

GONZO

Weekly #141

EXCLUSIVE:

We talk to Rick Wakeman about



This quite a **Rick Wakeman** orientated issue because as well as Jon's interview with him, Doug remembers **the last time Wakeman appeared on stage with his kids**. John B-G looks at **Spirit** and the legacy of **Randy California**, Lee muses about **Shack**, Doug goes to see **Camel** and others at the **Bamblin' Man Festival** and goes down the pub with Jon and Graham. Jon moans about capitalism and the story of **Xtul** comes to an end for now at least, and of course there is lots more besides.

AND IT'S FREE

the myths and legends of

RICK WAKEMAN



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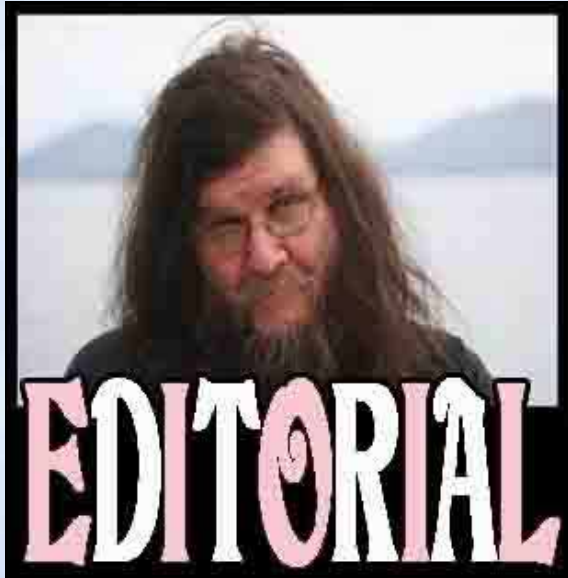
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of the magazine which keeps on astounding me by getting written and published against all odds. This week has been a particularly peculiar one, but I have an idea that I say that quite often.

Last Sunday Corinna and I drove to Barnstaple in time to meet the 7:10 train which - amongst a myriad of other people - contained our very own Doug Harr, who had come to spend a couple of

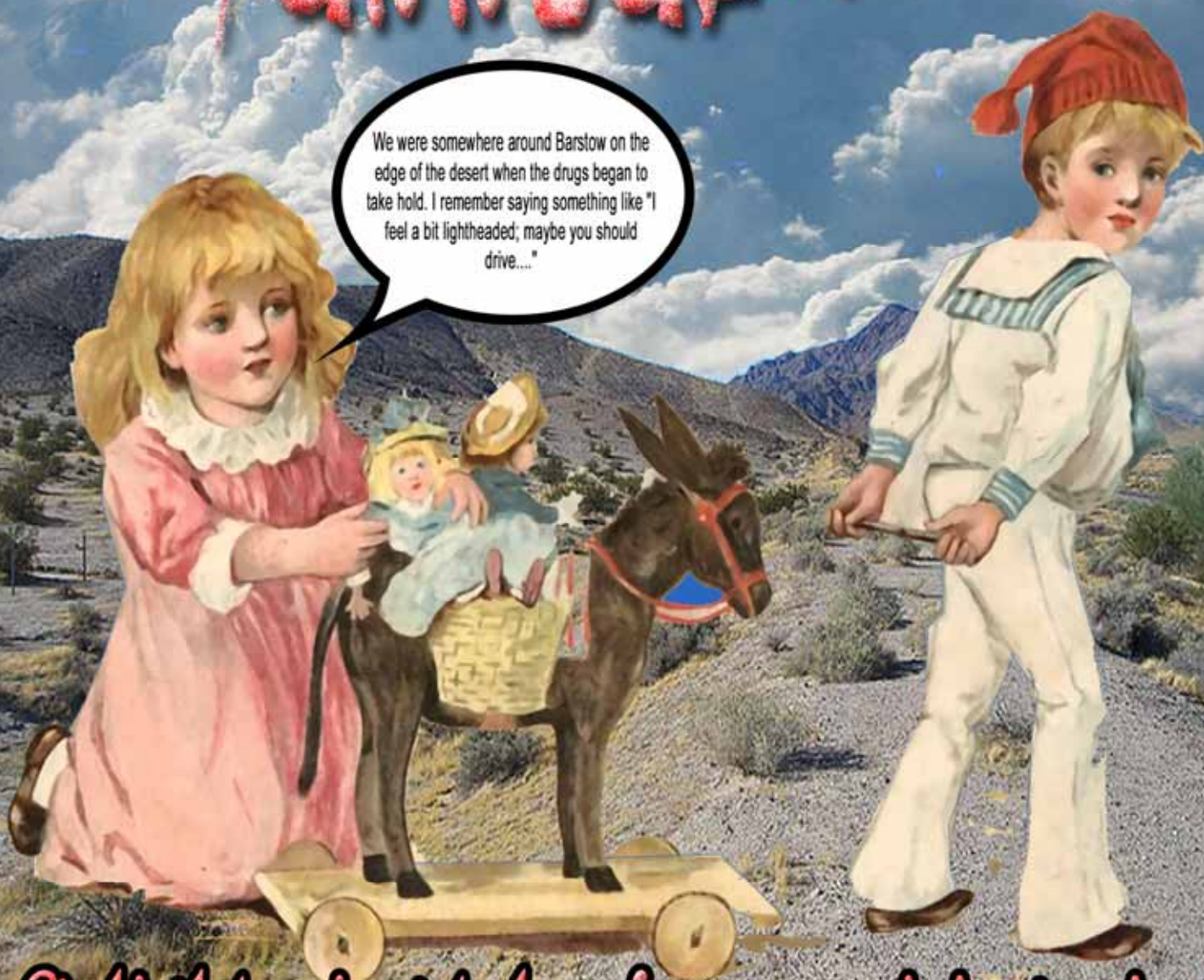


days with us. As you will read in this issue, Doug was in the UK to see Camel and various other bands at the Ramblin' Man festival in Kent, but that is by the by. The *real* issue here is that Doug and I have known each other for two years, we have been working together closely for all of that time, and for someone who lived almost four decades in a world without an Internet, it seems absolutely extraordinary that we have developed such a close relationship, but that last Sunday was the first time that we had actually met in the



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

Truly this is a world which I understand less and less as time goes by.

flesh as it were.

We only actually spent one afternoon and two evenings together, but Doug confirmed in person what I had always suspected; that he was and is a jolly nice chap, and furthermore one that I am happy to have had stay with us. If I had known that his lovely wife Artina was back in California I would have had him stay here, but we have no spare room since Mama-in-law has taken up semi-permanent residence in what was once my library, and he would have to have fought the dogs off the sofa.

We took him on a brief whistlestop tour of rural North Devon. He was *au fait* with Kipling,

although he had never read *Stalky and Co*, so we took him to Westward Ho! And showed him the block of houses (now, expensive apartments) of which the great man wrote:

Western wind and open surge
Took us from our mothers,
Flung us on a naked shore
(Twelve bleak houses by the shore!
Seven summers by the shore!)
'Mid two hundred brothers.

Then we took him to the Pebbleridge. I was appalled about twenty minutes ago when I went to Wikipedia to see if I could actually find some facts about this enormous bank of pebbles, at



اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



least 125,000 years old, which stretches for about three miles along the North Devon coastline. All I knew about it was what I remembered my Mother telling me when I was a boy, and remembered a schoolteacher telling us when - as part of a school mathematics project - we had to calculate the number of pebbles in the ridge. (I vaguely remember the number four billion, but after over forty years I don't remember, and truthfully don't care that much.)

However, imagine my horror to find that there was no article about the Pebbleridge, no article about Kipling's *alma mater* whereas there are dozens of articles about Pokemon, and more than a few about scatological sex acts. Truly this is a world which I understand less and less as time goes by.

So I told Doug what I remembered my Mother telling me about the Pebbleridge all those years ago, and Mama-in-law and I decided that discretion was the best part of valour and stayed in the car as Graham and Doug climbed up the Pebbleridge to have a gander at the grey Bristol Channel, whereupon the wind was so strong that Doug promptly slipped down the side of the ridge, luckily without hurting himself.

Then we did what Graham and I have done any time this past thirty years and with Doug and Mother in tow went down the pub where lager was consumed in some quantity and I introduced

Doug to lager and lime, in the English style, rather than with a bottle of Corona and a wedge of green citrus fruit. A convivial time was had by all and we went home to where Corinna had prepared a gorgeous vegetarian meal whose name I can never spell.

So what is the moral of this story?

OK, Wikipedia is embarrassingly slewed towards the more bollocks end of popular culture, but I suspect that we all knew that already. I am sure that the Head Wiki-Pedos would claim that if I wanted to see articles about things that I consider to be of cultural importance, then I only have to write them myself, but after years of trying to do just that I have given up in that direction. The articles about my day job at the Centre for Fortean Zoology and CFZ Press have been eroded so much by various vicious edits, that I have lost interest in trying to fix them. And when I tried to repair a completely erroneous claim about me in my own page, it took two years and I was banned once.

But we know Wikipedia is almost fatally flawed even though many of us still use it far more than we admit that we should, and there is no point in discussing it here.

No, the important thing is how well Doug got on with a bunch of people that he had never met before, quickly becoming like one of the family,



purely because of a bond formed by working together unpaid on this very magazine. There are people all over the world who read these pages, comment on them, and who have bonded together into a quasi-family that nearly three years ago when Rob Ayling first asked me to write a record company newsletter and I - for my sins - started to argue that I thought it would be much better if we published a magazine instead, I would never have dreamed of.

I have been wanting to produce a magazine like this ever since I was in my early twenties, but only now has the technology caught up with me. And all this time, I have always daydreamed about my conceptual magazine being the hub of an international group of friends and colleagues, but if I am truthful to myself, I never really thought that it would happen.

So peculiar hippy fairy tales do sometimes happen. And thanks for coming such a long way to visit us Doug.

Here endeth the lesson for today,

Om Shanti

Jon

Morrissey, Damon Albarn, Janis Ian, Keith Richards, Nile, Chic, Marillion, Badfinger, Steve Ignorant, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Canterbury Sans Frontieres, Buddie Emmons, Bobbi Kristina Brown, Norbert Schwefel, Eddie Hardin, The Boomtown Rats, Karnataka, Rick Wakeman, Camel, The Scorpions, Blue Oyster Cult, Lee Walker, Shack, John Brodie-Good, Spirit, Roy Weard, Chris Squire, Jon Anderson, Alan White, Steve Hackett, Steve Howe, Xtul, Neil Nixon, Moe Barbari, Ozy Osbourne, The Beatles, Tony Bennett, Jerry Garcia, Stormtide

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

STRANGWAYS HERE THEY GO: Morrissey was quite prolific in his writing this week at TrueToYou.net In his first lengthy note of the day, he accused a TSA officer at San Francisco International Airport of groping him while going through security and, when the action was questioned, all he could get was a repeated standard reply from the officer.

"San Francisco International Airport

On leaving the US on 27 July I flew from San Francisco International Airport to London on flight BA 284. At 2:30 in the afternoon I went through the usual airport security procedure including the stand-up 'scanner', and all was well - no bleeps and nothing unusual. Before I could gather my belongings from the usual array of trays I was approached by an "airport security officer" who stopped me, crouched before me and groped my penis and testicles. He quickly moved away as an older "airport security officer" approached." **Read on....**

AUSTRALIAN WHIP: Damon Albarn told Blur's Melbourne fans that parts of 'The Magic Whip' were conceived in Melbourne. 'A lot of people think the album was written in Hong Kong but it's not true, said Albarn. 'Some songs I had written in Melbourne before I went to Hong Kong, in fact.'

The origins of 'The Magic Whip' began in 2013 when Blur found themselves in Hong Kong with five days off when the Tokyo Rocks Music festival was cancelled. Those seasons generated the template of 15 new Blur songs.

A year later Blur guitarist Graham Coxon began shifting through the recordings with producer Stephen Street. Meanwhile, Albarn was about to head to Australia for solo gigs. Blur members Alex James and Dave Rowntree joined Coxon to go through the sessions while Albarn started work on new lyrics when he was in Melbourne on his solo tour. **Read on...**

IAN REMEMBERS: Janis Ian has revealed her own story about Bill Cosby telling fans that she was

banned from his show because he thought she was 'probably a lesbian'. On November 24, 1967, Janis Ian appeared on the CBS series The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour where she performed her hit from the previous year, Society's Child. Ian was only 16 at the time and was on an extensive round of appearances that had left her exhausted. After the show, she fell asleep with her head in the lap of her chaperone, required for an underage performer, who was a woman about half a decade older. Also at the taping was hot comedian Bill Cosby who happened to see Ian asleep and made an assumption that would impact Janis' career for years. Not long after the taping, Ian's management called her into her office and asked what had happened at the Smothers Brothers taping. The manager had gotten word that she was unable to book Janis on any other programs because they were told by Cosby that she was not 'suitable family entertainment' because she was 'probably a lesbian'. **Read on...**

THE HUMAN RIFF: Netflix will premiere Academy Award® winning director Morgan Neville's (20 Feet from Stardom, Best of Enemies) original documentary, Keith Richards: Under the Influence, an unprecedented look into the sounds and influences of rock and roll icon Keith Richards, on Friday, September 18, 2015, exclusively to Netflix members worldwide.

'If there's a Mount Rushmore of Rock 'n' Roll, Keith's face is surely on it. He has always represented the soul of rock music-for all of the light and dark shades that implies,' said filmmaker Morgan Neville. 'To my relief, Keith Richards turned out to be a real man-full of humour, knowledge and wisdom. That's the real Keith we've worked to capture in our film and I'm honoured to bring it to a global audience via Netflix.' 'There's no one who could bring this unprecedented look into the musical influences of Keith Richards to life as distinctively as Morgan Neville,' said Lisa Nishimura, Netflix VP of Original Documentary Programming. 'Our viewers around the world are going to love the rare moments he has captured.' **Read on...**

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



your  cards
someecards.com

Nicked from Jaki Windmill's Facebook pages

"Capitalism is the extraordinary
belief that the nastiest of men for the
nastiest of motives will somehow
work for the benefit of all."

John Maynard Keynes

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

— Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

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

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

A MEXICAN WAVE: A Mexico City official said the city would ban the use of restraints and cages on children under its care and work to get many into homes, after a Disability Rights International and ABC News joint investigation uncovered youth, some with disabilities, living in deplorable conditions in government-funded facilities.

"Effective immediately Mexico City will ban the use of restraints and cages," said Secretary Jose Ramon Amieva of the Ministry for Social Development.

Though the streets of Mexico City teem with signs of the country's growing wealth — the total net worth of Mexico's billionaires is now more than \$144 billion, according to Forbes — in the shadows, children can be found alone and neglected behind locked doors and windows. **Read on...**

BLOODY HELL: About one in every five Americans reports having a disability, according to results from a new nationwide survey.

About one in eight adults say they have mobility limitations, such as difficulty walking or climbing stairs, making this the most common type of disability, according to the report.

The next most common disability is in thinking and/or memory, followed by problems with independent living (such as difficulty running errands and visiting the doctor without help), vision and self-care (such as self-bathing or dressing), according to the report.

The South had the highest percentages of people with disabilities, according to the report.

In Alabama, 31.5 percent of people have a disability, followed by Mississippi (31.4 percent) and Tennessee (31.4 percent). Minnesotans reported the least amount of disability (16.4 percent). **Read on...**



Democracywatch

STRANGE DAYS

A PARTY ANIMAL

Party animal discovered surrounded by seven empty beer bottles, along with two more hidden in bushes, believed to have been stolen from beachgoers

A female badger is recovering at a Polish animal shelter, two days after the party animal was found passed out on a beach having had too much to drink.

"Oh, youth. Oh, summer holidays," animal shelter Dzika Ostoja joked on Wednesday in a Facebook post, detailing Wandzia the badger's plight in the Baltic seaside resort town of Rewal.

"We found Wandzia drunk, surrounded by seven [empty beer] bottles. There were two more in the bushes, so it's possible Wandzia began partying there. Haha."

<http://www.theguardian.com/world/2015/jul/29/badger-recovering-in-shelter-after-being-found-drunk-on-polish-beach>



SQUIRREL STALKER:

An exhausted red squirrel was captured by police after it chased a young woman in Germany.

A video posted on the Facebook page of North-Rhine Westphalia Police showing officers feeding the animal with slices of apple and honey tea, has been viewed more than 400,000 times.

A police press release said: "A very unusual emergency reached police this morning in Bottrop. A squirrel pursued a young woman in Oak Street.

"Officers took the pursuer into custody and brought him to the police station where it showed signs of exhaustion."

<http://news.sky.com/story/1520746/stalking-squirrel-arrested-by-german-police>



HOUSING ESTATE REVENANT

Chilling images have surfaced that apparently show a ghost and her baby standing in a new housing estate watching a group of friends.

The spine-tingling photographs were posted on Facebook by Natasha Oliver, a mum-of-one from Wem, a historic market town in Shropshire. They were taken five years ago and she said she and her friends are still creeped out by it. Natasha, 22, said the group had gone to a field after a World Cup game to hang out and were taking photos of themselves on a digital camera.

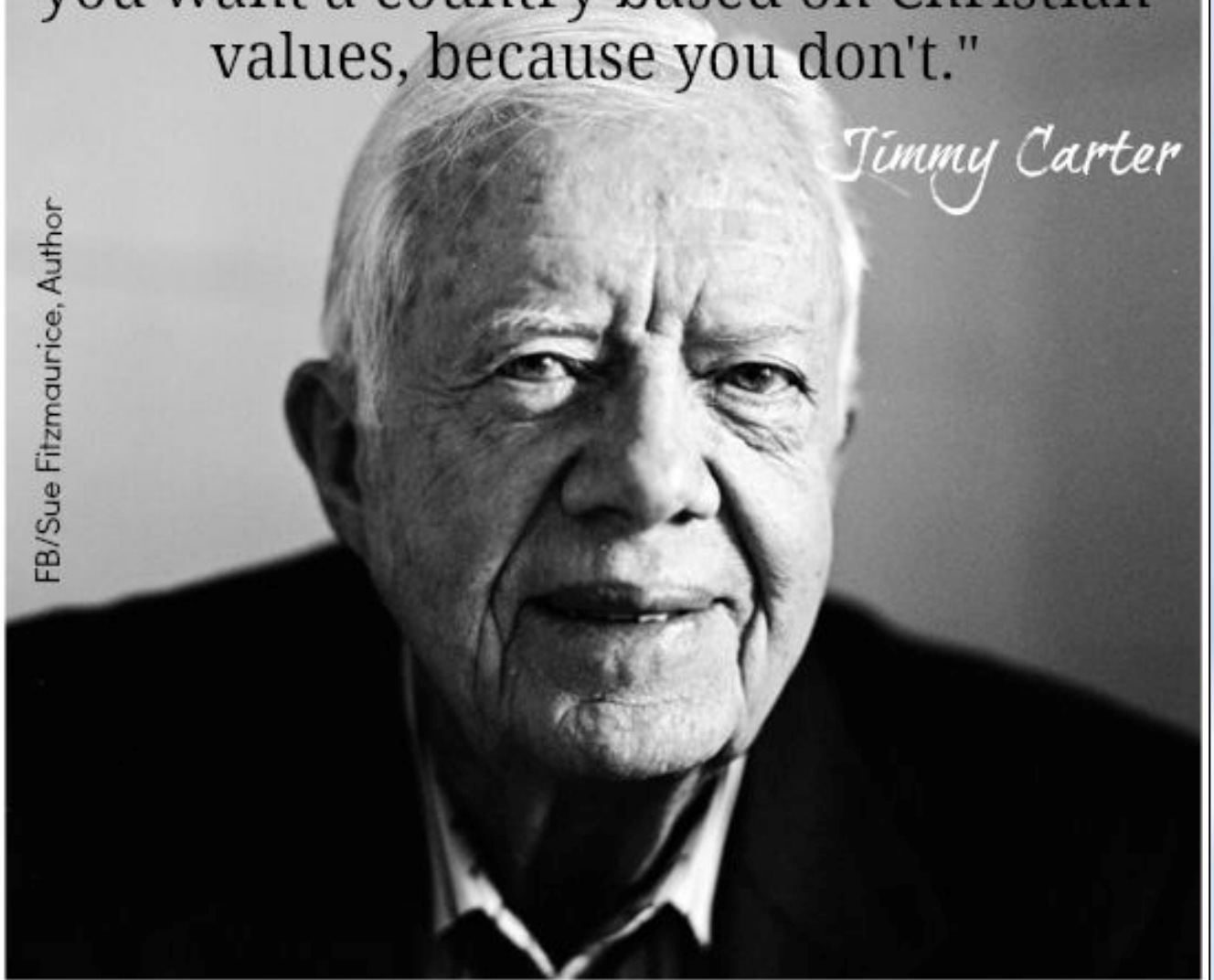
But when looking back over the photos someone spotted a strange apparition in one of the open windows of a new housing block behind them that was being built.

<http://www.mirror.co.uk/news/weird-news/ghost-woman-baby-spotted-peering-6151907>

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

Jimmy Carter

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

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





CALL FOR HELP

Hi,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

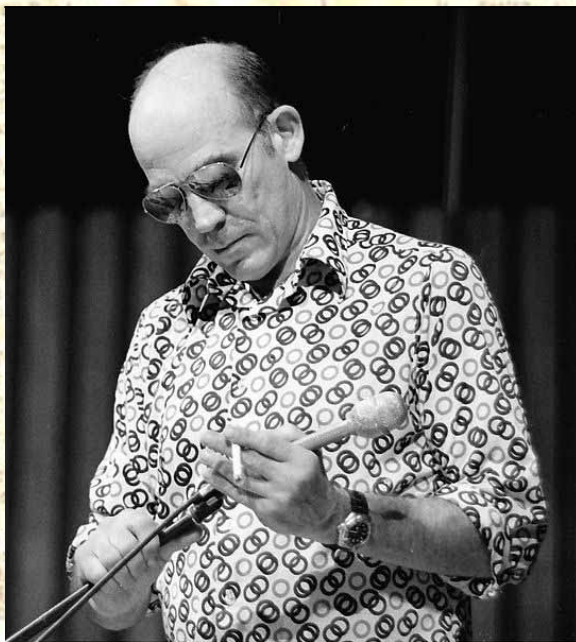
<http://www.priceminister.com/boutique/PROG13>

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

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

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

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



WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

- [A potted history of his life and works](#)
- [Rob Ayling explains why he called his company 'Gonzo'](#)

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

"It may be that America is developing a whole new category of essentially social criminals ... persons who threaten the police and the traditional social structure even when they are breaking no law ... because they view The Law with contempt and the police with distrust, and this abiding resentment can explode without warning at the slightest provocation."

Hunter S. Thompson



THE SOURCE OF THE NILE

The 62-year-old music legend has worked with some of the industry's biggest names, including Pharrell Williams, Kylie Minogue and Madonna. He is also the mastermind behind dance

group Chic, which is releasing its first album in two decades called It's About Time. While many might think a new record is a strange idea after all this time, it makes perfect sense to Nile.

'As with most things in my life I follow a sort of crazy dream and the crazy dream for me feels like it's working,' he told Entertainment Weekly.

'To think that I'd have a record that has Elton John singing on it and Michael McDonald singing on it, it seems so wacky to a normal person, but if you look at any other Chic record we've had Luther Vandross, the Brecker Brothers. It's always been people like that, people I have massive amounts of respect for, but usually who are in my immediate circle of friends.'

Nile is particularly proud of the album considering he spent a long time feeling like his style of music didn't have a place in the modern music business any more.

For him dance music was becoming too electronic, but thankfully his collaboration with Daft Punk on their smash hit Get Lucky changed his opinion. **Read on...**

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT GONZO (USA)

the week that's past

The Gospel According to *BART*

My favourite roving reporter has sent me a lot this week, but a lot of it is Yes related which means that it goes in the section of this magazine dedicated to that singular band.

However, he did send me an interesting piece about *Marillion*:



“Dom Lawson chooses the ten finest Steve Hogarth-era Marillion songs... Marillion headline the Prog Stage at the inaugural Ramblin' Man Festival on Sunday evening.

It's fitting too, as Marillion also headlined the very first Prog Stage at High Voltage Festival on the Sunday evening back in 2010 too. Finding a Marillion fan in the Prog office isn't too difficult to be honest, but Dom Lawson stuck his hand up first, so it is he who chooses what he regards as the finest ten Steve Hogarth-era Marillion tunes for you to enjoy in the run up to Ramblin' Man. Do you agree with him? Let us know...”

<http://prog.teamrock.com/features/2015-07-23/ten-of-the-best-from-hogarth-era-marillion>



RARE BOSTON SHOW FOR BADFINGER

Rock enthusiasts have revelled in the musical talents of Badfinger for almost five decades. With a litany of chart-topping hits, Badfinger, whose credits include "Come and Get It," "No Matter What," "Day After Day" and "Baby Blue" from the Breaking Bad soundtrack continue to entertain fans with high energy performances.

This is Badfinger's only Boston area concert on their U.S. Tour.

Don't miss your chance to experience these 1960's icons in the intimate Larcom Theatre.

DATE Saturday, October 10, 2015

TIME 8:00pm (Doors 7:00pm)

VENUE

Larcom Theatre

13 Wallis Street

Beverly, MA 01915

Venue Details

TICKETS

ALL AGES

RESERVED SEATS

\$29, \$39, \$49

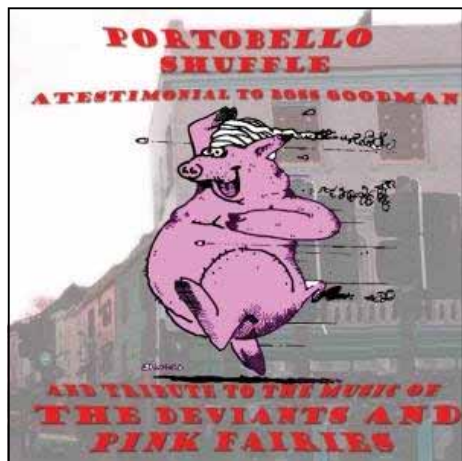




#THECROSSING
GREENPEACE

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



Look what is available at Igs's ETSY store! <https://www.etsy.com/uk/shop/Dimlo?ref=12-shopheader-name>

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

**CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT CONZO (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:**

We made tiny road signs for City's smallest residents
<http://www.boredpanda.com/tiny-animals-road-signs-tinyroadsign-clinic-212/>





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 132 - Anything that's Rock'n'Roll Fine

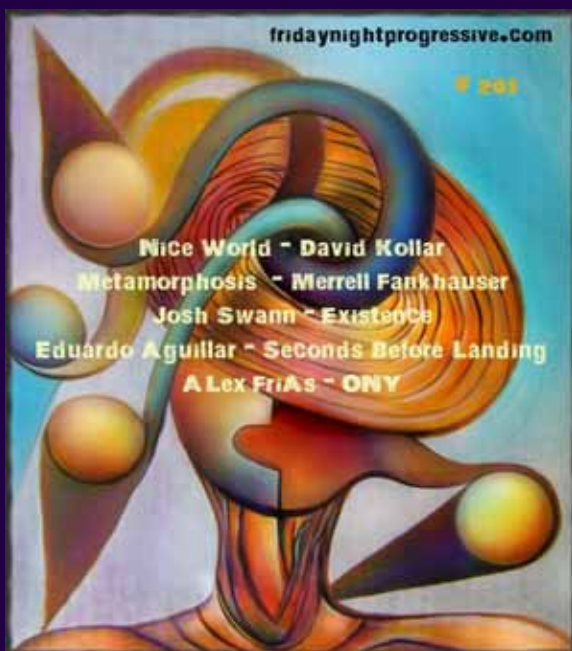
Songs including the word "Rock" are not just clichés Featured Album: Rockpile: Live at Rockpalast



Tracks

- 1 Oasis: Rock'n'Roll Star
- 2 T.Rex: One Inch Rock
- 3 The Byrds: So you want to be a Rock'n'Roll Star
- 4 Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers: Anything That's Rock'n'Roll
- 5 The Heartbreakers: Chinese Rocks
- 6 Rockpile: So It Goes
- 7 Rockpile: I know the Bride Before She Used to Rock'n'Roll
- 8 Culture: Lion Rock
- 9 The Subways: Rock and Roll Queen
- 10 Neil Young: Everybody's Rocking
- 11 Amon Duul II: Soap Shop Rock A: Burning Sister
- 12 Amon Duul II: Soap Shop Rock B: Halluzination Guillotine
- 13 Amon Duul II: Soap Shop Rock C: Gulp A Sonata
- 14 Amon Duul II: Soap Shop Rock D: Flesh-Coloured Anti-Aircraft Alarm
- 15 The Jesus and Mary Chain: I Love Rock'n'Roll
- 16 Psychosomatic Cowboys: Rock'n'roll Soul
- 17 Ultravox!: ROckWrok
- 18 The Blues Brothers: Jailhouse Rock
- 19 The Rolling Stones: It's Only Rock'n'Roll
- 20 Gluecifer: Rock'n'Roll Asshole
- 21 REM: Don't go back to Rockville
- 22 Electro Bikinis: Rock'n'Roll Girl
- 23 Cassious Clay: Rock'n'Roll Slut
- 24 Rockpile: They Call It Rock
- 25 Rockpile: JuJu Man
- 26 Man: Spunk Rock
- 27 Carter USM: Glam Rock Cops
- 28 MFC Chicken: Wine, Women, Rock'n'Roll
- 29 Half Man Half Biscuit: Rock'n'roll is Full of Bad Wools

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:

Nice World

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

David Kollar

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/David-Kollar/1450495081883509?fref=ts>

Metamorphosis

<http://www.facebook.com/waldek.knade>

Merrell Fankhauser

<http://www.merrellfankhauser.com/>

Josh Swann

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Joshua-Swann-Music/454649144641680?fref=ts>

Existence

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

Eduardo Aguillar

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

Seconds Before Landing

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

ALex FriAs

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Innprata-ALex-Frias-Solo/451323614969309?fref=nf>

ONY

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Ony/128343966123>

Backdrop art by: Csilla Savos — with David Kollar, Bill Ray, Merrell Fankhauser, Waldek Knade, Josh Swann, Greg P Onychuk, Eduardo Aguillar, Alan Charles, Csilla Savos, ALex FriAs and Seconds Before Landing.

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES: Episode Twenty Four

We at Gonzo Web Radio are very proud to bring you Canterbury Sans Frontières - a podcast dedicated to the music of the 'Canterbury Scene' and more. Creator Matthew Watkins writes:

As with Canterbury Soundwaves , a new three-hour episode will be released with each full moon. I decided to wind down Canterbury Soundwaves so that I didn't end up

- (i) repeating myself,
- (ii) scraping the bottom of the Canterbury barrel, or
- (iii) becoming increasingly tangential.

This new podcast broadens the musical remit, so it'll be about one-third 'Canterbury sound', together with progressive/psychedelic/experimental music from the Canterbury of today, the remainder being a mix of music from various times and places which I feel to be in a similar spirit of creative adventurousness. I'll be doing a lot less talking, and the programme will be less

expository – so no interviews, barely listenable bootlegs, etc. I also plan to include guest one-hour mixes from various musicians from the current music scene in Canterbury (Episode 2 features a mix from Neil Sullivan from Lapis Lazuli).

And for those of you who wonder what Matthew was referring to when he writes about Canterbury Soundwaves we have brought you all the back catalogue of that as well. Those wacky guys at Gonzo, eh?

THIS EPISODE:

Something from Soft Machine Volume 2 preceded by a home recording of the same lineup playing free jazz seven years earlier, Didier Malherbe guesting with Hugh Hopper's band in Paris in 2003, French guitarist Alain Blessing paying tribute to Hatfield and the North (with help from Hopper and Greaves), Robert Wyatt singing in French, a Soft Machine-inspired band from early 70s Germany, Riley-inspired sounds from late 70s Italy, some late 60s Ellington, new tracks from current Canterbury favourites Syd Arthur and the Boot Lagoon, and the sound of Gong evaporating. Also, a tribute to Edgar Froese (RIP) featuring a one-hour mix of Tangerine Dream tracks from their first four (pre-Virgin Records) albums 1970-73.

**Listen
Here**



Buddie Gene Emmons (1937 – 2015)

Buddie Emmons, was an American musician. He played several instruments, most notably pedal steel guitar. Emmons was called "The World's Foremost Steel Guitarist and his talent was greatly admired by fellow steel guitarists. His musical versatility spanned genres such as country, swing, jazz, folk, and country-rock, and he has performed or recorded with a wide variety of vocalists and musicians including Linda Ronstadt, The Everly Brothers, Ernest Tubb, John Hartford, Ray Price, Judy Collins, and Lenny Breau. His innovative musical stylings ranged from tasteful ballad accompaniment and classical music to be-bop jazz, big band swing standards, and Western swing. He also made significant contributions to the design, development, and evolution of the pedal steel guitar as a musical instrument.

In 1990, Emmons and Ray Pennington formed the Swing Shift Band, and began producing a highly regarded series of CDs that included Big Band Swing, Western Swing, and original country songs. Emmons began touring with The Everly Brothers in 1991, which continued until about 2001. Emmons discontinued doing regular

session work around 1998 to tour with The Everly's. Emmons' zealous practice schedule caught up with him around 2001. He began suffering from a painful repetitive motion injury to his right thumb and wrist, which caused him to stop playing for over a year. Though fully recovered, Emmons chose not to return to regular recording session work, but did record with some artists he had known for many years, such as Ray Price, Johnny Bush, and Willie Nelson. He continued to perform at steel guitar shows, and occasionally on American Public Media's *A Prairie Home Companion*, until his death.

Emmons has three granddaughters, Crystal, Nikia, (who died in 2004) and Brittany, and two grandsons, Levon and Buddie III. Emmons' wife Peggy often accompanied him to steel guitar shows and conventions, and helped Buddy meet fans and sell recordings and videos. She died unexpectedly on December 19, 2007. Emmons died on July 28, 2015.



Bobbi Kristina Brown (1993 – 2015)

Brown was an American reality television and media personality, singer, and heiress. She was the daughter of singers Bobby Brown and Whitney Houston, and her parents'

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

fame kept Bobbi Kristina in the public eye, including her appearances on the reality show *Being Bobby Brown*. Brown was 14 when her parents divorced and Houston gained custody. When Houston died in February 2012, Brown was named as the sole beneficiary of her mother's estate.

That October, Brown caused controversy within both of her parents' families when she announced her engagement to Nick Gordon, a man she previously considered her "big brother". When the couple announced they were married, Bobby Brown's lawyer released a statement disputing the report.

Bobbi Kristina Brown was found unresponsive in a bathtub on January 31, 2015; she was kept in a medically induced coma prior to being moved into hospice care. She died on July 26, 2015, at age 22.

Her estranged boyfriend, Nick Gordon, is the subject of an investigation into her death, launched after her conservator, Bedelia Hargrove, alleged in court papers that Gordon physically abused Bobbi Kristina in the hours prior to her death, and withdrew funds from her bank account without permission.

Norbert Schwefel (1960 – 2015).

Schwefel was a German independent band, founded in 1984 by Norbert Schwefel.

In 1984, musician and producer Norbert Schwefel started recording tapes and records, in the beginning all by himself, later in collaboration with several musicians.

Schwefel were commended by the press and lots of fanzines in the early 1980s and often described as the forthcoming stars of the independent scene.



Since they did not reach any big commercial success, the band stopped releasing albums from 1992 to 1999. Then the career was continued by a compilation album and a number of new releases.

Schwefel were an indie rock group mainly influenced by glam rock, electronic body music and psychedelic rock.

After a long illness, caused by a rare and incurable metabolic disorder Schwefel died on 23 July 2015, aged 54 years.

Eddie Hardin (1949 – 2015)

Hardin was an English rock pianist and singer-songwriter. He was best known for his associations with the Spencer Davis Group, Axis Point also Hardin and York. Hardin, along with the drummer, Pete York, left the Spencer Davis Group on 26 October 1968, due to 'differences over musical policy'.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Hardin started his recording career in the mid-'60s, releasing a single with A Wild Uncertainty before joining up with the Spencer Davis Group, who were reshuffling their lineup following the departures of Steve Winwood and his brother Muff. This version of the Group released one album, 1968's *With Their New Face On*, before turnover struck again, with Hardin and drummer Pete York splitting to form their own band, the aptly named Hardin & York.

Both men returned to the Spencer Davis Group several years later, recording 1973's *Gluggo* and 1974's *Living in a Back Street* before splitting up again; at this point, Hardin & York resumed activity for a brief period, although the duo had ground to a halt by the end of the '70s, when

Hardin helped spearhead the short-lived outfit Axis Point.

Following Axis Point's demise, Hardin resumed the solo career he'd begun in the early '70s, releasing a series of albums that included 1985's *Eddie Hardin & Zak Starkey's Musical of Wind in the Willows* and 2000's *Just Passing Through*. He also co-wrote a number of tracks on *The Butterfly Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast*, a concept album and live rock opera project spearheaded by Deep Purple bassist Roger Glover.

Hardin died following a heart attack on 22 July 2015 at the age of 66.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



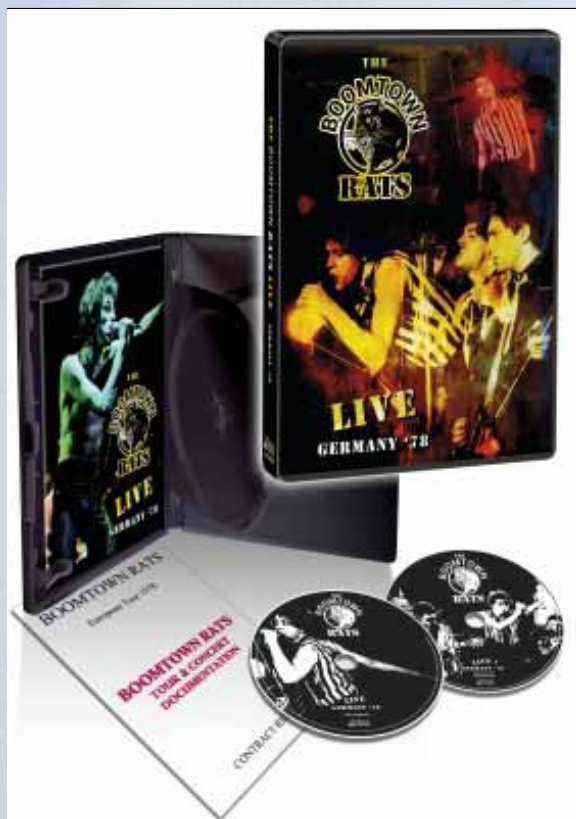
Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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



Artist The Boomtown Rats
Title Live in Germany '78
Cat No. HST308DVD
Label Gonzo

In 1975 friends Garry Roberts, Simon Crowe, Johnnie Moylett, Patrick Cusack and Gerry Cott formed a band in Dun Laoghaire, Ireland. Bob Geldof was originally invited to be the band's

manager, but he soon found himself nominated to take on the role of lead vocals by guitarist Garry Roberts, who originally had that job and didn't want it.

The band's early influences were Dr. Feelgood, The Rolling Stones, The Who, The Doors and Bob Marley, among many others. Gerry and Pete arranged the band's first gig for Halloween 1975 under the name of The Nightlife Thugs, at the Bolton Street Technical College, where they - and Johnnie, were studying Architectural Technology. Just before the band went on stage, they changed their name to The Boomtown Rats, who were a gang mentioned in Woody Guthrie's autobiography, "Bound For Glory".

The Rats were soon causing a buzz throughout the whole of Ireland. In 1976 The Boomtown Rats relocated to England in search of a record deal. They turned down a million pound deal from Richard Branson's Virgin Records, and decided instead to sign for a new label that had been set up by former Phonogram man Nigel Grange and DJ Chris Hill. The new label was called Ensign.

The Boomtown Rats played their first ever UK gig on May 6th. 1977 at the Lodestar Club, Ribchester, Blackburn, Lancashire. The supporting acts were Demolition, and Disco-Punk Chris Graham. Having undertaken a hectic schedule of touring including gigs with Tom Petty, and The Ramones, The Boomtown Rats debut single "Looking After Number One" entered the UK charts in it's first week of release at No. 78. The NME made it their single of the week. The Rats did their first TV show, a turn on The Marc Bolan Show. Marc tragically died 2 weeks later in a motor accident. "Looking After Number One" peaked at No.11 in the UK charts and The Rats



were invited to do their first TOTP appearance. The band had now arrived. The Rats released their debut album, the imaginatively entitled "Boomtown Rats". The album reached 18 in the UK charts.

In 1978 the single "She's So Modern" reached No.12 in the UK charts, more gigs, more tours, more exposure. Geldof was now becoming as well known for his motor-mouth as he is for his music, picking up the nickname "Bob The Gob" by the music press for his outspoken views. The Rats second album "A Tonic For The Troops" produced by Robert Mutt Lange reaches No.8 in the album charts and hangs around for 44 weeks. There was more TV, a promotional trip to America and November saw The Rats reach the top, when the single "Rat Trap" knocked John Travolta & Olivia Newton John off the No.1 spot.

The Boomtown Rats made history as the first Irish band to have a UK No.1 hit. "Rat Trap" is also recognized as the first New Wave song that made No.1 in the charts. In January 1979 Geldof hears the story on the news of the Californian schoolgirl, Brenda Spencer who shot and killed her principal of the school and injured many of her school mates. When interviewed and asked why she did it, she replied "I Don't Like Mondays". This quote proved to be inspirational to Bob Geldof & Johnnie Fingers. The ensuing single became a smash hit world-wide, reaching the No.1 spot in 32 countries and quite rightly became an all-time classic. The Boomtown Rats undertook a world tour, taking in America, Europe, Japan, Australia and New Zealand. The American leg of the tour ended at The Palladium in New York. The Boomtown Rats third album "The Fine Art Of Surfacing" reached No.7 in the UK album charts.

In 1980, a Dublin court cancelled a Boomtown Rats concert. Bob Geldof rejected the court's decision and The Boomtown Rats battled on for 2 weeks to be allowed to play in Ireland. The Boomtown Rats held the gig at Leixlip Castle to fourteen thousand fans... with Bob Geldof claiming a Boomtown Rats victory. In 1981 The Rats recorded their new album "Mondo Bongo" in Ibiza with producer Tony Visconti who had previously produced albums with T Rex, Bowie, Thin Lizzy, The Stranglers, Iggy Pop, to name but a few. The album "Mondo Bongo" went gold again. Now a recurring event for each new Rats album. The album featured the classic hit "Banana Republic" which has been called Ireland's alternative national anthem! Lead guitarist Gerry Cott now left the band, who continued as a 5-piece. Geldof stars in director Alan Parkers classic film of Pink Floyd's The

Wall. The Rats tour Thailand, India, Japan, Malaya, Hong Kong and Singapore.

In 1982 a new generation of bands breaks through and The Rats new album "V Deep", again produced by Visconti becomes The Rats first record setback. The single House On Fire does well in the UK charts. The Rats tour of the UK to promote the album however is a complete sell-out. In 1984 The Rats brilliant single "Drag Me Down" limps into the Top 50. The Geldof masterpiece "Dave" sinks without trace, although Pete Townsend of The Who said Dave was "the best single of 1984".

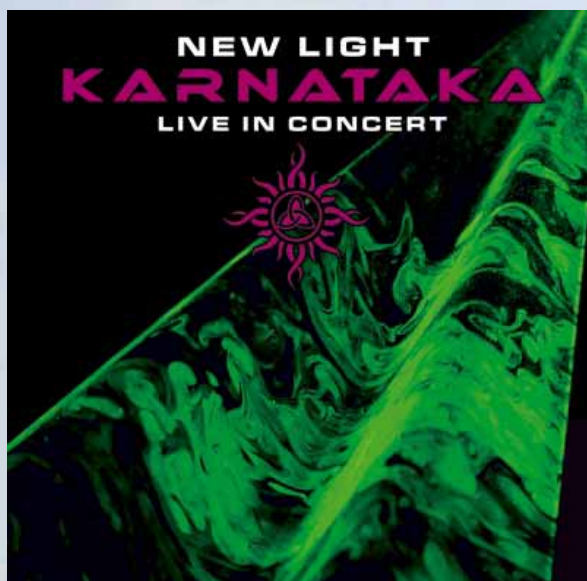
In late October 1984 Geldof watches the Ethiopian famine on the BBC News and decides to "do something". The other Rats wholeheartedly support him.

In 1985 The Boomtown Rats sing on the Geldof/Midge Ure penned Band Aid record "Do They Know It's Christmas". In its first week of release the single became the UK's fastest seller of all time, entering the chart at number one and going on to sell over three million copies, making it the biggest-selling single in UK history up to that point. On July 13th 1985, The Boomtown Rats were just one of the greatest artists in rock 'n roll history to play the Live Aid Concert in front of billions of people. In 1986, and so The Boomtown Rats play their last gig in Ireland for Self-Aid.

Unlike 10 years previously when The Rats understood precisely what they stood for, who they were and what their intention were by '86 this had now become unclear. Where could they go musically after all that had been achieved as a group both musically and socially. There were few battles left to fight that they hadn't already won. And so they went their separate ways.

In 2013 The Boomtown Rats re-group and once again overwhelm the tens of thousands at the Isle of Wight Festival. The songs had not only lasted but had over the years attained a newer relevance and power. Hearing them afresh the critics were amazed at how contemporary the Rats, their music, their songs and their attitude -unchanged after all those years still were. And are!! And now, comes an unreleased live concert from Germany 1978 on DVD/CD!

Here is the undiluted towering energy, speed, anger and sheer joy of playing in one of the great British/Irish bands of our time at their peak and in their prime.



Artist Karnataka
Title New Light
Cat No. KTKCD006
Label Immrama

New Light (Double CD) was recorded at The Met Theatre, Bury, UK during the band's critically acclaimed New Light Tour in 2012 and captures Karnataka at their most powerful and majestic best. New Light features tracks from the band's back catalogue including the award winning (Best International Album – World Web Awards Italy) studio album The Gathering Light. The set also includes previously unreleased versions of the traditional Celtic classic Lagan Love and new song My Love. New Light marks the debut performance of lead vocalist Hayley Griffiths' her breathtaking voice clearly illustrating why she was handpicked by Michael Flatley himself to perform in the Celtic phenomenon Riverdance and Lord Of The Dance. Hayley's incredible vocal range brings a new dimension to the sound of Karnataka, marking their transition to a powerful, symphonic tour de force.

Artist Karnataka
Title New Light
Cat No. KTKBR001
Label Immrama

New Light (Blu-Ray) was filmed in High Definition video at The Met Theatre, Bury, UK during the band's critically acclaimed New Light Tour in 2012 and captures Karnataka at their most powerful and majestic best. New Light features tracks from the band's back catalogue



including the award winning (Best International Album – World Web Awards Italy) studio album The Gathering Light. The set also includes previously unreleased versions of the traditional Celtic classic Lagan Love and new song My Love. New Light marks the debut performance of lead vocalist Hayley Griffiths, her breathtaking voice clearly illustrating why she was handpicked by Michael Flatley himself to perform in the Celtic phenomenon Riverdance and Lord Of The Dance. Hayley's incredible vocal range brings a new dimension to the sound of Karnataka, marking their transition to a powerful, symphonic, tour de force.

Artist Karnataka
Title New Light
Cat No. KTKDVD001
Label Immrama

New Light (DVD) was filmed in High Definition video at The Met Theatre, Bury, UK during the band's critically acclaimed New Light Tour in 2012 and captures Karnataka at their most powerful and majestic best. New Light features tracks from the band's back catalogue including the award winning (Best International Album – World Web Awards Italy) studio album The Gathering Light. The set also includes previously unreleased versions of the traditional Celtic classic Lagan Love and new song My Love. New Light marks the debut performance of lead

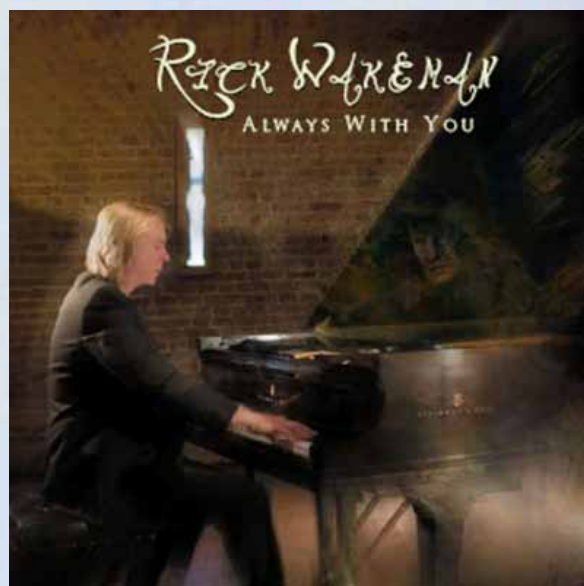


vocalist Hayley Griffiths, her breathtaking voice clearly illustrating why she was handpicked by Michael Flatley himself to perform in the Celtic phenomenon Riverdance and Lord Of The Dance. Hayley's incredible vocal range brings a new dimension to the sound of Karnataka, marking their transition to a powerful, symphonic, tour de force.

Artist Rick Wakeman
Title Always With You
Cat No. MFVP126CD
Label Music Fusion

For the last forty years Rick Wakeman has immersed himself in music. Leaving the Royal College of Music Rick has worked with some of the biggest names in rock and pop music playing on some of the biggest hits by artists as diverse as Cat Stevens, Marc Bolan and David Bowie. Likewise he has played with one of the biggest rock bands in the world. As a member of Rick played some of the biggest arenas in the world and released massively successful albums.

In 1973 he released his first proper solo album The Six Wives Of Henry The VIII following that album up in the seventies and eighties with other hugely popular and successful albums.



In the eighties Rick also recorded albums in the then popular genre entitled "New Age" Releasing such popular albums as The Aspirant Series of recordings (Aspirant Sunrise, Aspirant Sunset and Aspirant Sunshadows)

It would seem perfectly logical then that Rick would also record music by some of the world's finest composers leaving his own individual stamp on these recordings.

For centuries, composers of all nationalities have been taking existing musical themes from other composers and rewriting them by putting their own twists and turns into the music and in the process, often giving a completely new slant to that of the composer's original intentions.

Continuing in this age-old tradition, Rick Wakeman has created his own musical variations, purely for piano of many different genres of music, which stretch from choral work to full orchestra and folk songs and even rock with a version of Stairway To Heaven.

Always With You contains compositions from the new and the old all of which have been recorded by Rick in his own inimitable style.

Always With You is an album of accomplishment and melody and an album that will bear repeated play. With tracks such as Ave Maria, The Piano Messiah, Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring and the title track Always With You this album will appeal to a wider audience than Rick usually appeals to through his rock releases mixing as it does the contemporary alongside the traditional. I mean.

JON MEETS RICK



Finally, the thing that progressive rock fans have been waiting for ever since the first beat group starting to mess about with strange time signatures, and Progressive Rock was born! The undoubted doyen of all things Prog, the man who was even deified as a “Rock God” a couple of years back by none other than *Prog* magazine, the one and only Rick Wakeman has done something that – with the benefits of hindsight – he should probably have done years ago...

He is holding a three day festival to celebrate some of the highlights of his stellar career.

Wakemanfest will be held over the last weekend of October. It is being held in what Rick considers to be one of the great rock and roll venues; The Gliderdrome in Boston, Lincolnshire.

There is a programme on the dedicated website:
<http://www.wakemanfest.com/>

Friday 30th.

Registration from 2pm.

Video room open showing RW and related DVDs.

5.30pm – 6pm..... Q&A with Cadbury Sisters

6.30pm – 7pm.... Q&A with The 3 (or possibly 4) Wakeman's.

7.30 - 8.15.....The Cadbury Sisters.

9.00 -11.00.....Wakeman Cubed.

Saturday 31st

Video room running all day.

VIP room open all day.

2 - 3pm... Q&A cast of Sir Henry of Rawlinson's End.

4.30-5pm..Q&A....Rick & The ERE.

5.30-6.00.....Q&A ...The Electric Strawbs.

Evening performance.

6.30-7.30..Sir Henry of Rawlinson's End.(RW guesting).

8.00-9.00.....Strawbs.(with RW guesting at end).

10-11.30.....English Rock Ensemble.

Sunday

11.30 reception before buffet lunch.

Midday- 2pmlunch....table magic

During lunch ...Three games people for people to play with all

proceeds to the Grand Order of Water Rats plus an auction.

Entertainment.

2pm – 2.30pm.....The Philharmonic Skiffle Orchestra

2.35 – 3pm.....magician !

3.05pm – 3.45 pm.....Kevin Orkian.

4pm – 5pm....RW & The ERE....Chrissie Hammond also making a guest appearance.

Rick explains more:

The Cadbury Sisters supported me on my last tour and were absolutely amazing. Everybody simply loved them.

The Electric Strawbs of course will be very special as I will be joining them for 2 pieces. The Hangman and the Papist and also Where is this Dream of our Youth... and I will be using an original Hammond L100 similar to the one I used on the original recording at the Queen Elizabeth Hall .

Sir Henry of Rawlinson's End is that wonderful piece written by the late Viv Stanshall who I worked with . Mike Livesley does an amazing



version which I join in with every year at the Bloomsbury Theatre. His entire 11 piece band (plus me) will be performing it.

The London Philharmonic Skiffle Orchestra are heavily connected to the Water Rats who will benefit from the Sunday which will be a great day of entertainment.

High Energy Music & Comedy

Kevin Orkian is a music and comedy genius and also a Water Rat, hence his appearance which is not to be missed!!

All in all , it is going to be a really fun weekend and also the launch of the new book company HaGaTaS and there will be readings going on in adjoining rooms as well , so something happening all the time.

We plan this to be an annual event and really hope people will enjoy themselves... expect an early visit

from father Xmas as well!!!

It all sounds bloody good to me, so I rang Rick to find out more...

**Listen
Here**

Douglas Harr *Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile* **Ramblin' Man Fairly Fine**



The first annual Ramblin' Man Fair was held last weekend at Mote Park in Maidstone, Kent. I came over from San Francisco to see the band Camel, who performed on day one of the two-day event, 25 July 2015. The festival was well run, and a

success on many levels, with two main stages: one for rock & metal bands, and a smaller one for the purveyors of progressive rock. I took the trip all the way "across the pond" to see Camel with Jeff, my college roommate, as we have been lifelong fans of



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the group and had first seen them together on the *Breathless* tour, at the Roxy theater in Los Angeles way back in 1979. As hoped, Camel put in a strong performance, focusing on the 1975 recording, *Moonmadness* and fan favorites from the rest of their early catalog.

Camel returned to the stage two years ago, performing a slightly revised version of their brilliant concept album *The Snow Goose* (1975). My wife Artina and I attended this show at the Barbican Theater and felt fortunate to finally see the band out again after that long break, which came due to a rare illness suffered by founding guitarist Andrew Latimer. For that show the group featured keyboard player Guy LeBlanc who passed away just this last April, and was replaced for this tour by Ton Scherpenzeel, a founding member of Dutch band Kayak, who has been active with Camel since 1984. Returning members included the multi-talented Jason Hart (keys, acoustic guitar, vocals), Denis Clement (drums) and long-tenured favorite Colin Bass (bass, vocals). This was another stellar lineup for this long enduring band.

The show opened with “Never Let Go,” a staple from their first album, followed by “The White Rider” from *Mirage* (1974). Then commenced five of the seven songs from *Moonmadness*, most notably the one-two punch of “Air Born” and “Lunar Sea” along with “Uneven Song” from *Rain Dances* (1977), “Drafted” from the concept album *Nude* (1981) and the stunning and beautiful set closer “Ice” from *I Can See Your*

House From Here (1979). In particular the instrumentals “Lunar Sea” and “Ice” highlight Latimer’s abilities as one of Britain’s most talented guitarists. He shows a rare restraint, like contemporaries Eric Clapton and David Gilmour, wringing powerful emotion from every note, never crowding the measure. On top of this, Latimer sings and plays flute, and these skills were also on display, as he traded leads and harmonies with Colin (who makes everything he does look easy, paired with Denis on drums) and shared solos with keyboard wizard Ton, who was in great form. After the long form encore “Lady Fantasy” the band were rushed offstage, seeming to be surprised at the shorter time they were allotted. Prior nights on this brief tour included a three track set from *Dust and Dreams* (1991) a keyboard instrumental, and “Long Goodbyes” from *Stationary Traveller*, (1984), one of our favorites, none of which they were able to play. The rush seemed unnecessary; the stage time allotted to the comparatively pedestrian Scorpions would have fit Camel’s entire set list. It was not an arrangement befitting one of Britain’s most talented musical outfits. Nonetheless Camel delivered during a truncated 80 minute set and made the trip spectacular for the two of us.

And there was more to see during the long Saturday afternoon and evening. The lineup of bands on the prog stage that day included Unto Us, Touchstone, Messenger, Pendragon, Haken, Anathema and headliners Camel. On the main stage it was No Hot Ashes, Toseland, FM, Blue Oyster Cult, Saxon, Dream



Andrew Latimer (c) Matt and Steve Knight 2015



Anathema, Ramblin' Man Fair (c) Matt and Steve Knight, 2015

Theater, and The Scorpions. The only act we really wanted to see on the main stage was American band Blue Oyster Cult who did not disappoint, with killer hits like “Don’t Fear The Reaper” and “Godzilla” alongside deeper cuts that showed off their blues-rock chops.

We spent more of the day at the Prog stage, with Haken in particular hitting all their marks. This band featured inventive,

structured tunes like “Cockroach King” that brought to mind the best aspects of Gentle Giant with madrigal vocals and deft instrumental interplay. They closed with the 20-minute long-form song “Crystallized” which featured lots of tightly composed counterpoint and dramatic musicianship. This is a worthy band that just signed to the Yes event *Cruise To The Edge*. Anathema followed and did their fans right with their brand of melodic prog.



<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>

Camel: Andy, Colin, Denis (c) Matt and Steve Knight 2015



As to the fair in general, the event was well organized and not over-crowded, so lines for bathrooms, and the many varieties of food & drink were short, and there was plenty of space to stand or sit during the performances. Management, vendors and service personnel were upbeat, professional and courteous. On Saturday we lucked into a mostly sunny day in beautiful Mote park.

On balance musically, the fair catered more to the heavy metal and hard rock crowd, as fans of that music attended in greater numbers, and those bands took a much larger stage than their prog brethren. Additional smaller stages played host to "Outlaw Country" and blues acts. No doubt that imbalance was due in part to the main event being a rare U.K. appearance by American country and blues rock legend Greg Allman. But I came away feeling a bit let down by this, and had not expected

that here in the birthplace of progressive rock, the disparity between these related genres would be so large. It seemed a bit of whiplash; to my left was the brawn and bravado ("rock you like a hurricane"), and to the right, virtuosity and nuance ("daydreams and sunbeams"). Too much Yin for my Yang, and more leather than lace! While we did have a great time, I'm not sure the event founders will be able to entice me back next year, as nice as the fair was, and I know now to lean towards dedicated classic rock, alternative/indie or prog festivals. Next stop, the Yes voyage "Cruise To The Edge".

p.s. Special thanks this week to Matt and Steve Knight, who provided many of the photos above!

Lee Walker's AURAL NECTAR FOR THE SOUL

SHACK: Who Killed Clayton Square? (From the album *Zilch – Ghetto* 1988)

Mick Head is a true Scouse genius. But don't just take my word for it. Consider the wise words of none other than the NME, who once described Mick as being "our greatest living songwriter, and I would contend they're not a million miles off the mark with that assessment. Mick has been penning wonderfully poignant lyrics and heartsoaring melodies since 1981, initially with The Pale Fountains, before forming, in various guises and line-up changes, Shack, in 1986.

Produced by Ian Broudie, the band's debut album, *Zilch*, was released two years later. Whilst it didn't meet with any great commercial success, it did at least garner a good deal of positive critical acclaim, with many reviewers struck by the all-too apparent 'kitchen-sink drama/Alan Sillitoe' theme running through the record, what with its rueful ruminations on the humdrum existence of the everyday, and the undeniable lows of living in a straight from the pages of a J.G Ballard novel, high-rise flat, smack in the middle of a nondescript, dead end, council estate.

It's a fabulous collection of wryly observed vignettes, with an underlying sense of rage and despair at Liverpool's City Fathers and the callous politicians who have not only been complicit in lining their pockets at the expense of the vulnerable and underprivileged, but are also responsible for the dismantling of closely-knit local communities, knocking down the inner-city terraced houses and shipping out their occupants to the 'overspill new towns' of Runcorn and Skelmersdale.

Equally perverse, in both Mick, and this humble writer's eyes, is the wanton flattening of a large proportion of our city's most beloved landmarks, a vivid example of which is provided by the wrathful lament of Shack's 'Who Killed Clayton Square?'

Nearly three decades have elapsed since the

album's release, but the title of this track poses a still highly pertinent, contemporary question. Even if, to be honest, the question it asks is entirely rhetorical.

Mick Head knows the answer. I know the answer. Christ, anyone blessed with even the merest modicum of intelligence, knows the heart-sinking answer.

But just in case IQ's have plummeted faster than an over-fed pigeon wrapped in wing-binding rolls of sticky brown gaffa tape, in the years that have since slipped by with such unobtrusive ease, here is an admittedly, heavily re-edited entry referring to the demolition from a journal/diary that I kept throughout the tumultuous 1980s, 'Oh, and here we are, just a couple of mere months into 1986, and look everybody, how's this for a sight to stir your senses? I've just been into Town, and near the entrance of Central Station, I was stopped dead in my tracks by a column of shiny, bright-yellow machines making its way down from Copperas Hill towards the picturesque church and the collection of Georgian-period shops and pubs that forms Clayton Square.

This is no quaint display of cartoon, Beatles-esque submarines on wheels though, mores the pity. Nope. It's a squadron of all-too-real bulldozers being driven by multi-tattooed, *Sun*-reading boneheads, on a mission to destroy a site that generations of Liverpoolians, and out-of-towners alike had held dear for a hundred years or more, in the blink of a greedy entrepreneur's eye.

I'd long known the Square was due for demolition, of course. The plans to knock it all down and replace it with a soulless, modern shopping centre had been the source of much controversy in the 'Liverpool Echo' and on the local radio station phone-in' programme's, but actually witnessing the prelude to the terrible destruction about to take place...Well, it knocked me sick, I have to say.

I couldn't bear to watch the first of the wrecking balls strike the walls of the buildings. I had to walk away, my heart a heavy weight in my chest, as a



kaleidoscope of memories went spinning through my mind....

I remember my parents taking me shopping for presents in the Square, on my birthday, my dad sneaking off for a quick pint of Higson's in The Villier's, whilst my mum and I traipsed round the toy stores, my poor ma displaying the patience of a saint as I tried to decide between an Aurora model of King Kong, or the Dinky Toy version of Thunderbird 2.

Casting furtive, sneaky glances up at the film poster's adorning the walls of The Jaycey Cinema that always seemed to be showing X-rated sex or horror movies, and which rather ironically, wound up being converted into the Shrine of the Blessed Sacrament Church, during the early 1970s.

Magical summer afternoons as a teenager, buying a coffee in the upstairs cafe in Owen Owen's, for Helen Jones, my first proper girlfriend, and being unable to finish mine because my stomach was roiling with first date nerves.

And oh, God, Christmas in the Square. A

Dickensian vista of the Yuletides of yore: Groups of carol singers gathered near the church and store-fronts. The gaily decorated market barrows stacked high with fresh fruit and vegetables. The blade-sharp air redolent with the smells of spices and pine. Roast chestnuts and baked potatoes.

And dominating all, the huge tree in the centre of the Square. Festooned with multi-coloured lights and baubles, and draped in sparkling tinsel...

Soon all of this will be gone forever.

The only thing we'll have left to remember the original Clayton Square by will be the old photographs: the past fixed forever in our present.'

And of course, Mick Head's words of wisdom, written in the years after its demise.

*'The town planner's coming,
so, terraces run for your life..'*

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.





Spirit – The Rainbow that never stops shining

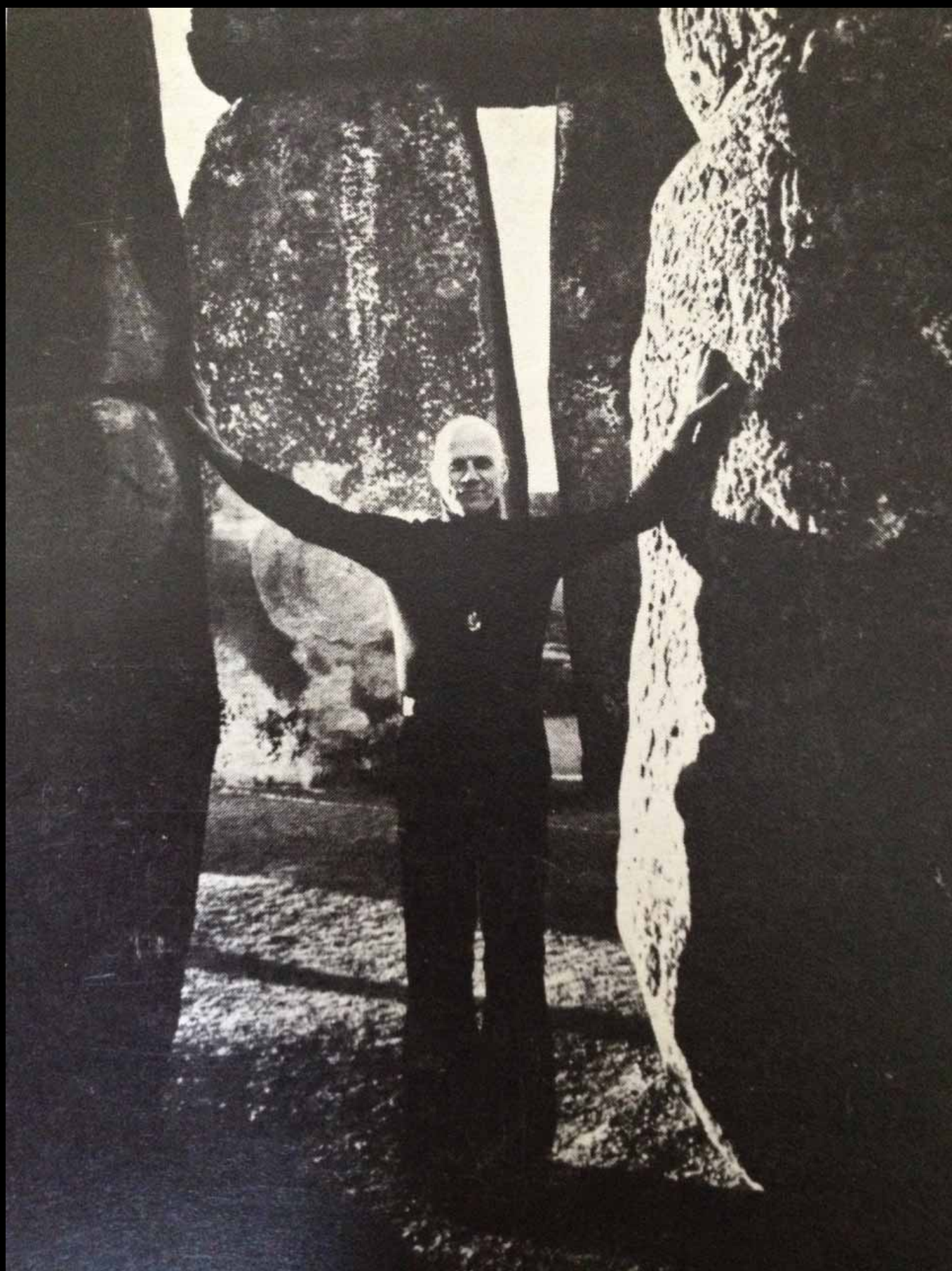
We've all heard the expression 'the atmosphere was electric', I only really recall it once, Saturday evening, 11th March 1978 when my best friend and I walked into the foyer of the Rainbow Theatre in London and realised immediately this was going to be something very special indeed. We were there to see the then already legendary American band, Spirit, led by uber-guitarist Randy California with his step-father, Ed Cassidy behind a massive drum kit, accompanied by bassist Larry 'Fuzzy' Knight. This was a real gathering of the tribes, long hairs and freaks everywhere, the air did seem to be crackling with electricity, and we were soon inside the auditorium itself.

As soon as the house lights went down, the smoke turned from grey to green, as it tended to do in those happier daze. The two support bands did not last very long, Alternative TV were on first, a mercifully short set, and then a trio called the Police. Yes, that Police, before they hit the big time. I'm ashamed to say they didn't last very long at all due to the shower of cans and bottles which started to land on the stage. Not good from such a 'hip' crowd, let alone any crowd. (Amazingly, there is a flyer for this gig on sale on the web for £65 currently, aimed at Police fans!). This night had been a long time coming. The house lights went down again and then it began. I remember a storming two hours or so of rock music from the gods, and at decently high volume.

There is something perfect about a trio in many ways, guitar, bass and drums, plus that voice of the rock n' roll angel, Randy himself. His playing with Hendrix in a club in New York when he was just 14 years old, is one of many mega stories which surround the man (Jimi gave him the 'California' surname. I've even seen someone question who inspired who in one online article). He usually wore a bandana on stage, bare-chested, playing solos with his teeth, playing solos walking amongst the audience in the stalls. It all sounds a bit corny now but Mr California was one of the few people who could genuinely pull it off and just leave you with a big smile on your face and in your heart. This was also back in the day of the dreaded drum solo, Mr Skin's party piece was to play his with his bare hands. But over two hours just wasn't enough and at least five encores followed before the plug finally got pulled. You really had the feeling they could have played all night. At that point, Randy invited the entire audience back to their hotel, for an after gig party. I wish we had gone in a way but apparently over 100 did, I would have loved to have seen the face of the hotel's barman that night. The hotel is still there, with a new name, it was the Metropole then, you can see it from the elevated section of the Westway in London today.

The gig was recorded, an LP came out shortly afterwards called Live 1978. It is largely from that gig and a few others in the same short tour, but the SQ is a

JOHN BRODIE-GOOD





tad muddy. A double CD called 'Two sides of the Rainbow' is also available for a mere £6.99. I've just ordered it due to the rave reviews it gets, which also state much improved SQ, can't wait! The wonders of You Tube however contain an hour and fifty minutes of their pure musical genius from the same tour with a video from Germany called Rockplast 1978. Plug your new DAC in, turn the volume up and let Spirit take you away to their special places. It opens with a slow jam, started by Mr Cassidy (check out his cymbals!), with somewhat random Moog lines thundering through, then the bass starts underpinning the rhythm before the Randy's guitar and sweet voice chimes in.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E_jYkwWjgh8

Spirit are one of the few bands whose music I can listen to time and time again, they never made it 'big' and that probably kept the music so pure, for so long. They have a lot of recorded gems available, almost nothing is duff, quite the opposite. Their early years peak with the '12 Dreams of Dr Sardonicus', which finally turned gold in sales after a slow start. Released in 1970, an almost perfect record, which contains the seminal eco-song 'Nature's Way'. Led Zep ripped off part of an early Spirit song for part of 'Stairway'....guess which band they first supported when they first toured the US? Randy's solo album 'Future Dreams' 1977, is often acknowledged as one of the first albums with 'sampling' on it, side 2 is shot through with excerpts from early Star Trek episodes for example. A delightfully quirky work, it takes a few listens to get it for some. My favourite if I have to have one, has to be the double (LP) set 'Spirit of '76'. This is

available on CD from the big river website, for a mere £12 currently. It showcases many of the band's amazing abilities, from gentle acoustic, to pop, to sheer balls flying grungy guitar heaven, always underpinned by Ed Cassidy's fabulous jazz-orientated drumming. In addition to Randy's prolific song-writing output there are gorgeous covers of Dylan, Hendrix and Beatles songs, the full spectrum is all there. '76 opens with 'America the Beautiful', a U.S patriotic song performed Randy style. A more concise, but in some ways similar taster can be found in the year's 2000 CD, 'Cosmic Smile', which is mostly 'out-takes'. Most bands would kill to even produce an official release of this quality of music, let alone out-takes.

It all ended rather unexpectedly and tragically, the big blue Pacific Ocean took Randy California in 1997, at the tender age of 45, to date, it has still not given him back.

As you might have guessed, I could write a book about them, but why read when you can listen and soak their fabulous music into your own spirit? If you haven't been to the 'Time Coast', it is high time you did. If you have forgotten them, you should revisit them....and soon. In this depressing modern world, Spirit's music is always the freshest of air, and thanks to vinyl, CDs and online videos and streaming, it always will be.

Tribute website

<http://www.randycaliforniaandspirit.com/home1.html>

LOOK WHAT BART'S DONE!

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

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



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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

FAMILY CIRCLE

JON ANDERSON | MATT MALLEY



Celtic Folk, World and Indian Music.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



Helping Families along the Way

Proudly Supporting People with Autism Since 1998

AUTISM AFFECTS FAMILIES

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

OUR MISSION

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

WE ARE IMPROVING LIVES

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



AND PROVIDING SUPPORT

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

Flutie Foundation Programs:

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

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

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LEARN MORE | www.flutiefoundation.org

Wakeman's Gonzo Weekend



I wrote this a few years ago, just before I started writing for this magazine:

"At the early age of 12 years, I went to the record store to buy my first two albums. One was "Journey to the Center of the Earth" by Rick Wakeman. This began a lifelong appreciation of all the works by this brilliant keyboard wizard. Journey and it's followup, "The Myths and Legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table" were pure magic to my ears. Deftly blending rock, classical, and theater, these albums fueled my young imagination and continue to provoke wonder today. I played these same records for my own kids, and one of my son's early first purchases was Rick's "Return to the Center of the Earth" which sported the exhilarating "Dance of 1,000 Lights."

Last weekend after a prolonged period making the arrangements, Rick played most of these

masterworks on two nights in Cheltenham at the Centaur. The night before these, he gave an intimate performance with three of his children, now young adults, Oliver, Jemma, and Adam Wakeman. I took my son, now 19 out from California to Britain to see these shows - they were everything we hoped and more.

This intimate show held at Black Friars club in Gloucester, part of a restored Dominican Friary, allowed each Wakeman to play a few of their own compositions and covers from their catalogs. Rick played his Nursery Rhymes, Beatles covers, and one from Rhapsodies. Most notably the guys all played "Jemma" from "The Family Album" teasing Jemma about her bedtime ritual, ultimately ending with Rick reading a modified, sweet and humorous bedtime story. The audience was invited to add new lyrics, filling in suggested actions for the

Doug Harr



bedtime ritual, expanding on ones like "Jemma, Jemma, brush your teeth!" Watch the video on YouTube here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WGTD4skFfZc&index=18&list=PL24746F80B2FB5B15>

Many who read this will know of Adam and Oliver's work - what was a surprise to us is how talented Jemma is - great keys, guitar and beautiful voice. The family shared stories and quite a few barbs at Dad on that Father's day eve, for his many marriages and other foibles. Heart warming, endearing, and a rare glimpse into the private life of these amazing artists."

Rick and family are now preparing for the upcoming Wakemanfest weekend, taking place this coming 30th October to 1st November at Lincolnshire's Boston Gliderdrome. Already announced for the weekend are Mike Livesley's version of Vivian Stanshall's Sir Henry At Rawlinson End, The English Rock Ensemble, the Strawbs, the Cadbury Sisters and others. Q&A sessions will take place throughout the weekend. It promises to be another opportunity to catch a special concert including Wakeman and guests, a welcome chance to celebrate their work.





SENDELICA

2015

PART ONE TOUR

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

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

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

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

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

**TUES 12TH TBA
ITALY**

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

**FRI 15TH MAY , INNERHIM, WÜRZBURG,
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**SAT 16TH MAY , AUTO CONTROL COMMUNITY,
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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



We went on to Denmark and to a play a festival. Not the best of choices to run a festival that late in the year and when we rolled up in the bus you could see that the audience had thought so too. The fields were deep in mud and there were very few people there. We arrived just as Kate and Anna McGarrigle were leaving the stage and I ran into my old friend Simon Tessano who was doing front of house for them. The promoters greeted us, and did not look too happy. 'Looks like this is a bit of a disaster,' Lance observed.

The promoter shook his head.

'We have put our houses up as surety for this, we will lose everything.'

'Wanna buy a gun?' quipped Lance.

It didn't go down too well.

The common image of Scandinavia is of a clean and ordered country. There are, however, other aspects of it which lurk beneath that civilised veneer. In Vibor we checked into a hotel which was not quite finished. I felt a bit like that description of the Queen. The one where people say that she thinks the world smells of fresh paint because a few hundred yards ahead of the party there is always someone frantically painting walls.

In this hotel everywhere I went there was a workman putting up a light fitting or, in the case of the foyer, frantically trying to fix the glass roof in a welter of rain and wind. The locals were less than impressed with the intrusion of this hotel into their lives as can be seen from the sign in the picture, which, given that this was in Denmark, was rather surprisingly couched in English.

Denmark is, however, a lot more of a European

country than its other Scandinavian counterparts. We headed north into Norway, up through the frozen snowline. Norway can be a very beautiful country to travel through and its people are all friendly, until they start drinking. Alcohol in Norway is prohibitively expensive – taxed to the hilt, but even so, there is a certain fraction of Norwegians that do like to get drunk, and having reached that state, to behave in very unpredictable ways.

It was Sunday when we got to Maarstad and we checked into one of the country's 'temperance hotels'. If you refer to 'The Prohibition' most people will immediately think of the 1920s era gangsters of American history, but it is not widely known that many other countries tried to ban alcohol. Norway was one of these countries and they banned the sale of distilled drinks in 1916. They further banned wine and beer a few years later. There was a strong temperance movement in Norway and many of these Christian zealots built the temperance hotels you can still see, and stay in, today. They carried on the tradition of having no alcohol on the premises.

We stayed in one of these on a cold, grey, Sunday night. Noel and I decided we would go for a walk into the small town and see if we could find a bar. It was all looking rather forlorn when we chanced upon a small nightclub that was open. When we went inside we found that we were the only patrons.

We sat at the bar and ordered a couple of drinks. After a while a couple of guys came and sat down at the bar beside us. The one sitting beside me banged on my arm and I turned to look at him. He held a crooked roll up in one hand and said, in a thick accent, 'Fire'. I shook my head.

'I'm afraid not,' I said, and turned back to Noel. He repeated the arm banging and request, 'Fire,' he grunted.

'Sorry,' I replied, 'I don't smoke.'

'I don't believe you,' came the response. My general reaction to brutishness is to ratchet my aloofness level up a couple of notches and go into '1950s Englishman' mode.

'That, my dear fellow, is your prerogative.'

I turned once more towards Noel, but I was watching his movements out of the corner of my eye. He had picked up an ice bucket that rested on the counter and began to lift it over my head. Just as it was above my head I reached up and tipped it backwards, spilling the ice and icy water all over my protagonist. He reached out and grabbed the back of my hair.

We were both sitting on high barstools so I put my feet on the ground reached back and under his arm so that my left hand rested under his chin. Then, using his arm as a lever, I jerked his head backwards. This caused him to unbalance and, still seated, he toppled backwards to land, on his back, on the ground with all of the wind knocked out of him.

Behaving far more casually than I felt at this point, I swivelled off my own stool, put one foot on his chest, grabbed his coat lapels, and said, 'I think I need to explain something to you....'

The man's companion came around us and decided to pick on Noel. Noel is not a tall person, but he is well built and was not to be cowed by this behaviour. The man poked him in the chest and said.

'Hey nigger, are you trying to start trouble?'

Noel drew himself up to all the height he could muster and replied:

'No one calls me a nigger....' he pointed at me, 'except him and his mate.'

At this juncture we both looked at each other and burst into laughter. The doorman and bartender, who had seen the thing kick off, came over and escorted the two Scando-drunks off the premises.



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Housing Benefit Hill: Witch way out of here?

I SHOULD call this place Housing Benefit Hell. Okay, maybe it's not as bad as that, but it certainly seems like purgatory at times. There's an element of degradation here, living - literally - on top of one another; too many people in too small a space, where children kick about in a nest of derelict garages, scattered with broken glass and knackered car-parts, and where broken furniture moulders in the scrubby hedgerow out the back. Almost every family is a Single Parent. This place is on the edge, in more ways than one.

If there are any Christians here I certainly haven't met them. There's little room for forgiveness as Our Father Which Art In Heaven is manifestly ungenerous with the Daily Bread. Those who profess any belief at all - and there's only two - are naturally prone to the lure of blasphemy. Lucifer, after all, was also cast into the depths.

Fred and Vera are self-confessed witches. They call it "The Craft" and invite me to one of their ceremonies. Well, why not? I can't see how it can do any harm.

Fred makes ritual equipment - swords, wands, crowns and the like - as well as finely-crafted silver jewellery. Vera makes the robes, and the two of them spend much of their time collecting poisonous plants from the nearby woods.

Fred is quietly frustrated, Vera aggressively so. Her throaty growl echoes around the close - shouting obscenities at the children and the dogs - and is one of the daily entertainments. When she talks to you, it's usually to cackle viciously at someone's stroke of ill-luck. You get the feeling that she's wished it upon them. But there can't be anything in this magic lark, or they wouldn't be stuck in this place. Or maybe it's that the spells only work when guided by

a malevolent spirit.

But at the time I witnessed their ceremony, I was keeping an open mind. I was hoping to cast a spell over my ex-lover.

The Congregation consists of two people: myself, nervously contemplating the possibility that parts of the ritual may be performed "sky-clad" (naked), and a sad young man with the raw, red scales of eczema all over his hands. Was this Divine Punishment, or is he here hoping for a cure? I'm made even more nervous at what any sky-clad developments might reveal.

Theirs is a typically tatty council flat, but it's remarkable how effectively it's transformed. The settee is pushed back. Candles are lit, and one of the sideboards is miraculously converted into an altar. Fred and Vera descend dressed in tight white robes that show the stretch of their paunches. We daren't think of them as Fred and Vera anymore: they are High Priest and Priestess - sorcerers, practitioners of the dark arts.

The ceremony begins. The High Priest inserts a dagger into a chalice of wine, while intoning some ritual formula under his breath. Unfortunately, we are almost immediately interrupted by a knock at the door. Fred is annoyed (do Christian Priests ever suffer such humiliation?) and insists on starting again. He breathes deeply and rolls his eyes heavenwards as he re-inserts his dagger into the chalice in what, at that moment, looks like peevishness. All the time the two of them indulge in whispered directions as if this is the dress-rehearsal for some greater show. There's certainly a high degree of theatricality about the event.

They are creating a sacred circle in ritual space.



Earth, air, fire and water revolve in the form of salt, a smoking censer, a candle and a chalice of wine. The High Priest faces the Four Quarters and calls on their respective Guardians (they all have impressive, if forgettable, demonic names), and then revolves his dagger to create the last barrier in ritual space.

There's another hint of irritation as they've forgotten to bring down a sword: the sad little dagger makes a paltry circle by comparison. The two of them link hands and begin to spin; slowly at first, but with increasing abandon, chanting more and more frantically as the gyration grows wilder. Finally the Priestess orders "Down!", and they both drop, the Priest resting his head on her feet. Fred suffers a head-rush and has to lie in this position for some

minutes. Finally he forces himself, panting, to rise. He stands with his little dagger erect (how much better a full-sized sword would have been) while the High Priestess kisses first his feet, then his thighs and then (uh-oh!)... but no, she passes on to his belly, his chest, his lips. For one brief, unnerving moment I'd pictured them taking the phallic symbolism to its logical conclusion.

There were other parts to the ceremony. At one point the High Priestess was on her knees, chanting to a candle flame that was serving for the bonfire they might have used in open space. Oh, the limits of a council house invocation.

It is interesting to note that most - if not all - of today's witches follow a tradition that goes right back to the Thirties; and that the rituals, chants and names are gleaned from such diverse and unrelated sources as Egyptology, Celtic legend and the kabbala. No ancient religion, this. What knowledge there is is entirely book-learned.

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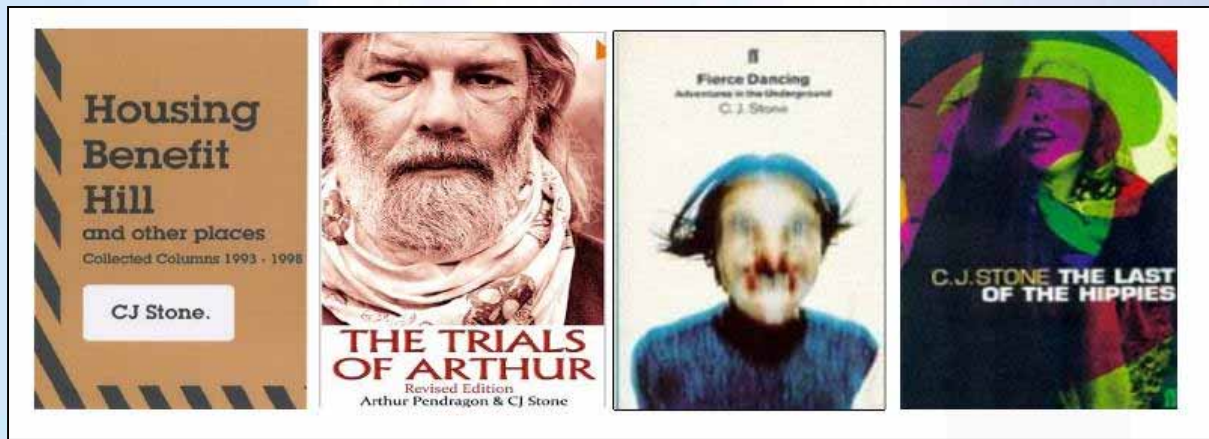
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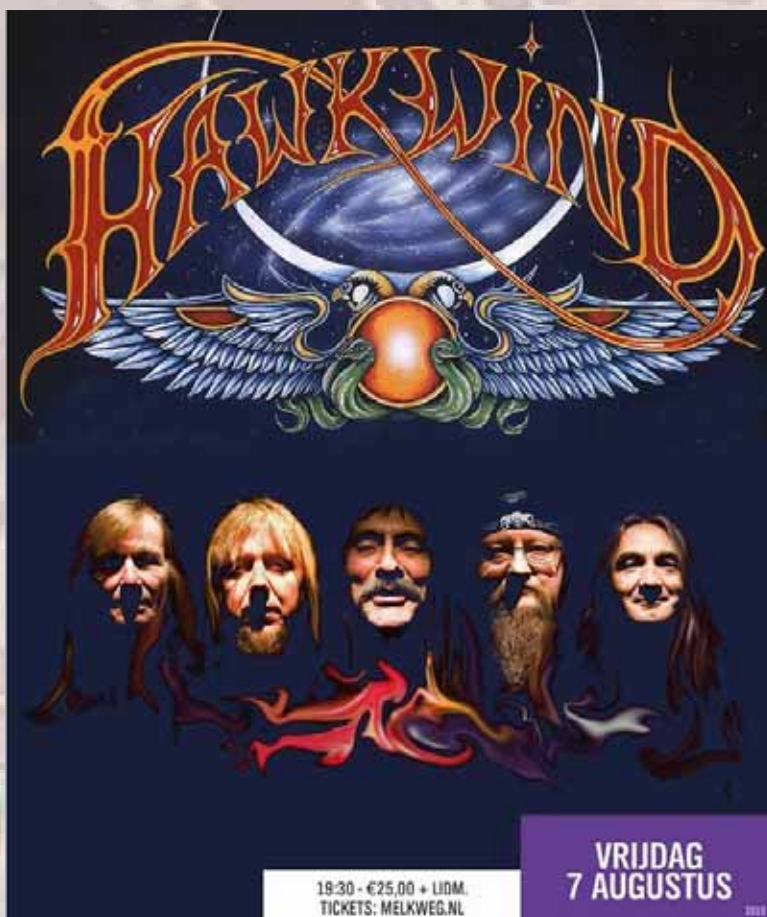


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latest news from the Hawkverse..



It's recently been announced that Hawkwind are again going to play the prestigious Dutch event "Melkweg" - run by a non-profit organisation that has existed since the 1970s, the Netherlandander word 'Melkweg' means 'Milky Way' in English, and thus seems rather an appropriate venue for Hawkwind to play at.

The 2015 date is set for the 7th August, and will be the latest of several Hawkwind appearances at the event. Notably, Mr Dibs participated at the August 2003 event, performing

alongside bass player Alan Davey. Hawkwind also appeared there several times in the 1990s, back when another bass player Ron Tree was on vocal duties at the time.

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



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Greetings space travellers!

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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.

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Yer GONZO ISLAND DISCS

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

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



Lars Thomas is an old and dear friend of mine—he is a true polymath: zoologist, author of dozens of books, naturalist, and even singer in a Danish Irish folk group if you can imagine such a thing. So as he spends some of his time on desert islands looking for obscure insects, it seemed like a good idea to ask him what music he takes with him...

Lars's Top Ten

My desert island music:

1 I am an absolute sucker for groups that take old folk tunes and give them a modern rock twist – Dropkick Murphys, Flogging Molly and suchlike, but my absolute favorite is Swedish group Stamp'n Go and their record "Stamp Folk Collection".

2 The second record would have to be one by Danish group Shubidua. They will mean absolutely nothing to people who are not Danish. Their music is excellent, but not that special, but in the lyrics they have taken the Danish language and used it in ways it was never meant to. And for an author and translator like myself, who work with language every day, it is absolute priceless. Their second album, "Shubidua 2", from 1975 is probably their best.

3 I am also always willing to sing along to a good bawdy drinking song, and nobody does that better than american group The Poxy Boggards. I'll take any one of their records, but if I have to make a choice, it would be "Lager than life".

4 Scottish and Irish folk music have always been a firm favorite of mine, so there is no doubt that one of the last records The McCalmans made before they retired: "The Greentrax Years" has to be on the list.

5 Having sung in a choir and an acapella group when I was younger, and for a short while with a small folk-band, I am very much into singing in close harmony, and for that particular need, I would choose american group Home Free and their "Crazy Life" record.

6 Being the son of a classical violinist, I was more or less forced with classical music when I was a younger, and consequently rebelled very much against it for a number of years. But today I find myself drawn more and more towards classical music – especially Mozart, but I also have a sort of greatest hits of classical music record, that I often hear when I am writing, so on my list would go: The London Philharmonic Orchestra and their "The 50 Greatest Pieces of Classical Music".

7 Having a very welldeveloped, and slightly sarcastic sense of humour, as well as a love of language and music, I never tire of listening to american icon Tom Lehrer. So his "An evening wasted with Tom Lehrer" has to go on the list as well.

8 Having spent quite a lot of time in Australia, I have also developed an interest in Australien music, and one of the greats from Down Under is a band called Redgum, so on goes "The Essential Redgum" as well.

9 One of the all time great voices in rock music (in my humble opinion) is Meat Loaf. I can listen to "Bat out of Hell" again and again – and I probably would on a deserted island as well.

10 And finally I still think that Dire Straits first album, simply called "Dire Straits" is plain and simply great, so that gets the final place on my list.

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.

Events in the Yes camp are steel reeling from the untimely death of founder member and bassist Chris Squire,

There have been a number of articles, mostly quoting Alan White who is now, I think, the longest standing member of the band, reiterating that Yes will continue.

Another interesting news story is that Jimmy Page is suggesting that the long unreleased XYZ recordings from their abortive "Ex Yes and Zeppelin" project. It will be interesting to see what transpires...

- CHRIS SQUIRE XYZ TAPES COULD BE RELEASED
- Jon Anderson's Olias of Sunhillow charted a course of separation from Yes
- Yes to Continue Without Late Bassist Chris Squire, Says Drummer Alan White
- YES SPINOFF: Inside Steve Hackett and Steve Howe's ill-fated GTR supergroup: 'The price of
- Yes to Continue Without Late Bassist Chris Squire, Says Drummer Alan White
- RICK WAKEMAN: Latest newsletter

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 Daavid Allen, Gilli Smyth *Mother Gong* are well known and highly regarded. It just felt right to include a daily poem from Thom on our Gonzo blog and when I approached him to do so, he replied with in seconds!!! Thom is a great talent and just wants to spread poetry, light and positive energy across the globe. If we at Gonzo can help him do that - why not? why not indeed!!!"

"GO WHERE YOU ARE RARE"

We are all Futurists. We wish a better world.
Some have begun working with Government
to bridge the gap between the server and the served..
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XTUL XXX

IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

The previous time that I had pulled my forehead away from Panne's, causing a rift in the psychic connection between us, reality (or what passed for reality in the completely unreal environs of Britannia Potts' garden) had snapped back in jaggedly like lightning rents in the fabric of my mind, but now 'reality' slowly appeared like an expensive crossfade in one of the bigger budget Hollywood movies, that a small-time film maker like me can only dream of.

The crossfade seemed to take forever, and as it is something out of the ordinary reality of space and time, I am not even going to attempt to tell you what actually happened and how long it actually took. But soon enough I was sitting back on the bench, reaching into my pockets for cigarettes, and trying to work out what to do next.

I looked down at Panne who was kneeling

slumped in front of me with 'her' head in my lap. Panne appeared to be unconscious, or at least asleep, but 'she' was definitely alive, and peculiarly, she was no longer covered in blood. Gently I lifted up the head of the little goatling, and noted with pleasure that 'her' face was no longer covered with blood, and the bruising appeared to have gone.

Lighting a cigarette with one hand, I took deep breaths of the pale blue-grey smoke as I decided what to do next. I obviously couldn't stay here, and neither could I leave Panne. So I levered myself to my feet with my stick and pulled the little creature to some semblance of an upright position, and using a move that I had been taught back in the days when I was a nurse, well over thirty years before, I started to hobble towards my car.



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

I don't want to bellyache about my aches and pains, because this is neither the time nor the place, but this is vaguely germane to the story. Although I have never exactly been a man of action, eighteen years ago I climbed hillsides and explored cave systems in Puerto Rico, and even ten years ago I was relatively mobile.

Now, I am almost entirely crippled, and in constant pain. I am only banging on about this to make the point that I am not claiming to be any hairy chested man of action. Even within my cryptozoological toilings, I am these days a theorist rather than a fieldworker, and when I *do* go into the field, as I did for example in my expeditions in Texas in search of the grotesque and rather baffling blue dogs, I tend to do all my travelling by car and truck rather than on foot. So manhandling a semi-comatose hairy godling under one arm, even the fifty odd yards that it took to get back to my car was no easy undertaking.

No sooner than the path turned the corner of the tumbledown cottage (which made the tumbledown cottage in which my family and I live seem like a well tended mansion) everything changed. The warm summer's day, and the fairytale garden with brightly coloured flowers and American butterflies flitting from hollyhock to hollyhock were suddenly replaced with the cold grey drizzly reality of North Devon at the beginning of winter.

A murmuration of starlings swirled in the slate grey sky above us and an unpleasant mixture of drizzle and light sleet meandered down drunkenly. Then, and I really don't know from whence they came, Britannia Potts, Lysistrata and two hooded figures were standing in front of us, with their hands held up in front of me, like traffic policemen.

I will not pretend that I have ever had the sunniest of dispositions. And these days, as a result of my various ailments and my increasing age, I am (according to my wife, whom I love very much) a grumpy old sod. But after having spent an uncomfortable night off my tits on the floor of a cottage that I realised now that I shouldn't have visited in the first place, and after having experienced at second hand Loxodonta's and Panne's Apotheosis, and now with the dead weight of a little goatfooted woodland godling half under my arm, and half over my shoulder, (I can't explain any better than that, and won't try) I was in an even worse mood than usual.

"What the fuck do you want?" I snarled.

The four of them just stood and stared at me in silence.

"What the fuck do you want?" I repeated.

Now, while trying to recount this narrative in some semblance of order I have got tired of resorting to the literary artifice of saying that there were no words in the English language to adequately explain what happened next, but - once again - there aren't.

A message flashed in the sky by the sun, "be careful this is only a game..." But by this time I had really had enough of all this shit. My blood sugar was dipping, and I was beginning to feel violent. "I have had enough of all this!" I shouted. "Get out of my fucking way!" And I tried to push past them. And then some half remembered words that I had got from a book that I didn't really believe flashed into my mind, and I shouted:

"Κύριε ο Θεός ημών, ο Βασιλεύς των αιώνων, ο παντοκράτωρ και παντοδύναμος, ο ποιών πάντα και μετασκευάζων μόνω τω βούλεσθαι."

And as I did so I thrashed out with my stick, desperately trying not to lose my balance. I don't know whether it was the stick or the ancient Greek exorcism which I didn't believe in and only half-remembered, but the two hooded figures disappeared and Panne and I were left staring at the two mad women that I had known for so long.

"Just get out of my way" I croaked wearily, and much to my surprise they did. I bundled Panne unceremoniously in the back seat of the Astra, squeezed myself into the driver seat, and drove the two miles back to Woolsery.

And, believe it or not, there really isn't much left to tell. During the short drive home, I was doing my best to marshall my thoughts and work out how to tell my long suffering wife what had happened. I was sure that she would have been very worried that I had not returned home the previous evening, if indeed it *had* been the previous evening. I was so disorientated by having travelled forwards and backwards through time with Panne and Loxodonta that I truly didn't know *what* day it was.

But it turned out that I had only been gone for less than twenty four hours, and that Britannia had telephoned Corinna the night before, and in her best *Grande Damme* voice had introduced herself as a friend of my late father, told her that I would be spending the night away, and even warned her that I would be accompanied by a poorly youngster who would need looking after.

How she knew all this before it had even happened, and how she had managed to lull my dear wife into a false sense of calmness I am not sure, but when I got home Corinna greeted me as if nothing had happened.

She didn't even bat much of an eyelid at Panne.

I had wondered vaguely how I was going to explain the advent into our household of a naked hairy creature with the horns and hooves of a goat and the physique of a young teenage girl, but in the event Corinna was much less shocked than I had been when I had first met Panne. She is a mother and a grandmother and her maternal instincts kicked in the moment she saw her.

Together we manhandled Panne up the stairs and into a makeshift bed that Corinna had made up in what used to be my Father's Dressing Room. There Panne slept for the next couple of days before eventually beginning to venture out and play with the dogs.

Nine months later, I am sitting in my favourite armchair trying to type deathless prose on my iPad, and finish this narrative before my diabetes becomes too much for me and I need to rush upstairs for a pee. Panne is still here, and shows



no signs of any godlike powers of any kind. After the events surrounding the *Xtul* winter song I have heard nothing from Danny or anyone to do with the band but something mildly unsettling *did* happen in the early spring.

It is a matter of record that one of my hard drives died on me, and I had to pay over seven hundred quid to recover the data on it, which included all of the music and sound files I had from *Xtul*. Whilst I was waiting for the replacement drive to come back with the recovered data, I went down to my office one morning to find that a portable hard drive marked "MUSIC" was missing, and there were telltale signs that someone or something had been into my office overnight. Two days later the drive (which had contained nothing more interesting than a whole pile of Led Zeppelin bootlegs) was returned in the post.

When I got the recovered data back I made sure that I sent backups of all the data to several friends, as well as lodging a copy with my bank, and uploading it to a cloud drive. I have no idea what I am going to do with it, but *Xtul* are too good a band for me to let slip completely through my fingers.

Panne hasn't spoken a word since moving in to the old Dressing Room where we plonked 'her' eight months ago.

But 'she' seems to be a happy little thing, and the two dogs, and four cats gaze adoringly at 'her' whenever she flits past them. Sometimes they all curl up together in a hairy pile in the corner of the room, and as spring turned into summer one could sometimes see Panne skipping through the beech trees on the east side of the garden where we have the Bealtiane fire each year, Prudence (as senior dog) waddling earnestly by her side, and Archie and a procession of three cats and a kitten trotting behind.

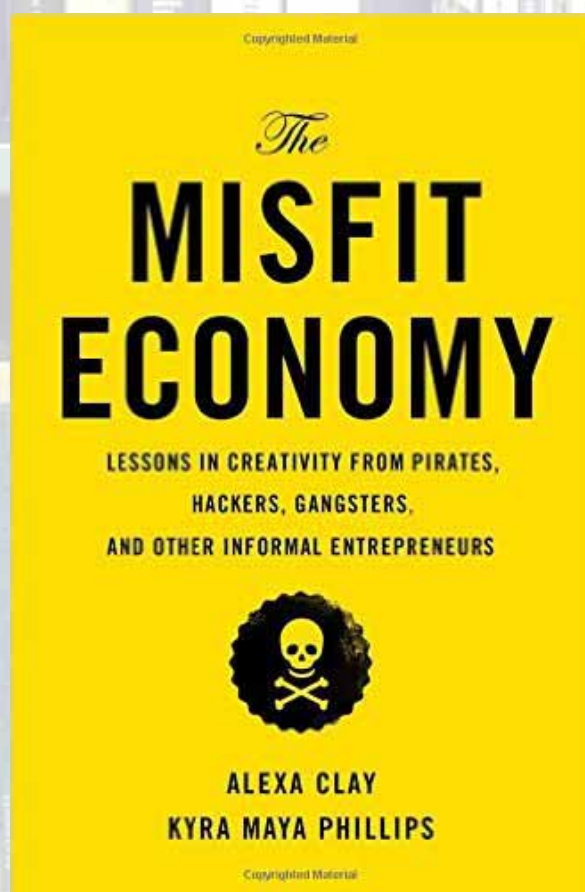
And what do Mother and Graham who live here, and the motley collection of scientists, musicians and social malcontents who visit here think about having a godling in their midst?

Truthfully, I don't think that any of them have noticed.

FIN

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf

My name is Jonathan and I am an addict. It's been ummmmmmmmm about two and a half hours since my last book. I am an inveterate reader, and have adored, devoured and collected books since I was about seven years old. This column was intended as a place to review books sent me by kindly publishers, but although such people do exist, and whilst I continue to get review books on occasion, and include them here, this column has evolved into reviewing the books—old and new—that I devour each week.



Hardcover: 256 pages
Publisher: Simon & Schuster (23 Jun. 2015)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 1451688822
ISBN-13: 978-1451688825
Product Dimensions: 14 x 2.5 x 21.3 cm

This book turned out to be completely unlike what I had been expecting. I had thought it was going to be how underground groups like Black Hat Hackers had formed their own neologistic economy on things like the Dark Net, but it wasn't anything at all like this.

It told the story of how one woman started a course of entrepreneurship for American prison inmates, many of whom - having had pre-existing successful businesses as drug dealers, for example (successful that is, until they got caught) - were already in the prime mental state to make a success of their new careers. However, it turned out that this particular woman's lust for glory was curtailed because of her lust for convicts.

It told the story of a group of moderately successful Somali Pirates and a group of people selling unpasteurised camel milk, as far as I can tell without any real scientific evidence to back it up, that it has extraordinary medical and curative powers.

It told the stories of people in China who made a great deal of money by producing bootleg versions of other people's clothes, electronic goods, and in one extraordinary section, buildings and even an entire city, basing their whole raison d'être on copyright theft.

This is a very peculiar book, because it brings out all sorts of totally mixed emotions in your truly. part of me just gets angry at the continued celebration of Capitalism and Consumerism which in my humble opinion are to of the things which are doing the worst damage to society. However, I find the ingenuity of some of the people described both admirable and fascinating.

North Devon Firefly Faery Fayre & Ball 2016

Saturday 23rd July

Clovelly Parish Hall, Wrinkleberry Lane,
Higher Clovelly, Devon EX39 5SU

Faery Fayre 12 noon - 4pm Tel: 01237 441999

Faery Ball 5pm - Midnight Bar from 7pm

STALLS, WORKSHOPS, LIVE BANDS, FOOD ALL DAY

I was very impressed by the story of the entrepreneurs who predated the Fair Trade movement. Tyler Gage, for example, who spent a long time working and living with indigenous peoples in Ecuador, and - horrified by the depredations that conventional economics were wreaking upon the rainforest - started a cooperative business to import a beverage made from a forest tree into urban

America where it became a qualified success, bringing a new prosperity to the area and slowing if not stopping the depredations of the logging industry.

Stories like this are fascinating, as are the descriptions of new types of Industrial Democracy where workers band together to start new forms and modes of business. But





the chapters which conclude that Pirates, Gangsters and Drug Dealers are actually good and self actualised capitalists tell me nothing that I have not always suspected.

I am not stupid or naive enough to think that human beings should survive without money. That would be completely unrealistic, and I cannot actually envisage how such a process would take place unless we all became part of a Huxleyan New World Order. But our species is not going to survive for as long as the individual lust for money and 'things' is what

consumes us. In short, for as long as we are nothing but consumers in a Gadarene rush towards an undefined precipice over which lies a Malthusian nightmare.

The positive and uplifting thing about this book is that it does put forward a few scenarios whereby this horrific future may be avoided. The terrifying thing about this book as it portrays a future society run by people with the mindset of pirates, gangsters and drug dealers. Hold on, isn't that what we have already?



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...

I loathe trophy hunters. And when I read about the death of Cecil the lion in Zimbabwe, once again I found myself feeling utter shame of being a member of the human race. And then I saw a picture of the dentist in question, with his almost lipless, insincere smile, who had 'skilfully' killed the poor beast, and I wanted to do him serious harm. Yes, I apostrophise the word 'skilfully' because he clearly was not possessed of skill considering the fact they had to track the poor beast for 40 hours afterwards. It is clear that he is a liar too, then, when he boasts of his skill with a bow. I can only hope he is extradited and gets dealt with in the way in which he deserves.

And then, of course, the snivelling, snot-gobbler, Nugent just had put his two-cents in didn't he? "[T]he whole story is a lie," Nugent wrote on Facebook today. 'It was a wild lion from a 'park' where hunting is legal & ESSENTIAL beyond the park borders. [A]ll animals reproduce every year & would run out of room/food to live w/o hunting. I will write a full piece on this joke asap. God are people stupid[.]' Hey, Teddie boy, who you calling stupid? Or have you been lookin' in that darn mirror again you narcissistic, loathsome excuse of a human being? PS: your 'music' really sucks.

THE BITCH IS BACK

So, trophy hunters. What could be the collective noun of these sick, twisted, soul-less, disgusting, despicable, malevolent, degenerate, repugnant 'human' beings? A malignity? A degeneracy? I rather like 'a turpitude of trophy hunters', but I am not sure you can actually have a turpitude of anything.

Anyway, shall we move on?

Jerry Garcia + Tony Bennett GIANTS PROMOTIONAL Bobble Bobbleheads SGA 2010/2011 - US \$289.95

"Up for auction is a Jerry Garcia San Francisco Giants exclusive Stadium Giveaway (SGA) Bobblehead given out on August 9th, 2010 and a Tony Bennett San Francisco Giants exclusive Stadium Giveaway (SGA) Bobblehead given out on September 27th, 2011.

The TONY BENNETT Bobblehead includes a SOUND CHIP that plays a part of Tony's famous



song "I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO".

If that is Tony Bennett, then I'm a raspberry milkshake. It looks a bit like George Bush to me.

NEW The Monkees Wacky Wobblers Bobble Heads Bobblehead Set by Funko 4 Brown - US \$82.99

"This is a brand new The Monkees Wacky Wobblers Bobbleheads by Funko. The box is in excellent condition. Mickey, Mike, Davy and Peter have the reare brown suits on."



So a 'wacky wobblers bobble heads bobblehead set' eh? Try asking for a box of those after eating a four course meal, and downing a couple of glasses of wine and a large Irish coffee.

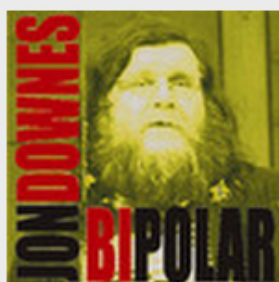
Bangor Railway Enamel Totum Station Sign VGC Beatles Maharishi Aug 1967 Midland - £695.00

"Bangor Fully Flanged Railway Totum Station Sign c1948 Midland Region colours.

The Beatles visited Bangor 25th-27th August 1967 to attend a lecture by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. On the Beatles Anthology John Lennon +

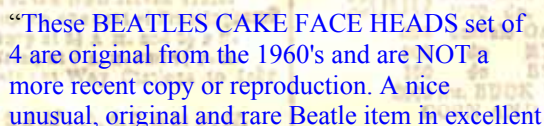
SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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

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manufactures to be patented, & deposited there, which
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the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make entries
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weird **2015** **weekend**

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



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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.

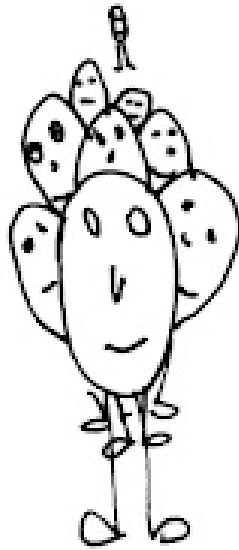
For the second time, Cryptozoologists, parapsychologists, ufologists, and folklorists will be descending on The Small School in Hartland, to share their findings and insights. Unlike other events, the *Weird Weekend* will also include workshops giving tips to budding paranormal investigators, and even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



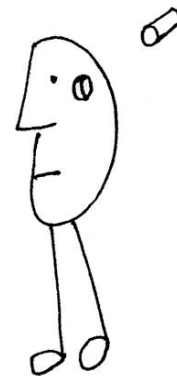
The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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



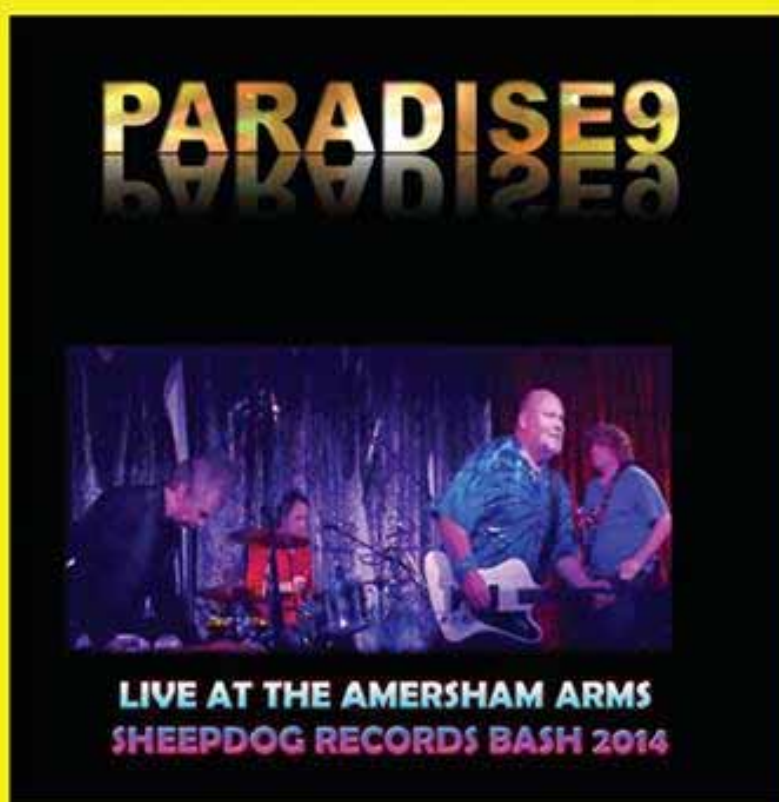
Henry came up with a mint idea

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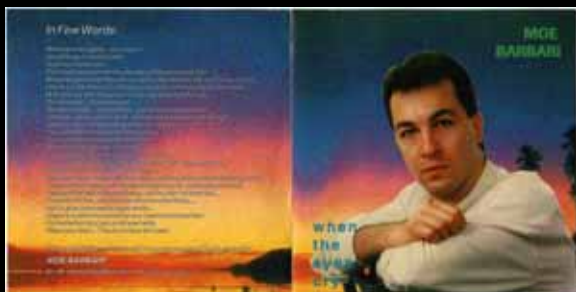




This book, which was released by Gonzo earlier this year is an erudite catalogue of some of the most peculiar records ever made. The authors have lined up, described and put into context 500 "albums" in the expectation that those of you who can't help yourselves when it comes to finding and collecting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

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

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



Moe Barbari:

When the Eyes Cry
(Private Release, 1996)

What? Middle East meets middle of the road in compelling stalemate.

Barbari's self-released collection has accrued a certain amount of internet attention. Superficially it isn't a particularly revolutionary or challenging release, for the most part the man sings tuneful songs over a Roland keyboard and programmed beats. His voice has a carefully managed echo, suggestive of late period Elvis slow numbers, and his material is mainly intense ballads with most of the uptempo stuff holding back once it reaches a canter.

So far: so predictable.

The ironic praise of Pea Hix, posted online, begins to explain why Barbari has gathered a following: "It became an immediate smash hit with at least several of us!...Strained Iranian vocals and crappy Roland general midi synth arrangements. What's not to like?"

The present authors would go slightly further, and seek to genuinely praise this collection. Where Barbari scores over a countless horde of home produced hokum is in the perfect balance of genuine emotion, reigned in for the sake of decency, but permanently threatening to erupt.

The arrangements might be western but the lengthy chords, simple melody lines and slowly shifting patterns within the music are more suggestive of Middle Eastern drones.

Barbari is certainly seeking to channel the western ballad elite, like Elvis, for some of the duration, but his surges of volume and stumbles off-key betray his emotional side, and a palpable sense of personal vulnerability behind the carefully managed facade. To hear his heavy accent and echo-shrouded voice working in English, but remaining elusive is akin to stumbling upon an argument between lovers, conducted in a foreign language.

"Mother" runs almost six and a half minutes, two others amongst the ten cuts top five minutes.

These virtual-epics of Barbari's craft show his work in its best light. He rages and suffers but, in keeping with a less demonstrative approach to emotion, he continues in this vein and the songs habitually avoid shuddering climactic finales.

"To You With Love," which closes the proceedings, is an intimate and heartfelt peon to someone very dear, complete with an "Are You Lonesome Tonight" style spoken word passage.



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



Stormtide

Formed in late 2013 Stormtide is a six piece symphonic fantasy metal band from Melbourne, Australia. Epic meets metal in their painstakingly crafted musical adventures. While there are distinct similarities to be found within their songs with other artists of a similar calibre, their sound is entirely their own – effortlessly blending black, folk, oriental and symphonic metals to create a truly unique experience. (Facebook)

Members:

Taylor Stirrat - Vocals
Nic Woodhouse - Rhythm/Lead guitar
Reuben Stone - Keyboard
Jake Pickering - Drums
Simon Fragiotta - Bass
Tyson Richens - Rhythm/Lead guitar



Facebook

Bandcamp

Metal Archives

You Tube

The Green Duck

Visions of Ragnarok

And so another week comes to an end, and it is surprisingly early for me to be sitting here typing these final words considering that once again it is a full moon and yesterday a mishap means that we have now lost our wifi.

Whether it is just one of those things or whether it is the result of a constant stream of visitors coming into my study and manhandling the modem so they can get the password for their mobile phones I don't know.

But it meant that Graham was working past ten last night trying to fix it, and that he was still trying to fix it today until five, so I didn't actually start on this issue until it was about six hours later than usual.

But enough bellyaching. Allegedly a rare blue moon is visible in the sky tonight for the first time in three years. The event coincides with the start of the meteor observing season which will peak in August with the Perseids meteor shower. The phenomenon occurs when there is a second full moon in one calendar month. It is uncommon because the full moon cycle is 29.5 days.

The reason why the phenomenon is known as a "blue moon" is not certain, although according to one explanation the term means "betrayal moon" ("belewe" in Old English). On other occasions the moon can actually take on a blue colouring but these are the result of ash spewed into the sky by



volcanoes.

The first full moon was spotted on 1 July and the second will appear on the last day of the month – Friday, July 31. This appearance is the first such occurrence in three years since the last blue moon month in August 2012, the next will not be until January 2018. Astronomers predict it will only happen on 12 occasions between now and 2043.

Truthfully it doesn't look any different to normal. However, I am passing this issue over to Corinna to proof. I will then drink a little vodka and see if it makes the moon change colour. One never knows one's luck.

Slainte



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BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST

Live on stage

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Somewhere Over Detroit

11 DEC 1980
ON STAGE 20.30

FROM HARPOS CONCERT THEATRE, DETROIT

11 DEC 1980
ON STAGE 20.30

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART

& The
Magic Band



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