

GONZO

Weekly #160

EXCLUSIVE:

**A double dose of
Zappa from Doug**

While Doug goes to see **Zappa plays Zappa**, and critiques the new video release from **Frank Zappa**, Jon interviews Martin from **Genre Peak** and burbles on about new business models within the Music Industry whilst eulogising about **Reverb Worship**. John goes to see **Faithless**, the irrepressable **Tim and Jaki** are in their spaceship, **Biffo** goes to see some **impossible Santas** and Corinna critiques more **peculiar rock and roll tat...**



zappaesque



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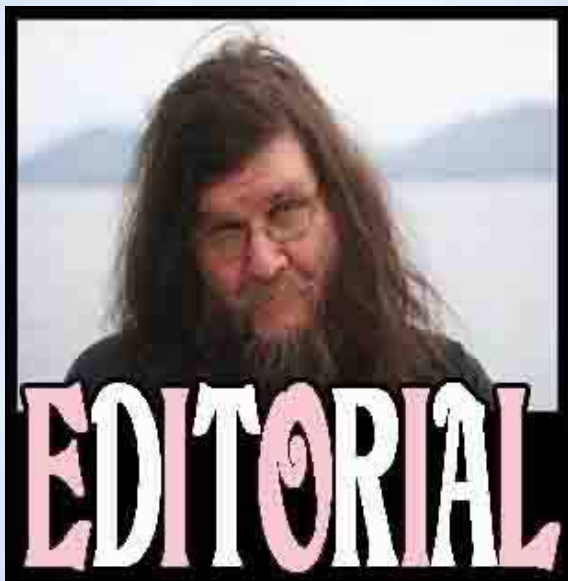
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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,

As we countdown towards what is euphemistically known as 'The Festive Season' I bid ye welcome to another issue of yer favourite music magazine, which - each week - goes peculiarly from strength to strength. I am not a fan of this time of year, and whereas - once upon a time - I used to fill my Christmas editorials with jokes about fat bearded men

'coming' down chimneys and showing an unhealthy interest in the contents of stockings.

But I am older and wiser nowadays, but I have enough Yuletide bonhomie left in me not to fill the next few issues with anticapitalist rants about the commercialisation of the season, and to get on with the business of being an editor. Next week's issue will be the last for this year. It will be a special bumper holiday edition (161/2) and will keep you all tided over until issue 163 looks back at the year over the New Year weekend. 164 will be hot off the metaphorical presses on January 7th. Forgive me for this, but the editorial team want to spend some time with our collective families.

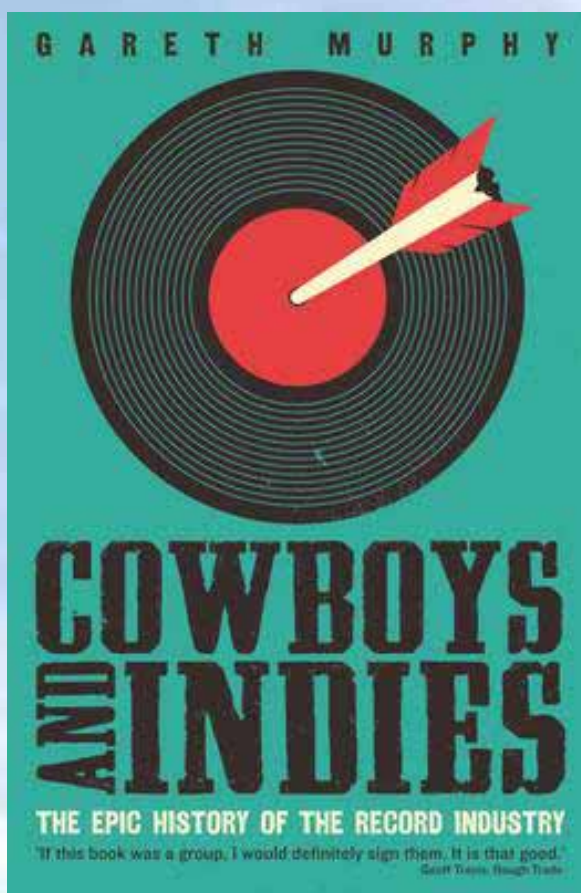
But never mind all of that. As we have noted on so many occasions over the three years of the magazine's existence, it is an undeniable fact that we are living through strange and disturbing times for the history of the human race in general. But it is an even more undeniable fact that we are living through some particularly interesting times in the history of the music business.

As I have noted on a number of occasions in



“There is a distressing tendency of the human race not to learn the lessons of history”

the past year, I would seriously suggest that anyone who is interested in the past, present and future of the music industry should read Gareth Murphy's fascinating book *Cowboys and Indies*. Then they will realise, that the current slough that the industry is in is nothing new. There is a distressing tendency of the human race not to learn the lessons of history.



And this is particularly apposite when one considers the music industry.

So many of us like to think that the industry began sometime in the early 1950s when a hillbilly truck driver called Presley wandered into Sam Phillip's record store in Memphis wanting to make a recording for his mother. This is complete nonsense. The history of the recorded music industry goes back to nearly a century before that with the invention of the Player Piano which was the first automatic musical instrument to have any major commercial impact. If one is to be petty, one could even go back to the middle of the 18th century when Barrel Organs first became popular.

The recorded music industry has undergone a series of commercial peaks and troughs over the past hundred and whatever years. Some of them have been far more catastrophic than the present downturn, and the lessons of history suggest that the industry will recover, and that, somewhere along the way – when yet another technological advancement comes along to upset the metaphorical applecart – the whole thing will go tits up again.

Artists are dealing with this in a variety of different and often innovative ways. Companies like ours have adapted well to the brave new world and many artists have developed their own successful cottage industries, using a

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



variety of different models. A few weeks ago, for example I interviewed Carol Hodge, aka Gonzo artiste Miss Crystal Grenade, who, having returned to the 21st century from her anabasis in Victorian Freak-showland, has taken an idea from a very unlikely source; the outsider artist Daniel Johnson.

Another Gonzo artist, Steve Ignorant, has also taken the cottage industry ethos by the horns with his Etsy shop Dimlo. It is described as the "Shop for Steve Ignorant, singer from Crass, Stratford Mercenaries, Schwartzeneggar, The Last Supper and new project Slice of Life. Dimlo is a DIY record label, promoting Steve's music and video releases as well as clothing and other merchandise." And it does exactly what it says on the tin, selling a mixture of CDs and merchandise with a charmingly home made feel to them.

About six months ago I also wrote about a super little organisation that I discovered called Reverb Worship.

Founder Roger Linney writes: "My idea for the label was to release the best and most interesting music from the current underground scene.

Reverb Worship began in November 2007 with my first ever release which was Keijo's "About Around". It gained some excellent reviews and sold out quite quickly. Since then I have made

many additions to the catalogue with various other releases by Vapaa, Sand Snowman, Mountainhood, Wooden Spoon, Mark Bradley, Uton, LSD March, Kwannon, Directorsound, Phosphene, Jeremy Kelly, Sedayne, Timas 23, ST 37, The Hare And The Moon, Sproatly Smith, Wyrdstone, Dark Sun, Magic Carpathians, Kawabata Makoto, Motion Sickness Of Time Travel, and many, many others.

All of my Reverb Worship releases are limited edition. Each release is handmade and individually numbered. Each edition will range from 40 to 50 copies up to 100 copies maximum per release."

The music is great. Their latest release for example is described: "Reverb Worship presents The Equestrian Vortex. Born from



their mutual love of classic 1970s and 80s horror cinema this duo construct soundtracks to horror movies that were never made. Hailing from the dankest, seediest corners of Newcastle Upon Tyne, the Equestrian Vortex are here to take us into the darkest recesses of the minds of H.P. Lovecraft, Dario Argento, Aleister Crowley, Kenneth Grant, Fabio Frizzi, John Carpenter, Lucio Fulci, Jess Franco, Jose Larraz, Jorge Grau and Jean Rollin. They are an occult celebration of the hidden practices of magick and the supernatural, using their love of vintage analog synthesizers to inspire their paeans to the darker side of culture.

"Embryo" contains four excellent tracks recorded in march 2015. Amongst other things you will hear influences from DJ culture, industrial krautrock, Throbbing Gristle and Psychic TV. This cd comes in a numbered edition of 40 copies featuring memento mori styled cd labels cover artwork."

And that is where the great strength of this glorious little company lies. It, like Carol, has found a way of introducing a cottage industrial ethos to the beleaguered music industry. People will continue to buy and consume recorded music, but they are beginning to do so in different ways to that which they have done so in the past, and cottage industries like that of Reverb Worship are a pretty good place to start.

Now Wyrd Records, which is basically me, Corinna, Martin Eve and Jessica have started exactly the same thing, with our first collectible, numbered releases. You will be reading more about them in the next few weeks, but as I would hate anyone to think that this is part of some crass attempt at denuding your wallets to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Our Lord, I will give no other details just yet.

You will just have to wait.

Love and peace

Jd



Carol Hodge, Steve Ignorant, Reverb Worship, Sharon Osbourne, Ozzy Osbourne, Robert Plant, Kula Shaker, Primal Scream, U2, Ringo Starr, Anonymous, Steve Hackett, Steve Hogarth, Marillion, Barbara Dickson, Strange Harvest, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Jaki Windmill, Tim Rundall, John Garner, Gary 'Magic' Marker, Isham Russell 'Rusty' Jones II, Holly Woodlawn, Johnny Winter, 13th Floor Elevators, Spirits Burning, The Pirates, Michael Jackson, Dee Palmer, Freddie King, The Selecter, Ducks De Luxe, Alexis Korner, James Brown, John Lee Hooker, Frank Zappa, Dweezil Zappa, Zappa plays Zappa, Genre Peak, Martin Birke, John Brodie-Good, Faithless, Roy Ward, A.J. Smitrovich, Mr Dad's LPs, Mr Biffo, Hawkwind, Danny Owens, Xtul, Yes, Alan White, AndersonPonty Band, Chris Squire, Greg Lake, Geoff Downes, Jon Anderson, Neil Nixon, Carla Bley and Paul Haines, Genesis, Lonnie Donegan, The Beatles, Pink Floyd, Posh Spice, The Osmonds, Distoriam

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



THE GONZO WEEKLY

all the gonzo news that's fit to print

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,

(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)

Graham Inglis,

(Columnist, Staff writer, *Hawkwind* nut)

Bart Lancia,

(My favourite roving reporter)

Thom the World Poet,

(Bard in residence)

C.J.Stone,

(Columnist, commentator and all round good egg)

Kev Rowland,

(Kiwi Reviewer)

Lesley Madigan,

Photographer *par excellence*

Douglas Harr,

(Staff writer, columnist)

Jessica Taylor,

(PA and laughing at drunk pop stars)

Richard Freeman,

(Scary stuff)

Dave McMann,

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

Orrin Hare,

(Sybarite and literary *bon viveur*)

Mark Raines,

(Cartoonist)

Davey Curtis,

(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee

(Pop Culture memorabilia)

Dean Phillips

(The House Wally)

Rob Ayling

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

and **Peter McAdam**

(McDada in residence)

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

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

Contact us with bribes and free stuff:

Jonathan Downes,

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Editor: *Gonzo Weekly* magazine

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so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

OZZY SCARED: Ozzy Osbourne was terrified his wife Sharon wouldn't survive chemotherapy for colon cancer as her seizures just kept getting worse. Feisty TV personality Sharon, 63, was diagnosed with the disease in 2002 and received extensive treatment, followed by a double mastectomy in 2012 upon discovering she carried a gene which increased her risk of breast cancer. It was difficult for the family to come to terms with Sharon's illness, especially for rocker Ozzy, who admits he'd never have the same courage as she did.



"Yeah she was diagnosed with colon cancer and was having chemotherapy three times a month for nine months and she had these weird f**king seizures," he recalled to news.com.au. "I thought she wouldn't last three weeks because each seizure was worse than the last but she pulled it off. These people don't back down from a fight - they have a strong conviction to live. Me, I'm the wimp of the bunch - I'll catch a disease off the telly, I will."

Read on...

PERCY PLAYS: Iconic vocalist Robert Plant and critically acclaimed world music group Tinariwen record exclusive tracks for The Long Road, a ground breaking concept record, created with the British Red Cross, who support refugees and asylum seekers here in the UK and through the International Red Cross network.

Robert Plant records new version of Elbow track 'The Blanket Of Night', which tells the tale of refugees attempting a treacherous journey to seek asylum in the UK. **Read on...**

THE RETURN OF MILLS: Kula Shaker have finally emerged from the silence and mark their return with a new album a series of special live dates throughout the UK & Beyond. On 12 February 2016 the band will release their 5th studio album on the Strangefolk label. Titled 'K 2.0', the 11 track record was produced by Crispian Mills,



THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

Alonza Bevan, and Duck Blackwell and recorded at State of the Ark, London, England and at Lompert Sound, deep in the heart of Walloon country, Belgium. The album was engineered by Alonza Bevan and Duck Blackwell, and mixed by Duck Blackwell at The Duckpond. **Read on...**

HELLO PRIMALS: Primal Scream release the follow up to their critically acclaimed 'More Light' album on March 18th. 'Chaosmosis' is released on the band's own First International label through Ignition Records. 'Chaosmosis' is the band's 11th studio album and was recorded in Sweden and London. **Read on...**

IN THE NAME OF LOVE: U2 paid a touching tribute to the victims of November's (15) terror attacks on Sunday night (06Dec15) as they returned to Paris for the first time following the Bataclan theatre concert horror. The Irish rockers scrapped plans to perform in the French capital the night after the 13 November (15) atrocities, which included a massacre at an Eagles of Death Metal show at the Bataclan venue, where 89 gig-goers were killed.



U2 subsequently rescheduled their iNNOCENCE + eXPERIENCE show, the first of two Paris gigs, for Sunday and when frontman Bono first stepped onto the AccorHotels Arena stage, he shouted "Vive La

La France" in front of the more than 20,000 revelers. The band dedicated its hit Pride (In the Name of Love) to those who lost their lives in the attacks by showing each of the 130 victims' names within a blue, white and red peace and love symbol on the giant screen in the venue. **Read on...**

RINGO'S DOUBLE: Ringo Starr has pocketed an extra \$790,000 after selling his personal copy of The Beatles 'The Beatles' aka 'The White Album' at auction. The first print run of The White Album were numbered. Ringo owned no 0000001. When the albums were initially manufactured the numbering was sequential so the buyer actually has the first copy of that classic recording every made. Ringo didn't keep the copy so that one day it would be valuable. It was also the record he played at home. "It will have my fingerprints on it," he told Rolling Stone.

Another buyer, Colts owner Jim Irsay, bought Ringo's 1963 Ludwig Oyster Pearl drum-kit, the one used on more than 100 Beatles recordings and played in concert by Ringo himself. That went for \$US2.2 million. **Read on...**



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



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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...

MAKING A FOOL OF ISIS

Many years ago my friend and mentor Tony 'Doc' Shiels told me that the best way to combat psychic backlash, and such like, was by using humour. "The Devil hates the sound of laughter", he said. And I know that most people don't believe me, but that was the main reason that I made my massively stupid Owlman movie 16 years ago. even my wife doesn't believe me; the fact that it contains gratuitous nudity and violence, most notable Richard Freeman being kicked in the face by a naked female kick boxer (a scene which he insisted on rehearsing many times) makes her, and everybody else, believe that I have ulterior motives, but I truly didn't.

Now, Anonymous is doing much the same thing, with a day of 'trolling' the terrorist group Isis. "They thrive off of fear...they hope that by their actions they can silence all of us and get us to just lay low and hide in fear. But what many forget, and even they do, is that there are many more people in the world against them than for them," the group wrote online. The



collective added that "on December 11th we will show them that we are not afraid, we will not just hide in our fear, we are the majority and with our strength in numbers we can make a real difference. We will mock them for the idiots they are." Supporters of the group have posted recommendations for taking part online. Those suggestions include "openly call[ing] them Daesh" – an acronym for the group's Arabic name, Dawlat al-Islamiyah f'al-Iraq w Belaad al-Sham. The militant group hates the name so much they have reportedly threatened to cut off the tongue of anyone who uses it.

The world's media seem less than impressed, but – not for the first time – I am at odds with them. I think it's a splendid idea.



Democracywatch

It is both sad and shameful that when night falls and the setts of southern England stir, their gentle folk will be needlessly slaughtered. That in spite of science and public will, the wrath of ignorance will further bloody and bleed our countryside of its riches of life. That brutalist thugs, liars and frauds will destroy our wildlife and dishonour our nation's reputation as conservationists and animal lovers. I feel sick, sad, disempowered, betrayed, angry and crushed by the corruption of all that I know as right.

-Chris Packham

 stop.the.cull



I have to admit that I have always thought that Chris Packham was a bit of a dick. But on this issue at least I agree with him 100%

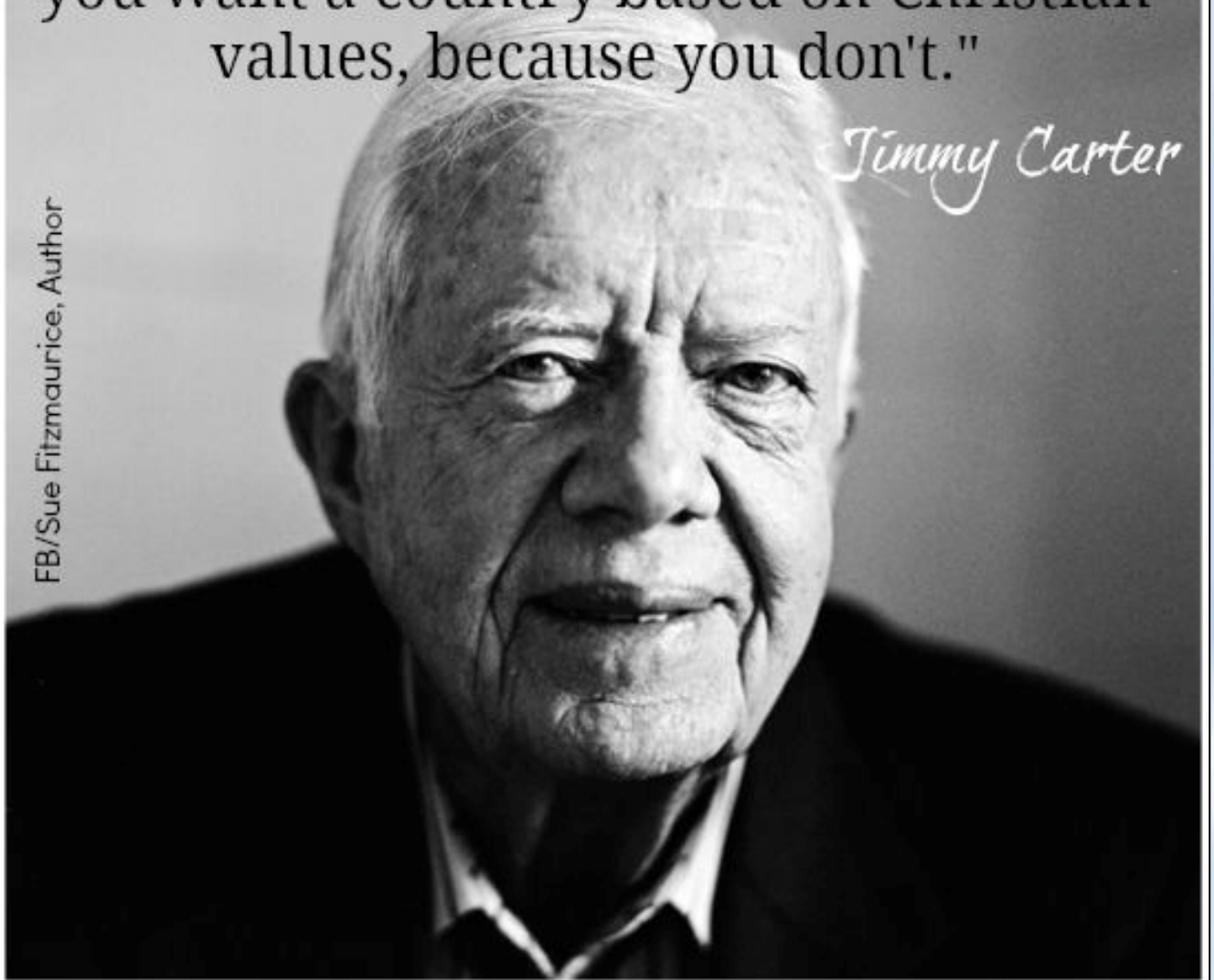
Right On Chris

IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

"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

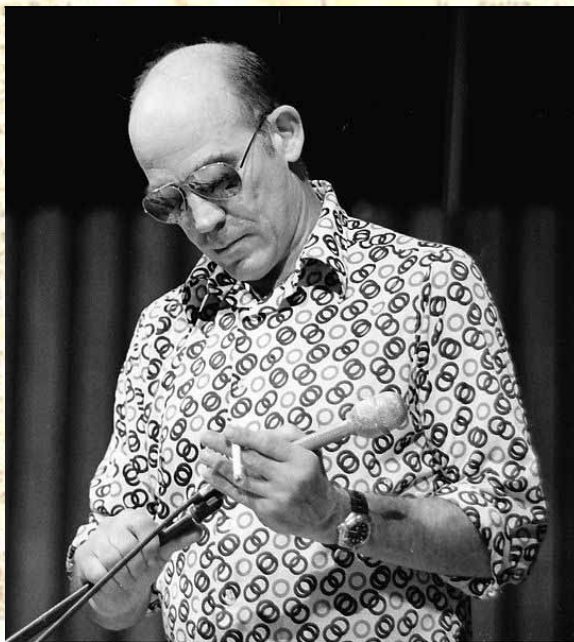
The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

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





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

“There is nothing more helpless and irresponsible than a man in the depths of an ether binge. “

Hunter S. Thompson



- 28 March 2016 - Seattle, WA, USA - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 29 March 2016 - Portland, OR, USA - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 31 March 2016 - San Francisco, CA, USA - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 1 April 2016 - Los Angeles, CA, USA - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 2 April 2016 - Scottsdale, AZ, USA - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 4 April 2016 - Boulder, CO, USA - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 8 April 2016 - Québec City, QC, Canada - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 9 April 2016 - Montreal, QC, Canada - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 10 April 2016 - Gatineau, QC, Canada - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 14 April 2016 - Fort Lauderdale, FL, USA - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 15 April 2016 - Clearwater, FL, USA - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 16 April 2016 - Orlando, FL, USA - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 17 April 2016 - Atlanta, GA, USA - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 21 May 2016 - Kanagawa-ken, Japan - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 23 May 2016 - Osaka, Japan - Steve Hackett Acolyte to Wolflight
- 19 June 2016 - Stone Free Festival at the London 02 - Steve Hackett



the week that's past

The Gospel According to *BART*

Your friend and mine, my favourite roving reporter, this week sent us this letter from Steve Hogarth of Marillion:

Hello all,

Amazing response to the "Cruise to the Edge" performances. Thanks to all who floated with us - we had a great time. It was beautiful to sing Chris Squire's songs out on the deck mid-ocean under the moon and stars.

We're now back in the studio again resuming work on M18 (in between weekend shows by yours truly).



I'm afraid the h Natural Xmas tour is now sold out apart from Stockholm which was added later, so if you missed your local date and fancy a trip to Sweden, the old town is highly recommended.

Volume 2 of my diaries "The Invisible Man 1998-2014" is available now for digital download in Kindle form. This carries on from volume 1 and includes the turn of events which resulted in Neil Armstrong ending up on the back seat of my car, singing at Donald Campbell's funeral, and getting a call from the International Space Station! It's been a curious life... If you'd rather have hard copies then they're still available from Miwk Publishing at <http://www.miwkpublishing.com>

See you soon, loves. Bring a bauble!
h

BARBARA IS BUSY

As we were going to press with this issue (isn't it strange how we still use old fashioned paper print terminology when talking about a digital publication) the lovely Barbara Dickson wrote:

"Can't remember if I told you all, but I'm taking part in the TMSA 'Celtic Connections' opening concert in Glasgow on January 14th and also narrating the 'Ballads of Child Migration' on the 19th, both at the RCH. I will also be on the BBC Radio 2 show at 7.00pm (?) on January 25th from Celtic Connections too!"

Celtic Connections, by the way, for those who have not heard of it, is a winter music festival in Glasgow. The 2016 event is described by the promoters as:

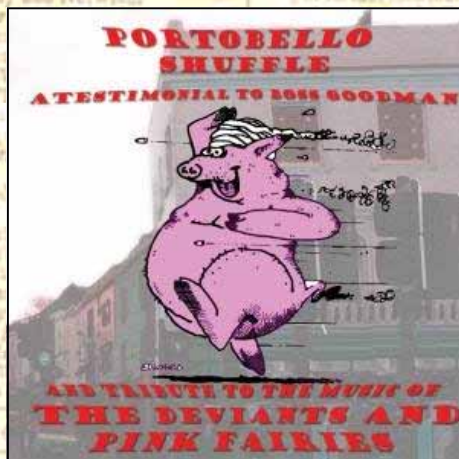
"Celebrating the 50th anniversary of Scotland's Traditional Music and Song Association, Celtic Connections 2016 opens with its grandest ever singaround. A once-in-a-lifetime Scottish vocal line-up includes Arthur Johnstone, Sheena Wellington, Jimmy Hutchison, Barbara Dickson, Shephard, Spiers & Watson, Kris Drever, Adam McNaughton, Mischa Macpherson and Malinky, with international guests Sam Lee, Thomas McCarthy and Rayna Gellert.

Tonight's musical director, the young Scots singer/songwriter Siobhan Miller, has sought to reflect the inspirational variety of sounds she first experienced at TMSA festivals as a teenager, encompassing multiple generations, diverse source traditions, and repertoire ranging from ancient muckle sangs to 21st-century originals.

The show's beautifully bespoke house band comprises Euan Burton, Anna Massie, Aaron Jones, Tom Gibbs, John Bleasie and Megan Henderson.

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AT GONZO (UK)**

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



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

MICHAEL DES BARRÉS ON
LITTLE STEVEN'S UNDERGROUND GARAGE
MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL
MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH21 **SIRIUS** | ((XM))
SATELLITE RADIO

(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)



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:

Man builds message-receiving 'time machine'

[http://www.unexplained-mysteries.com/
news/288019/man-builds-message-
receiving-time-machine](http://www.unexplained-mysteries.com/news/288019/man-builds-message-receiving-time-machine)





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 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).

Neil Nixon, the founder and co-presenter of the show has released a book about rare albums for Gonzo Multimedia.

The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.

For the next few weeks we shall be broadcasting a series of Strange Harvest specials...

Strange Harvest #6 – 18-10-15

Sonny Landreth:	Bound by the Blues
PiL:	Bettie Page
Low:	No Comprendo
David and Joe Gilmour	Here There and Everywhere
Mindless Self-Indulgence	Personal Jesus
Willis Earl Beal:	Flying so Low
Willis Earl Beal	Midnight
The Schwarzenbach	
	Stark Genug
The Schwarzenbach	Gegen Ende
Brinsley Schwarz:	Country Girl
Brinsley Schwarz:	What's so Funny About Peace Love and Understanding?
Rodd Keith:	Astronauts
Negative Space:	The Long Hair
Steve Hauschildt:	Eyelids Gently Dreaming

**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:

Karda Estra

<https://www.facebook.com/kardaestra/?fref=ts>

Arcade Messiah



<https://www.facebook.com/arcademessiah/?fref=ts>

Exit Black

<https://www.facebook.com/exitblackofficial/?fref=ts>

Joe Geiger

<http://www.facebook.com/joe.geiger.393>

Colin Tench Project

<http://www.corvusstone.com/christmas-chili-allstars.html>

AD ASTRA

<http://www.facebook.com/groups/23359419585/>

Seconds Before Landing

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

Mysteries Of The Revolution

<http://www.facebook.com/Mysteries-Of-The-Revolution-13339313306/>

The Samurai of Prog

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

Steam Theory
<http://www.facebook.com/Steam-Theory-229398167072825/> — with Peter Davis, Richard Wileman, Colin Tench, John Bassett, Joe Nardulli, Steam Theory, Henry Green, John Crispino, Joe Geiger and Steve Unruh.

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



Both yer esteemed editor and yet Gonzo *Grande Fromage* are interested in the great mysteries of the universe, and so it was truly only a matter of time before Fortean related content began to seep its way into the magazine and onto Gonzo Web Radio...

"Mack Maloney is the author of the best-selling "Wingman" science-fiction series, plus "UFOs in Wartime, What They Didn't Want You To Know," (Berkley Books).

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo



recording artists. He's been a radio host since

2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK?

Title: *Giants in America*

Description:

Mack is joined this week by Producer Danny Benton (D.B.) Commander Cobra discusses world news and the Conspiracy of the Week. Rob Beckhusen's "Weird Military Stuff!" Nancy du Tettre "The Skeptical Psychic" reveals how to talk to an alien. Steve "The Hammer" Hammons talks about the CIA's use of E.S.P. and Brad Olsen's "Giants in America"



**Listen
Here**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E>

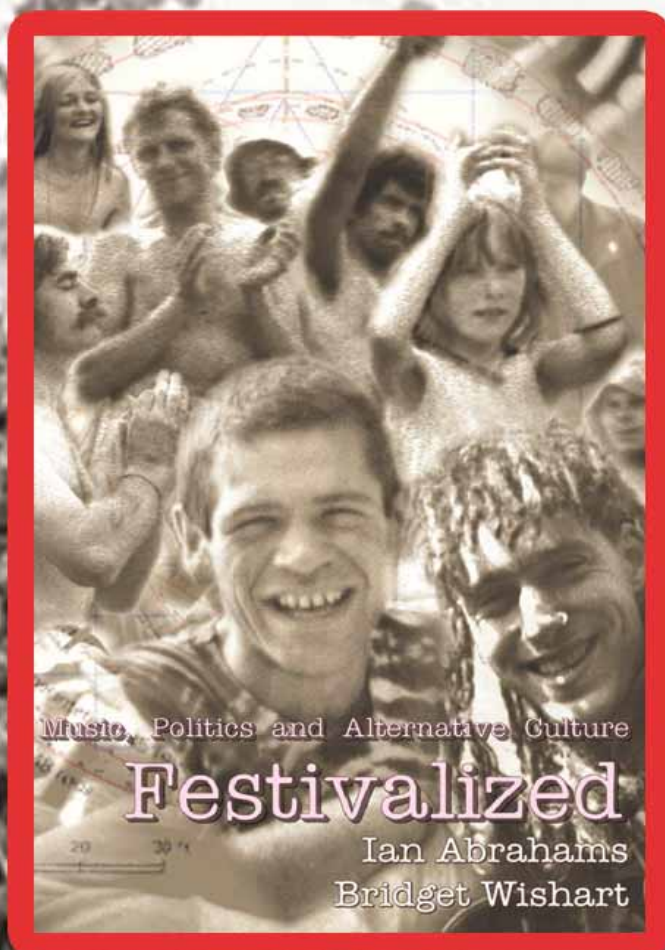


Yes culture lovers, Jaki and Tim are back with another monumentally peculiar radio show. Apparently Tim has spent the last year in cryogenic suspension, and the submarine sank, and the two strange DJs are now in a spaceship made out of an enormous baked bean, along with a bunch of different poultry and other birds. Or something like that. But guess who is back!!!!

This is my favourite radio show of all time, and I hope that it will be yours too. Chock full of radical music, even more radical politics and a load of surrealistic silliness, it presses all the right buttons for me. I hope that it does for you guys as well...

THE Sub Conscious Smoothie-Bean #2

Listen
Here



This long awaited and remarkable book is arguably one of the most important that we have ever published. The British free festival movement, and the way that it was viciously quashed by successive waves of The Establishment is a story that many have skirted around, but until now no one has done justice to. Ian and Bridget's extraordinary book is an oral history of these turbulent times. Ian and Bridget have done a great service to music lovers and social historians alike.

Available as paperback and e book.

GONZO

www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk



John Garner – 2015)

Garner was lead singer and drummer for cult '70s powerhouse Sir Lord Baltimore. A native of Brooklyn, New York, Garner was barely out of high school when he teamed up with schoolmates Louis Dambra (guitar) and Gary Justin (bass) in 1968, later answering an ad in *The Village Voice* placed by aspiring producer Mike Appel (who would soon discover and guide the early career of a young singer songwriter named Bruce Springsteen) that read "Heavy band needed for recording."

Within months, the newly christened Sir Lord Baltimore were being managed by industry mover and shaker Dee Anthony (Joe Cocker, Faces, etc.), were under contract to Mercury Records, and found themselves knocking songs into shape under Appel's and engineer Jimmy Creteco's supervision in a studio in West Orange, New Jersey. Mixing followed at Jimi Hendrix's Electric Lady Studios by none other than Eddie Kramer.

But Garner and his bandmates' general career inexperience started catching up with them when they got the chance to open a few shows (including one at New York's own legendary Fillmore East) for the fast-rising Black Sabbath, and largely failed to impress the assembled fans and critics. Not long after releasing their eponymous sophomore album in 1971, Sir Lord Baltimore's backers lost faith and Mercury dropped the group, effectively closing their

brief glimpse of potential rock stardom.

Over the ensuing years, band members tried but failed to resurrect their career and then slowly drifted apart, with Garner resuming a "normal" life, working for New York's department of sanitation, while managing wedding bands and playing with several bands to keep his chops up.

Eventually, Garner and Dambra (now a born again Christian, and living in California) reconciled long enough to compile and finish rough demos originally recorded in the early '70s for release on CD as *Sir Lord Baltimore III: Raw*.

He died of liver failure on Saturday (Dec. 5), after a few final days spent in a coma.



Isham Russell Jones II (1942 – 2015)

Better known as Rusty Jones, Isham Jones was a Chicago-based American jazz drummer. His father

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

was a saxophonist and his mother a vocalist (appearing under the name of Gretchen Lee) with most of their gigs being in and around the Chicago area. His mother was working at the Bismark Hotel in 1936 when the two were wed.

The most famous of the family musicians was Jones' great uncle, Isham Jones who became a renowned American bandleader/songwriter beginning with the 1920s and ending in 1936 when he initially retired. He wrote popular songs of the era such as, "It Had To Be You (song)", "I'll See You In My Dreams", "The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else", "Swingin' Down The Lane", "On The Alamo", "There Is No Greater Love", "We're In The Army Now" and several others.

Jones began playing drums at the age of thirteen and continued on throughout his college years, choosing traditional and modern jazz as his preferred mode of music. He went "on the road" after graduating college in 1965 from the University of Iowa with a degree in history and political science, to "get it out of his system", but he never stopped his pursuit of a musical vocation. He moved to the Chicago area in 1967.

He died in Chicago on December 9, 2015.

Gary 'Magic' Marker (1943 – 2015)

Marker was an American bass guitarist and recording engineer, best known for his involvement in various psychedelic rock bands of the 1960s.

A bass player with jazz leanings, who had studied at Berklee College of Music, Marker was a member of the Rising Sons between 1964 and 1966, along with Ry Cooder and Taj Mahal. A 1992 retrospective CD was issued of their work, *Rising Sons* on Columbia CK 52828.

During this time he became friendly with Don Vliet. He helped with Vliet's musical education and played with Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band

on a number of occasions but was unwilling to kowtow to the large Beefheart ego on a regular basis. Marker was involved in the early production work on *Safe As Milk*, but this material did not feature on the final issue. He stood in for Jerry



Handley on bass at live shows during 1964-67 and joined the Magic Band for a short spell in 1968-69 ("*Moonlight On Vermont*" and "*Veteran's Day Poppy*" from *Trout Mask Replica* are the only two surviving tracks which feature his bass playing - a third track, a reworking of '*Kandy Korn*', has disappeared). This archived track resides among the '*Brown Wrapper*' project.

Two other bands of his, the Jazz Folk and the New World Jazz Company (which also included John Locke, Randy California and Ed Cassidy before moving on to form Spirit), were never recorded. His band Fusion recorded a 1969 album entitled *Border Town* which featured Ry Cooder.

He featured on an album by Juicy Groove, in 1978, alongside vocalist Michael Rainbow Neal (ex-The Seeds), guitarists Mars Bonfire (ex-Steppenwolf), Elliot

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Ingber (ex-Mothers of Invention and Magic Band) and drummer Thundercloud, son of former bandmate Ed Cassidy.

He played in numerous bands (and with many performers) over the years, and was a regular session musician as well working as an engineer/producer. He retired from the music business but maintained an active interest (especially in Beefheart-related matters) until his death at the age of 72 on December 8, 2015 from a stroke.

Holly Woodlawn (born Haroldo Santiago Franceschi Rodriguez Danhaki) (1946 – 2015)

Woodlawn was a transgender Puerto Rican actress and Warhol superstar who appeared in his movies *Trash* (1970) and *Women in Revolt* (1972). Woodlawn was born as Haroldo Santiago Franceschi Rodriguez Danhaki in Puerto Rico, to an American soldier of German descent, and Aminta Rodriguez, a native Puerto Rican, and grew up in Miami Beach, where she came out at a young age. She adopted the name Holly from the heroine of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, and in 1969 added the surname from a sign she saw on an episode of *I Love Lucy*. After changing her name she began to tell people she was the heiress to Woodlawn Cemetery.

In 1962, Woodlawn left Florida at the age of 15, heading north. She recalls that "I hocked some jewelry and ... made it all the way to Georgia, where the money ran out and ... had to hitchhike the rest of the way" to New York City. By 1969, she had considered sex reassignment surgery, but decided against it.

Woodlawn met Andy Warhol at the Factory, at a screening of *Flesh* (1968). In 1977, Woodlawn moved to San Francisco. She returned to New York later in the year, appearing on Geraldo Rivera's talk show, before being jailed again in 1978 for violating

terms of probation. She was released on the appeal of politician Ethan Geto, who helped organize a benefit for her. By 1979, she surrendered to a faltering career, cut her hair and moved back to her parents' home in Miami.

In 1991 she published her autobiography, the *Holly Woodlawn Story*, "A Low Life in High Heels" with writer Jeff Copeland.



Lou Reed refers to Woodlawn in his song "Walk on the Wild Side", the opening verse of which describes her hitchhiking journey and gender transition:

Holly came from Miami, F-L-A
Hitchhiked her way across the USA
Plucked her eyebrows on the way
Shaved her legs and then he was a she
She says, "Hey, babe, take a walk on the wild side."

Woodlawn died of brain and liver cancer in Los Angeles on December 6, 2015.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



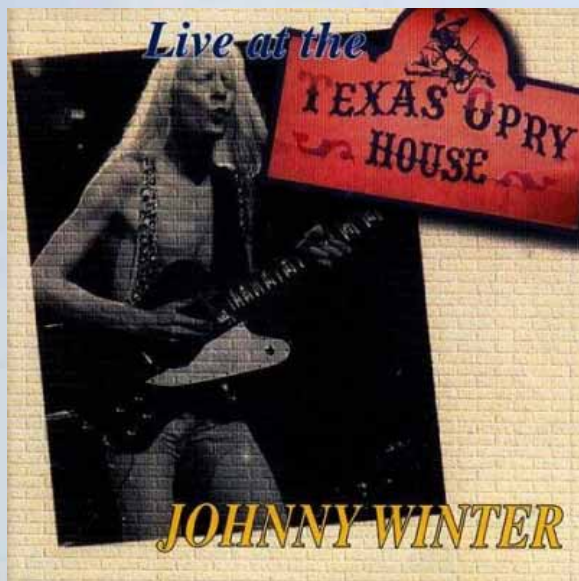
Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



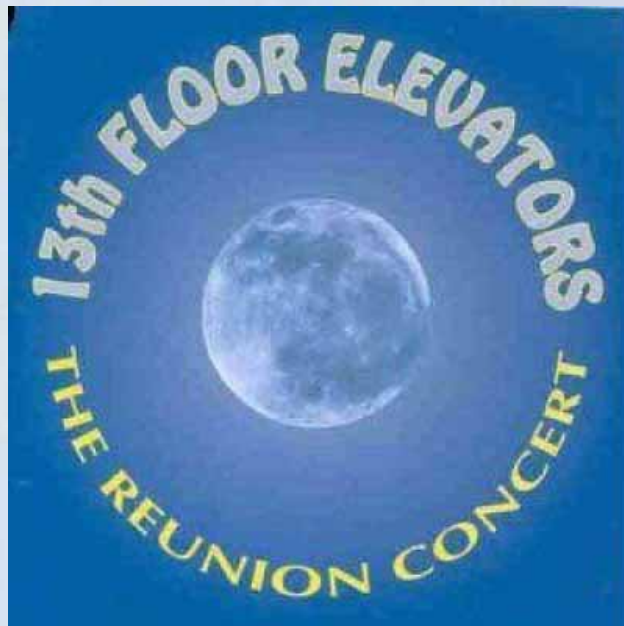
Now, I don't know whether this is a good idea, a bad idea, or just an idea, but - as I believe you know - this magazine is put out each week on a budget of £25, and is free. It will remain free, but I would like to be able to generate some income so I can pay our contributing writers. So, 'why not flog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

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



Artist Johnny Winter
Title Live At The Texas Opry House
Cat No. HST337CD
Label Gonzo

Johnny Winter, the albino blues guitarist from Texas is best known for his high-energy blues-rock albums and live performances in the late 1960s and 1970s, Winter also produced three Grammy Award-winning albums for blues singer and guitarist Muddy Waters. After his time with Waters, Winter recorded several Grammy-nominated blues albums. In 1988, he was inducted into the Blues Foundation Hall of Fame and in 2003, he was ranked 63rd in Rolling Stone magazine's list of the "100 Greatest Guitarists of All Time". This recording shows him at the top of his game in 1978 playing to an audience from his own home state. Fantastic!



Artist 13th Floor Elevators
Title The Reunion Concert
Cat No. HST338CD
Label Gonzo

The 13th Floor Elevators are one of the classic American psychedelic bands fronted by the eccentric (some would say clinically insane) Rocky Erickson, who has often been as reclusive as he is brilliant. They fell apart in 1969 after Erickson was committed to a mental hospital for three and a half years after being busted for possession of a single joint. This recording of a reunion concert many years after most people had figured that they would never see the band again, will show you why so many fans hold this particular brand of musical insanity in such high regard.





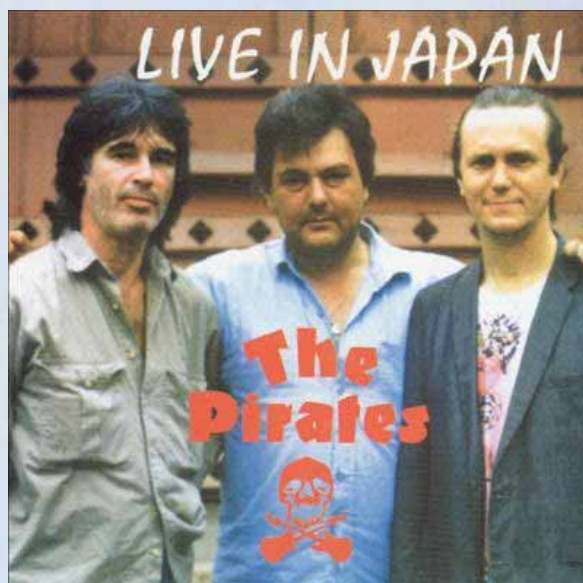
Artist Spirits Burning
Title Starhawk
Cat No. HST323CD
Label Gonzo

A sci-fi musical adaptation of Mack Maloney's "Starhawk" novel, featuring Daavid Allen (Gong), Hawkwind family members Alan Davey, Paul Hayles, Jerry Richards, Nik Turner, Twink, & Bridget Wishart, plus Robert Berry (3), Keith Christmas (Bowie), John Ellis (Gabriel), Kev Ellis (Space Cadets), Matt Malley (Counting Crows), Nigel Mazlyn Jones, Pete Pavli (High Tide), Ken Pustelnik (The Groundhogs), Billy Sherwood (Yes), Judge Smith (VDGG), Steffe Sharpstrings (Here and Now), Cyrille Verdeaux (Clearlight), Steve York, & more . . .

"Spirits Burning is a musical collective overseen by American composer/producer Don Falcone that has released a pluralistic combination of ambient, jazz and full-on space-rock with input from many of the genre's luminaries... Spirits Burning has become a respected melting pot of the space-rock fraternity." Ian Abrahams, Rock N Reel

Mack Maloney is the author of the Starhawk, Wingman, Pirate Hunters, and Chopper Ops series of books, and UFOs in Wartime – What They Didn't Want You to Know. He also hosts national radio show Mack Maloney's Military X-Files.

Includes bonus 8-page comic book by artist Steve Lines (pencils/inks) and Matt Woodward (tones).



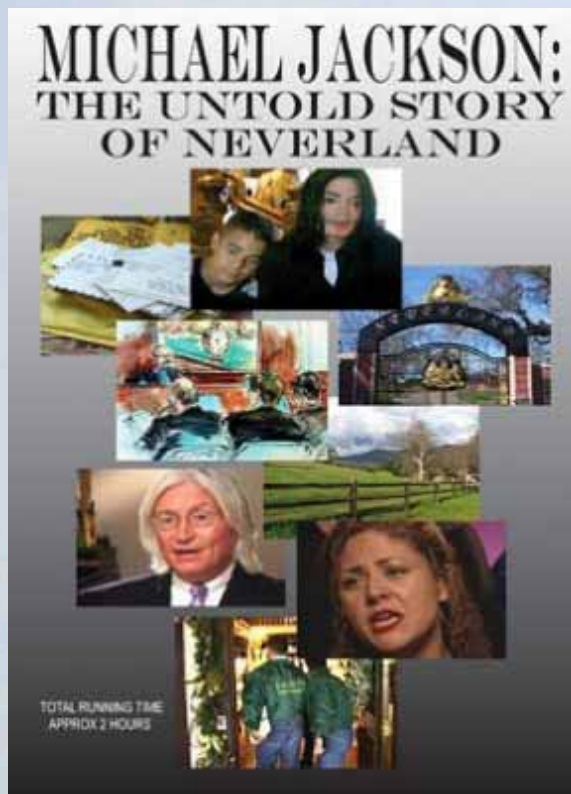
Artist The Pirates
Title Live in Japan
Cat No. HST332CD
Label Gonzo

Following the premature demise of legendary rocker Johnny Kidd in a 1966 auto smash, THE PIRATES' name lay dormant for a decade. But in the mid-70's the archetypal Pirates line-up - MICK GREEN (guitar), JOHNNY SPENCE (bass, vocals) and FRANK 'ALL BY MYSELF' FARLEY (drums) - reformed, inspired by the success of acolytes Dr. Feelgood.

With the awesome Green wielding power chords out front, they were immediately hailed as 'The Godfathers Of Punk' by the rock press. The most brutal, hardest-gigging band on the circuit carried on to the early 80's, yielding three hit albums.

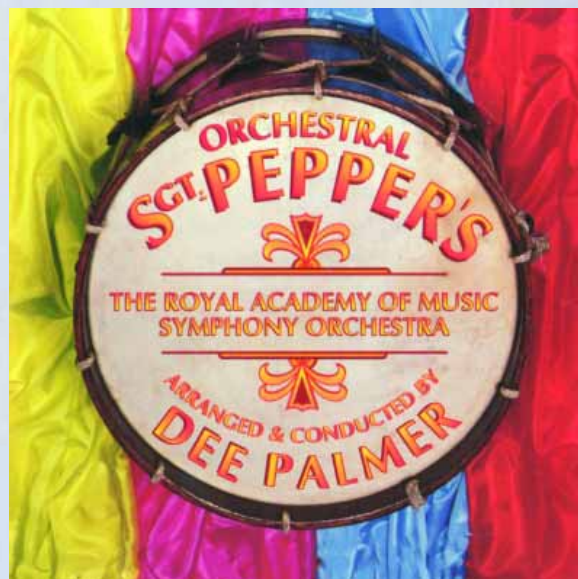
When they reformed for a third time in late 1999, it was intended to be a one-off. However, such was the response that they continue to gig selectively.

This live recording from Japan, where they toured at the request of Thee Machine Gun Elephant, is testimony to their enduring power.



Artist Michael Jackson
Title Untold Story of Neverland
Cat No. HST385DVD
Label Gonzo

Michael Jackson: The Untold Story of Neverland is a new documentary created by Larry Nimmer, who worked as a filmmaker for the Jackson defense team during Jackson's 2005 child molestation trial. During that time, Nimmer had unprecedented access to the Neverland Ranch estate. Now for the first time, the public will see footage shot for the jury's virtual Neverland Tour. The documentary was produced with the cooperation of Jackson attorney Tom Mesereau. The film documents the events at Jackson's Neverland home leading to his arrest, and how his accusers fabricated their allegations. The DVD also includes Michael Jackson's accusers speaking on the record, the Sheriff's raid of Neverland, the youth making his accusations on camera during a police interview, outtakes of Michael Jackson from the Martin Bashir documentary Living with Michael Jackson and classic Jackson career highlights. The ending features the outpouring of love from his fans, following Michael's sudden death, and a touching message from his daughter, Paris Jackson.



Artist Dee Palmer
Title The Orchestral Sgt Pepper
Cat No. HST304CD
Label Gonzo

In June 1967 four long haired musicians from Liverpool released a long playing record. The critic Kenneth Tynan described it as "a decisive moment in the history of Western civilisation". Richard Poirier wrote: "listening to the Sgt. Pepper album one thinks not simply of the history of popular music but the history of this century." Time magazine declared it "a historic departure in the progress of music – any music". Newsweek's Jack Kroll called it a "masterpiece", comparing the lyrics with literary works by Edith Sitwell, Harold Pinter and T. S. Eliot, particularly "A Day in the Life", which he compared to Eliot's The Waste Land. The New York Times Book Review characterised it as a harbinger of a "golden Renaissance of Song" and the New Statesman's Wilfrid Mellers praised its elevation of pop music to the level of fine art.

A "decisive moment in the history of Western civilisation" huh?

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band is the eighth studio album by the English rock band the Beatles. In August 1966, the Beatles permanently retired from touring and began a three-month holiday from recording. During a return flight to London in November, Paul McCartney had an idea for a song involving an Edwardian era military band that would eventually form the impetus of the Sgt. Pepper concept. Sessions for the Beatles' eighth studio album began on 24 November in Abbey Road Studio Two.

In February 1967, after recording "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band", McCartney suggested

that the Beatles should release an entire album that would represent a performance by the fictional Sgt. Pepper band. This alter ego group would give them the freedom to experiment musically. During the recording sessions, the band endeavoured to improve upon the production quality of their prior releases. Knowing they would not have to perform the tracks live, they adopted an experimental approach to composition, writing songs such as "With a Little Help from My Friends", "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" and "A Day in the Life". The producer George Martin's innovative recording of the album included the liberal application of sound shaping signal processing and the use of a 40-piece orchestra performing aleatoric crescendos. Recording was completed on 21 April 1967. The cover, depicting the band posing in front of a tableau of celebrities and historical figures, was designed by the English pop artists Peter Blake and Jann Haworth based on a sketch by McCartney.

In 1994, Dee Palmer, possibly best known as having been an innovative and exciting keyboard player with Jethro Tull orchestrated this classic album for EMI at the famous Abbey Road studios with the Royal Academy Of Music Symphony Orchestra, donating the lion's share of the royalties for the benefit of impecunious music students at the Royal Academy, having once been one himself.

A splendid wassname is guaranteed for all.



Artist Freddie King
Title Texas Cannon Ball
Cat No. HST362CD
Label Gonzo

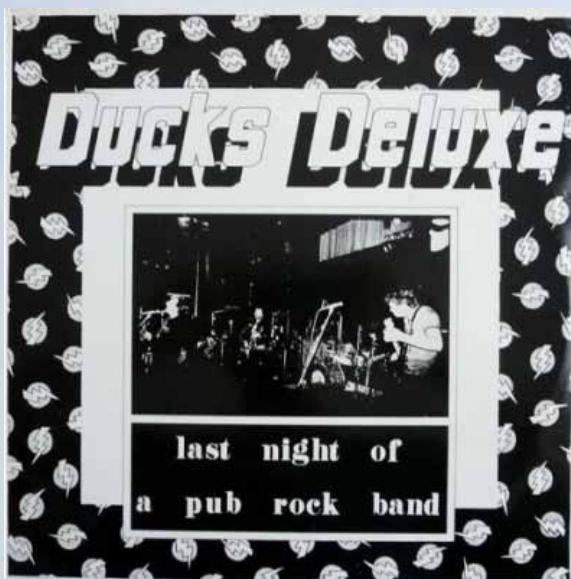
Guitarist Freddie King rode to fame in the early '60s with a spate of catchy instrumentals which became instant bandstand fodder for fellow bluesmen and

white rock bands alike. Employing a more down-home (thumb and finger picks) approach to the B.B. King single-string style of playing, King enjoyed success on a variety of different record labels. Furthermore, he was one of the first bluesmen to employ a racially integrated group on-stage behind him. Similar to his first Shelter outing (Getting Ready), but with more of a rock feel. That's due as much to the material as the production. Besides covering tunes by Jimmy Rogers, Howlin' Wolf, and Elmore James, King tackles compositions by Leon Russell and, more unexpectedly, Bill Withers, Isaac Hayes-David Porter, and John Fogerty (whose "Lodi" is reworked into "Lowdown in Lodi")



Artist The Selecter
Title Prime Cuts Vol 1 and Vol 2
Cat No. HST365CD
Label Gonzo

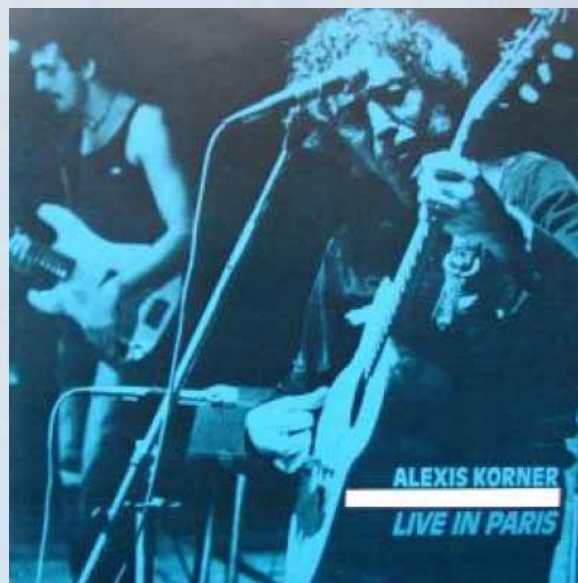
The Selecter are a 2 Tone ska revival band from Coventry, England, formed in mid 1979. The Selecter featured a racially diverse line-up. Their lyrics featured themes connected to politics[1] Reinforcing the songs of Neol Davies were the voice and rude girl style of Pauline Black and the rhythms of Desmond Brown on the Hammond organ. The band's name is based on the term "selector", which is a Jamaican word for disc jockey. The band were one of the most successful ska bands of the 2 Tone era, notching up several top forty singles in the British charts. Arguably they have always been best on stage, as you can see from these two classic recordings.



Artist Ducks De Luxe
Title Last Night of A Pub Rock Band
Cat No. HST361CD
Label Gonzo

This album is precisely what it says, a double-live album recorded at London's 100 Club on July 1, 1975, as Duck Deluxe finally bowed out of the pub rock scene they had done so much to instigate. It's a rough and ready recording made on a basic two-track tape recorder and further embattled by poor sound. But if you want a taste of what made Ducks Deluxe such a great band and an inkling as to why their studio albums never cut the mustard, this album will tell you all you need to know -- and then some. The set is largely comprised of covers -- just four of the 18 songs are Sean Tyla originals and one more was written by former bassist Nick Garvey. But almost without exception, the group makes even the most distinctive song their own, be it a rumbling "Proud Mary," a desperate "Knocking on Heaven's Door," or a positively ferocious "Teenage Head," Duck Deluxe's own acknowledgement that The Flamin' Groovies were the only band of the era that could even dream of staying in the same room as them.

Another treat is reserved for the final burst of songs, as a steady stream of guests mounted the stage to say their own goodbyes to the band: Lee Brilleaux, Martin Stone, Bob Andrews, and Nick Lowe. But the night and the album belong to Ducks Deluxe and for anybody who remembers them fondly, it's still difficult to hear the closing number, "Going Down the Road," without shedding a tiny tear of regret -- regret that they didn't last, regret that they never "made it," and, most of all, regret that it's for those failures that they're best remembered. They were worth so much more.



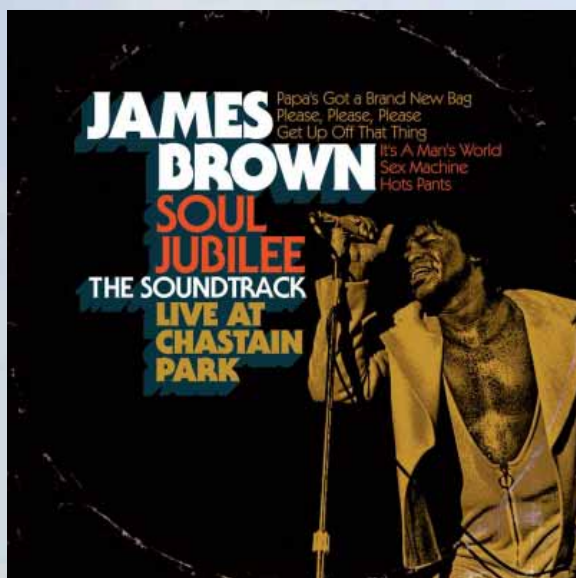
Artist Alexis Korner
Title Live in Paris
Cat No. HST367CD
Label Gonzo

Korner working acoustically in the company of another guitarist (who plays electric) and bassist in Paris in 1993. The crowd is largely folkie restrained as Korner delivers a laid-back performance of standards like "Blue Monday," "Key to the Highway," "Sweet Home Chicago," "I Got My Mojo Working," and "Working in the Coalmine" with several of his originals fleshing things out. The recording quality is good and Korner and company turn in an enjoyable -- and very British -- set of blues and R&B in the grand old tradition.

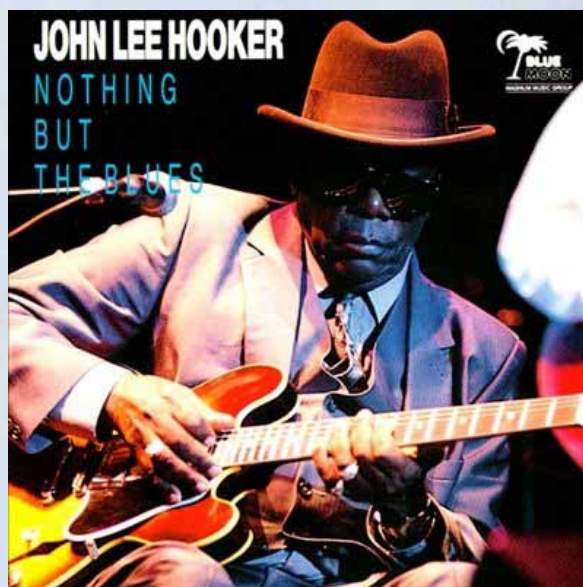
Artist James Brown
Title Soul Jubilee
Cat No. HST368CD
Label Gonzo

It should almost go without saying that The Godfather of Soul tears the roof off in this 19-track, hit-packed concert recording. James Brown is backed here by the Soul Gs--a superior group that lends horns (led by the one and only Maceo Parker), backing vocals, and impeccably tight instrumental backing. At its best, the band rivals the JBs and the Famous Flames. Brown sets out, as usual, to tear the place to pieces. The track list unfolds with one soul/R&B/funk classic after another as Brown revisits "Try Me," "Please, Please, Please," "(I Got You) I Feel Good," "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag," "I Got the Feeling," "Get Up Offa That Thing," and others of unspeakably infectious groovability.

The relentless pace eases with a stirring, gospel-inflected reading of "Georgia On My Mind," featuring a fabulous sax solo from Parker. There's



no resting on laurels or letting the band bear the pressure here, the Godfather churns it out harder than ever, making his performance as riveting and as important as the classics he tosses out. SOUL JUBILEE proves yet again that Brown is, in fact, the hardest working man in show business. (www.allmusic.com)



Artist John Lee Hooker
Title Nothing But The Blues
Cat No. HST369CD
Label Gonzo

John Lee Hooker (August 22, 1917 – June 21, 2001) was an American blues singer, songwriter and guitarist. He was born in Mississippi, the son of a sharecropper, and rose to prominence performing an electric guitar-style adaptation of Delta blues. Hooker often incorporated other elements, including talking blues and early North Mississippi Hill country blues. He developed his own driving-rhythm boogie style, distinct from the 1930s–1940s piano-derived boogie-woogie style. Some of his best known songs include "Boogie Chillen'" (1948), "Crawling King Snake" (1949), "Dimples" (1956), "Boom Boom" (1962), and "One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer" (1966). This collection from the 1990s includes brilliant performances of some classic material.



Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile

Zappa Most Definitely Plays Zappa

Zappa at the Roxy and the Warfield

In 1980, when I was in college in San Luis Obispo, a then sleepy town half way between Los Angeles and San Francisco, our exposure to the early advance of punk and “new wave” music from Britain was delayed. In the mean time, one of my best friends from High School moved up and we roomed together during that transitional year. We were both very into progressive rock, but Ron was more attuned to jazz-fusion, modern classical music, and sometimes genre-bending experimental work. So we schooled each other in our tastes, which meant that while I pitched him Camel and Gentle Giant, he shared with me artists like Jan Hammer, National Health, and most importantly Frank Zappa, all of which required peer pressure and repeated listening to appreciate! I eventually screwed up that friendship, but ended up with a life long gift from Ron’s patient tutelage.

Zappa was the taste that took the longest time to develop. His compositions were often bizarre, shot through with absurdist humor and outrageous musical interludes that crossed multiple genres including rock, jazz, classical, progressive and the avant-garde, sometimes within one song! For some reason, probably due to my young age, I first understood the allure of Zappa via *Roxy & Elsewhere* (1974) and the opening track “Penguin in Bondage:”

*She’s just like a penguin in bondage, boy....
Way over on the wet side of the bed!*

Somehow this made my late-teen funny bone rattle every time I heard it. Being a fan of low-budget horror films at the time, the song “Cheepnis,” a kind of tribute to those films, also became a favorite, along with “Don’t You Ever Wash That Thing,” which featured dual drum solos from Chester Thompson and Ralph



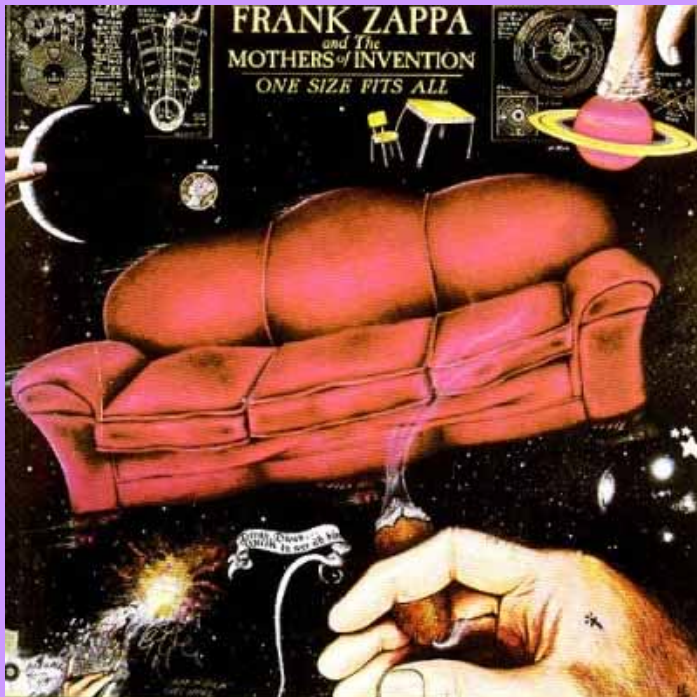
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Zappa Plays Zappa (c) diegospadeproductions,inc. 2015

Humphery. I had already seen Chester play alongside Phil Collins when Genesis came to Los Angeles in 1977 and after, so that was a known entity. Also, I knew Ruth Underwood for her work with drummer Burleigh Drummond on the urban-jungle themed “The Brunt” from Ambrosia’s wonderful album *Somewhere I Never Travelled*. References intact, my journey began.

As it turned out, *Roxy & Elsewhere*, and the masterpiece that followed, *One Size Fits All* (1975), brought together what remains for this patron one of the strongest Zappa lineups in history, the final version of his “Mothers of Invention,” featuring:



Napoleon Murphy Brock – flute, tenor sax, vocals
George Duke – keyboards, vocals
Ruth Underwood – marimba, vibraphone, percussion
Chester Thompson – drums, sound effects
Tom Fowler – bass guitar
and guests

One Size Fits All kicks off with the impossibly complex masterpiece “Inca Roads” for which a groundbreaking Claymation video was created. George Duke’s silky-smooth vocals are paired with his similarly stunning synth leads. Ruth Underwood absolutely owns the vibraphone, playing at a pace that defies the imagination (“that’s Ruth!”) Chester Thompson pins the whole thing down with an impressive display of fills and fusion riffs (“Chester’s Thang!”) It’s a fantastic way to lead off an album that never lags as it goes on to explore many diverse styles and moods. The upbeat “Can’t Afford No Shoes” grounds the record with some pure rock, “Sofa No. 1” brings some after-hours Manhattan soul, “Po-Jama People” sports some of Frank’s most entertaining lyrics, along with a lengthy, labyrinth guitar solo. And that’s just side one! Of note, three tracks on the flip side, “Florentine Pogen,” “San Ber-dino” and “Andy” demonstrate the best side of Zappa and his band’s many talents, veering as they do into the most difficult yet tight jazz-fusion excursions on record.

To my great surprise, more than 40 years after it’s release, Frank Zappa’s son Dweezil, who continues to perform his father’s music under the touring name Zappa Plays Zappa (<http://www.zappaplayszappa.com/players.html>), came to the Warfield in San Francisco, December 5th to perform *One Size Fits All* in its entirety, along with many other classics. The show was truly spectacular, as Dweezil and band have mastered the art of recreating Frank’s music, while breathing new life into the compositions. Everyone on stage put in

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ZPZ-Chris Norton (c) diegospadeproductions,inc. 2015

amazing performances, and the very complex pieces received their due diligence from:

Dweezil Zappa: Guitar
Scheila Gonzalez: Saxophone, Flute, Keyboards & Vocals
Ben Thomas: Vocals
Chris Norton: Keyboards
Kurt Morgan: Bass
Ryan Brown: Drums

Ben took on the monumental task of covering vocals as diverse as Napoleon Murphy Brock, George Duke, and most notably Frank himself, proving his ability to pitch even the most satirical and wry bits without sounding like a mimic. Chris, Scheila, Kurt and occasionally Dweezil ably assist him and when they all sang together it was harmonic perfection. It was pure heaven to witness these amazing songs played live by this group of talented musicians and the man who keeps it “all in the family.” My only nit about the whole evening was the lack of a vibes player to take Ruth’s parts, which were instead simulated on synthesizer. Scheila captured the sound, but for those rapid-fire leads there’s no substitute for real vibes.

But as it turns out, a film of Frank Zappa and the final Mothers performances at the Roxy Theater way back in 1973, including an early version of “Inca Roads” with Ruth in all her mallet-driven glory is now available on Blue-Ray disc! (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wQG3JLxfLdc>) Some of the performances from those three nights were used on the audio only release *Roxy & Elsewhere*, but many remained on bootlegs or in the vaults, and the films have been completely unavailable, in no small part due to technical difficulties which rendered the audio elements nearly impossible to sync with the film footage. After extensive rework and painstaking editing, the films are finally available. The camerawork is excellent, as there are four cameras on stage, and for the wide shots, positioned at the back of the small club. The lens swoops in and out of the action, capturing crystal clear close-up images of each musician hitting their most challenging notes, while delivering the vocals, humor and stagecraft. At the end of the raucous evening, the stage is packed with guests, including a stripper who attempts to distract the dedicated players! Any fan of Zappa’s music during this period must have this video release – it’s an important document of the man, his band, and their most amazing musical performances.

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>

Jon meets MARTIN

Although I had been a music journalist at various times in my life, I was actually retired from the discipline when my old friend Rob Ayling came to visit back in 2012. He bullied me into taking up the reins once again, but it had been a long time since I had been involved in the music business, and in many ways it had changed beyond all recognition.

Back in my earliest days as a writer for Gonzo Multimedia, the lovely Anne-Marie in the Gonzo offices sent me an album by an outfit called Genre Peak, which I enjoyed immensely. It was my first introduction into a peculiarly 21st Century method of work for musicians and further more one that could not have happened before now. It is the use of file sharing via the internet to collaborate with artists who are in a different geographical location to you.

In fact, this is not exactly a new idea. I remember that one of my more irritatingly arty friends when I was in my early 20's told me about some European experimental band called (if my memory serves me well) 'Marilyn Monroe' who lived in different geographical locations across the Benelux countries. They apparently recorded without any of the band members ever meeting each other. The results were allegedly – but remember I am trusting to my shaky memory to something I was told in something like 1980 – a bloody awful row.

These days, technology has moved on apace, and – although I did not know this whilst I was listening to the Genre Peak album – this is quite a well known, and common, practice these days. Genre Peak is the brain child of musician and composer Martin Birke, and he was one of the first people that I interviewed during my initial tenure as editor of

Gonzo Daily and I enjoyed our conversation very much, as I have done on every occasion that I have spoken to him since.

Birke is well known for scoring original music for The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, recording and touring internationally with Sandbox Trio, Casualty Park, Genre Peak and most recently with Percy Howard (Meridiem, Bill Laswell) in the duo Hardboiled Wonderland. Genre Peak has released two full-length albums *Ends of the Earth* (2006 in-code Music) and *Preternatural* (2008 in-code Music). Starting in 2006 as a trio with Martin Birke on vocals and electronics, Daniel Panasenکو on Chapman Stick and Stephen Sullivan on guitar-synths and vocals. The trio performed as an electronic rock band around Northern California cities until the departure of Panasenکو in late 2006. In 2008 Birke returned to the studio with co-producer/engineer/guitarist Christopher Scott Cooper and decided in recruiting a unique cast of vocalists and musicians consisting of Canadian singer Tara C. Taylor, Japan/Dalis Car bassist Mick Karn, bassist Gustaf Fjelstrom, French rock & electronic composer/remixer Tristan X (Kiss & Fly) and Spanish electronic composer/remixer Alex Brujas. The end result was Genre Peak's most vital album to date, *Preternatural*. The songs featured heavier electronics, darker moods and percussion effects offset with Karn and Fjelstrom's fretless basslines, Taylor's lilting vocals and Cooper's high quality production making an album that was very well received by music media and fans around the world.

Martin Birke's original compositions began getting nationally published in 1990. His history as a drummer, keyboardist, programmer, songwriter and



vocalist is in a current variety of US & European releases. Starting as a drummer in the late 70s, Martin now specializes as an electronic percussionist, composer and performer. While with the Frank Mark Arts label in Germany during the mid- to late-90s, Martin was recording and touring in the bands Casualty Park, Sandbox Trio and studio project Birke/Leykam/Panasenko. He has also done several releases with such labels as Cyberdelia-Records, Matchbox Recording UK, Arts-Industria, Priority Records, Ladd-Frith Records and The Music Independent. Along with various radio work international performances, he has done commissioned scores for The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, The Oxygen Cable Network and LionsGate Films (Blood, Guts, Bullets and Octane, Retribution). He has also co-scored two films in collaboration with Sandbox Trio: Animals and Heartbeat.

In 2013 Martin approached former Japan multi-instrumentalist and drummer Steve Jansen to remix Preternatural's Mick Karn track *Wear it Well*. Steve did an entire re-working of the track and with Fast Arrow vocalist Lesley Braden, the track kicked-off the making of Genre Peak's current record "Your Sleekest Engine". Over the three year writing and tracking of GP's fourth studio album, Martin collaborated with vocalist Charlie Woodward on several songs. Charlie incorporated German and English, writing all the lyrics for the tracks he

collaborated on. Legendary trumpet player Jon Hassell agreed to co-writing the track "Metanoia", and Counting Crows bassist Matt Malley added bass on two new tracks. Ryuichi Sakamoto had agreed to a remix but personal issues got in the way. It is still such an honor to be communicating with him and his amazing group. Christopher Scott Cooper has recorded, mixed and added guitar on several tracks. "Your Sleekest Engine" proves to be the most involved and difficult album so far and is a completely collaborative project. Martin currently resides in northern California performing with Genre Peak, solo, with improv quartet 4th World and

other projects. He scored naturalist Dell Cullum's short film *Cleaning The Sands Of Time* in 2014. . Martin is involved with film score and industrial commercials. Genre Peak will continue.

This new project was too intriguing for me to pass up, so I dropped him a line and asked whether he would be interested in doing another interview. After the normal (well normal for me) problems involving my complete inability to understand time zones, we hooked up, and you can hear our conversation by clicking on the link below...

**Listen
Here**





Birmingham 2nd December 2015

Hey, my favourite kinda venue again, a friggin arena. Birmingham again too, this time the Barclaycard Arena. That's a really rock n roll name isn't it? The Rainbow, UFO, Fillmore East just don't compare really! Baby-grows* on the merchandising stands? For real man. For friggin real! Rock and Roll isn't dead, but it certainly smells a bit funny.....old oil in the chip fryers around the stands.

Another treat for my other half, I saw Faithless in Bristol late in the 90s, along with Massive Attack the same month, and both were awesome, really powerful. It was during my short coke phase, two grams to be precise. Really over-rated and the come down quickly became shite. Nice with champers if nooky was on the cards, it stopped me stone dead mixed with any other type of alcohol. Not for me, maybe if I get to Peru I'll try the real stuff perhaps, I've

heard the stories you see. Anyway, back to Brum. We had a walk around the city centre as it was getting dark, having arrived early afternoon. A seemingly proud city, lots of big 'square' buildings. Very 'Christmassy' walking down a main shopping street with continental market stalls under the big old trees. Exterior of the new library was well wacky too. We liked it.

The 'Arena' is located by a gussied up canal area and seemed very slow to fill. In fact it didn't fill, about two thirds or so by the time Faithless hit the stage at 9pm on the dot. It must be smaller than the Genting Arena, where we had seen Fleetwood Mac back in the summer. The seating on the entire floor area had been removed for the real dancers, whilst us oldies were seated up in the blocks above. The audience could have been in an average Waitrose/Sainsburys in terms of age mix and appearance, all white again, in Birmingham! Dance music for the middle classes? (and real oldies, which is cool,

John Brodie-Good

someone's granny was sitting next to me, but then I've just remembered I'm somebody's grandfather....) A DJ 'entertained' us for a while, he seemed to have only one rhythm setting. All of a sudden he was approached by a roadie who must have said a few words and he just pissed off backstage, gone. Shame...not. Ah, we suddenly had a support band, three guys. Never did catch their name, came from Cardiff. Guess what? Shitty PA system again, or poor sound mixing, inaudible vocals throughout. Which was a shame 'cos I think the singer had quite a good strong voice. They had their moments, drums, keyboards and vocals. Just don't know who they were or what the songs were about!

House lights back up, still a lot of empty floor and seats below us. Roadies did their thing on the big stage, we waited. Dry ice started seeping from both sides and from the mixing desk enclave on the floor. The house lights went down, the stage turned blue and we all went ape shit..... It's a nice rush when having been in the place so long, you almost forget why you went there in the first place (the Mrs likes to be early rather than late), but then you collectively realise 'your heroes' are about to come out on stage in front of you and perform. The wait is finally over, the music is about to begin. You can leave the rest of your world behind for the next few hours and just immerse yourself in it's sweet purity.

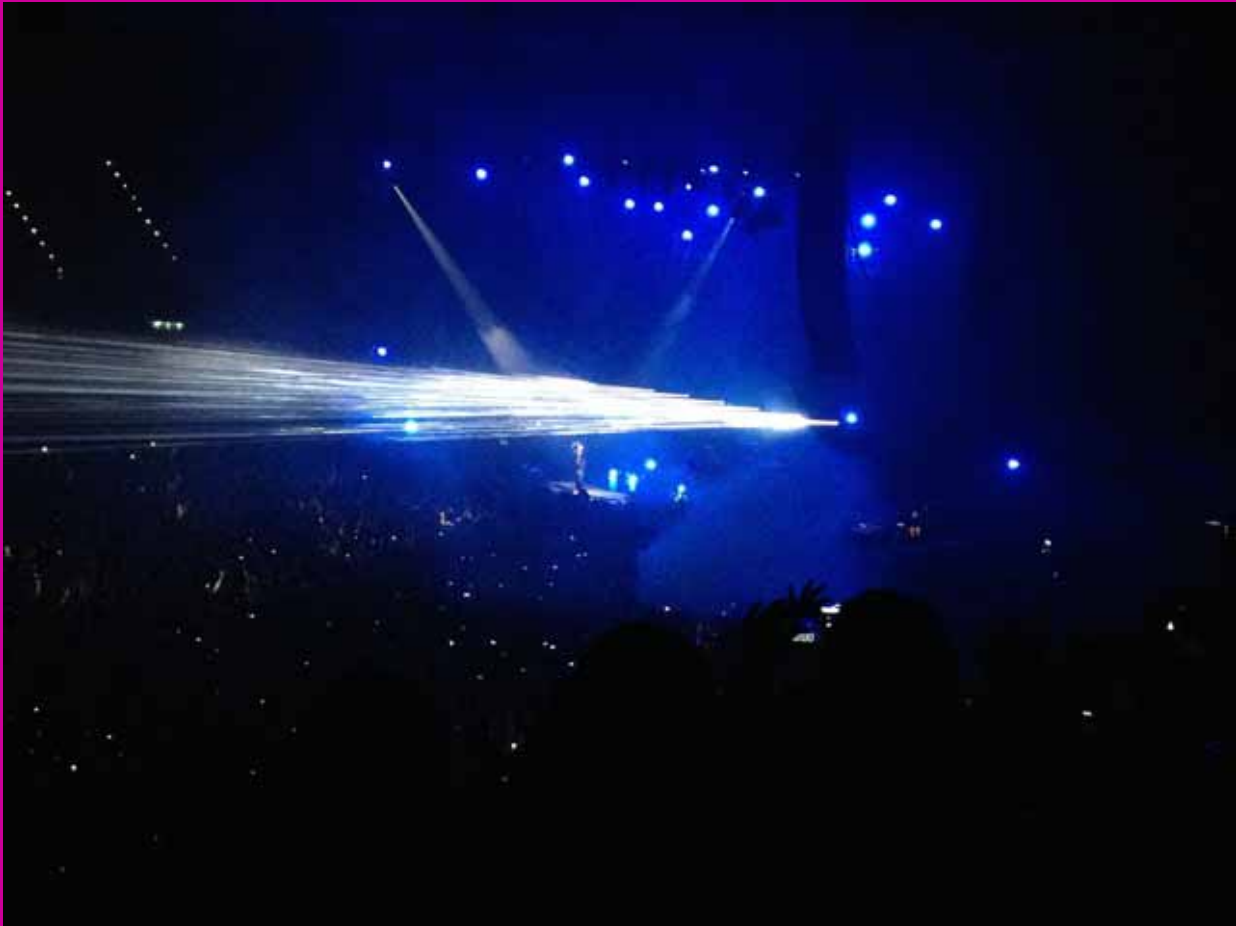
At their peak, we were being pleasantly assaulted with a barrage of sound with amazing laser and strobe lights blasting into the air above us. Faithless hit like a freight train at times, and were almost a tad bland at a few others compared to their peaks. But their peaks are immense, *God is a DJ*, *We Come I*, *Insomnia*, *I want More* and others. Maxi Jazz got an enormous roar from the crowd as he strolled out across the stage at the beginning, cool as fuck, whilst Sister Bliss and the rest of the gang were laying down the opening beats. The lightshow was superb, perhaps old hat for some but I ain't been to no discos or similar. Clearly cleverly computer controlled with the changes of colour and form taking place at lightening

speed at times. The line array PA struggled as soon as the band were in full tilt, sub-sonic bass grunge echoing off the far wall of the arena, some of the treble echoing back from the bare metal roof. The lead guitarist let rip on a few occasions, not that we could hear him properly. A blonde-haired lady singer made some noise too apparently.

At one point, you realise what a buzz it must be for someone like Maxi, standing on a huge stage, lasers beaming out from above his head as he spoke, thousands of adoring fans cheering his words. I can imagine large crowd adulation being quite addictive, a 'high' most of us will not experience personally.

Faithless, like many 'legacy' bands had packed it in years ago after all. But they were back, here, and now. The album that goes with this short 'stadium' tour is 2.0, basically their greatest hits re-mixed. It's pretty much what we got tonight, and what most of the audience tonight wanted to hear. The album is other people re-mixing their stuff, not for the better from what I heard of it in the car on the way up. What do I know? 2230 on the dot, Maxi told us he was tired out and that was it. After a bit of clapping and half-hearted applause they came on and did a couple more, finishing for good at 2245 with 'see you next year'. As much as I enjoyed it, I thought I won't be here, you were just a slick 'cabaret' act, a good one no doubt but where was the future? Perhaps I expect too much? In most musical situations there is usually the undoubted peak of creativity, usually in the earlier stages of an ensemble's existence. Largely the case here, the whiff of money and perhaps the lure of the fame and ego boosts again may have drawn these guys and gals back out, nice if you can get it, why not. The three key members seem to have been busy with other musical projects in the meantime to be fair. In fact, Maxi Jazz and Sister Bliss are quoted in recent interviews both saying they were asked to do it so it wasn't their idea. As the third key player, Rollo, wasn't even on stage, one can only assume the record company instigated this one.

John Brodie-Good



Ultimately, in this increasing virtual and plastic world, at least enjoying some of the best of yesterday gives us some hope still. But for music to continue to flourish there must be new good stuff too. For that reason, if I get to do a best of the year piece, gig-wise it's looking like it will be the Fairies for me, they came out with almost 50% new stuff. A huge, huge risk, and with most of it seeming to hit the mark, the most pleasing thing of all.

At the end of the day though, the church of Faithless isn't a bad one to pop into once in a while, you do leave their services with a warm glow inside.

The first clip is from the gig, the sound is cack but it does give you a taste of the lights at least.

Faithless – Guitar solo & Not Going Home (Live at Birmingham 2015)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tR4xP_h1jNk

Faithless – God is a DJ (Live at Glastonbury 2010)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WIXvFl6ARRQ>

For more current info

www.faithless.co.uk

*OK, they did have 'I can't get no sleep' across the chest which is quite funny but even so, baby grows? Whatever happened to bootlegs and quid deals.....

John Brodie-Good



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and adds his own measure of outrageous talent too' - Stephen Fry

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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 were invited by a band that went under the name of *Thor* (later, or previously, called *The Nova Mob* - I cannot quite recall what order the name changed in) to appear in Memorial Park, Basingstoke. When we arrived there we found that the PA was provided by Ian, from the *Half Human Band*. He later went on to found the music company HHB which is still selling audio equipment to this day. We had always carried a small PA of our own and so we decided to use our PA to run The Cardinal's synthesisers as a quad system,

PA systems were pretty much in their infancy in those days. Back in the late '60s the free gigs in Hyde Park and Parliament Hill Fields were powered by WEM (Watkins Electric Music) speakers. These were columns with four 12" speakers mounted vertically. WEM also made a mixer amp, which would take four microphones and then went on to introduce 'slave' amps which would take the power up, in 100watt steps, to whatever size you could afford - or find the power for. This was known as 'The Watkins Wall of Sound'. From then on PA systems began to develop at an alarming rate. Most of the 'mixing' in the '60s and early '70s was done at the side of the stage until someone came up with the idea of putting a mixing desk out in the audience. People began to use 'crossovers' to divide sound of different frequencies and to send these sounds to speakers more suited to the frequency range.

Anyhow, we wired The Cardinal Biggles' synth outputs to the four WEM columns we had with us and set them up out in the field. We did not often put microphones on the instruments in those days, although, for this gig, the bass drum and snare drum had mics. The result was a lot of electronics whooshing its way around the field. The local councillors and officials all went mad at the noise and both bands were banned from playing there again.

Banned from Basingstoke! Wonderful.

The following year the big free festival was moved to Watchfield. The end of the previous year's Windsor Festival had turned into an ugly pitched battle between police and hippies because no one had given permission for a gig to take place in the start and, although they had managed two previous shows there with little trouble, that time they had outstayed their welcome and the police wanted to move them on. There was a general feeling of antagonism towards hippies expressed by the establishment, and I have no doubt that some of the behaviour by the various people who attended the gigs was less than acceptable by many people.

As a placatory measure they gave us a disused airfield and said we could hold the festival there. Police were controlling this one much more forcefully and we were warned that there would be a lot of 'stop and search' activity on the way in so we did not have very many illegal substances on us. When *Wooden Lion* took to the stage, last but not one act on the Friday night, I casually announced that we did not have much dope and anyone who had some to sell should come and see us later. During the show there was a constant stream of people walking to the stage and putting stuff down for us for free. Steve Wollington, our roadie, gathered all this up for later. During one of the guitar solos, about halfway through our set, I wandered over to him to see what we had; 'few bits of black resin, chunk of Moroccan, bag of grass some other assorted bits of resin and a pyramid of acid', he said. 'I'll have the acid now', I answered and popped it in my mouth.

Of course it came on before the show finished.

I liked acid back then. I never had a bad trip and I was always able function OK on it – even if I did make a few unconventional decisions. The end of the set was our mad finale 'Haunter of the Dark'; a multi-parted 15 minute epic full of spacey synths, mad rocking sections and culminating in a loud explosion (courtesy of the Theatre Scene armoury's largest maroon), smoke, strobe lighting and a rocking riff over which I sang 'Help, Let me out' and ad-libbed lyrics. I was dressed in a long black cloak, green leotard (I only realise now, as I look

back at a selection of photos from those days, that it was a lot more anatomically revealing than I first thought) and a three headed mask.

The acid was in charge. As we launched into the final riff, I climbed the post at the side of the stage and did the last verses on top of it. At the end, of course, a little bit of logic crept in and I could see there was no graceful way of getting down from there, and the following day I saw I had bent the scaffolding at the top of the stage. It was never meant to take that kind of weight.

Years later, after I had posted this anecdote on a website dedicated to free festivals, someone wrote to me and said he was glad I posted that – he had always thought he dreamed it. When we arrived back at the house after Watchfield we opened the door to find the kitchen ceiling was now in the kitchen sink, having collapsed. The landlord of the place gave us some money to fix it, but I think we spent it on food and drugs instead.

The theatre group *East* had an amazing collection of odd characters in its complement although they were, on the whole, quite likeable. Two of these came along to the Watchfield gigs. Vince was a small thin man who seemed to have been prone at the time to some odd accidents. One day he turned up at a show with wood shavings stuck all up his arm and one side of his face.

'I slipped and fell into a puddle of Evo-Stick,' he said when I questioned his appearance.

'So where did the wood chips come from?'

'Oh, I fell into a pile of wood shavings straight after.'

He had made no discernible attempt to remove any of it.



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My name is A.J. Smitrovich and I'm a 28 year-old "disc jockey" out of the San Fernando Valley region of Los Angeles, California. I was introduced to the blues by my father and consequently, I fell in love with rock 'n' roll and as the 1990s progressed and my passion grew deeper. I started listening to the classics: The Beach Boys, The Beatles, Jimi Hendrix and got rock history lessons from The Drifters, Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry. In college this grew deeper still, basking in The Doors, Bob Dylan, The Grateful Dead, The Byrds, Janis Joplin, and so many more. Then, on a trip home from college, I discovered my father's record collection and My Dad's LPs was born.

I strive to provide an eclectic radio program playing the hits, b-sides and forgotten classics of the rock 'n' roll era, the formative years of blues music and the melting pot of the 1960s and 1970s in a way that keeps you guessing...as we Explore the Cosmos of Rock 'n' Roll.

Our weekly column in Gonzo Weekly provides you, the reader, with ruminations on rock 'n' roll music, previews of the upcoming show and an outlet crucial for my personal sanity. It also allows for my research to unearth more than I can cram into a one-hour internet radio program. The mission of this show is to explore sonically the Universe of Rock 'n' Roll, in all its many forms. Join us!

We hit the internet airwaves Saturdays and Sundays at 4pm, Monday 12am PST on KONG Monster Rock at rdsn.net/kong. If you're all about FM radio, catch us Sundays at 11pm on 93.3 KRHV-FM out of Mammoth, California or on TuneIn Radio here.

For listening live, streaming episodes, air dates and much more head to mydadslps.com!

Welcome to another week of rock 'n' roll exploration with My Dad's LPs! This week's music holds a special place in my heart. When I was coming up on rock 'n' roll music, my first musical obsession was Jerry Lee Lewis. This love for The Killer turned me onto his label, Sun Records, and Sam Phillips the man who many claim to be the Godfather of Rock 'n' Roll. Founded in Memphis, Tennessee on March 27th, 1952, Sam Phillips' Sun Records laid the blueprint for all rock 'n' roll music to follow after and with talent from Elvis Presley to Carl Perkins to Little Richard to Johnny Cash the label would launch a large number of very successful careers. The first set on this week's show is a Sun Celebration you won't wanna miss. **Jerry Lee Lewis** and **Roy Orbison** battle it out with very different versions of the same tune, **Elvis Presley** and the **Blue Moon Boys** milk a few cows, and a dude named **Little Milton** goes looking for his baby. We'll also hear from **Jackie Brenston**, whose "**Rocket 88**" was instrumental in bringing black and white audiences together. Because if there's one thing we can all agree on, it's a fast, beautiful car with a gorgeous individual in the passenger seat.

As you may have guessed, 1950s rock 'n' roll is the flavor of the week. This was my first musical love and I love playing this music on the radio. It connects me with my past and my heroes, **Wolfman Jack** and **Jim Ladd**. We move from the blueprint elements of the early '50s to the late '50s with groups like **The Fiestas**, **The Imperials**, **The Diamonds** and **The Everly Brothers**. I'll also touch on the legacy of my fellow Angeleno **Ritchie Valens** and the amazingly tragic airplane crash that took not only him but, cruelly enough, **Buddy Holly** and **The Big Bopper** on February 3rd, 1959. When the Winter Dance Tour began January 23rd, 1959 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, conditions were already subpar for the musicians and crew. The amount of time and distance between venues was abnormally long and the busses broke down on them twice due to inclement weather they were not prepared for. After a show in Clear Lake, Iowa, Buddy Holly chartered a plane for Ritchie Valens, Waylon Jennings, and himself to the next gig in Moorhead, Minnesota. Jennings gave up his seat to **J.P. "Big Bopper" Richardson** who was complaining that the bus was uncomfortable. Valens was only eight months into his career.



MY DAD'S LPS

EXPLORING THE COSMOS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

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KONG
MONSTER ROCK



I'll also mix in some 1960s soul grooves to soften the edges, as motown and rock 'n' roll did co-exist peacefully, for a time. One great example of that is **Mary Wells** and her hit, "**The One Who Really Loves You**" which I used to hear on the radio growing up. It was written by none other than **Smokey Robinson** and was released in 1962 on the Motown label. Hear lesser-known groups like **Betty & Charles** on the long lost Malaco Records label and the **Original Jubalaires**, whose origin I couldn't even pin down. I'll close with a bit of late-sixties **Wilson Pickett** and **Otis Redding**. How do I obtain all of

this swell music, you may ask? Well...

Tune in to **My Dad's LPs** Saturdays and Sundays at 4pm and Monday nights at 12am PST on **KONG Monster Rock**. If you're in the Mammoth, California area (maybe you're staying at one of their many very nice ski resort cabins this Holiday season) tune your radio to **93.3 KRHV-FM** "Sierra's Best Classic Rock". You can also catch the **KONG** broadcast on TuneIn Radio.

Peace Love Truth Beauty. Take care of each other.



As regular readers of these pages will probably know I have a strange, disparate, and diverse collection of friends, relatives, and associates, many of whom are extraordinarily creative in one way or another. And as my plan was always to make this magazine the sort of magazine that I would want to read, many of them turn up in these pages with monotonous regularity. Meet Mr Biffo.

From 1993 for a decade he was the editor of an anarchic video games magazine on Channel Four Teletext. It was called Digitiser and contained some of the most gloriously funny bits of off the wall dicking about that I have ever read. Biffo happens to be a friend of mine and as the re-launched Digitiser2000 is just as stupid and just as funny as ever, we shall be featuring a slice of Biffo every week from now on.

When you think about it, the idea of Father Christmas is more than slightly disturbing.

An elderly gentleman who creeps into your house at night, leaving gifts for your children...? And nobody stops to question this? Who is sanctioning this unrequested generosity? Why does he live with adults who are the size of children, beyond the reach of national borders? It's like The Krankies all over again.

If you want any chance of being able to sleep soundly in your bed come December 24th, we strongly recommend you don't look at the following list.



c.j.stone

HATE SOMETHING



There was an advert on the TV a few years back. Visually it looked like an animated pastiche of one of those 60's psychedelic posters, with rainbows and flowers and bright, colourful birds dancing about beneath candy-coloured clouds. Except that in place of the word "Love" (which is what the sixties poster would have said) it had the word "Hate".

It was clearly making a reference to scenes from the Beatles animated movie, *Yellow Submarine*.

It was an advert for diesel engines.

Accompanying it is a song, which I've just looked it up on the internet. It's called *The Grrr Song* and was by a band called *Be Nice to the Pigeons*.

For some reason I always used to think that the words were sung by PJ O'Rourke. This is probably because he has a similar voice, and this particular advert definitely bore some of the hallmarks of his style.

As it happens it was by written by Wieden and Kennedy and was sung by Garrison Keillor.

The words are:

"You hate something, you change something; hate something, change something, make something better."

It's one of those irritatingly catchy tunes that once you heard it you can't get rid of it.

Plagued

You will probably have heard it. It's probably going round in your head right now. In fact I'm going to make sure it is by putting the song up on this hub I insist that you play it while you are reading this hub, that way you will be plagued by it for the next few hours just as I was. Here it is, just to the right.

PJ O'Rourke, by the way, was a sixties radical who, for the sheer hell of it - for rumbustious amusement, and for the sake of his income, perhaps - reversed all of his sixties radical opinions one day and started saying the opposite. He's virtually made a living ever since out of taking every sixties cliché and turning it upside down, just to see what happens to it.

This is why I thought he might have been responsible for the advert: 21st century "Hate" instead of 60s "Love".

The point is that whoever wrote the song has a point.

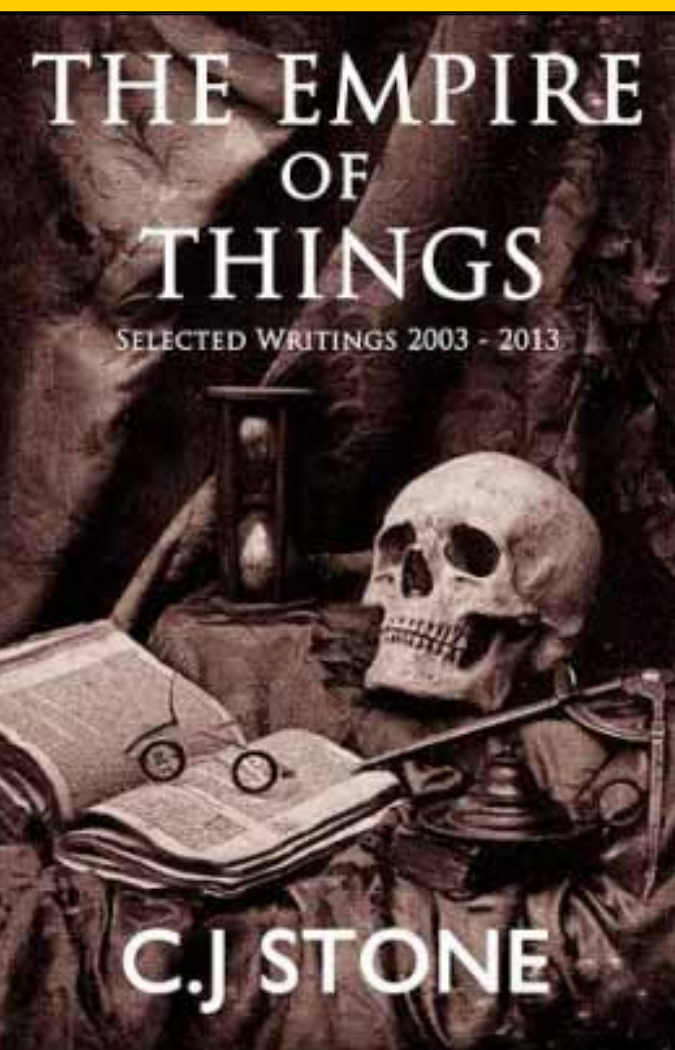
I'm not talking about diesel engines now. Personally I couldn't care less whether diesel engines rattle or not. But the idea that sometimes it is entirely appropriate to hate, that I agree with. In fact I would go even further. I would say that hate was itself a form of love: not its opposite, but its compliment.

Think about it.

The simplest, purest love that I know is the love I have for my child. If anyone hurt my child I would hate them. It's as simple as that. No questions. No qualifications. No ifs or ands or buts. My hatred would be fierce and consuming, like a flame, and though I could probably rationalise my way out of it long enough to check the facts before I stamped upon anyone's head, I would still want to hurt the person who hurt my child.

This is hatred all right: hatred born of love.

Read on



**NOW AVAILABLE FROM
GONZO MULTIMEDIA**

"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

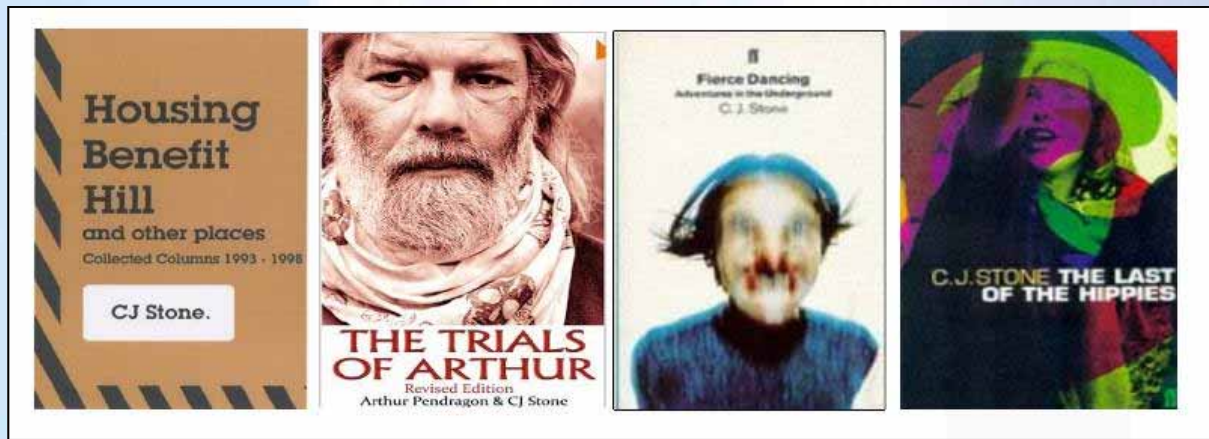
Times Literary Supplement

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

Herald

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

Independent on Sunday



Housing Benefit Hill:

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

The Trials of Arthur:

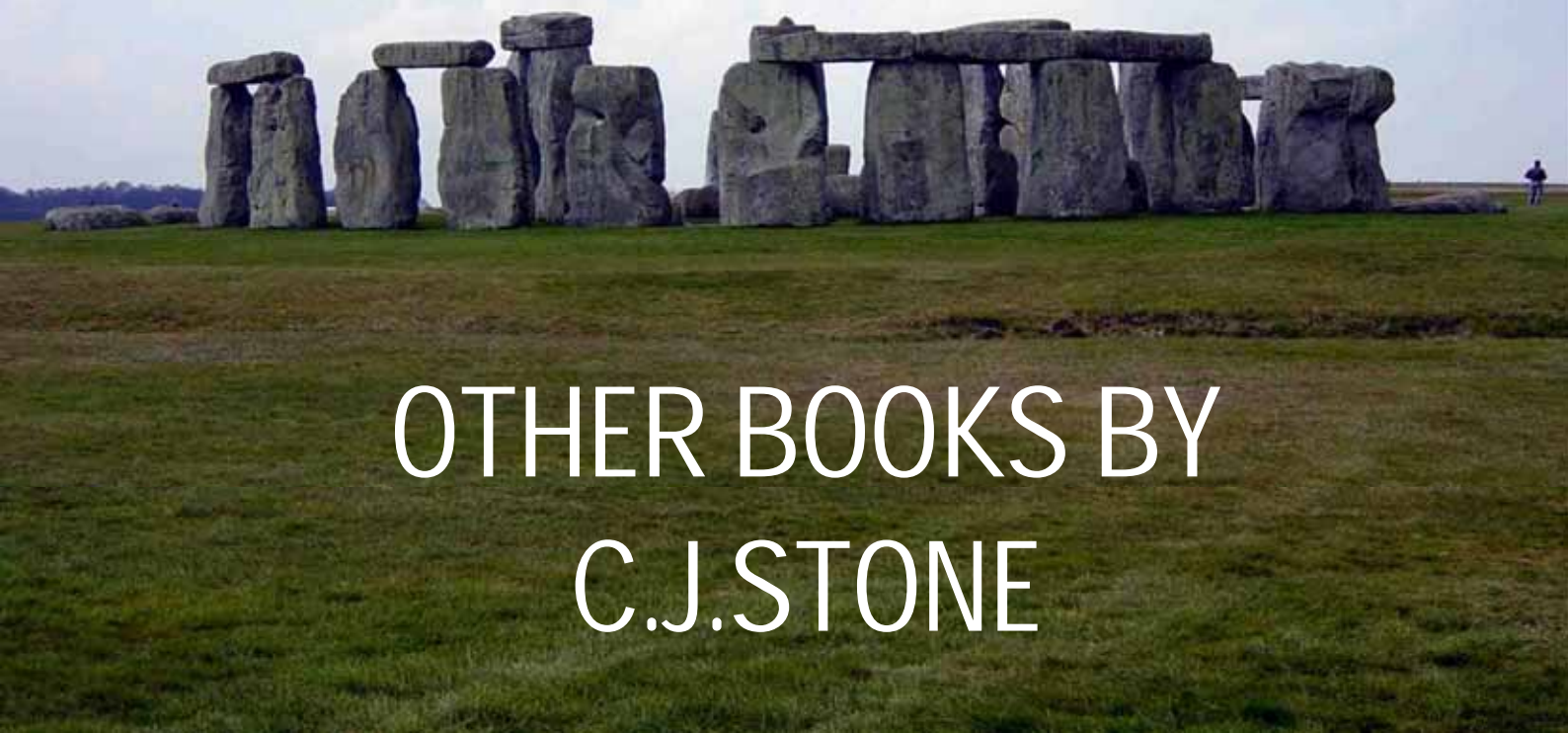
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Trials-Arthur-Revised-Ronald-Hutton/dp/0956416314/>

Fierce Dancing:

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

The Last of the Hippies:

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



OTHER BOOKS BY
C.J.STONE

Weird weekend 2016

19-21 August 2016
**Three Days of Monsters,
Ghosts and UFOs**

The Small School, Hartland, North Devon



YOU'VE NEVER HAD IT SO WEIRD

www.weirdweekend.org



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



Hawkwind's London gig venue gets a late change

Hawkwind have been forced to make a late change to the location of their London show, following the sudden temporary closure of the SBE (Shepherd's Bush Empire). An inspection of the former BBC theatre's roof was carried out last weekend, with the building then closed immediately pending remedial works.

The venue owners said in a statement: "We continually invest in all of our theatre venues. Safety and amenities for our customers and staff is paramount and we are truly sorry for the inconvenience this unexpected maintenance and

repair may cause." Hawkwind then said on Facebook, "As some of you may have heard, it seems Shepherd's Bush Empire has been declared structurally unsafe and we have been told that they have had to cancel the rest



of their shows this year."

The band's announcement continued, "Finding and booking an alternative London venue for a show 5 days before Christmas has been a nightmare, but we were determined not to reschedule til next year, which we

Spirits Burning

The music adaptation of Mack Maloney's sci-fi novel "Starhawk"

Over 70 minutes of music, over forty crew members
Includes bonus 8-page comic with artwork by Steve Lines

A sci-fi adventure ... resurrected by Don Falcone & Mack Maloney, with Hawkwind family members Dave Anderson, Alan Davey, Paul Hayles, Jerry Richards, Nik Turner, Twink, & Bridget Wishart, plus Daavid Allen (Gong), Robert Berry (3), Keith Christmas, John Ellis (The Vibrators), Kev Ellis (Space Cadets), Matt Malley (Counting Crows), Nigel Mazlyn Jones, Pete Pavli (High Tide), Ken Pustelnik (The Groundhogs), Billy Sherwood (Yes), Judge Smith (Van der Graaf), Steffe Sharpstrings, Cyrille Verdeaux (Clearlight), Steve York, & 24 more musicians ...



1. Our Crash
2. I Have Two Names
3. JigSawMan Flies A JigSawShip
4. Live Forever
5. My Life of Voices
6. Let's All Go Cloud Puffing
7. Stellar Kingdom
8. Spaceships At The Starting Line
9. We Move You
10. Tripping With The Royal Family
11. Xara's Poem
12. For Those Who Are Searching
13. Rolling Out
14. Angel Full Of Pity
15. Right On The Mark
16. This Time, This Space
17. So Strong Is Desire

GONZO

Multimedia

spiritsburning.com



were advised was the only solution... We care too much about you guys to do that without leaving a stone unturned, so the last 24 hours have been spent not only tearing much hair out, but phoning around and pulling in favours from everyone we know and we are proud to say that with a little help from our friends, we have done it!"

The 20th December Hawkwind show has been switched to The Coronet at the Elephant & Castle, located between Lambeth and Southwark, on the south side of the river. An entertainment venue since 1879, The Coronet holds 572 seated in the balcony and 1990 standing, so its capacity is very similar to the SBE. Hawkwind then released an undated gig poster, for the relocated performance. All tickets for the SBE show will be honored down at the Elephant & Castle venue, and other

SBE shows in December have been switched to such locations as the Academy (Brixton), and the O2 Forum (Kentish Town).

The Coronet is itself set to close - in 2017. After 138 years it's been announced that The Coronet will close its doors for the very last time on 5th January 2017. Richard Littman, Director of The Coronet has said: "We have been here for so long, and we will be really sad to go, but with the Elephant & Castle changing so much, so quickly, it's become clear that the evolving character of the area is no longer right for a venue like ours."

Relief that an alternate venue had been found was briefly derailed by concerns about The Coronet admissions policy which states: "Club Scan is on our venue License as a condition. This now means everyone attending the Coronet MUST HAVE a valid form of ID to present to be scanned on ENTRY."

This raised the prospect of some Hawkwind fans arriving at the venue without a driving licence or a passport, and being refused admission. Hawkwind swiftly investigated the matter and then said: "Great news... Just had confirmation from the venue that they do not operate club scan for live gigs."



HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

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

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

Full Earth Address:
.....
.....

Post Code

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

Telephone Number:

Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



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!!!"

it has to be in this world

so we put our pilgrim cloak on
take photographs, write letters
petition and beseech power
so we may be freed/of illusion/and see
each feather as a bird/each bird a blue sky wing
Impute to walls and floor and air a consciousness
so we might seek correspondences there
"Dude with four flat tires-still driving down the street
Sparks flying (like on the Rez/he was being pulled over..)
But THAT is a passionate way to travel.Full.Complete"
Like candles and balloons against Death/full foolishness
in the face of Fate.What you see is only shark shadows.
Pre-spider bite.Intuition of odds stacked Casinos.Night
softens wounds so dreams might heal them
Ripped apart by gunfire morning.



YE GONZO ISLAND DISCS

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

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



Danny is my gardener, Graham's assistant, trainee Jack of all Trades, and apprentice Hotel Manager, I am very fond of him, and as it is his eighteenth birthday this week, we sent him to a desert island...

Danny's Top Ten

- 1.Nirvana: "Come as you are"
- 2.Blue Swede: "Hooked on a feeling"
- 3.Creedence Clearwater Revival: "Bad moon rising"
- 4.Nirvana: "Smells like teen spirit"
- 5.The Drifters: "There goes my baby"
- 6.The Penguins: "Earth Angel"
- 7.Nirvana: "Where did you sleep last night"
- 8.Bob Marley and the Wailers: "No woman no cry"
- 9.Nirvana: "Lithium"
10. Little Richard: "Long tall Sally"

Xtul II

IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

The first book of *Xtul* stories comes out in book form next week, and will be available via all good retailers, through Fortean Fiction. But the story is far from over, and having taken a few weeks off to restore my battered *savoir faire* I am recommencing...

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

XI

Inauspicious is a word used to describe what happens when the omens of the day, or for those of you who do not believe in such things, those little things in life which hint what life has in store for us, hint that the things that are about to happen are not necessarily going to be that good. It is the opposite of 'auspicious', which is a word which dates back to Ancient Rome. The augur was a priest and official in the classical world, especially ancient Rome and Etruria. His main role was the practice of augury, interpreting the



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

will of the gods by studying the flight of birds: whether they are flying in groups or alone, what noises they make as they fly, direction of flight and what kind of birds they are. This was known as "taking the auspices". The ceremony and function of the augur was central to any major undertaking in Roman society—public or private—including matters of war, commerce, and religion, and the words 'inauspicious' and 'auspicious' derive from that.

In great works of literature, and even in the less great, the protagonists have often said that so and so was either an auspicious or an inauspicious day. But - not for the first time - I have found myself in the position of deciding that the Queen's English is somewhat inadequate for my needs, and so I am forced into having to invent a neologism.

It is just before eleven on a Sunday night at the beginning of winter in the year of our Lord 2015, coincidentally a year after my slightly embarrassing and rather more painful adventures at Miss Britannia's cottage, and I am trying to sit down and write deathless prose whilst a pair of half grown kittens (Squeaky and Dotty) play catch as catch can around my feet, two tortoises

(Nero and Calpurnia) noisily copulate in the four foot vivarium on the floor, the sofa is inhabited by a teenage girl with bright blue hair and a large fat dog with impressive jowls, (the girl is Deanie and the dog is Prudence), and my elderly Mother-in-Law is sat in a Victorian nursing chair watching a Harry Potter movie on TV.

Corinna and I are both writing, a jet-black cat called Lilith is staring into the front of a large vivarium holding a magnificent Mexican black kingsnake named after the Crown Prince of Jollilinki in a quasi racist joke (a black prince turns into a black king, after all, unless he is Edward of Woodstock) and in front of the gas fire which will heat the room until I can afford to have the chimney fixed is a hairy heap consisting of a large orange cat named after a Frank Zappa song, a badly behaved and somewhat neurotic Jack Russell terrier, and a naked, hairy forest Godling, who appears to be invisible to at least half of the humans in the room. In the last year I have never been able to make up my mind whether Mother can actually *see* Panne, but she has reached the age where she is surprised at very little, and would presumably be unlikely to discuss the matter if she did.





I had actually planned to spend a quiet evening drinking my daemons away, and catching up on writing this narrative, but the wings and sparrows of outrageous fortune (as Horace Coker once put it) took a hand, and Deanie (who is one of my ever-growing band of adopted niefflets) ended up coming to spend the night, hence precluding my plans for inebriation, and explaining the DVD that Mother and Deanie are watching whilst the rest of us ignore it to a greater or lesser extent.

Corinna loathes the Harry Potter books and movies with a vengeance, whereas I will admit I quite like them, but I have seen the film too many times to want to see it again at this particular time, but I will admit that there is a certain mildly delicious irony in the television showing the film which introduced some concepts of the esoteric arts to a new generation of youngsters, whilst I am trying to explain the events of a Wednesday morning a couple of months ago when everything went tits up, and my world (peculiar enough at the best of times) changed beyond all recognition once again.

But what I have been wanting to explain requires the invention of a neologism. It was an

unauspicious day; there were no portents of doom, and no suggestions of power and glory either. It was one of those sunny days that happen in the dog days of summer, which suggest that an Indian Summer might be just around the corner. These are the days when exotic butterflies from warmer climes occasionally turn up on British shores, and although the kids have gone back to school, ice-cream sales go through the roof as doting mothers do their best to reassure their offspring that although they are 'back in the jug agane' life as they know it has not completely come to an end.

So, as I was saying, there were no hints - one or another - that this was going to be an important day. The postman had come and gone, without either having delivered cheques or bills, I had just finished my breakfast (a bowl full of various bits of antipasti that Graham was kind enough to bring me), and was just going through my emails as I was drinking my second cup of coffee, and doing my best to ignore the fact that despite having finally quit six months before, every pore of my body was gasping for one of Messrs Benson and Hedges' finest.



The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

My emails were roughly the same as normal - large amounts of data from the Google News Alerts service which I use each day for updating the CFZ news blogs, the occasional letter from friends and acquaintances, and the normal heavy frosting of attempted scams, adverts for viagra or soft pornography, emails from wannabe Russian mail-order brides, and Nigerian widows trying to give me a million quid. And there are the bottom of the heap (OK its not a heap, but you know what I mean) was an email from danny.m@sexgod.com.

Before I even opened it, my heart dropped. I hadn't heard from Danny for nearly a year, since I had lost my temper with him for being complicit in the abduction of one of my best friends in the village, in an attempt to promote a Festive hit single. (Don't ask)

I have known Danny for over a third of a century, and have disliked him intensely for most of that time, and I have no reason to suppose that he likes me very much either. However, it seems that his destiny and mine are inextricably interlinked, and I have begrudgingly accepted that he will probably be part of my life for the duration. But, for the first eight and a half months of the year I have been in a happily Danny-free position, and - although it was too good to last - I had gotten used to it. Now that window of security and happiness was about to be closed forever.

With trepidation I opened the email. It read.

"Yo man, soz not to have been in touch, but am very busy. Can I borrow fifty quid? I owe it to some friends of yours."

I wrote back:

"No you can't. What friends?"

And half an hour later came a reply.

"Pleease man. Malcky and Emmz."

It was then that I made my great mistake. Instead of just ignoring him, or sending him a burst of verbal abuse, my curiosity was piqued for all the wrong reasons. So I replied:

"How the hell did you get involved with those arseholes? They owe me a lot of money, and if I ever see them again there will be trouble."

By doing that I had committed the unforgiveable mistake of opening up a channel of communication with Danny. In the split second it took me to press the SEND button, the day had suddenly stopped being unauspicious. It was to be decidedly inauspicious from then on!





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 had to put some petrol in the car today and found myself in a bit of a pickle. I had to play that not often used 'the fairer sex is the weaker sex' card. But I will add here that this card only covers the fact that some of us gals don't have the same physical strength as lads. Anything else that may be said about the fairer sex being the weaker sex is on a different card, and one that I do not own (well, I probably do have one actually - most of us females are given one when we are young after all, so there is probably a very out of date version of this hidden somewhere in the bottom of my knicker drawer or some such place, but I don't think I have ever had cause to use it in all my xxxx years so it got secreted away many moons ago).

Anyway, I couldn't get the bloody petrol cap off, and whoever replaced it after the last fill needs to be given a bollocking for tightening it up so flipping tight. I had to ask a burly young chap if he could do it for me. And even he had difficulty! And by the time it was off, the blasted petrol pump had cancelled the filling-up procedure, causing a very loud, intimidating, and somewhat condescending voice on a tannoy, which to me seemed to have undertones of 'oh look, a woman, I should have known' to instruct me: 'pump no 2 please press the silver button'. Bloody nerve.

THE BITCH IS BACK

Genesis - The Silent Sun. Original US Parrot Records Stock Copy. 1968. RARE! - £4,000

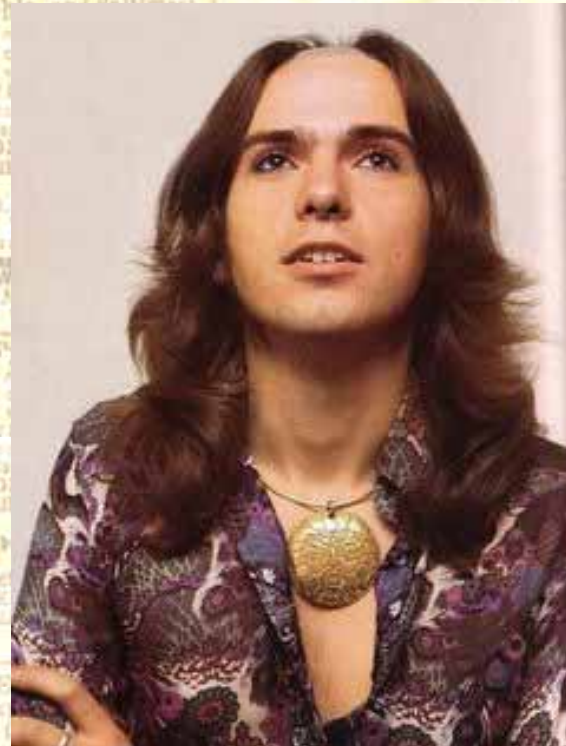


"Soho Music are very proud to present this real collectors item. This is an original stock copy from 1968 of the first Genesis 45 on the US Parrot Label - a division of London Records. The promo issue of this 45 does turn up now and again, but the stock copy is truly, truly rare and would be the jewel of any Genesis collection. The vinyl is EXC throughout with just a couple of hairlines and the odd blemish. The black label with the yellow and green parrot is super clean with just some bubbling here and there. The original Parrot house bag is near mint."

Aaargh, the number of times I have tried to remember where I put that bag of small plastic discs that inserted into the centre of 45s (which I have found out today are known as adaptors or even 'spiders') when coming across a single like this that doesn't have one. It makes my jaws tense at the frustrating memories. But,

be still my beating heart, this gives me an excuse to add a picture of my number one heart throb, and any chance to do that is not to be ignored. Just the ticket to warm up a cold evening sitting at the pc.

Okay, so after recovering from a swoon of Jane



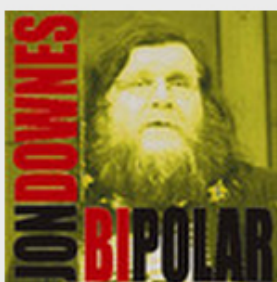
Austenesque proportions I must carry on with my duties.

And here's a line you don't hear very often:

Lonnie Donegans Tannoys 1955 - £2,000

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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

"Tannoy LSU 12 L x 2 Lancaster Studio Cabs



Essentially untouched since sold by Tannoy to Lonnie Donegans home studio in or around 1955. As a hifi geek I know this can & will emerge from factory lists somewhere as it was part of a pro studio outfitting at the launch of Lonnie's career.

I offer the story as told to me directly from son of the man who got them from Lonnie's Bank Manager... good story. Seems true so I mention it as it's a gas and true to the best of my ability.

From the valve era with no HF output above 12k. Most sources were well below on the then current radio or 78rpm harddisks.

The working one sounds gorgeous albeit in Lancaster rat cab. It particularly tames cd's on my Naim & sweetens the valve replay of cd even more. Repair of voicecoils is circa £150 from the world famous xxxx who in discussion were intrigued by them having not recoiled one yet.

The black Paper cones and centre cone are to my view very good and normal and sound looking. In other places paint/varnish has aged but chassis unnicked or damaged except age appropriate

They have been largely undisturbed in their Lancaster cabs as supplied by Tannoy to Lonnie originally but the 'wool' is disintegrating.

The working one is still in the cabinet the faulty one is the one out & needs a straightforward service from Lockwoods which is circa £150 in an otherwise perfect Chassis and Cone. The original glaze has in one place run off the chassis but this run off shows how much remains intact

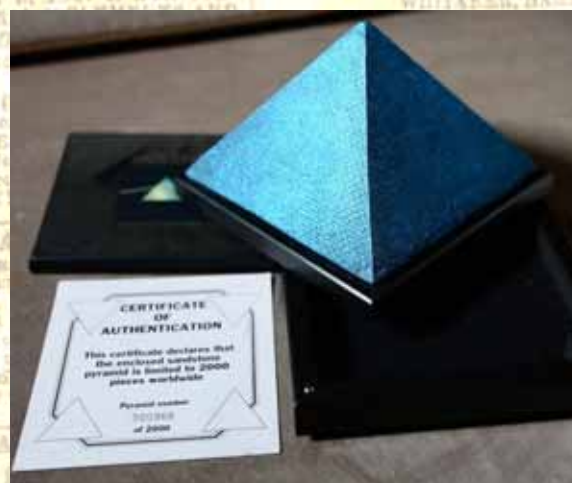
Note in the second pic they are fairly dust and debris free and have had their cone covers in place under the Tannoy fabric with red thread sealed with lead seals ...at least they did on arrival. Included if found again.

The cabs were for use in a pro setup so have screw in slots for tapered table legs to fit! .. dont ask but it was all the vogue back then. They have led a professional life.

Supposedly from Lonnie Donegan's home recording studio, financed by record success as I understand the story to date. SO Real Uber Tannoys with real connection to The Founder of British Rock Island Line Brothe: Lonnie Donegan personally from circa 1955 till he refitted and or the kit passed his bank manager ..mentioned above. I affirm to the best of my ability and knowledge this is true."

I really have no idea what this guy is on about to be honest. All that flew straight over my head, but I am sure it must mean something to someone out there, and perhaps even tickles the tastebuds, or wiggles the wallet, of a collector of two of such things.

Rare Pink Floyd Dark Side Of Moon Original Ltd Ed Sandstone Pyramid COA CD - £795.00



"PINK FLOYD The Dark Side Of The Moon No. 966

Rare Sandstone Pyramid (UK limited edition item that has to be one of the most unusual CD boxes

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Office.—HARDEN & CO
Boston; J. H. ENIGHT'S DA
Worcester.
Feb 23, 1877.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

HTF 2006 Hawthorne Holiday Village Lighted Elvis Teddy Bear Toy Store w COA - \$62.50



"Description: Hard to Find 2006 Hawthorne Village Light Up "Teddy Bear Toy Store" from the Elvis Rock 'N Roll Holiday Village Collection No. A1142 with COA and Original Styrofoam Box. Great piece for the Elvis fan / collector.

Condition: Light up Village Piece is in great condition. No chips or cracks. Styrofoam box has some shelf wear and writing on it. Please see pictures to help better judge condition.

Size: Box: 8 1/2" x 8" x 9". Weighs approximately 2 lbs. 6 oz."

No Christmas would be without a Hawthorne Village Lighted Elvis Teddy Bear Toy Store sitting in the corner of a room, now would it?

Vintage The Osmond Brothers Dis Kazoo Hum into Mouth Piece TOY - \$24.00



"NICE EARLY CLEAN TOY WITH LITE WEAR, NEAT ITEMS & WOULD BE A GREAT ADDITION TO YOUR COLLECTION!!"

It has been an unspoken tradition to try to get Mr Ed a weird musical instrument every Christmas, but I think this one will definitely not get added to the collection. No sirree!

Talking of weird instruments I have found a few whilst trawling through various websites. Here are a couple I found – one of which, again, would most definitely be on Mr Ed's want, need, desire list. I wonder if you can guess which one?

Cheese Drums



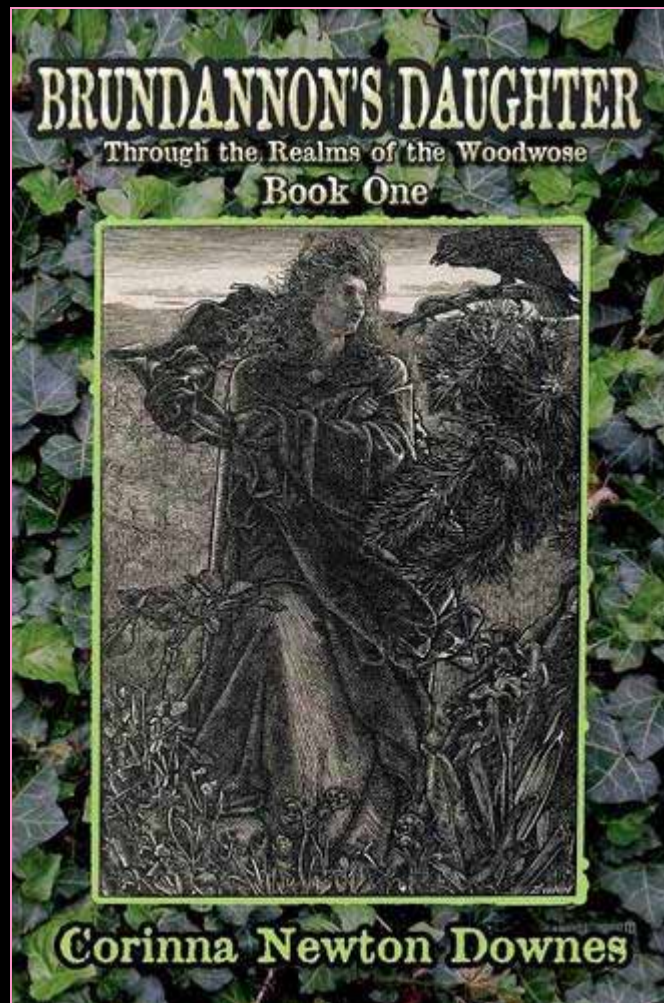
"Conclusive proof that cheese does not give you nightmares, but it might keep you awake. Made from what appears to be a healthy speed of cheese genres, this kit probably won't survive too much percussive battering - best play with it Caerphilly."

Branching Corrugahorn



"A branching corrugahorn is an experimental musical instrument that is made from flexible corrugated pipe normally found in the pulmonary care ward of a hospital."

And on that 'note' I shall say toodle-poo till next time.



Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy man - the wildman of the woods. Is he a man? Is he a beast? Is he something in between? Whatever he is, he is spoken about by humans in hushed voices. They are scared of him and they tell tales of him to their children to scare them from entering the hushed darkness of the tree kingdoms. They call him many names; the woodwose, the wudawasa, the wodwos amongst them. The bane of a high-born daughter takes her unintentionally through such a forest on her last journey as a single woman to wed the man of her father's choice. Imposters from another land tramp through such a forest on a mission of their own, killing everything that comes across their path. The lives of some of the creatures that dwell in this place become unavoidably entwined with both these trespassers. The lives of some will change. Some will cease completely.



"Ev'rywhere I hear the sound
of marching charging feet, boy"

[http://www.zazzle.co.
uk/streetfightingshirts](http://www.zazzle.co.uk/streetfightingshirts)



AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

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.

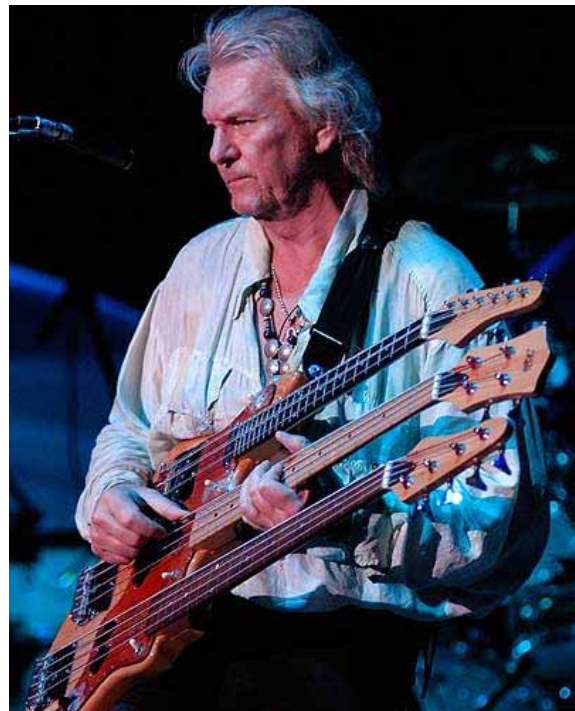
As we wind down 2015, the flow of news stories appertaining to what is arguably the world's longest standing prog rock band, still keep coming in.

However, this week most of them are either tributes to the late Chris Squire, or archive things that we hadn't seen before.

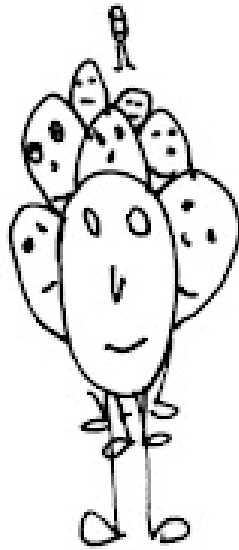
- **Alan White on His First Rehearsal with Yes in 1972**
- **Yes on Fox After Breakfast part 1 and 2**
- **Steve Smith: Reviews in for Anderson-Ponty Band and LOVE revisited**
- **MIKE PORTNOY ON CRUISE TO THE EDGE TRIBUTE TO YES BASSIST CHRIS SQUIRE - "IT WAS ABOUT SPIRIT AND UNITY, DONE WITH LOVE AND RESPECT"**
- **YES: Greg Lake And Geoff Downes Ride The Tiger Album Officially Released**

- **YES – Chris Squire Live!! – 14 String Bass Guitar...3 necks!**
- **Jon Anderson And You And I - Chris Squire Dedication 2015**

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!



THE NINE HENRYS



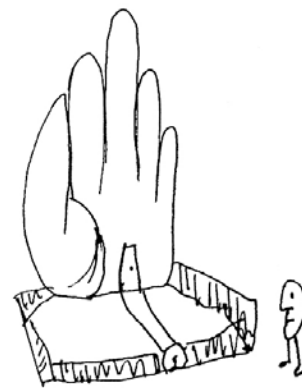
The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks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

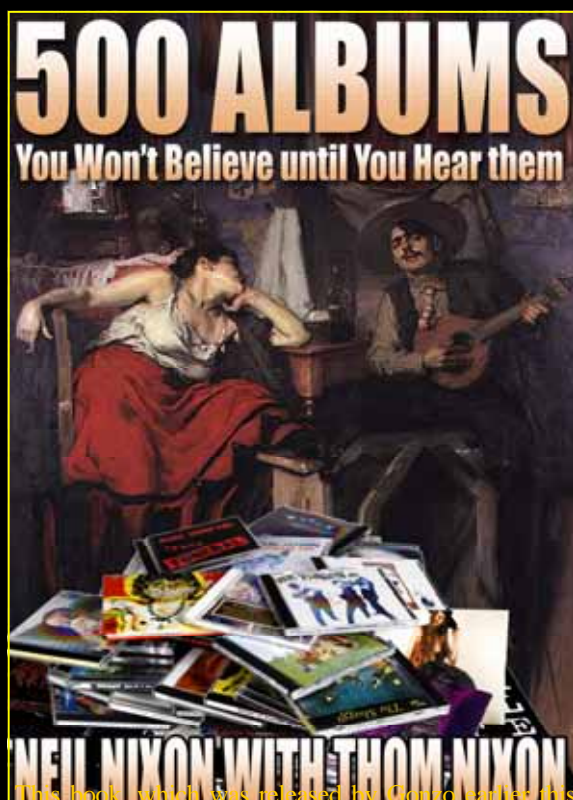
THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

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's new home was in a handy area



This book, which was released by Gono 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.

Carla Bley and Paul Haines:

Escalator Over the Hill

(JCOA, 1971)

What? A "chronotransduction"

A shorthand critical description of this monumental undertaking has often likened it to jazz's Sgt Pepper. Not accurate, but a good way for those unfamiliar with this hugely complex combination of jazz, opera, spoken word and Indian music to begin to navigate the two hours plus of listening originally packaged in a triple vinyl album with accompanying book. Considering it – years after the event – as one of 50 Great Moments in Jazz, The Guardian described it as: "a gargantuan, avant-cinematic, cross-genre venture."

Escalator Over the Hill is operatic but in the great tradition of some contemporary rock operas – Tommy, for one – it presents a central narrative and builds a story that can easily divert into character study and exploring= a particular moment. Set in a hotel; the story involves two groups of musicians staying along

with other guests. The musicians include Jack Bruce and John McLaughlin, both playing members of a rock group and Don Cherry who appears as part of an eastern music group. One of the hotel guests – "Ginger" – is played by a (then) little-known Linda Ronstadt. The set up allows for different styles of music to emerge and random noises, including speech, to become part of the narrative. The story is also moved forward with the words of Paul Haines which started life as poems sent to Carla Bley. Haines hadn't intended his work to become any kind of opera and hadn't written his words with any notion of their musicality. Bley's meditations on the words gradually led her to put keyboard passages (and eventually full-band accompaniment) to them, the result often being complex and convoluted passages of jazz that present a tense and uneasy vision of the rundown hotel housing most of the action.

Musically Sgt Pepper is a useful yardstick. Escalator... is unquestionably thematic, mind-blowingly adventurous when it needs to be, flashingly varied and also unafraid to be conventional and retro. It also sets out its terms confidently; in its scale and packaging and in the opening "Hotel Overture," over 13 minutes of free-flowing avant-jazz showcasing some of the main players and setting up Bley's keyboards as the central instrument to hold the remainder together. The sonic contrasts in the tracks are used to perfection; never more so than when the hard-blown and mordant brass section of "EOTH Theme" is thrown aside by the jazz rock of "Businessman." Escalator also scores because most of the main players step-up to the challenge and meet it. Linda Ronstadt turns in a performance in the torch ballad "Why" that hints at the work that would earn her platinum sales within half a decade. Jack Bruce's vocals are also assured and perfect for numbers like "Smalltown Argonist." Escalator... is still asking a lot of the listener; for starters you have to read the booklet and put in the work to totally understand what is happening in the vocal passages, and work harder still to interpret the musical passages and their relevance to the story. But, like Sgt Pepper, it offers that rite of passage to anyone willing to put in the work and rewards them with a recording of enough nuance and skill to be worthy of this attention.

Time hasn't been too kind to Escalator Over the Hill. Like Sgt Pepper, the scale and audacity of this work inspired wonderful and woeful work in almost equal amounts and Escalator's ground-breaking in 1971 is less evident because some of the work recorded in its wake normalises its innovations. But Escalator... is still celebrated for everything it achieved, the range of talent and quality of their collective achievements remain breathtaking and it remains a challenging listen that works only when given the listener's full attention. Then again; it's up to each listener how far they indulge the closing "... And It's Again." Originally equipped with a locked groove (i.e like the final fragment of Sgt Pepper it would repeat endlessly until the needle was lifted) after ten minutes, the CD release now offers up the track with almost 17 and a half minutes of the locked humming sound, which gradually fades.



Distorium

From Montreal, Distorium is an epic historical folk metal band, founded in 2010. They were originally known as "Vinlanders", but the band chose a more neutral name to reflect their general theme.

Members:

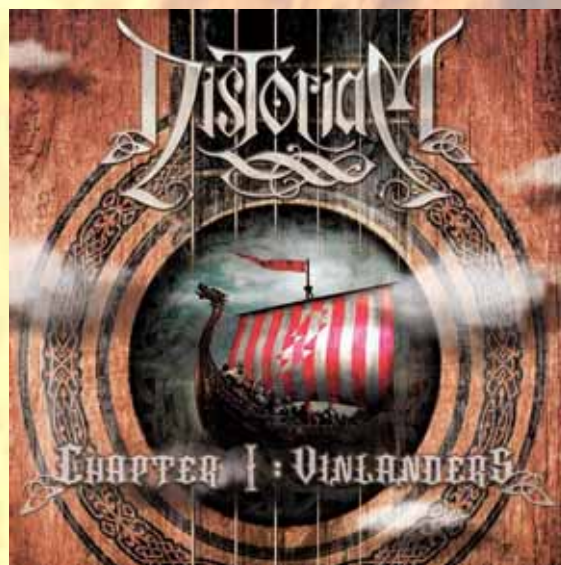
Frakkur The Wise - Irish bouzouki, Violin,
PibGorn, harsh and clean vocals
Sir Thomas Samæl Friedrik Rex I - Baritone guitar,
harsh and clean vocals
Sophie the Tavern Wench - Keyboards, Hurdy-
Gurdy and Back Vocals.
Sieur Le Brave - Lead guitar and Back Vocals
Le-Tappeux du Pied-Chaussé - Mandolin, Flute and
Back Vocals
Stormblood - Bass Guitar and Back Vocals
Le Brigand - Drums



Facebook

Metal Archives

Folk Metal NL



You Tube

Duel of a Hundred Lights (Official Release Video)

Hymn to Mead (Live MTL September 2015)

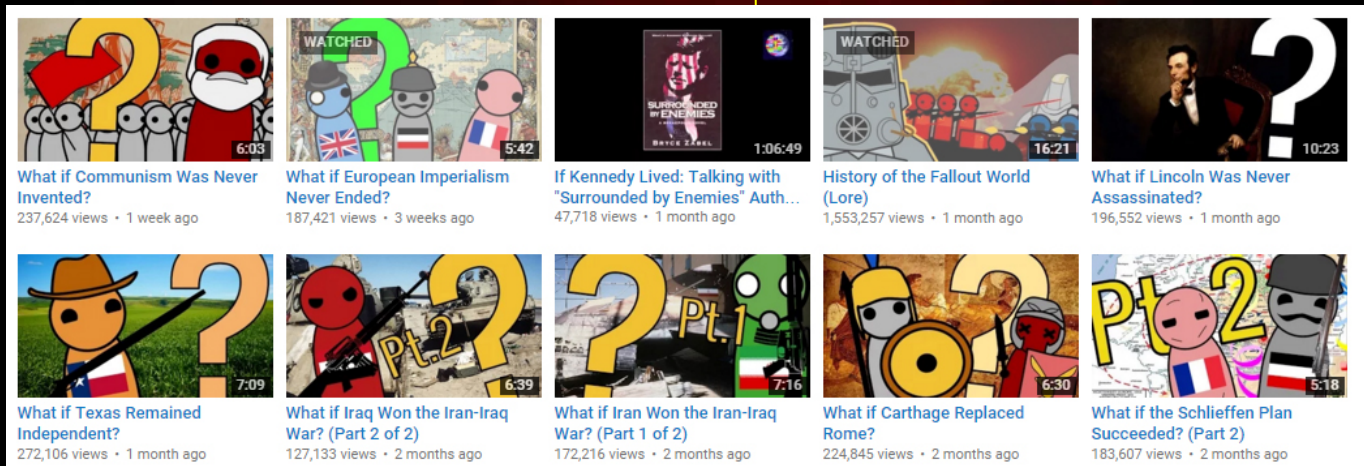
As I believe I mentioned the other day, I have recently become mildly obsessed with the videos on the YouTube channel for the Alternate History Hub.

I have been a fan of the concept of alternate history for many years, first discovering it through one of the 'juvenile' novels of my favourite author – Robert Heinlein. The idea that events on a quantum level can change the entire course of human history is both a useful plot device in speculative fiction, and an interesting philosophical idea.

I have been working my way through these videos like a dose of salts, and – even this morning, while Jessica was switching on her computer – I watched a speculative video which wondered what the world would have been like if the Russian revolution had not happened.



I do not agree in all of their extrapolations, but I find the whole thing fascinating in the extreme, and wholeheartedly suggest that you check it out.



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FROM HARPOS CONCERT THEATRE, DETROIT

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ON STAGE 20.30

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART



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