhibition in Sicily. Hermann Nitsch, 76, has featured several dead animals on crucifixes in Palermo, Sicily. Nitsch is reportedly

famous for his Orgies Mysteries Theatre, where religious sacrifices and slaughters are performed. Reacting to the public criticism, his wife, Rita Nitsch, spoke in his defence.

"I have been married to my husband for 30 years now and I can tell you that this kind of small ruckus is always part of (his work)," said Rita, reported France24 News. "But quality has triumphed over the polemic. The show is a huge success and it annoys me when the media pick up this sort of thing instead of focusing on all the positive reviews we have received."

Read on...

A LOAD OF BULL: Animal rights activists have stripped half naked and covered themselves in fake blood to protest the Pamplona Bull Run. Protesters from the People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) and AnimaNaturalis curled up together in a massive pile of miscellaneous limbs to highlight the abuse these animals endure as a result of bull fighting and bull running. Their placard signs read: 'Pamplona's Streets are stained with bull's blood.'

PETA Director Mimi Bekhechi said: 'PETA is calling on Spain to end its widely condemned Running of the Bulls event- and, with it, the horrific suffering and abuse of bulls,' reported the Independent. This protest took place ahead of the internationally popular Pamplona Bull Run in north-east Spain. The running of bulls entails keeping ahead of six charging bulls winding around the streets of the old town finishing at the bull ring where the bulls are then fought. **Read on...**



Democracy

STRANGE DAYS

SQUIFFY SQUIRREL:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-england-hereford-worcester-33541502>

A "drunk" squirrel has caused hundreds of pounds of damage at a private members' club. The secretary of Honeybourne Railway Club said he originally thought someone had broken into the premises, near Evesham in Worcestershire. The floor was covered in beer and glasses and bottles smashed, Sam Boulter said. Mr Boulter, 62, said he then saw a squirrel "staggering around" after coming out from behind a box of crisps. He added: "There were bottles scattered around, money scattered around and he had obviously run across the bar's pumps and managed to turn on the Caffrey's tap. "He must have flung himself on the handle and drank some as he was staggering around all over the place and moving a bit slowly. I've never seen a drunk squirrel before. He was sozzled and looked a bit worse for wear, shall we say." Mr Boulter, who estimated he lost about £300 in the incident, eventually caught the squirrel in a waste paper bin and released it out of the window.

KILLER ROBOTS:

<http://www.theguardian.com/world/2015/jul/02/robot-kills-worker-at-volkswagen-plant-in-Germany>

A robot has killed a contractor at one of Volkswagen's production plants in Germany, the automaker has said. The man died on Monday at the plant in Baunatal, about 100km (62 miles) north of Frankfurt, VW spokesman Heiko Hillwig said. The 22-year-old was part of a team that was setting up the stationary robot when it grabbed and crushed him against a metal plate, Hillwig said. He said initial conclusions indicate that human error was to blame, rather than a problem with the robot, which can be programmed to perform various tasks in the assembly process. He said it normally operates within a confined area at the plant, grabbing auto parts and manipulating them. Another contractor was present when the incident occurred, but was not harmed, Hillwig said. He declined to give any more details about the case, citing an ongoing investigation. German news agency DPA reported that prosecutors were considering whether to bring charges, and if so, against whom.



RETURN OF THE NANTEOS CUP:

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/religion/11701679/Holy-Grail-found-than-ks-to-Crimewatch-appeal.html>

It is a quest which inspired medieval ballads, Hollywood blockbusters and – best of all – a Monty Python film but now a British police force can claim to have recovered the Holy Grail. West Mercia Police, announced on Friday that officers have recovered the Nanteos Cup, a centuries old wooden relic believed by some to have miraculous healing powers, which was stolen in a burglary last year. The cup – in fact a broken section of a medieval mazer bowl or chalice – was on loan to seriously ill woman near Ross-on-Wye in Herefordshire when it was taken.

It has now been returned to its owners through an anonymous third party after an appeal on the BBC's Crimewatch programme.

RHODE ISLAND EXPLOSION:

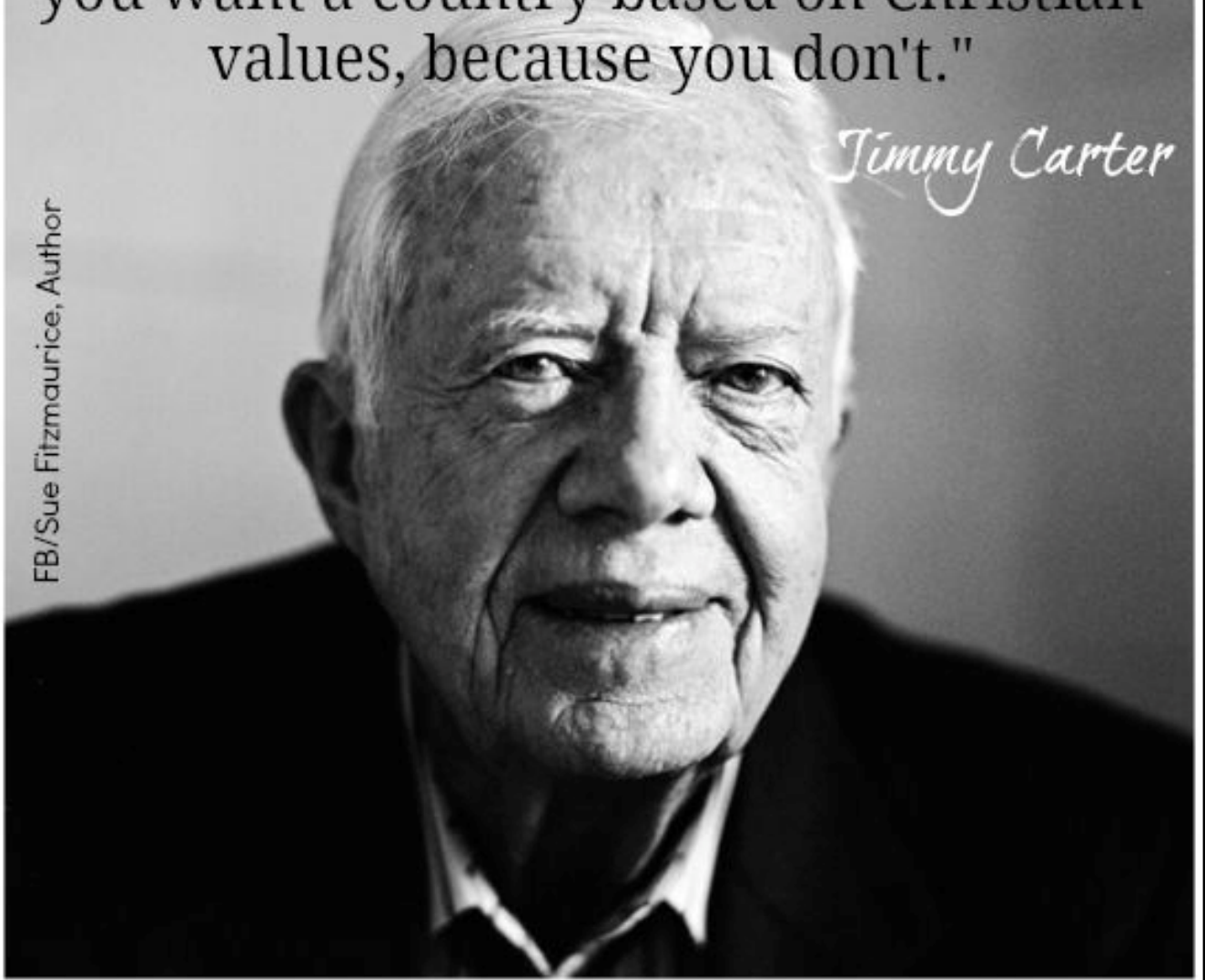
<http://patch.com/rhode-island/narragansett/power-cable-found-sand-beach-blast-remains-mystery>

Investigators continue to study the mysterious blast that propelled a woman out of her beach chair and onto a rock jetty at Salty Brine State Beach on Saturday, discovering a power line buried in the sand near the blast site on Monday. The cable, which was cut by National Grid crews, likely had nothing to do with the blast, however. And the more scrutiny the incident gets, the more people are questioning what actually happened. Nothing has been ruled out, but experts said Monday in various media reports that the possibility of a geological event is unlikely.

"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>

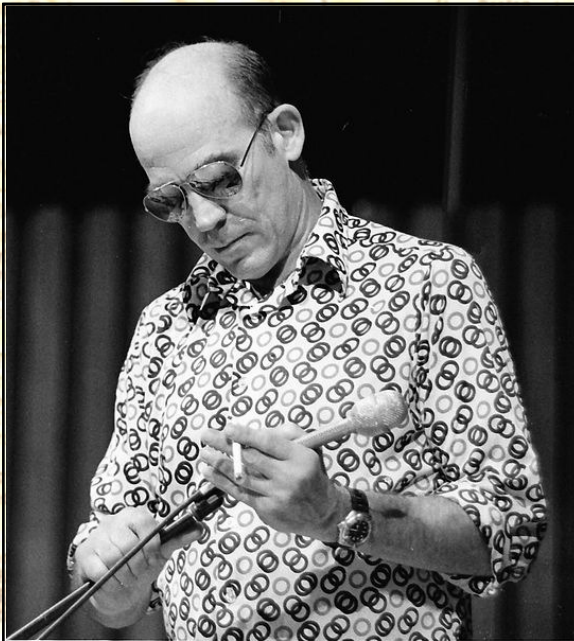
Or you can write to me at BERTRAND POURCHERON RESIDENCE LE BALZAC - BATIMENT A ALLEE CALLELONGUE SAINTE ANNE 13008 MARSEILLE - pourcheron@orange.fr and I will provide you with the complete list, as all references are not recorded on Price Minister. However, selling my records isn't enough to allow me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

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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:

“Like most others, I was a seeker, a mover, a malcontent, and at times a stupid hell-raiser. I was never idle long enough to do much thinking, but I felt somehow that some of us were making real progress, that we had taken an honest road, and that the best of us would inevitably make it over the top. At the same time, I shared a dark suspicion that the life we were leading was a lost cause, that we were all actors, kidding ourselves along on a senseless odyssey. It was the tension between these two poles - a restless idealism on one hand and a sense of impending doom on the other - that kept me going.”

Hunter S. Thompson

FOREVER AUBURN:

To celebrate the return of the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, the lovely Liz Lenten and her Merry Men are out on tour again this autumn.

- 11th Sept -The Artrix, Bromsgrove (Supporting The Strawbs)
- 12th Sept - The Met, Bury (Supporting Martin Carthy & Dave Swarbrick)
- 13th Sept -The Glasshouse, Peterborough
- 15th Sept - Club Wotever, London
- 18th Sept - The Drill Hall, Lincoln (supporting Martin Carthy & Dave Swarbrick)
- 25th Sept - Voodoo Lounge, Stamford
- 4th October - The Convent, Gloucestershire - to be netcast LIVE @ 9pm - www.theconvent.net



**CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT CONZO (UK)**



**CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT COMBO (USA)**

the week that's past

The Gospel According to *BART*

My favourite roving reporter, like us all, has been hit hard by the recent tragic death of Yes bassist and founder member Chris Squire. This week he sent us this essay by Oliver Wakeman who remembers his old bandmate:

"It was just over 2 weeks ago that I was rushing around my house desperately packing up everything in preparation for our move the next day to our new home. I had left all my studio and office stuff until the last minute so I could make sure I was able to work up until the last second before our internet got switched off and the keyboards had to be packed away.

I needed some music on to help relieve the monotony of making up boxes and for some strange reason I chose to listen to 'Live from Lyon' - the triple live album I performed on with Yes during our time together.

It was an album I was very proud to have been on but due to the nature of my departure from the band I had decided not to listen to Yes music any more. But for some reason I had an overwhelming urge to listen to it and relive some of the happy times we had during those tours. Moving home - an ending and a beginning together. I wondered whether that was behind my decision to play the record..."

Read on at:
<http://www.oliverwakeman.co.uk/>



GALAHAD - DIDN'T THEY DO WELL?

This week Stu Nicholson who was our cover star in last week's fun packed issue wrote this on his Facebook page:

"Had a very productive day at Thin Ice Studios in Surrey with Karl groom.

Amongst other things we recorded vocals for a new version of 'Pictures of Bliss' (for the 20th anniversary re-mastered release of Sleepers due out later this year..hopefully!) which was then edited, mixed and mastered by 7.50pm and then aired for the very first time at 9.45pm on the Forest FM Thursday Rock Show by Paul Jerome in Verwood, Dorset which surely must constitute some kind of record!

An exhausting but ultimately very satisfying day indeed!"

Bloody hell!

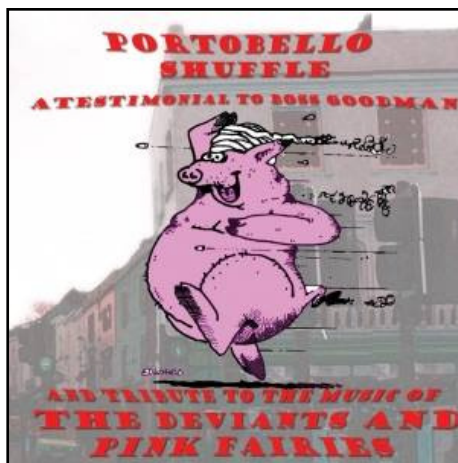
GO!ZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GOMED (JUE)

GO!ZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GOMED (JUE)



I'M ON BOARD!

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



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

ALL THE STEVE HACKETT YOU COULD POSSIBLY WANT

'Premonitions' is the title of a 14 disc boxed set coming in October which features all of Steve's Charisma recordings plus 67 previously unreleased tracks. For more details see Steve's official website.



**CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GOMED (UK)**

**CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GOMED (USA)**

the week that's past



Peculiar News of the Week



Each week Richard Freeman: world famous cryptozoologist, explorer, author, and one of the most peculiar people I know picks a suitably off story from the world's press. **THIS WEEK:**

Story about man who had sex with alligator 'fake as crocodile tears'

<http://www.local10.com/news/story-about-man-who-had-sex-with-alligator-fake-as-crocodile-tears/34196318>





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 130 – The Holiday Show

Songs about travel, holidays & hotels and songs to listen to by the pool.



Featured Album: Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come: Journey

Tracks

- 1 The Dead Kennedys: Holiday in Cambodia
- 2 Seasick Steve: Underneath a Blue and Cloudless Sky
- 3 The Ramones: California Sun
- 4 TV Smith: Coming in to Land
- 5 Tom Jones: Traveling Blues
- 6 Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come: Time Captives
- 7 Gang of Four: I Love a Man in a Uniform
- 8 The Kinks: Holiday
- 9 The Beach Boys: Don't Go Near the Water
- 10 The Pogues: Turkish Son of the Damned
- 11 John Lennon: Cold Turkey
- 12 Pink Floyd: One of these days
- 13 Elvis Presley: Heartbreak Hotel
- 14 John Cooper Clarke: Majorca
- 15 Alice Cooper: School's Out
- 16 The Sex Pistols: Holiday in the Sun
- 17 Blyth Power: Hard Summer Long
- 18 Husker Du: Celebrated Summer
- 19 Atilla the Stockbroker: Holiday in Albania
- 20 Atilla the Stockbroker: Holiday in Albania Revisited
- 21 Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come: Triangles
- 22 Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come: Spirit of Joy
- 23 Davy Graham: Maajan (A Taste of Tangier)
- 24 Kirsty MacColl: Free World
- 25 Neil Young and Crazy Horse: Ramada Inn
- 26 The Flaming Lips: Look the Sun is Rising
- 27 The Flamin' Groovies: Heading for the Texas Border
- 28 Counting Crows: Holiday in Spain

**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:

Cloud Over Jupiter

<http://www.facebook.com/CloudOverJupiter>

RDG

<http://www.facebook.com/rdgrocks?fref=nf>

Terl Bryant

<http://www.facebook.com/terl.bryant?fref=ts>

One

<http://www.facebook.com/1OneUniverse?fref=ts>

Paddy Steer

<http://www.facebook.com/paddy.steer?fref=ts>

ORK

<http://www.facebook.com/O.R.k.band?fref=nf>

Larry R Campbell

<http://www.facebook.com/lraycampbell>

El tubo elastic

<http://www.facebook.com/ElTuboElastico>

Sendelica

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Sendelica/191174294239796>

Sendelica/191174294239796

Telergy

<http://www.facebook.com/telergymusic?fref=nf>

— with Larry R Campbell, Robert McClung, One Universe, Sendelica, Pedro Kaldini, Terl Bryant Drummer, Bill Ray, Paddy Steer, El tubo elástico, Terl Bryant, Marian Rodriguez, O_R_k, Alfonso Ro Mo and Cloud Over Jupiter.

Listen
Here

Friday Night Progressive



**David Somerville
(1933 –2015)**

David Somerville, also called “Diamond” Dave Somerville was a Canadian singer operating primarily in the United States, best known as the co-founder, and original lead singer, of The Diamonds, one of the most popular vocal groups of the 1950s. Born in Guelph, Ontario, Somerville grew up in a musical family in the nearby farming village of Rockwood, 50 miles west of Toronto. In 1947, at the age of 14, he moved to Toronto with his parents and brother Marc, where he entered Central Tech to study architecture and building construction. He changed the focus of his studies to radio, and in 1952, at the age of 19, he secured a position at the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in the engineering department as a radio operator while concurrently studying voice with Dr. Ernesto Vinci at the University of Toronto’s Royal Conservatory of Music.

In the hallway of the C.B.C. during the fall of 1953, Somerville met by chance an unnamed quartet (Stan Fisher, Ted Kowalski, Phil Levitt and Bill Reed) and soon became their vocal coach. Later that year when Fisher opted for college, Dave became the group’s

lead singer. That quartet became The Diamonds. Multiple appearances on *American Bandstand*, *The Perry Como Show*, and *The Steve Allen Show* increased Dave’s visibility. In August 1961, he left The Diamonds.

After leaving the Diamonds, Somerville married Judy Corns of Evansville, IN, and began a six-year solo career as a folk artist, using the stage name David Troy. During this period, Somerville also studied acting, with Leonard Nimoy as his teacher, and made numerous guest-starring appearances, often credited as “David Troy,” on various television programs.

One of these was in “The Conscience of the King,” an episode of the original *Star Trek* that dealt with an infamous but guilt-plagued criminal; Somerville, credited as Troy, acted out the role of Lieutenant Lawrence “Larry” Matson in the episode. This was also the time in his career when he became one of the clients of the William Morris Agency, which has since merged with the Endeavor Talent Agency to become the present-day William Morris-Endeavor agency. As such, he did extensive voice-over work and was heard in hundreds of radio, television and cable advertisements.

In 1967, Somerville’s only child from his marriage to Corns, David Orlando Somerville, was born; as an adult, he too became a singer-songwriter like his father, calling himself “Landa” Somerville. Also in 1967, Dave joined The Four Preps as a replacement for Ed Cobb, the original bass singer. In 1969, he and Bruce Belland, the Four Preps’s original lead singer, concentrated on a folk/comedy act as the duo of Belland & Somerville. As such, they appeared in concert with Henry Mancini and Johnny Mathis and were regulars on *The Tim Conway Show*, a CBS-TV prime-time comedy series. As songwriters, Bruce and Dave co-wrote “The Troublemaker,” which became the title track of two Willie Nelson albums; and the duo sang in a later roster of the Four Preps with Jim Pike of The Lettermen. In 1972, Somerville formed the group WW Fancy, which also included Keith Barbour and Gail Jensen as members. In the late 1980s, he again sang with original members of The Diamonds and also returned to The Four Preps with Bruce Belland, Ed Cobb and Jim Yester of The

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Association. Somerville's song "The (Ballad of the) Unknown Stuntman," jointly written and composed with Jensen, inspired Glen Larson, who had been the Four Preps's original baritone vocalist, to create the central characters and develop the core format of *The Fall Guy*, for 20th Century Fox Television, which became a highly successful television series for ABC-TV. With additional lyrics which Larson wrote for it, "The Unknown Stuntman" became the theme for *The Fall Guy* and earned recognition as the most definitive song about stuntmen.

His first children's album was titled *The Cosmic Adventures of Diamond Dave*. It contained many original songs and characters and received critical acclaim in the U.S. and Canada. The Diamonds have been honored and inducted into The Vocal Group Hall of Fame, The Doo Wop Hall of Fame, The Rockabilly Hall of Fame and are recipients of Canada's prestigious Juno Award. Somerville's most recent stage show, "On The 1957 Rock & Roll Greyhound Bus," was based on rock and roll's first major tour. In it, he told road stories and sang the songs of such pioneer jukebox giants as Buddy Holly & The Crickets, Fats Domino, The Everly Brothers, and Chuck Berry.

Somerville died of cancer in Santa Barbara, California on July 14, 2015 at the age of 81.

Eric Wrixon (1947 – 2015)

Eric Wrixon was a musician from Belfast, Northern Ireland, and a founding member of Them and Thin Lizzy. He came up with the band name "Them" (from the 1954 sci-fi film *Them!*), but as he was a minor his parents declined to sign a recording contract on his behalf and he was replaced in July 1964 prior to recording with the band. By August 1965, he had completed his studies and very briefly returned to Them.

Wrixon was next a member of Belfast R&B group The People and probably played on the two tracks they contributed to the February 1966 compilation album *Ireland's Greatest Sounds: Five Top Groups From Belfast's Maritime Club* (both tracks feature keyboards). While based in Blackpool, Wrixon left the



band in mid-1966 to join another Belfast band, the Wheels, with whom he recorded the single 'Kicks' in August 1966.

In 1967, he moved to Germany with The Never Never Band and subsequently joined Irish midlands-based pop group The Trixons, who also released a number of singles in the late 1960s. He quit in 1969, when he and fellow-Belfast exile Eric Bell began recruiting a new band from among the Dublin musical scene. The result in early 1970 was Thin Lizzy, but Wrixon left in July of that year due to lack of finances and returned to Germany.

Wrixon briefly joined a reformed Them in Hamburg, recording the 1979 album, *Shut Your Mouth* but leaving before its promotional tour. In 1993, he formed 'Them – The Belfast Blues Band' – often billed by media and promoters as 'Them' – for "progressive rhythm and blues" live performances throughout Europe (including a 1996 tour), featuring his songs such as *Crazy Woman* and *Marcel's Song*. Wrixon later lived in Italy and toured with a line-up including himself (vocals and keyboards), Billy McCoy (guitars), Luca Nardi (bass) and Tom Wagener (drums). The band also recorded a studio album and were planning a live concert DVD.

Wrixon died on 13 July 2015 in Italy at the age of 68.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



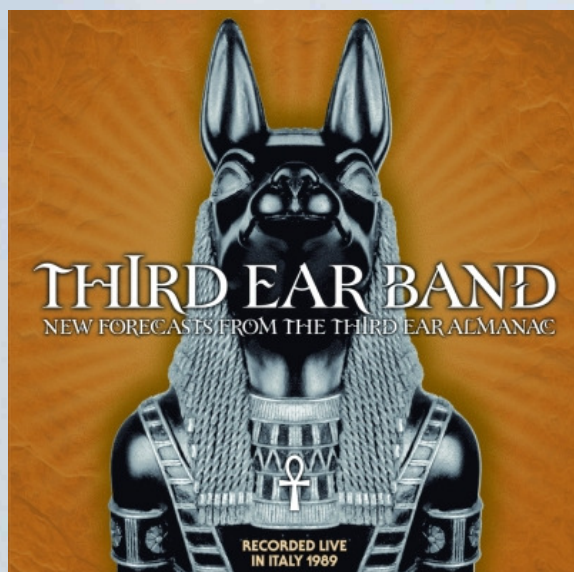
Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



Now, I don't know whether this is a good idea, a bad idea, or just an idea, but - as I believe you know - this magazine is put out each week on a budget of £25, and is free. It will remain free, but I would like to be able to generate some income so I can pay our contributing writers. So, 'why not flog *Gonzo Weekly* T Shirts?' I thought. 'Why not', I answered...

<http://www.zazzle.co.uk/gonzowekly>



Third Ear Band

Title New Forecasts from the Third Ear Almanac
Cat No.HST312CD

The Third Ear Band were undoubtedly one of the strangest and most innovative psychedelic folk bands to come out of London in the late 1960s. New Forecasts from the Third Ear Almanac is a live album recorded live at the Teatro Impavadi, Sarzana, Italy on the 11th January 1989, and captures this extraordinary band at its weirdest and finest.



Arthur Brown

Title Live in Bristol 28th Oct 2002
Cat No.HST300CD
Label Gonzo

When the God of Hellfire returned to the stage in the United Kingdom after a strange anabasis in Texas when, together with Jimmy Carl Black (the Indian in the Mothers) he was painting houses for a living, pundits were surprised how vibrant and relevant he still was as an artist. Any thoughts that he was a novelty one hit wonder from the sixties vanished like the morning mist, and Arthur entranced audiences wherever he went. This show from 2002 will show you exactly what I mean.





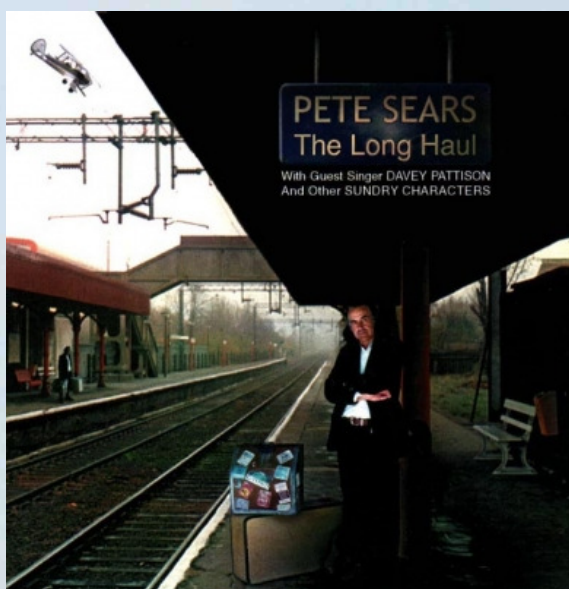
Artist Inner City Unit
Title The President's Tapes
Cat No.RRA105CD
Label Gonzo

According to Wikipedia: "In 1984 Nik Turner and Dead Fred were removed from Hawkwind and decided to reform ICU. Judge Trev and Stupp were unavailable for the making of the next album New Anatomy so they recruited Steve Pond, who had previously toured with ICU during the shows for the Passout album as synth player, to play guitar and program the drum machine. Mick Stupp rejoined the band in time for the New Anatomy live shows and was joined by another ex-Hawkwind man Dave Anderson on bass. The second incarnation of ICU released an EP, Blood and Bone, and a second album, The President's Tapes." Singing topical songs like "World of LSD," "Big Foot" and "Stonehenge Who Knows?" the group uses organ, flute and production effects to evoke the period, on this ever entertaining record.



Artist Hugh Hopper
Title Volume 9: Anatomy of a Facelift
Cat No.HS T260CD
Label Gonzo

This is volume nine of a ten part series curated by the late Mike King, which cherry-picks some of the best and most intriguing items from Hugh Hopper's archive. Until he died a few years ago, Hugh Hoppe, probably best known for his work with Soft Machine, was one of Britain's most versatile and innovative bass players, and this multi album set confirms what a sad loss to both jazz and rock his passing was. Vale Hugh. Vale Mike.



Artist Pete Sears
Title The Long Haul
Cat No.HS T316CD
Label Gonzo

As one of the most sought-after session players in rock 'n' roll, Pete Sears has performed with everyone from Rod Stewart to Jefferson Starship. It's not surprising then, that Sears put together an all-star cast of artists — including John Lee Hooker, Jorma Kaukonen, The Band's Levon Helm, Peter Rowan, David Grisman, Steve Kimock, and countless others — to support him on his latest studio effort The Long Haul. Throughout the disc, Sears mixes raw roadhouse blues with laid-back, folk-rock selections that flow together wonderfully.



Artist Captain Beefheart
Title Live in Cowtown, Kansas City
22nd April 1974
Cat No.GZO107CD
Label Gonzo

Isis magazine describes this recording well: "There are very few truly iconoclastic figures in the history of popular music since the mid 20th century, but Don Van Vliet (1941-2010), aka Captain Beefheart, is certainly one of them. By the time of this April 1974 broadcast, Captain Beefheart - and the 29th incarnation in a long line of ever-mutating Magic Bands - had reverted to more traditionally-structured compositions, to the chagrin of some fans. The touring band included some highly revered players including reedsman Del Simmons, who had previously played with Charlie Parker, guitarists Dean Smith and Fuzzy Fuscald (recently with Curtis Mayfield), bassist Paul Uhrig from Bobbie Gentry's group, and drummer Ty Grimes, fresh from Rick Nelson's acclaimed Stone Canyon Band. Caught live in Kansas City, Beefheart was amidst an extensive US (and subsequent European) tour promoting his eighth album, "Unconditionally Guaranteed". The often truculent Beefheart is in an unusually upbeat mood throughout."

Artist Barbara Dickson
Title Morning Comes Quickly
Cat No.CTVPCD013
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. Morning Comes Quickly was originally released in 1977 and this is the first time on CD. Comes with an additional bonus track "Here Comes The Sun".



Artist Brand X
Title Live in San Francisco
Cat No.HST284CD
Label Gonzo

Brand X have sometimes gone down in history as being Phil Collins' other band. But this is just not fair. The band were ridiculously deft musicians and took their audiences on sonic journeys unparalleled in jazz or rock. There has never been a band quite like them and I doubt that there ever will. This extraordinary record tells you exactly what I mean.

JON MEETS MICHAEL

This was one of the more peculiar editorial commissions that I have been given. The *Grande Fromage* sent me an email asking me to interview a dude called Michael Rescigno. Only trouble was, he omitted to give me anything except for an email address for the man, and I have to admit that I had never heard of him.

So I did what any good researcher worth his salt does in these decadent days and looked him up on Google. There are all sorts of men with his name, including an interesting fellow who has done research on the growth rates of meadow grass, and although I quite fancy talking to him, I cannot truly say that this is gonna be the sort of thing which will make headline news in a rock and roll weekly, no





matter how eccentric.

So I did what I should have done in the first place and emailed him, and soon found why I could not find any information about him. He has always played under the stage name of Michael Raz, and his Raz Band has been playing for a hell of a long time, and furthermore the current incarnation includes two of my favourite musicians, namely:

- **Joseph "Joey" Charles Molland** (born 21 June 1947, Edge Hill, Liverpool, England) is an English composer and rock guitarist whose recording career spans four decades. He is best

known as a member of Badfinger, the most successful of the acts he performed with.

- **Joseph Anthony "Joe" Vitale** is an American musician primarily known as a drummer but also a flautist, keyboardist and singer. He has played with many of the top names in music during a career dating back to the 1970s.

Bloody hell! These two guys have played on some of my favourite albums. Molland played on *All things must Pass* by George Harrison, arguably the best post *Beatle* solo album by any of the Fab Four, and Vitale played on the massively under-rated *Long May You Run* by the Stills-Young Band, which is one of the greatest things that either Neil Young or Steven Stills played on.

So I asked for a biography and I was sent this:

Members: Michael Rescigno, Jeff Hutchinson, Jim Manzo, Joey Molland, Joe Vitale "The RAZ Band" Celebrates 30 Years of Hits and Stuff" Songs You Should Know and Love! Remember where you were the first time you heard TRB???

One day Raz played the new songs for a record company executive who said, "I love these songs, this is a great band, but you're too old to sign. Why don't you find some 20 year olds, teach them the songs and I'll sign them." It was then that Raz came up with the new name for the band: "The RAZ Band".

So "The RAZ Band" were born! The End. P.S. This is a true story.

Raz played in bands in High School. With his





friends Hutch & Neil. And they would go see Joey Molland when Badfinger was playing in the New York/New Jersey area. As well as fans of Joe Vitale when he toured with Joe Walsh in the New York/New Jersey area.

Raz & Hutch went to L.A. (winter in Jersey sucks). They formed the band "The Contents", played all over LA: Madame Wongs East & West, Troubadour, Whisky, The Central, Gazzaris, and many other clubs. The Contents disbanded and then some of The Contents formed "The Raz Nasty Band". They made records/cds, videos, kept playing live around town, Started to play colleges.

Then one night at Filthy McNasty's, Raz Nasty became "RAZ". Jim Manzo joined the band. Joey Molland would either play guitar, sing or produce RAZ. Joe Vitale would either play keyboards, drums, sing or produce RAZ, (lots of history here) (how they came to play with RAZ is another story).

Then Raz & Hutch went back to New Jersey for

their High School reunion. Being the kind of fellas that they are they played at the reunion. So Thank you for reading our story, listen to the music, watch the video, read the blog, and please don't do drugs and clean up your room, make your bed, don't stay out too late etc.;; I don't like the looks of those people that you're hanging out with! You know the drill. late, peace, out.....see ya.

Cheers

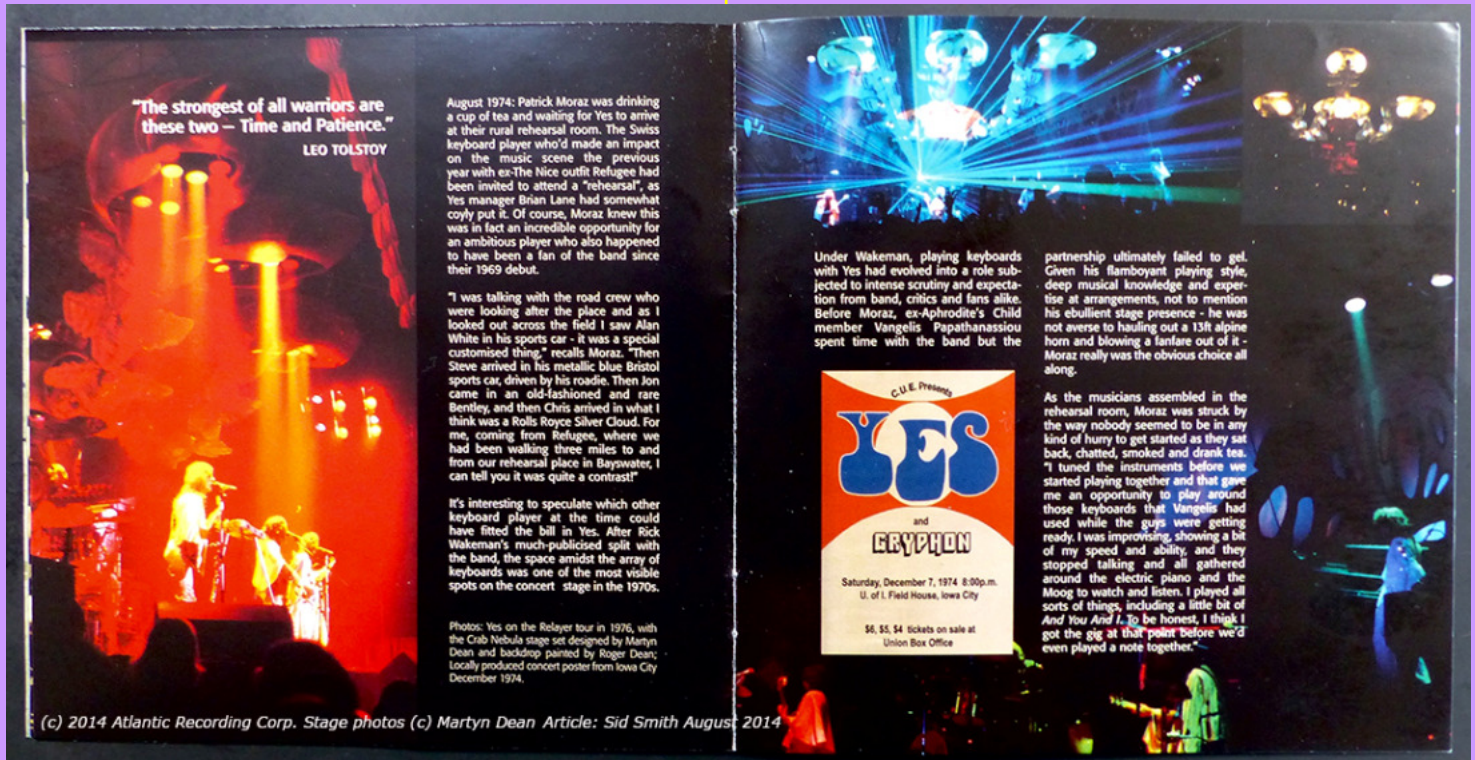
So I took the bull by the horns and telephoned him for what turned out to be one of the enjoyable interviews of my chequered career.

**Listen
Here**

Douglas Harr

Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile

RELAYER REVISITED



The Yes album *Relayer*, one of their most adventurous and enduring records, was originally released in 1974. It is a progressive rock masterpiece that includes elements of jazz-fusion, and a looser feel, thanks in great part to keyboard player Patrick Moraz, and the free flowing jams that were part of its writing. The album is a work of art, in its story telling, prose, virtuosic playing and beautiful cover art by Roger Dean. It's release was followed by two tours of North America, England and Europe, each segment utilizing amazing stagecraft designed and built by Martyn Dean, resulting in the most impressive theatrical performances of their careers. Forty years after it's release, Steven Wilson remastered the album from its original multitrack tapes in stereo and 5.1 sound, producing what is now the definitive release on CD and Blue-Ray.

THE ALBUM

Relayer's centerpiece is "Gates of Delirium" which occupies side one of the vinyl album. Written during the unending turmoil of the Vietnam War, and the August 1974 resignation of U.S. President Richard Nixon, it weaves a tale about the

evils of war and it's aftermath, inspired by Leo Tolstoy's *War And Peace*. As Anderson described the multi-part suite "There's a prelude, a charge, a victory tune, and peace at the end, with hope for the future." It contains some of the most assured and aggressive instrumentals and vocals of the band's catalog. The music perfectly illuminates the central story and it's lyrics. Consider the battle scene instrumental, complete with the sound of battle cries and clanging metal, the band creating the sometimes abrasive tones of naked aggression – following the lyric:

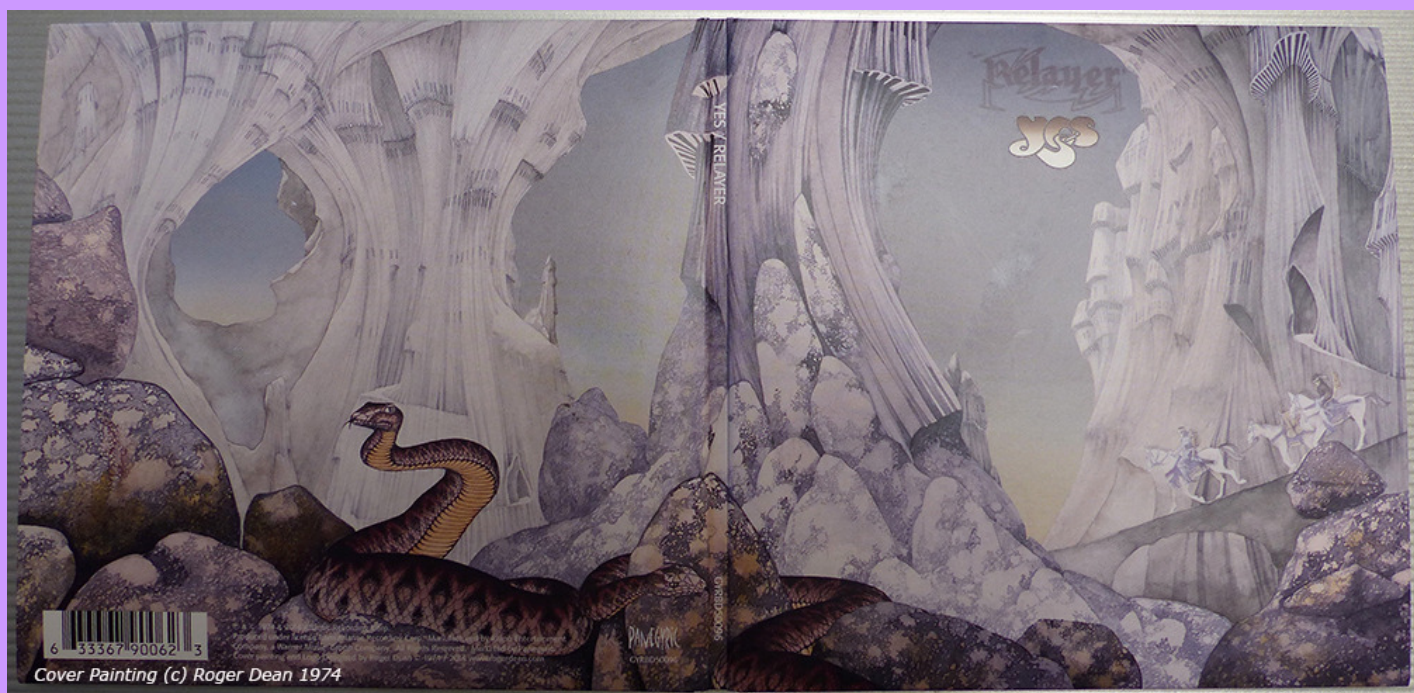
*The fist will run
Grasp metal to gun
The Spirit sings in crashing tones we gain the battle
drum
Our cries will shrill the air will moan and crash into the
dawn*

This cacophony fades into the peaceful tome "Soon," one of the most beautiful songs Yes composed and an enduring fan favorite. Just as with the story of war before it, "Soon", perfectly matches



Doug Harr with Alan White
Original Relayer Cover Art (c) Roger Dean

@ San Francisco Art Exchange 2009



music to hopeful prose emerging from the shadows of battle. Moraz lays down a backdrop of peaceful organ and Mellotron. Steve leads with atmospheric pedal-steel and acoustic guitars, and Jon delivers one of his most touching yet powerful lead vocals:

*Soon Oh soon the light
Ours to shape for all time, ours the right
The sun will lead us
Our reason to be here*

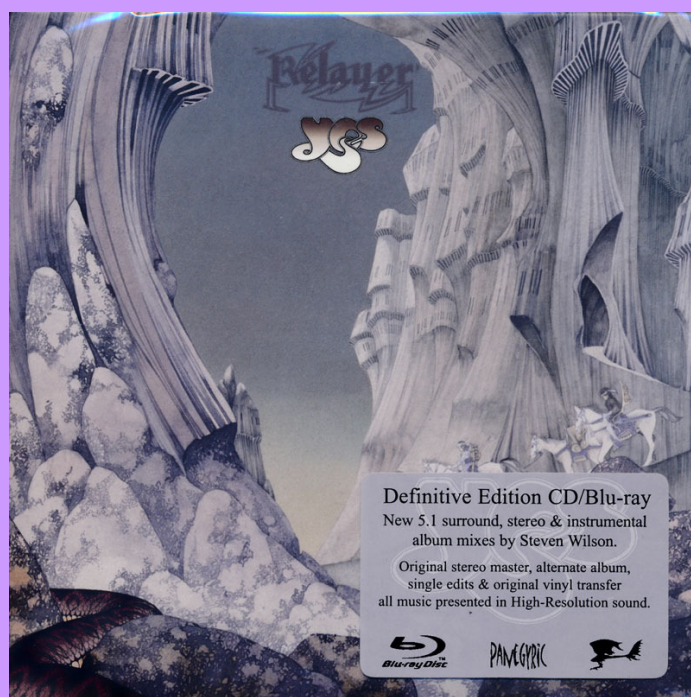
The second side of the original LP contains two tracks that are masterful works in their own right. In particular, the jazz fusion influence brought by Moraz is demonstrated in “Sound Chaser” featuring his impossibly fast leads on the Rhodes keyboard backed by similarly frenetic drum and bass runs - some of the best synergy between Squire and White on record. The cacophonous middle instrumental passes between key and meter with vocal punctuations (cha cha cha, cha cha!). This music rewards only the attentive listener. The more gentle, melodic “To Be Over” makes a perfect closer for this brilliant album.

The cover art for *Relayer* is one of Roger Dean’s most beautiful paintings. I felt fortunate to see this finely detailed work up close at a *San Francisco Art Exchange* showing in 2009, prior to seeing a Yes and Asia gig in the city. Roger once described the painting: “Relayer was really a pencil drawing – I’ve said it jokingly but it was almost painted with dirty water-its got so little color in it. It wasn’t a conscious intention to do a contrast- it was just how that should have been – just the right way to do it – to this day its definitely one of my top 3 favorites.” As rendered, it imagines an otherworldly, nearly colorless historical setting for “Gates” making the album art match the musical genius inside.

THE 2014 STEVEN WILSON REMASTER

As to the latest remastering, the CD and Blue-Ray DVD

present the best sounding versions of the albums I’ve heard to date. In an interesting turn of events, the battle sound effects from the original mix of “Gates” are not included on the remastered versions of that track as they were not found on the multitrack master tapes. Not to worry, as original album versions, including two with the needle drop are included on the DVD. In addition we get single edits of “Soon” and “Sound Chaser” along with a studio run through of each track. It’s nice to have the clean Blu-ray stereo pressing of “Sound Chaser” live from Cobo “Hall” (an arena in Detroit, Michigan) in 1976, though it was previously available on *The Word Is Live*, and would have been more valuable had it been paired with “Gates” (which appeared on *Yes Shows*) and a version of “To Be Over” from the prior year. It would in fact have been a notch better if an alternate live performance of the entire album was included, and even more interesting if any live video had



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SATURDAY — 4 P.M.

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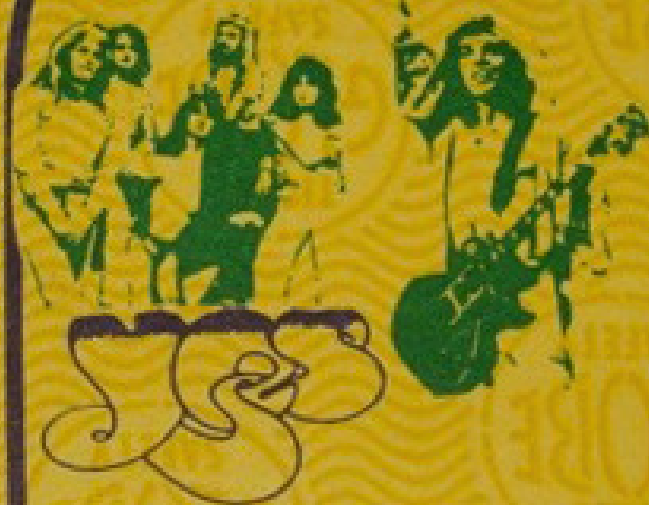
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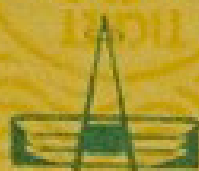
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been added. Having said that this now definitive set contains a wealth of audio to consume and appreciate.

TOURS AND LIVE RECORDINGS

As to live video, the only complete film from this period is a valuable if flawed document of the *Relayer* tour at Queen's Park, London from May 10, 1975. The picture is excellent considering the era, though because it's the early leg of the tour, and the band played during daylight, the staging effects are poorly captured. Unfortunately, the sound is poor during the first segment of the show, and never completely recovers. At some date we may see unearthed footage from later segments of this tour, which eventually ended with the most impressive staging of the band's history. For now it is the most important footage of this incarnation of Yes.

The staging by Roger and Martyn Dean represented a massive undertaking for the ensemble during the long tour. If we include the 1976 "solo albums" leg of the journey, there were almost 150 performances between November, 1974 to late August 1976. The staging went through three iterations - the *Tales* set followed by a set dubbed "Barnacles" for the second U.S. visit between June and July of 1975. A subsequent tour with the same lineup but no new Yes album to support came in May of 1976. Dubbed the "solo albums" tour, this is still referred to by most as part of the *Relayer* tour, though "To Be

Over" had been dropped from the set list to make way for a few alternate and solo tracks. Most importantly, the break left time for Martyn Dean to conceive of his most stunning staging yet, the "Crab Nebula."

The "Crab Nebula" was a three-headed creation that towered over the band, fit out with spotlights, and built to emerge and vanish during the show, because as Martyn noted "Anything that's onstage for three hours becomes boring if you can't make it vanish." Ten people worked for three months on the "Crab Nebula" structure, made with wood, aluminum, foam, plaster and varnish, resulting in a transportable, sturdy construction that kept it intact and functional through the summer tour of stadiums and coliseums, which ended in August of 1976. This was part of Martyn's work with Yes over a seven-year period, when he and his team produced increasingly sophisticated and impactful staging. Along with the cloth backdrop designed by Roger and made by Felicity Youlette - it represented scenery and craft raised to the level of artful theater.

More to come on this fantastic album, its long tour, and its place as one of the most theatrical works of the progressive era, when I finish my next book! In the meantime, collect these discs and put on your headphones....

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

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



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

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



Legendary YES Singer/Songwriter Jon Anderson and Counting Crows Matt Malley To Release Charity Single “The Family Circle”

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

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

“Not only am I a fan of Jon's voice but I'm a fan of his fearless spiritual outlook which appears in all of his music. A mutual friend said we should meet and got us in touch and after talking a little, Jon said, 'So send some music!' - so I had a cup of my best Darjeeling tea, went into my studio and came up with the instrumental arrangement that you hear on 'Family Circle'. I sent the file up to Jon and it came back with his marvelous voice, lyrics...everything that brought the song to becoming fully realized.” - Matt Malley

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

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

FAMILY CIRCLE

JON ANDERSON | MATT MALLEY



Celtic Folk, World and Indian Music.

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

To purchase Jon Anderson & Matt Malley's "Family Circle": <https://itunes.apple.com/gb/album/family-circle-single/id911786898>

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

Jon Anderson's official website: www.JonAnderson.com

Matt Malley's official website: www.malleyablemusic.com



Jon Anderson, Matt Malley and Gonzo Multimedia each chose a recipient for their share of the profits from this single.

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

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



Helping Families along the Way

Proudly Supporting People with Autism Since 1998

AUTISM AFFECTS FAMILIES

The Doug Flutie, Jr. Foundation for Autism was established in 1998 by former NFL quarterback Doug Flutie and his wife, Laurie, in honor of their son, Doug, Jr. who was diagnosed with autism at the age of three. Autism is a neurological disorder that impacts the normal development of the brain in the areas of social interaction and communication skills. Autism prevalence figures are growing and today it affects 1 in 68 children and 1 in 42 boys. It is the fastest-growing serious developmental disability in the U.S and can cost a family \$60,000 a year on average.

OUR MISSION

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

WE ARE IMPROVING LIVES

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



AND PROVIDING SUPPORT

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

Flutie Foundation Programs:

- Advocates for Autism of Massachusetts (AFAM)
- The Laurie Flutie Computer Initiative
- AccesSportAmerica (An Adaptive Summer Water Sports Program)
- The Flutie Family Safe & Secure Project
- The Allison Keller iPad Program
- Joey's Fund Family Grant Program

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

PO Box 767 • Framingham, MA • 01701

LEARN MORE | www.flutiefoundation.org

SHOCK AND AWE

Fleetwood Mac Live 7th July 2015

This is the 'Mark II' version of the band, the legendary 'coked out excess' outfit that became huge in the mid 70s and into the 80s. Arena gigs are not my favourite ways to spend an evening. My last visit to a Birmingham Arena was some years back for Neil Young and Crazy Horse which was a big personal disappointment. Huge cavernous place, standing miles away from the band, shite sound etc. Tonight was a treat for my other half, a big treat, I could have bought both versions of the band's entire back catalogue for what the tickets cost but hey. She was excited. I have actually seen them twice before, including around 1980 at Wembley. The second time was the late 90s, another treat, this time for my daughter. I do remember the second time being surprised at how Stevie Nick's voice had matured since the Rumours days, being much fuller and richer, and the definite highlight of that night.

I put on a big smile and we drove the 90 miles north, arriving at what seemed to be a modern shopping mall complex. The bar-stewards even charged £8 to park. Walking in my private mood didn't improve. Inside it was like a shopping mall too, £15 for a 10 page programme (we passed), £30-£35 for a t-shirt (passed again), ye gods. I'm not even gonna mention the 'food outlets', the worst kind of mass-produced crap, 'gourmet burgers' my arse. Heaving with people, thousands of them, all ages, from kids to ancients. At least there was a smoking area outside. Still smiling, we took our seats inside the massive arena half an hour before show time. My heart sank further as I realised it was a predominately female audience (not a problem in itself of course) and most of the ones around us seemed to be getting ready for a big sing-a-long. Atmosphere zero. The only reason we had got tickets was after looking online after their gig here was cancelled two hours before kickoff a month

previously. But her ladyship was happy, so that was good.

Just after 8pm the house lights went down.....and the place suddenly went ballistic.

The band took their positions in the gloom of the unlit stage, the (excellent) light show kicked in and we were off, The Chain from the infamous Rumours LP. WTF? These guys and girls are seriously going for it, and it's loud too man!

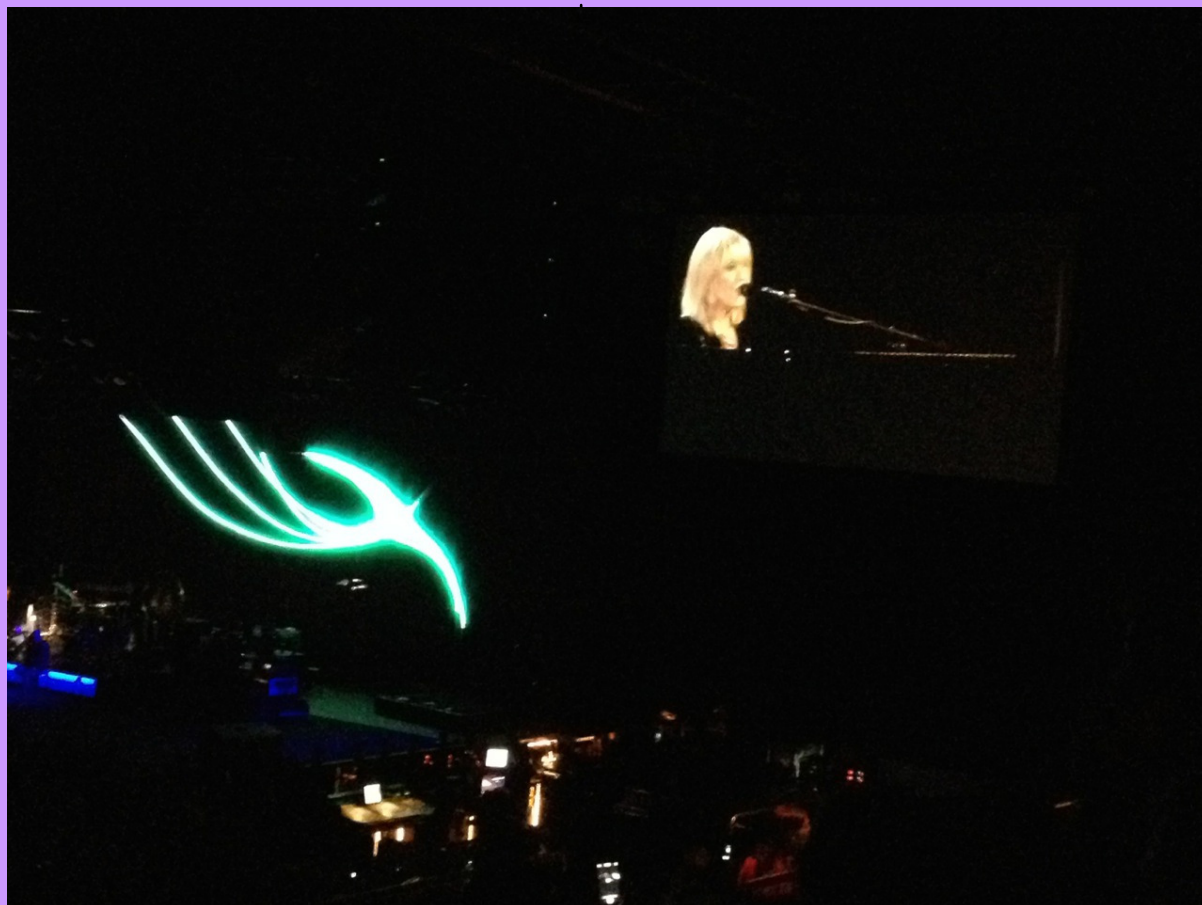
There followed two and a half hours of these legends showing many other people how it should be done, this was serious kick-ass rock and rock.

Mick Fleetwood, the backbone of the group, is a seriously loud drummer. Not just his kit but the fact he seems to use broomsticks for drum sticks most of the time, and broomsticks with wooden balls on the end of them! I love drummers generally, but Mr F has a style all of his own, superb timing and often plays quite 'economically' whereas your average skin beater is hammering them out as fast as they can. But always with that big sound and maniacal look in his eyes.

On both sides of the stage and behind the band were the obligatory big screens and so we were treated to close ups of the musicians throughout, as well as some tasteful arty projections. If you listen carefully to Dreams, you will hear him 'miss beats' on the snare in the later part of the song, it's very cool. His 'best friend' John McVie was of course on bass, a tad hard to follow a lot of the time sadly. I'm still not a great fan of 'flying' line-array PA systems, you should really feel bass too. The showman is Lindsey Buckingham, the lead guitarist. He must have one of the biggest egos on the planet but when he is centre-stage, he is hard to ignore. His electric solos do get pretty samey after a while, fast and furious, he seems to keep his thumb over the upper strings and solo on the lower ones only. In fact, as the evening wore on, as a band, I realised that they are to some degree a trio

John Brodie-Good





musically. Christine McVie is back in the fold, playing electric piano and singing, but her voice and keys somewhat masked within the sound mix too often. I guess her return is part of the reason for their musical regeneration though, her colleagues seem very happy to have her back. Then of course the rather wonderful Stevie Nicks, and that now oh so powerful voice, which thankfully was to the fore in the mix. The 'big songs' kept coming, and that powerful sound meant no chance for the singalongs! Dreams and Rhiannon being personal favourites of the first section. Lindsey Buckingham was suddenly all alone on the stage with an acoustic guitar and gave a spell-binding version of Big Love. Stevie Nicks then joined him for two more songs as a duo, mentioning one of her musical heroes, Robert Plant, who was in the audience. The full band returned for more songs including Gypsy and Gold Dust Woman. For a short period Mick Fleetwood played a 'cocktail' drum kit, rolled out to the front of the stage by the roadies. He even made that sound loud. The pace was relentless, no 'prissy AOR' tonight, this was clear, direct and confident stuff.

After two hours, they left the stage. Thousands of people 'foot-stomping' an arena makes quite a sound and soon after Mick was back, on his own to start with behind his big kit. After a drum solo/audience chant type thing, two more group songs and then they were gone again. But Brum wanted more still, and so Christine returned, and accompanied by Lindsey quietly backing her on acoustic, gave us Songbird to send us out into the night with.

At times, the group harmonies missed a bit, but as solo

singers they were all fine, with Ms Nicks excelling most of the time. Two and a half hours at this kind of level cannot be easy. Mick's final words were along the lines of 'In this increasingly crazy world, be kind to each other'. Oddly, almost the same as the last stage words from the Grateful Dead on film the night before. Tonight they play Glasgow and tomorrow Dublin. A real rock and roll band, on the road in 2015.

I've kind of tried to work out why they were so good, perhaps they told us themselves. They were 'all back together again', and they had survived the worst rock n roll excess period in terms of drugs and egos (well maybe). They have adoring audiences still throughout the world, who as Mick said, without their listeners, they couldn't do what they do. Perhaps they also felt they had to make up for last month's cancellation and one of their inspirations was also sat somewhere in the venue. Perhaps they were simply still glad to be alive and able to do it. A new album is possibly in the pipeline, perhaps in the next two years according to online sources. I suspect that might not be so good, they may simply be too happy to make another good one.

I was involved back in the early 80s with arranging two of their European tours, whilst working for a travel company in east London. I was going to tell a couple of 'excess' stories but weirdly after last night, they simply are not relevant. It appears you can really rock an arena if you try hard enough.

Setlist

<http://www.setlist.fm/setlist/fleetwood-mac/2015/genting-arena-birmingham-england-43f69fd7.html>





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

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

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

**TUES 12TH TBA
ITALY**

**WED 13TH MAY SIDRO, CESENA, SAVIGNANO
SULRUBICONE,
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**FRI 15TH MAY, INNERHIM, WÜRZBURG,
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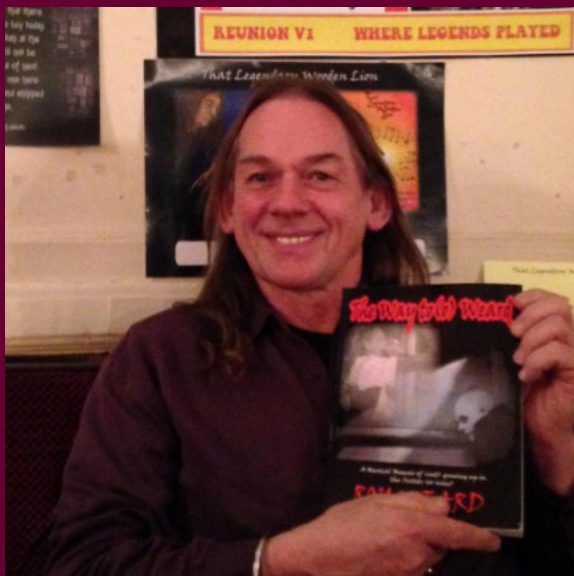


WORDS FROM THE WEARD

After a life spent in and around music Roy Weard has finally written it all down. From his beginnings in the folk clubs of the early sixties, to playing the free festivals of the seventies with his own band '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



When we arrived at the airport in Romania we were all escorted onto a bus to take us to the hotel. I had not really been involved in too many tours where the transport that picks you up at the airport is of the luxury standard, overflowing with free drinks, hospitality and scantily clad dancing girls – and this one was no exception. In fact it leaned heavily towards the Spartan in its lack of any form of luxury and comfort. This kind of set the tone for the rest of the week.

We rattled through potholed roads on a suspension that seemed to be made of concrete, on seats with the bare minimum of padding or covering, but that did not dampen the mood of the people travelling on the vehicle. There were three UK acts participating in this venture. Jesus Jones, Crazyhead and Skin Games. Only the first had any real previous experience of touring away from the UK.

We arrived at the hotel, which was one of those big old fashioned affairs, and, after what seemed like an age, got checked in. There were quite a few of us. A five man sound crew, five man lighting crew, three bands, technicians, a production manager and a tour manager – not to mention the BBC crew and reporters.

The shows themselves were little better. It turned out that, not only were the bands doing this for free but the 'crews' they had brought along with them were also friends rather than pro road crews and, while they all got along and were trying hard, they lacked the experience and technical ability to deal with getting a band on and off a big stage in a tight schedule. The only other person, apart from the sound and lighting crew, who was being paid was 'DJ' who was employed by Jesus Jones to program and run the sequencers used during their show.

The first show, in Timisoara, was delayed by bits of equipment not working and not properly plugged in. I was in charge of the PA and mixing the sound for Skin Games who were a pretty good act. Crazyhead and Jesus Jones had brought engineers so I had time to get back onto the stage

to help sort out some of the chaos, but some of the guys they had brought along as crew had no idea what plugged into what.

Not only that, but these were big gigs, huge auditoriums which were packed with people. People fresh from a revolution and banned from listening to rock music in previous years. The journey from the front desk to the stage was not a short one. I have to confess that I was, at this stage, a bit stretched out emotionally.

The whole business with the family had left me rather stressed, and I was doing far too much cocaine. All in all I was running a bit wild, and although I could cope on a normal tour, being plunged into this mess was a bit much. Mick was also a bit over the top so we played off each other and the result was the attitude clock got ratcheted up a few notches.

On the first day we discovered there was not enough power to run the lighting rig so their technician climbed out of the window at the rear of the building and broke into a power box by the side of the railway line that ran past the rear of the hall.

During that gig the singer from Crazyhead completely trashed the mike stand. I went back to complain and to point out we were not exactly in a place where we could get more stands if he kept breaking them, but I wound up putting it far more forcefully than I intended and we had a stand up shouting match. As the four-show tour wore on it all got worse.

The food was awful and usually cold. The transport uncomfortable or nonexistent – at one show we were left standing at the gig after the truck was loaded and there was no transport to take us back to the hotel. Luckily there was an empty truck and we all piled into that in order to get back.

The second day we were in Bucharest, capital city of Romania. We did two nights there in a huge stadium and, while I was setting up, a girl came up to me and asked a few questions about the sound system. She was amazed by how it was wired up and how large it was. She was one of the stadium's sound engineers and I had already seen how primitive the equipment was there. I gave her a guided tour of the whole system and then she took me up into the little booth at the back of the hall where their desk was.

For this huge hall they had a 12 channel mixing board and a set of graphic equalisers all marked

in Cyrillic writing. There were a couple of her male colleagues there and they asked if I wanted a glass of wine. I said yes and was presented with a glass of syrupy yellowish liquid that had a severe kick to it. Wine it certainly was not.

Her name was Mariana Vinau and she had a young daughter. Over the next few years we wrote to each other a bit and I sent her Christmas parcels of soaps and other stuff you could not get in Romania. After a while, though, we lost contact. While I was writing this book she got back in touch via FaceBook!

Amazing how the internet joins things up more and more. We got back the hotel early that night because all the gear stayed up so we went across the road to a nightclub.

This building was surrounded by people in uniform. Police or army, it was hard to tell. They were allowing in the well dressed patrons and keeping out the obvious lower echelons. We shouldered our way through the line with a single word, 'English!'

The whole thing had the air of a 1950s style club. There was a cocktail singer and a magician and it all looked like we had stepped back in time. We did get thrown out a while later though when the food arrived and a couple of the guys, who were a little more drunk than Mick and I, started throwing some of it around.

The second show in Bucharest turned into a big party with all of the bands on stage singing Neil Young's 'Keep on Rockin' in the Free World'. It was all filmed for the reportage programme and shown on BBC TV. There were many emotive speeches and one of the guys from one of the bands said, over the microphone:

'This has been the best week of my life.'

If you listen carefully to the BBC recording you can just hear Mick Tyas yell from the monitor desk, 'You must have had a life like dog shit!'



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c.j.stone

Tales of Ordinary Magic 2: "The waiting room for the next world."

The life of trees

I used to see her looking up at the tree outside my front window. She would pause beneath it most days and look into the leaves, lifting her face towards them as if basking in some invisible radiance. She couldn't see very much, of course, being mostly blind, but she could see movement and tell dark from light and I imagine she would sense the shimmer of the sunlight from the surface of the leaves through the interplay of shadows beneath the branches.

Sometimes she would catch a leaf between her fingers. It was as if she was communicating with the

tree, talking to it, absorbing its presence in all its seasonal moods.

There are a number of trees in the communal gardens at Somerset Meadows. She would talk to them all in the same way, pausing beneath each one as she went on her way.

She was my next door neighbour. I live at number 23, she lived at number 24. Until about a month ago, that is, when she died. I don't know how old she was. In her 80s I'd guess.

The last time I saw her she was in a wheel chair, with a pale blue blanket wrapped tightly around her, being lifted into the back of an ambulance, with an



oxygen mask pinching her face, looking very pale, very fragile.

I was sitting at my computer in my living room. I put on my shoes to go out, but by the time I got out there the ambulance doors were already slammed shut. Another neighbour was standing outside, arms folded, wrapped up against the cold, waiting with an air of patient expectation.

"What happened to Daphne?" I said, joining her.

"She had a funny turn last night," she said. "She collapsed. They think it might be a stroke."

"Did she ring you?"

"Oo yes," she said. "We always ring each other if we're in trouble."

"Let me know how she is," I said.

The other neighbour is called May. She lives at number 22. Daphne and May would sit on the bench outside my back windows in the summer, watching as the shadows lengthened into evening, drinking tea and putting the world to rights. I never knew quite what they talked about out there on those benches outside my window, except that is always seemed to involve a lot of laughing.

One interesting aspect of living in a flat in a communal garden is that you can't help but notice what's going on. Hence my close observation of Daphne when she was communicating with the tree. I wasn't being nosey. I was just looking out of my window.

Hard not to notice, too, when she was being hauled out by the ambulance men, trussed up like a turkey on a Christmas morning, with an oxygen mask slapped unceremoniously on her face.

I see a lot of ambulances in Somerset Meadows. I see a lot of people being bounced up and down in wheelchairs with oxygen masks on their faces.

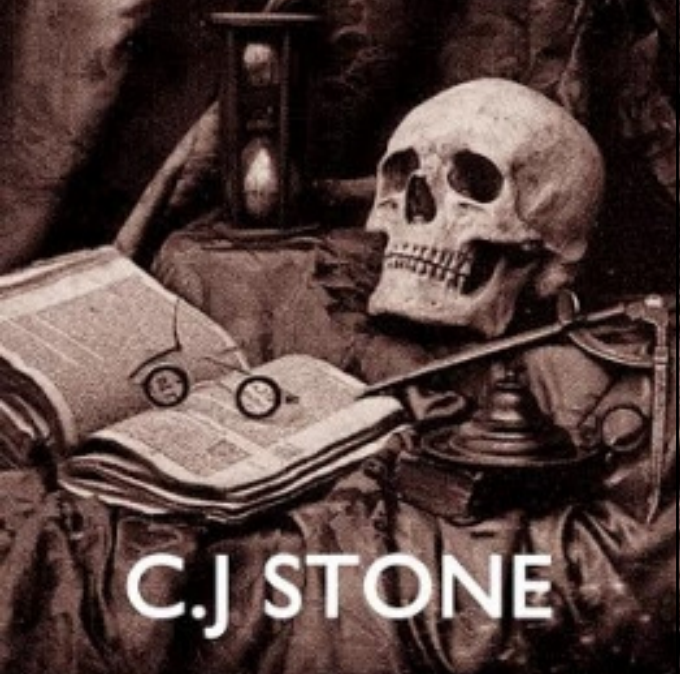
It's like the waiting room for the next world around here.

I'm considered a wild young raver being all of 55 years old.

Read on

THE EMPIRE OF THINGS

SELECTED WRITINGS 2003 - 2013



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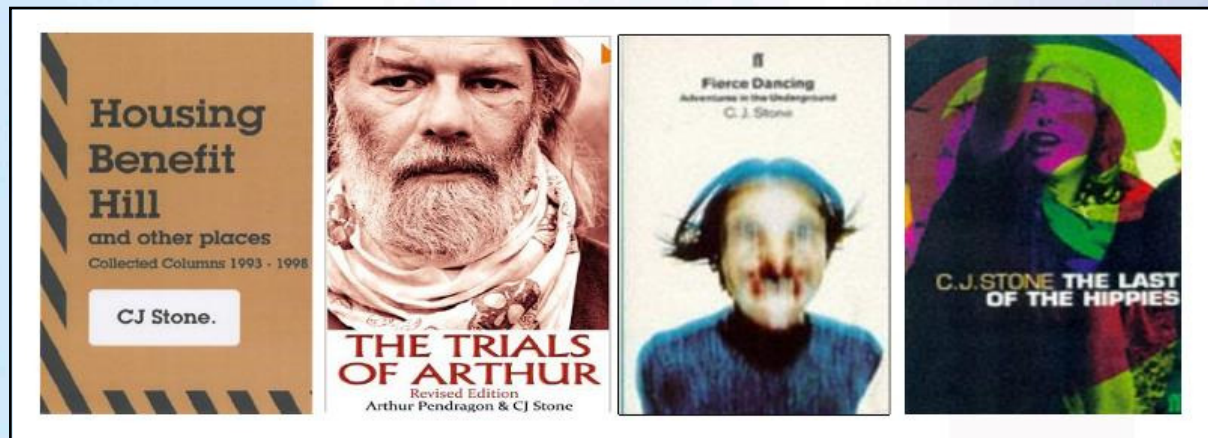
Times Literary Supplement

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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:

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The Masters of the Universe do seem to have a steady stream of interesting stories featuring them, their various friends and relations, and alumni. Each week Graham Inglis keeps us up to date with the latest news from the Hawkverse..

Hawkwind help save their local town hall



A few years ago, Seaton Town Hall was about to be shut down. Even an image makeover and a name rebranding to "The Gateway" hadn't helped. Then, Hawkwind came to the rescue, and decided to hold an event called Hawkeaster. It was hoped the 2013 high-profile event would boost the hall's income.

Dave Brock said (in a BBC News 2013 interview) "The ladies who run it, they were in dire straits, you know. It was going to be closed down. And because we live locally, we decided to work with them, and we managed to save it."

Now, Hawkwind have passed on a message from the Town Hall folks that says:

"Just wanted to share this with Hawkfamily, we went in front of the cabinet at EDDC (East Devon District Council) tonight, a massive part of our success has been Hawkeaster and it was mentioned how Seaton and surrounding area has benefited with countrywide and international visitors arriving to see Hawkwind and finally after 5 years EDDC unanimously voted to return Seaton Town Hall (The Gateway) back to Seaton ownership.... at zero cost and with a 2 year support phased plan. Our dream came true tonight folks and this is the very 1st true asset that Seaton now owns....it took 5 years but hey we got therecan't begin to tell you how we feel tonight.."



Hawkeaster was kind of a cross between the earlier outdoor Hawkfest, and a couple of Leamington Spa "all-dayers" and the 2013 event included Hawkwind performing the whole of "Warrior on the Edge of Time" album; TOSH; and extras such as Questions Time and some fund-raising auctions compered by Matthew Wright.



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



YEs GONZO ISLAND DISCS

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

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



Stu Nicholson is the coolest accountant we know, and he is also the lead singer of *Galahad*. We know exactly what to do with young upstarts like him. We send them to a desert island that's what!!!

Stu's Top Ten

1. Queen - Sheer Heart Attack
2. Genesis - Selling England
3. Pink Floyd-The Wall
4. Rammstein – Mutter
5. Yes- Going for the One
6. Peter Gabriel - first album
7. Muse-Origin of Symmetry
8. Led Zeppelin – IV
9. Rush-Power Windows
10. King Crimson-In the Court of the Crimson King

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.

Perhaps not particularly surprisingly considering the recent tragic news about Chris Squire there are lots of news stories about the band on the Internet at the moment.

However, as last week, I only cherry picked two of the tributes to Squire that seemed especially poignant, including one heartfelt appeal to those folk in charge of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

There are also interesting articles about Trevor Rabin and Rick Wakeman and no less than three vintage interviews with Jon Anderson which fell into my inbox this week.

- The Sad Passing of Chris Squire Reminds Us That Yes Belongs in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame
- Remembering Chris Squire: The legacy of a rock'n'roll icon
- Trevor Rabin's Rousing Scores a Testament to Life After Yes
- The Secret Picture with Elton John and Rick Wakeman
- Jon Anderson Interview
- Jon Anderson Olias of Sunhallow Post-Video Interview
- Jon Anderson InterView Montreal 1994 part1

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!





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!!!"

@94,HE CANNOT GARDEN ANY MORE

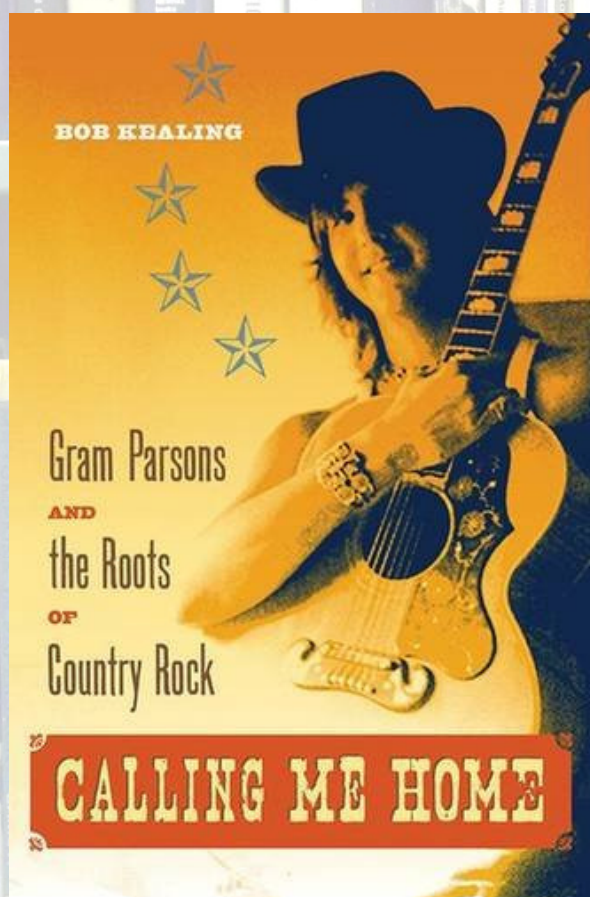
(He loved to garden,cook and shop-
he has outlived a lot of others
whose bones call to him within his own
(He wants to stay in his own home-
his children want him in a rest home
while he is still alive(pre-hospice-
for "FAILURE TO THRIVE" is not a life sentence
More a countdown of faculties lost

and facilities needed to regain what he needs to get by
He forgets sometimes.To turn the gas off.To pay bills
He is almost blind,but stiff with pride.He has lived / so long/on his own
The world outside is only news items to him(passing.
He would like to do more shopping
but the freezer is stacked with items
past his USE BY date.

...

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: 304 pages
Publisher: University Press of Florida (30 April 2015)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 081306127X
ISBN-13: 978-0813061276

As regular readers of my inky fingered scribbles here and elsewhere will know, I have been an avid reader of rock and roll biographies for over forty years, and that most weeks I review one in these hallowed pages. This week is no exception.

I have been a fan of Gram Parsons for well over a decade, ever since discovering in about 2001 that I liked country music a heck of a lot more than I had always said that I did (if that makes any sense). I have listened to as much of his officially released oeuvre (and, for that matter, his unreleased) as I have been able to get hold of and I think that he rivals Scott Walker, Tom Waits and Elvis Presley for the title of my favourite male vocalist.

But until I read this book I had not realised what an insufferable prick he was.

This isn't the first book about Parsons that I have read. My lovely wife gave me a copy of *Twenty Thousand Roads: The Ballad of Gram Parsons and His Cosmic American Music* by David N. Meyer, and whilst it didn't pull any punches, it still managed to sanctify the boy with the voice of an angel. This book tells much the same story, but loses the glitz and gloss that Meyer, and I suspect other biographers had sprayed all over Parsons' rather unpleasant and tawdry life story. And what's more it does so without going into





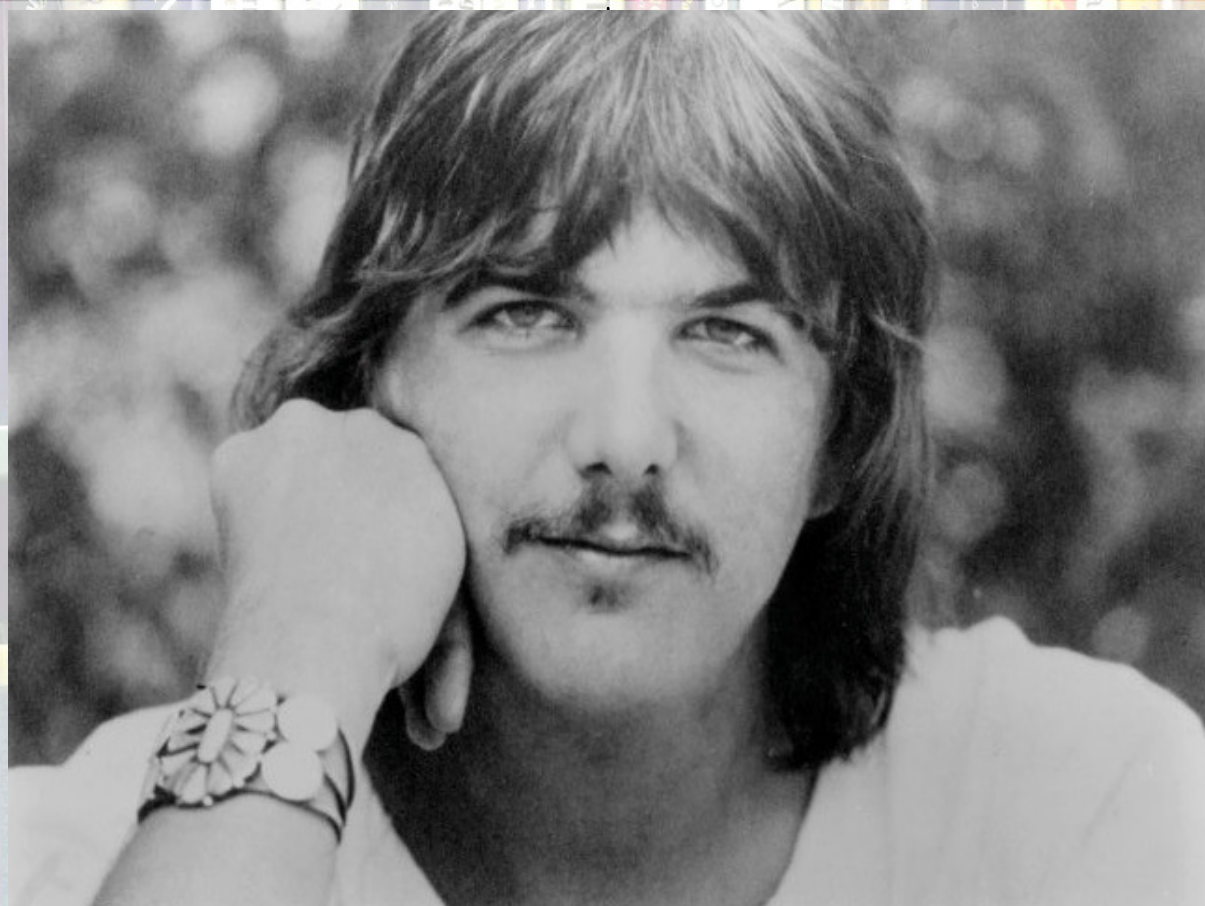
<https://www.etsy.com/shop/BohoTent>

any ghoulish details about Parsons' sordid death, and doesn't even repeat the story of his junkie childhood friend Margaret Fisher trying to revive the dying Parsons by inserting ice cubes into his rectum.

No. In the most unsensational way possible, Bob Kealing tells the story of a spoiled rich boy who manipulated his way through life, making and breaking friendships as it suited him and pissing over even his most loyal friends with gay abandon, and getting away with it purely because of his not inconsiderable charm. In fact, reading between the lines of this well researched little book, it could well be argued that the only true

friendships that he ever had were with Phil Kauffman and Emmylou Harris. And that the ultimate tragedy of the Parsons story is that he and Harris were falling in love with each other at the time of his death, and that had he survived that fateful trip to the *Joshua Tree Inn* then they would not only have got together, but as a result he might actually have achieved the sort of redemption that only occurs in the lyrics of the best country and western songs.

Another important point about this book, and something which I think makes it a far better book than *Twenty Thousand Roads*, is the almost sociological analysis he gives of the youth centre scene in the



Florida of the late 1950s and early 1960s. Sometime last year I reviewed a fascinating DVD about Duane Allman and the early days of the *Allman Brothers Band* which was kindly sent to me by Rob Johnston from Chrome Dream, and between that DVD and this book a fascinating picture emerges of a rural social network which has very little comparisons in British history - the nearest possibly being the Merseybeat scene in Liverpool, although this was, of course, entirely rural. The most important revelation is perhaps the role that these networks played in breaking down racial barriers in the beleaguered south. the author really needs to be congratulated for such a thorough piece of research.

This is not to say the book is perfect. It could have done with a little more editing. For example it claims that Dr Sam Hutt is the stage name of some dude called Hank Wangford, and there is a paragraph about the musical scene in the early 1970s with "Beatles splinters" or something of the sort which actually makes no sense whatsoever. But I am nitpicking. These errors are as nothing to some of the boo boos I have made

during my professional career.

Also, strangely this book has had the opposite effect on me to many rock biographies. On many occasions in these pages I have written that so and so's biography of someone has made me listen to albums that I would not otherwise have heard, and in the case of this book that simply isn't so. I had listened to everything I could by Gram Parsons well before I read this book, and as a result of reading *Twenty Thousand Roads* I had even devoured the music of people like *The Louvin Brothers* whom I would not have encountered without reading it.

But as a result of this book my playlist has hardly changed at all. (There is one exception, an album that I actually didn't know existed before, but I digress). The fact that I have read a whole series of anecdotes about Parsons which make uncomfortable, if not unpleasant, reading makes no difference at all to the fact that this nasty little man had the voice of an angel and made some of the greatest music that I have ever heard.

XTUL XXIX

IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

So I think you can all probably guess what happened next.

Loxodonta, with the mute little girl, she-who-would-become-Panne by his side, started to stockpile his supplies of Nitrogen tri-iodide in earnest, and packed them into the panniers that had been added to his wheelchair by the jolly kind people at a local charity for the disabled. He also packed the highly volatile paste into the frame of his chair, and added a cunningly fashioned detonator that he made out of a spring loaded toy pistol to the arm rest.

Day after day and night after night he worked, producing the deadly paste and packing it in while it was still wet, and therefore safe. And each night when he was too exhausted to work any further he would fall asleep, fully dressed, on his grubby mattress with the faithful little girl curled up like a

puppy at his feet.

When the day of his destiny finally dawned it was oddly anticlimactic. It was close, humid and claustrophobic as he roused himself from what he promised would have been his final night's sleep upon this earth (and as he didn't believe in a life after death, his final night's sleep anywhere, if you want to nit pick). He was in particularly bad pain that morning, and he had nothing to do than propel himself the half mile or so into town where he could join the excited crowds waiting to see the Prime Minister pass judgement on a homogenous selection of over made up teenaged girls gyrating anorexically in their skivvies while chirping songs with titles like *Ooh my Boyfriend sexes me up* and *Ooh sexy boyfriend* not to mention *Sexy Boyfriend oooh yeah* and..... well, you get the picture. So he decided to forgo breakfast, and poured himself a



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

pint glass of the sort of cheap liquor that-one can buy at supermarkets, which - for legal reasons - cannot be called 'brandy' and has to be known as '36 percent proof Brandy Flavoured Spirit', with a chaser of Oramorph.

He lit a cigarette and slowly wheeled himself to the shed which contained the surprisingly expensive chemical toilet that he had bought from the camping shop. Hoisting himself onto the chemical loo was an uncomfortable, slightly precarious and oddly degrading task, and he felt a mild buzz of pleasure that this would be the last time he would ever have to attempt it. When he had finished, he locked the shed door upon leaving. He had agonised long and hard over whether he should leave his private lavatory for the use of his ramshackle little tribe after his spectacular exit from reality, but he came to the conclusion that - unfortunately - there was no way that they would manage to change the chemicals or keep the place in an even vaguely sanitary condition, so he decided not to even risk letting them use it.

When he returned to his lock up, he reached for a long cardboard box in the corner, and opened it. As I had already found out, he had become massively obsessed with the mythos surrounding 'The Elephant Man', and was particularly intrigued by the references to him in Alan Moore's retelling of the Jack the Ripper legend. So, he had decided that whilst making his final statement, his big 'Fuck You' to the society that he hated so badly, that he would have to do so in character, and carefully he donned the wrinkled grey tunic and the huge rubber head complete with trunk and tusks.

All too soon it was time to go. He knew that the police would find it easy to trace him, so he left three carefully addressed envelopes on his unmade bed. One was a legal document passing over his lease to the members of his little tribe that he would leave behind. He had vested these rights in Michael, the fellow with Downs Syndrome that I had recognised from my days as a nurse in a time stream either so far away or so close on a quantum level as to make any attempts to measure the distance meaningless.

The second envelope contained a copy of his one page manifesto, with a concisely written letter explaining what he had done, what he was intending to do, and why he was doing it. And the third envelope contained a rhyming couplet that had amused him, and that he hoped would tickle the fancy of the more discerning tabloid editors, and maybe even make the front pages:

"What happens when a bomb's detonated in close containment,
By a cripple in an elephant suit, that's what I call entertainment!"

And, of course, he had already mailed copies of all three documents to the news editors of every national, important provincial, and North Devon newspaper, sending them second class, so they would arrive the day after he, and the Prime Minister, had left the *Queen's Theatre* in a miasma of iodine, ammonia, flesh and bone. He felt like Archbishop Latimer, lighting one small candle to illuminate a world in which he felt that all the lights had gone out.

Then it was time.

He hadn't told any of his little tribe what he had intended to do, and he had no intention of saying messy goodbyes. It was time for the self-proclaimed modern day elephant man, to take his chariot of destruction and leave without a word. So that's exactly what he did.

As he left the derelict builder's yard, and started upon his own personal *Via Dolorosa* there was a clap of thunder, and the summer storm which had been threatening to erupt for hours if not days finally let loose its entire fury upon the world of men. It seemed oddly appropriate, and Loxodonta had a broad grin on his face as he took a hefty swig from the hip flask of alcohol and Oramorph, and started his last journey with the rain pouring down his face.

The summer storm raged overhead, and the lightning split the sky in great electric forks of fury. Loxodonta wheeled himself away from the builder's yard where, he now realised, he had actually been happier than at any other period during his tormented but oddly banal life. The rain poured down with an intensity seldom found outside the tropics, and was soon overflowing the blocked and badly maintained gutters, and soon began to go over the pavements themselves, and by the time that he was trying to negotiate Boutpourt Street, it felt like he was trying to paddle upstream in a canoe.

There is something strange about the British mindset. We pride ourselves on the 'Spirit of the Blitz' but as soon as there is more than a couple of inches of snow or rain, we begin to panic and the powers that be treat it as an emergency.

"Hey you in the wheel chair!" screamed the voice of flustered authority. It was a thuggish looking policeman brandishing a baton as if it was an Uzi.

"You are blocking the flow of traffic and causing chaos..."

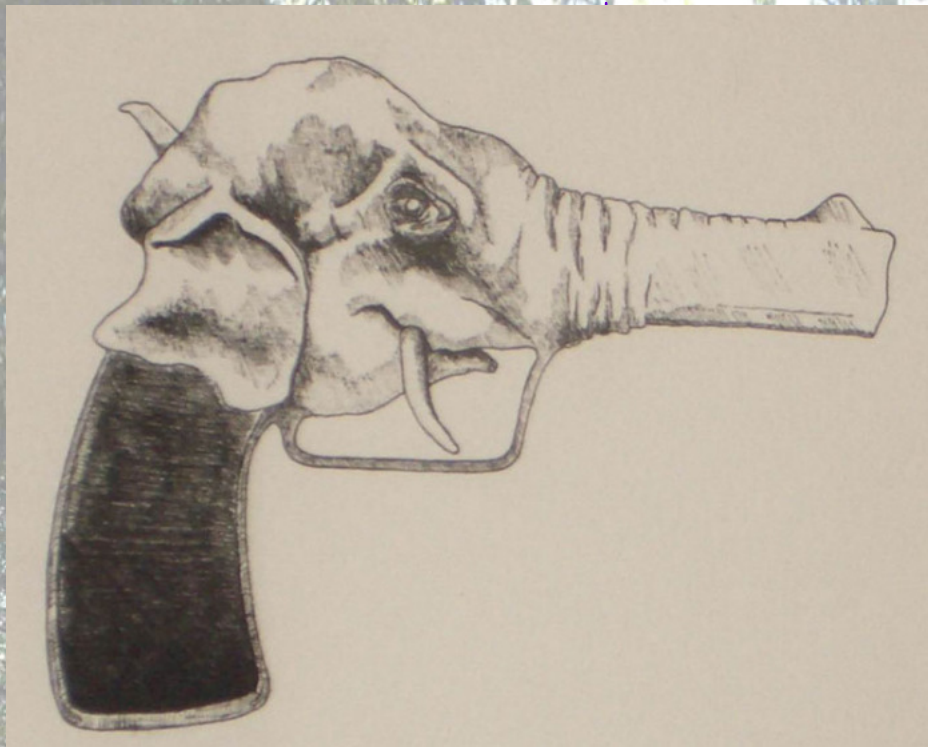
He didn't seem to have noticed that Loxodonta was dressed as an elephant. The cripple in the wheelchair just ignored him and went on his slow and tortuous final journey. He didn't regret not having said goodbye to his adopted family, but he did wish that he could have said goodbye to the little mute girl that he was so fond of.

And then, almost before he realised it he was there at the theatre, and much to his horror his journey through the storm must have taken him longer than he had expected, because there was already an expensively dressed compère with an epileptic grin on stage, and the Prime Minister and his retinue of greening, fawning, expensively educated simpletons

we already sat in the orchestra pit, ready to make or break (at least for fifteen minutes). Being in a chair he was confined to the lower level, but this suited Loxodonta fine. He could get to within feet of the Prime Minister and the other judges, and remain a relatively safe distance from the rest of the audience, and although he was resigned to the fact that there was likely to be collateral damage, they would mostly be chinless old Etonians so they wouldn't really be missed.

He was the only person in the disabled section, which is exactly what he had thought would happen. By this point in time the disabled, the sick and the infirm had become so marginalised from society, and had been so demonised as 'workshy scroungers' by the fatuous twat that he had come to see and his colleagues that they all stayed at home, afraid to





come out into the daylight where they would merely be an embarrassment to good honest consumers and taxpayers. The security at the theatre hadn't batted an eyelid when Loxodonta, still dripping wet, wheeled himself through the Disabled Entrance. They had taken one look at his grotesque costume and decided that he had to be some sort of comedy act, and just let him in without even the most cursory of searches.

This had almost certainly saved their lives, because Loxodonta was so determined to make his political point that he had vowed that if detained by security men, he would have detonated his chair bomb there and then, rather than return crest fallen to his lockup.

He wheeled himself as close as he could to the crash barrier which separated him from the judges.

"Mr Prime Minister", he called, reaching into his pocket for the small but deadly Beretta. His target, the man that had become - in Loxodonta's eyes at least - a figurehead for the social changes that he despised so much, turned and found himself facing the barrel of the gun which would kill him.

The moment that Loxodonta had been working for all these weeks had finally arrived. He spoke coldly, calmly and with psychotic menace:

"You really are a nasty little shit, Mr Prime Minister" he said, and squeezed the trigger. Knowing that he only had seconds before he was

overpowered by the PM's bodyguards, who had proved singularly unhelpful so far, and were presently clustered around the fallen body of their client, who was making feeble gasping and gurgling sounds, he reached to the makeshift detonation switch that he had attached to the arm rest of the wheelchair. But then something jogged his elbow, and he looked around. It was the silent girl from the lockup; the one that he had always thought was a deaf

mute, the one whom he had become so fond of.

He gasped in horror. He had intended to kill the Prime Minister, and it looked as if he had achieved his aim. He intended to kill himself and make his death one which would reverberate around the whole world. And he didn't give a damn if he took some of the fawning morons who surrounded both the PM and the other judges of this fatuous and ridiculously expensive farce. But the last person that he had ever intended to hurt was this strange little girl who had cuddled up to him during his long dark nights of the soul, and whose name he still didn't know.

It is true, he thought. Each man does kill the thing he loves.

But he couldn't bring himself to do it. Even though it would totally negate all his plans, he could not kill this innocent child who personified everything that he felt was being destroyed by the system he hated so much.

He hesitated, and slowly brought his hand back from the switch. He was about to put his hands up in the universally recognised gesture of surrender when the girl opened her mouth and, for the first time since he had known her, spoke.

"My name's Panne", she said, and grabbed his hand and forced it down onto the detonator switch.



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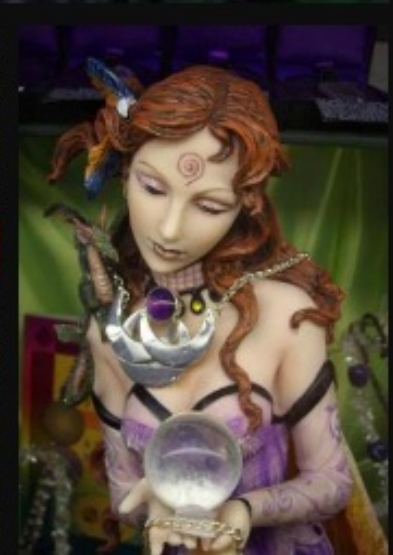
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ROCK and ROLL

a cabinet of curiosities

In Victorian times every well-bred Gentleman had a 'Cabinet of Curiosities'; a collection of peculiar odds and sods, usually housed in a finely made cabinet with a glass door. These could include anything from Natural History specimens to historical artefacts.

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

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

That was the week that was, and not a particularly satisfying one at that, but hey you win some, you lose some.

I am going to take this opportunity to remind all you cabinet chasers that I add the details of auctions to this column as I find them ie I do not correct the grammar or spelling mistakes. I thought I would point that out as I wouldn't want any of you to think I was being lackadaisical in my task. Nope - just bloody-minded.

So on with the show, and our first contender this week is something that I have often seen on my wanderings down the listings and decided that this was the week that I would add it here.

Nicolo PAGANINI (Violin): Hat made from mother's wedding gown - US \$18,000.00

“Paganini, Nicolò. (1782-1840).

Paganini's Hat, made from the fabric of his mother's wedding gown

Finely constructed cap of blue silk with embroidered decoration in cotton, formerly owned and worn by the Italian violinist, violist, guitarist, and composer,

the most celebrated violin virtuoso of his time and one the most colorful musical figures of the Romantic era. Italian, ca. 1820, with a descriptive card inscribed "Berretto fatto colla stoffa della veste da nozze di Teresa Bocciardo Paganini, madre di Nicolò" ["Cap made of the material of the wedding gown of Teresa Bocciardo Paganini, mother of Nicolò"] and contained in an antique bell jar on a gilded wood base with brass plaque reading "Nicolò Paganini 1764-1840." Measuring 17 cm in diameter and 22.5 high, the container measuring 27 cm high. The wood base of the stand somewhat chipped, otherwise in fine condition."



I think this is absolutely divine and I am, therefore, going to place it in the cabinet in the 'absolutely divine' section. This section, as it happens, is quite bare of absolutely divine items so - for now, and probably for quite a long time - it will have pride of place and put to shame all its cabinet co-habitants in the more tawdry, abominable, downright shameful, and excruciatingly cringe worthy corners.

elvis presley gates - US \$12,000.00

"These custom mfg. gates are built to the exact specifications of the gates in memphis. They have been hot dip galvanize and then powder coated, they are on display at our store in delphi In."

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Between Norwich and Philadelphia.
Sail on WEDNESDAY of each week.
The Line is composed of the following Packets:
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" " Mary H. Chappell, 1 : 1 : Capt. Griffin.

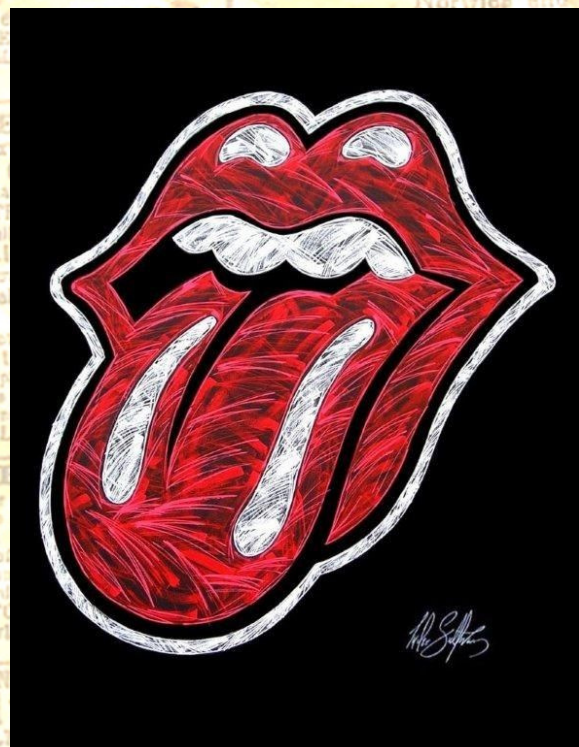
These subscribers, by appointment from the Union of Patents, agents of the U. S. Patent Office, for the copying and forwarding to the author, inventor, or manufacturer to be patented, or deposited therein, which will be sent free of expense and with and with dispatch. He prepare. Create, Specifications, Assignments, and all the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make returns into American and foreign works, to test validity patents, and other matters of law and equity, and will also



I think these are going to be too large to go in the cabinet, so I may have to take a metal cutter to them to be honest, but I WILL fit them in, don't you fret.

MIKE SULLIVAN ORIGINAL PAINTING OF THE ROLLING STONES LOGO - US \$4,495.00

"This is an original Acrylic Painting by Mike Sullivan. It features the Rolling Stones logo from one of the greatest bands of all time.... Other pieces of Mike Sullivan's have sold for more than \$5,500. This painting measures 38" high x 40" wide. This original piece is stretched and will come in a black frame. It is an amazing piece. *** THIS IS AN ORIGINAL PAINTING NOT A PRINT AND IS SIGNED BY THE ARTIST ***"



THE BITCH IS BACK

It may well be. And it may well be a *bona fide* collector's item, but it ain't going to sit anywhere next to that bell jar with the absolutely divine hat I can tell you. Nope, not even in its shadow.

**Rare Wilson Elvis Edition S1067 Tennis Shoes
Size 11, NEW W/ Exclusive Insoles - US \$899.99**

“RARE, RARE, & IMPOSSIBLE to find.

These U.S. Size 11 Wilson Tennis shoes feature an insole paying homage to the King of Rock n Roll himself Elvis Presley!!!! True details on this shoe like a wraparound sole, mesh vents, and an adjustable collar make this a fantastic shoe.

I'm unsure if this was a promotional pair, or an exclusive release for friends and family. Either way



don't miss out on this piece of history.

Shoes are brand new never tried on. They were only taken out of the box for pictures.”

“...an insole paying homage to the King ...”
Hmmm well I'll be slapped with a kipper and called a wet fish. Whatever next?! It does, however, remind of an event that took place many moons ago when I was walking down Stamford High Street only to find my walking impeded by someone treading on the heel area of my sandal. I turned around to berate whoever had had the audacity to do such a thing, and noticed a rather embarrassed priest looking at me. His quick-witted apology has stayed with me ever since: “Forgive me. My job is to save souls not destroy them”.

**One Direction Twister Official Music
Merchandise Kids Fan Party Game Gift - US
\$48.09**

“One Direction twister party game

Official club merchandise

The original, classic party game with a one
direction twist

Colour: White/Red”



SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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

wyrd
music

MIKE DAVIS

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?



Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

I think I may have put one of these in the cabinet before, but as I am sure the original would have turned to dust by now, I am putting another one in there. Why? Because I thought it would make rather a nice plinth for the bell jar that's why. But I will, of course, place a carefully measured square of purple velvet over the box so as to hide the blasted thing. But it will elevate the absolutely divine piece of millinery perfectly. Ha! Take that! Bugger, wrong band.

NEW-Beach Boys Racing Champions Diecast Toy Car Hot Rockin Steel COLLECTIBLE - \$19.99



"BRAND NEW SEALED IN PACKAGE Adult Collectible RACING CHAMPIONS SIGNATURE SUPERSTARS LIMITED EDITION THE BEACH BOYS SURFER GIRL HOT ROCKIN' CAR ISSUE #34 Limited Edition 1 of 9,999"

I presume by 'adult collectible' they mean that it is not a toy. But it is a very odd way of putting it, don't you think?

Mod British Invasion 1960s bobbing head nodder bank guitar player beatles Japan - US \$60.00



"unused near mint+, colorful, great looking, 1960s Japan, musician has look of the English Invasion bands-- the Beatles, Herman's Hermits, The

Animals, Dave Clark Five, Freddie & Dreamers, etc. this character was also produced in a less desirable accordion player version”

‘A delightful smile provoking animated figure.’ Gosh. But I want to see the ‘less desirable accordion player version’!

Vintage Davey Jones "the Monkees" 5" 1970 Finger Puppet No Boots - US \$25.00

“It is a Vintage 1970 Remco Davey Jones "the monkee" 5" Finger puppet. Shows some light wear missing boots.”



And no that is not his bottom...well technically, I suppose it is actually. Or er missus.

Original 1964 Remco THE BEATLES MASCOT 29" Doll with GUITAR ~ VERY HARD TO FIND - \$ US 224.99

“Original 1964 Remco THE BEATLES MASCOT 29" Doll with GUITAR ~ VERY HARD TO FIND!!!”



This is more than a little freaky to look at. What is it doing actually – the twist and shout?



The Beatles Rooftop Concert Let It Be naked Figures Dolls Statue Revell – US \$180.00



“This a complete set of 4 Beatles figures that are cast in solid resin and individually hand painted. The standing figures are around 8.5 inches tall and fashioned in the style of the sixties Revell model kits. You get John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison & Ringo Starr with the instruments they were using at that concert. The figures are modeled after The Beatles as they were on 30th January 1969



when they decided to perform a concert on the roof of the Apple Corps office on 3 Savile Row, London. The Beatles were at the peak of their craft in what turned out to be their last live performance.”

Naked? And is it me, but does Ringo look really out of scale with the others? And what is that Minion doing down there in the top picture?



PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

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 forteen conference in the *world* that is truly a family event, although those veterans of previous events should be reassured that it is still as anarchically silly as ever!

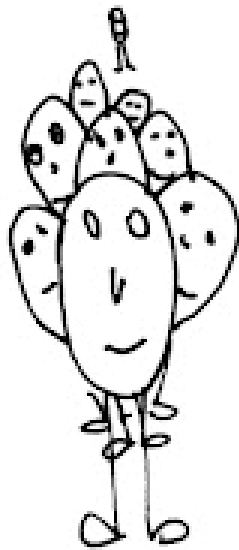
The event is raising money for the Centre for Fortean Zoology, the world's only full time, professional cryptozoological organisation. The profit from food and beverages goes to The Small School.



FRIDAY	
7 - 7.15	Intro
7.15 - 8.00	Nick Wadham: I'm an alien abductee get me out of here
8.00 - 8.30	Break
8.30- 9.30	Lee Walker: Urban legends of Liverpool
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	Jon/Lars/Carl Marshall: Is there a new mammal species for Britain?
1.15 - 2.15	Steve Rider: Tales from the Infinite
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	Richard Freeman: Dragons
5.45 - 6.15	Break
6.15 - 7.00	Judge Smith: Seances
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	Lars Thomas: Tasmania 2015 Expedition Report
	Silas Hawkins: A bedtime story from Richard Freeman's <i>Hyakumonogatari</i>
	Raffle
SUNDAY	
12.00 - 1.00	Richard Muirhead: Research into the Mystery Animals of Hong Kong
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: Cats - NOT the musical
4.30 - 5.00	Break
5.00 - 5.15	Results of nature walk (Lars/Nick/Jon)
5.15 - 6.00	Ronan Coghlan: Television, Fairies, Digressions and the search for the Dobhar Chu
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
	Devon authors
	Taw Games

THE NINE HENRYS

GONZO
MEDIA
GROUP



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...

HENRYWOOD : SCARFACE



Say Hello to my lil' friend



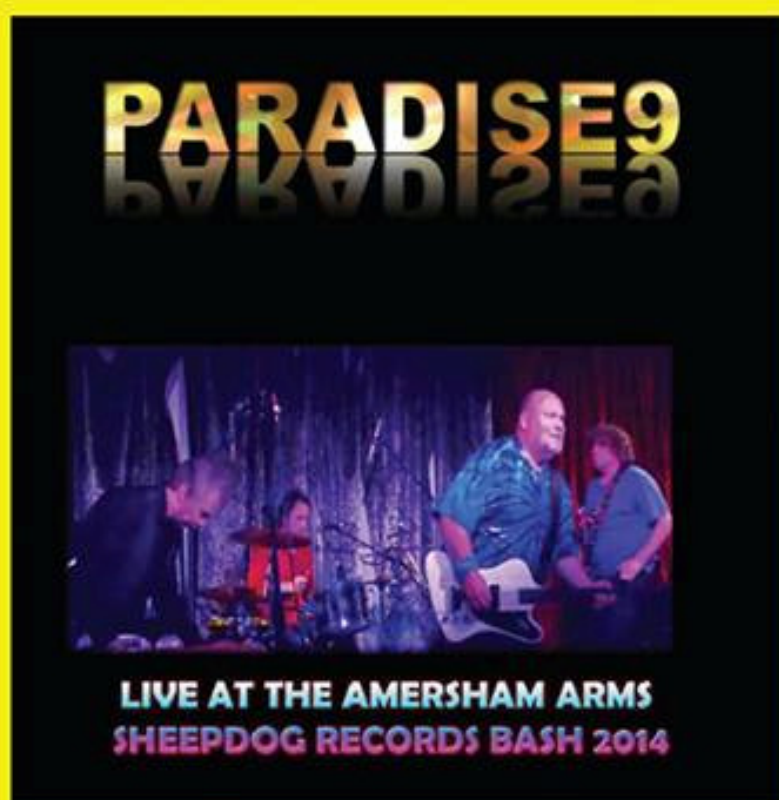
Aye, Aye
Sorry I'm late
I couldn't find any
dry towels
Whats all the noise like?

PARADISE9

NEW LIVE ALBUM

"LIVE AT THE AMERSHAM ARMS"

SHEEPDOG RECORDS BASH 2014



RELEASE: 9 August 2015

Pre-sales available now @ PLEDGEMUSIC

<http://www.pledgemusic.com/projects/paradise9-live2014-cd>

5% of sales will be donated to ALDLIFE CHARITY Registered No. 1106008



IN ASSOCIATION WITH
PARADISE9.net





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

Albert Ayler: Love Cry (Impulse, 1968)

What? Cutting edge jazz; turns out one of his sharpest releases.

Ayler (1936-1970) was already established as a leading blower of free jazz before the death of his friend John Coltrane in 1967. A loose and mournful record; Love Cry presents the interplay of Albert's sax and his brother Don's trumpet over a range of moods and some unlikely instrumentation. Alan Silva's bass plays some unusual parts (notably the inclusion of a tune up on the opening cut) and Call Cobbs' hapsichord, which throws in some psychedelic twists and light counter melodies to Ayler's powerful and raucous blasts. By contrast, the gentle and reflective "Love Flower" – penultimate track on the original vinyl release – touches on territory beloved of the more whimsical moments in psych-pop bands like The



Music Emponium. Cobbs plays sparing and sporadic keyboard parts whilst Ayler's sax follows a melody akin to a soul ballad.

Ayler contributes some genuine vocals to "Love Cry" though the purpose of the Love Cry album is to provide an exploration of sounds, inner space and the frontiers of jazz. In that vein the entire album produces slices of changing sonic texture, surprisingly short for free jazz of the period; the lengthiest excursion here is the nine minute 48 second "Universal Indians."

The first half dozen of the eight cuts are all short enough to be potential singles. Cuts like "Dancing Flowers" a meditation built around traded licks between Ayler and Cobbs (on a very "out there" hapsichord) did gain some radio play on stations more used to featuring the likes of the emerging psychedelic bands, but the strength of Love Cry is the strength of the small group of assembled musicians to take their moods and investigations into so many different places in little more than 35 minutes, and ask a serious question about exactly where jazz ends. Albert Ayler's concept of "energy music" pervades this collection. Almost all the tracks feature all the musicians improvising all the time; the sporadic changes in tempo and tone are part of the point.

The inescapable edginess of much of what follows is also – sadly – prescient. By the time of Love Cry's release Don Ayler was already into a period of mental health problems linked to drug use, a UFO sighting, and paranoid ideas about the future faced by himself and his brother. Albert's officially unexplained death a few years later was in all probability a suicide, at least partly brought about by his concerns over Don's problems (ironically, Don lived to 2007). It's tempting to try and hear these elements – notably the love and concern between the brothers – in the exchanges on Love Cry. But, whatever the emotional origins of the music, Love Cry is one of the finest ensemble albums of sixties free jazz, a career high for a master of the form and an album with a lasting influence on what followed.



The Invisible Opera Company Of Tibet

The Glissando Guitar Orchestra

The Magick Twins

Nukli

Shankara Andy Bole

The Pigeons

Jah Buddha

Avec la musique de Gong

2nd October 7pm - 1am

Tickets: £12.50

Zephyr Lounge, Leamington Assembly

2A Spencer St, Leamington Spa CV31 3NF 01926 311311



Agalloch

Founded in 1996, Agalloch is a dark metal/folk, progressive band from Portland, in Oregon.

For nineteen years the band has defined what it means to combine influences from a variety of musical genres into one brooding, colossal, and cinematic sound that provides the soundtrack to existential themes concerning man, nature, loss, and death.

After two demo releases in the late 90s the band released three full-length albums: "Pale Folklore" (1999), "The Mantle" (2002), and "Ashes Against the Grain" (2006). "The Mantle" has since been heralded as a classic for having been one of the first albums to combine elements from black metal, neo-folk, progressive rock, post-rock, and ambient music. The influence of this record can be seen in many so-called "post-black metal" bands today. (Facebook)



Current members:

Don Anderson – guitars, piano, backing vocals
Jason William Walton – bass
Aesop Dekker – drums
John Haugm – guitars, vocals,

Website

Facebook

Metal Archives

You Tube:

Ashes Against The Grain (2006) Full Album



Yesterday was a strange one even by my standards. I went to a routine chiropody appointment at Bideford and District Hospital, where I used to live over a third of a century ago when I was a young Nursing Assistant.

Everything went normally until they found a big dark mark on the sole of my left foot and discovered that I had an abscess that was ulcerating quite nastily. If they had not caught it and treated it in time then things could have got very unpleasant and I might even have had my foot amputated!

Just the news one needs on a Thursday afternoon.

But apart from that it has been a relatively ordinary week. Last week was my darling Corinna's birthday and despite my best efforts half of her presents singularly failed to arrive on time and dribbled in throughout this week, which is weird.

I have always liked Richard Thompson, but his new record 'Still' is the one that is closest to my taste for many years. The gently understated arrangements and old fashioned production with wide stereo separation make this an elegantly elegiac album, which actually sounds in part like The Beatles circa Abbey Road whilst still being unmistakably Thompson. Both his remarkable songwriting and guitar playing skills are showcased, with the chord patterns taking cheekily



unexpected paths and switching playfully between major and minor keys and different genres at will. Bloody hell this man is a true guitar God. And the further he gets away from straight rock and roll the better he is.

And the thing that distinguishes guitar masters like Thompson and Johnny Marr from the self indulgent widdley woo brigade who shred themselves round in circles like headless chickens trying to show off is that real guitar heroes make it all seem so effortless.

I am back on stage tomorrow night accompanying my old mate Mike Davis at a charity gig in Clovelly, so expect a full account next week, unless of course it is a shambles, whereupon we shall try to forget it.



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Live on stage

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Somewhere Over Detroit

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ON STAGE 20.30

FROM HARPOS CONCERT THEATRE, DETROIT

11 DEC 1980
ON STAGE 20.30

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART



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