

GONZO

Weekly #161/2

EXCLUSIVE:
**The Nightmare
before Christmas
LIVE and all sorts of
other stuff in Yer
Yuletide bumper
issue**



**'Twas the Night Before
Christmas**



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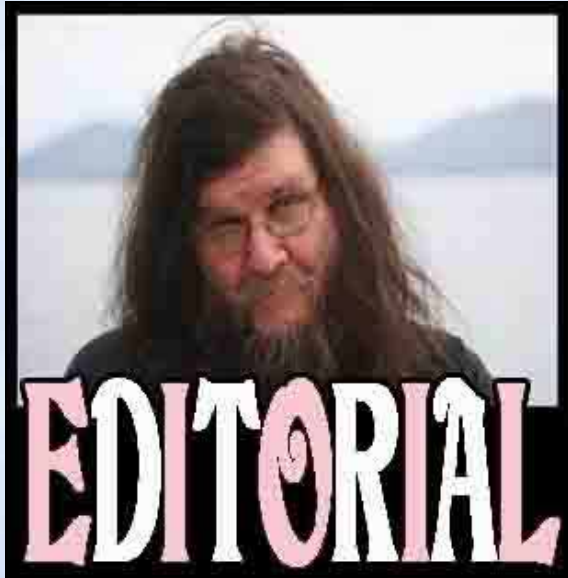
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear Friends,

Welcome to this year's super duper Christmas Holiday Special of your favourite weekly slice of Rock and Roll subversion. This bumper edition will have to last you until the end of the year, whereupon we take a nostalgic look at 2015 with issue 163 which will be out in the first few days of next year, and normal service will resume

with issue 164 the weekend after.

Life in Britain, and I suspect in many other parts of the world, has changed dramatically over the last twelve months. If I was a paranoid horror fiction writer I would say that much of mankind seems to have been gripped by a collective psychosis brought on by rampant capitalism and religious extremism. Hang on, I am a paranoid horror fiction writer (amongst other things) and that is exactly what appears to be happening.

The ubiquitous use of social media doesn't help. The news stories that one sees promulgated through Facebook are always the most grotesque and the most extreme, and as these are the news stories that most people read, then it is hardly surprising that we seem to be locked into a self-destructive spiral of nastiness.

My family, historically at least, have mostly turned out as substance abusers or preachers (and sometimes both) and I would very much rather not be seen to be encroaching upon my brother's territory (he is a high ranking Chaplain in the British Army) by preaching a



I believe that all Gods are the same, and the only religious law that matters is what Charles Gibbon first (in 1604) and Chuck Berry (in 1957) called 'The Golden Rule'.

sermon, but I have a horrible idea that this is what this editorial is going to turn out to be despite my best intentions.

When I was a child I loved Christmas. It was a beautiful, magickal time when the family came together, my Father did his best to keep his temper, and everybody did their best to be nice to each other in honour of the birth of the Christ child all those centuries before. My family lived in Hong Kong, and my Father was a high ranking officer in HM Overseas Civil Service. Every Christmas my parents would invite a selection of people who would otherwise have spent the holiday alone, and our apartment was chock full of revellers, including a couple of elderly Catholic priests, and sailors from whatever British or American warship was currently at berth in Hong Kong Harbour.

As I got older the magick sloughed off layer by layer until I found myself hating Christmas with a vengeance. Christmas with my first in-laws was purgatory, and things got even worse after my divorce, culminating in me drunkenly trying to kill myself on Christmas Eve 2000. The next day I wrote my one and only Christmas song which can be found on Spotify:

"I've been drinking for days, and I'm throwing up blood, and my skin is beginning to turn blue,

But its the only way I know to survive Christmas".

A few years after that I met my second wife, Corinna, and my personal life took a significant upturn, but I became more and more distressed at the way so many of the people I saw around me just used this time of year as an excuse to spend revolting amounts of money and get themselves in debt for the rest of the year. It was very nice for someone I hardly knew to give me a £40 bottle of Scotch, but it was nothing but embarrassing. So I drank the Scotch, said my thank yous, and quickly put them back onto my Christmas Card list.

Marrying Corinna gave me the gift of stepdaughters, one of whom last year made me a Grandfather, and I have recently gained some kind of inkling about what families do at this time of year. But my girls are in the Midlands and East Anglia, and I miss them a lot but never as much as at this time of year. There are a surprising amount of young people of all genders who have been kind enough to adopt me as Uncle Jon, and it sometimes feels as if I am in an avuncular role to half the kids in North Devon, and - finally, aft all these decades - I am surrounded (digitally, if not IRL) with people that I love, and as the world staggers on the brink of apocalypse, I am truly blessed.

اللّٰعنة لّٰهْم اِذَا كَانُوْا لَا تَأْخُذْ نَكْتَةً

PeaceLove



Which brings me to this magazine, and to the point of this editorially sermon thing. I am not going to get all religious on you. I was brought up Church of England, flirted with Roman Catholicism for much of my life, and am now reasonably successful in combining by own peculiar brand of Franciscan Christian Anarchy with a very Zen Paganism, and if I have learned anything in the fifty seven years I have been on the planet, it is that - as in sexuality, mental health, and a whole slew of other things - labels are for pots of pickles, not people, and that much the same holds true for religion.

Pantheism is derived from the Greek πᾶν pan (meaning "all") and θεός theos (meaning "God"). There are a variety of definitions of pantheism. Some consider it a theological and philosophical position concerning God. As a religious position, some describe pantheism as the polar opposite of atheism. From this standpoint, pantheism is the view

that everything is part of an all-encompassing, immanent God. All forms of reality may then be considered either modes of that Being, or identical with it.

I believe that all Gods are the same, and the only religious law that matters is what Charles Gibbon first (in 1604) and Chuck Berry (in 1957) called 'The Golden Rule'. See what I mean?

- "Hence, (keeping these in mind), by self-control and by making dharma (right conduct) your main focus, treat others as you treat yourself."

tasmād_dharma-pradhānéna bhavitavyam
yatātmanā | tathā cha sarva-bhūtēṣhu
vartitavyam yathātmani ||

(तस्माद्धर्मप्रधानेन भवितव्यं यतात्मना।

तथा च सर्वभूतेषु वर्तितव्यं यथात्मनि॥

Mahābhārata Shānti-Parva 167:9)



- "That nature alone is good which refrains from doing to another whatsoever is not good for itself." - Dadisten-I-dinik, 94,5,
- "Whatever is disagreeable to yourself do not do unto others." Shayast-na-Shayast 13:29
- "Do not do to others that which angers you when they do it to you." – Isocrates (436–338 BC)
- "That which is hateful to you, do not do to your fellow. That is the whole Torah; the rest is the explanation; go and learn it." — Talmud, Shabbat 31a, the "Great Principle"
- "A Bedouin came to the prophet, grabbed the stirrup of his camel and said: O the messenger of God! Teach me something to go to heaven with it. Prophet said: "As

you would have people do to you, do to them; and what you dislike to be done to you, don't do to them. Now let the stirrup go! [This maxim is enough for you; go and act in accordance with it!]" — Kitab al-Kafi, vol. 2, p. 146

- "And if thine eyes be turned towards justice, choose thou for thy neighbour that which thou chooseth for thyself." — Bahá'u'lláh
- "Hurt not others in ways that you yourself would find hurtful." — Udanavarga 5:18
- "Just as pain is not agreeable to you, it is so with others. Knowing this principle of equality treat other with respect and compassion." Suman Suttam V 150
- "The sage has no interest of his own, but takes the interests of the people as his



Prudence and Archie and all the less important members of the
Gonzo Weekly team wish you a very happy Christmas

own. He is kind to the kind; he is also kind to the unkind: for Virtue is kind. He is faithful to the faithful; he is also faithful to the unfaithful: for Virtue is faithful." — Tao Teh Ching, Chapter 49

- "Here ye these words and heed them well, the words of Dea, thy Mother Goddess, "I command thee thus, O children of the Earth, that that which ye deem harmful unto thyself, the very same shall ye be forbidden from doing unto another, for violence and hatred give rise to the same. My command is thus, that ye shall return all violence and hatred with peacefulness and love, for my Law is love unto all things. Only through love shall ye have peace; yea and verily, only peace and love will cure the world, and subdue all evil." — The Book of Ways, Devotional Wicca
- "Do to others what you want them to do to you. This is the meaning of the law of Moses and the teaching of the prophets." - Luke 6.31

My message to all those involved in conflicts that they justify because of their religion is to actually read your own sacred books and act upon the words therein. Jesus, Muhammad, and many others are quoted above, and they are all saying exactly the same thing. Even The Beatles told you that love is all you need. Please people come to your senses.

To all you people reading this I have another lesson. Whether or not you are followers of Jesus of Nazareth, may the love, which people who are, believe was breathed into the world at this time fill your hearts, may you all have a happy and uplifting Christmas and a peaceful 2016. Now I have an appointment with a bottle of brandy.

Slainte

Jon Downes



Jimmy Page, P J Harvey, AC/DC, Trent Reznor, The Beatles, Michael Jackson, EODM, Madonna, Wilko Johnson, David Bowie, Barbara Dickson, N.W.A., Galahad, Strange Harvest, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Jaki Windmill, Tim Rundall, Adam Roth, Mick Lynch, Mary Joan Okum, James Hill OBE, Peter Broggs, Johnny Winter, 13th Floor Elevators, Spirits Burning, The Pirates, Dee Palmer, Freddie King, The Selecter, Ducks De Luxe, Alexis Korner, James Brown, John Lee Hooker, The Nightmare Before Christmas, Judge Smith, John Brodie Good, Public Service Broadcasting, The Long Lost Band, Jacqui McShee's Pentangle, Spooky Ghost, Gary Duncan Quicksilver, Drones for Daevid, Pink Fairies, John Martyn, Liz Lenten, Wreckless Eric, Howard Eynon, Roy Weard, Trim Tab Jim, My Dad's LPs, A J Smitrovich, Mr Biffo, Ken Worthington, John Shuttleworth, Hawkwind, Alan Friswell, Xtul, Elvis, Black Sabbath, One Direction, Cliff Richard, Yoko Ono, Yes, Neil Nixon, Emit Bloch, Cave Grawl

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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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

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THE AXEMAN COMETH: Jimmy Page says he's working on building a new band with whom he plans to tour in 2016 AND release that new music. Page says that his new band will be 'totally different' from Zeppelin, and that the potential performances will be a unique experience:

"There will be all sorts of material from different eras," Page said. "Right across the board; that's the way I'm seeing it. But like I said, there will be surprises. It won't be entirely what people might be expecting."

It's been decades since Page has embarked on a tour, as he's spent most of the past few years curating the Zeppelin reissue series. Needless

to say, new material and a tour from Page will be a big, big deal. **Read on...**

POLLY PUT THE PROJECT ON: Revered songwriter/musician PJ Harvey announced that she will be releasing a new album in spring 2016. It's not just a 'regular' album, though: she apparently recorded the new material at a museum as part of an exhibit, and the whole thing was open to the public. **Read on...**

ROCK OR... After spending much of 2015 on the road supporting their new album *Rock or Bust*, hard/rock heroes AC/DC will get right back at it in 2016. As their Facebook announcement of new tour dates detailed, The American Tour date announcement comes after a massive year for the band, with them kicking off the 57th annual Grammy Awards, headlining at Coachella, and completing 28 shows in Europe, 14 shows in North America and 11 shows in Australia/New Zealand. The big tour will find them in the U.S. from February all the way through early April. **Read on...**

I HURT MYSELF TODAY: Trent Reznor announced on Twitter Friday 18th that he and his bandmates are planning on releasing a new Nine Inch Nails album. Fans have been eagerly awaiting new music from the rock group since their eighth studio LP, *Hesitation Marks*, reached listeners in 2013 - and fortunately more fresh music is forthcoming. Trent confirmed the news on his Twitter account, writing: "New NIN coming in 2016. Other stuff, too."

The "other stuff" he is referring to remains a mystery, however, just moments after the album proclamation, Trent promoted his new coffee table tome *Cargo in the Blood*, which features original artwork by British painter and

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multimedia artist Russell Mills. "A very nice book we made with Russell Mills, some still available cargointheblood.com," Trent tweeted. Cargo in the Blood is a 320-page hardback which contains the artwork Russell created for Nine Inch Nails' last album Hesitation Marks - it has a limited run, as only 2,000 copies of the tome were printed. **Read on...**



THE WALRUS WAS: A Billboard rumor circulating suggests that the Beatles catalog will begin to roll out on at least one, and most likely many, streaming services starting Christmas Eve. This would be one of the last artists to finally succumb to the new technology of streaming. The Beatles catalog has been notoriously late to most new technologies. It took until 1987 for the albums to hit CD and they finally hit the iTunes store in 2010 when the majority of the albums surged onto the Billboard 200 Albums chart.

Now, it looks like they will finally become streamable on demand. The question is, where will they be available? Apple originally wanted an exclusive for their new streaming service but that deal seems to have fallen through. None of the other services would confirm or deny the impending additions to Billboard. **Read on...**

IT'S ONLY METAL, WHAT A BORE: The Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA), the Estate of Michael Jackson, Epic Records and Legacy Recordings announced that Michael Jackson's THRILLER is the first album in RIAA Gold & Platinum Program history to be certified 30X multi-Platinum for U.S. sales, continuing The King of Pop's reign as the biggest selling artist of all time with worldwide sales of over 100 million for Thriller and 1 billion overall.

"RIAA has awarded Gold & Platinum records on behalf of the music business for nearly 60 years, but this is the first time an artist has crossed the 30X multi-Platinum plateau," said Cary Sherman, Chairman & CEO, RIAA. "We are honored to celebrate the unique status of Thriller in Gold & Platinum history. What an exceptional achievement and testament to Thriller's enduring spot in our hearts and musical history." **Read on...**

FLY LIKE AN EAGLE: EODM will return to Europe in 2016 to complete their postponed tour dates, including what will surely be an emotional return to Paris. The rescheduled trek - The Nos Amis Tour - will see the band set to finish the tour that was cut short by the tragic events of November 13th at the Bataclan Theatre in Paris.

Fans who were at the Bataclan show on November 13th will be entitled to a free ticket for the rescheduled Paris date at the Olympia Theatre on February 16th. They must contact their original ticket supplier between January 5th and January 20th to claim their ticket. Unfortunately, the Bataclan Theatre will not be open again in time for the band's return on this tour. Fans who previously bought tickets for the remaining European dates will have a pre-sale window beginning Thursday to re-

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purchase their refunded tickets. They will need to provide proof of original purchase.



EODM co-founder and frontman Jesse Hughes says: "The people of Paris have always been incredible to us, and our feeling of love towards this beautiful city and its people has been reinforced a million times over this past month. Hearing the stories of the survivors, the injured and those who have lost loved ones has been overwhelming. Not returning to finish our set was never an option. We look forward to coming back in February and continuing our mission to bring rock 'n' roll to the world."

Read on...

MAD DONNA: Madonna went on a bit of a foul mouthed rant at fans in Manchester after she hit the stage an hour late, but there was a very legitimate reason for the situation.

According to a Facebook post by the singer, the computer with all the video for her show and many of the lighting cues crashed and the crew discovered that their backup file was corrupt leaving them with no way to properly put on the show. Her explanation:

"FACTS: its good to have them before you jump to conclusions! The Entire video for my



show crashed as I arrived for sound check. The back up file was corrupt. We had no choice but to reboot and pray for a good outcome. The video lights 75 % of my show. We cant play in the dark. We were rebooted and ready by 9:30 even though we planned to go on earlier. I had to make cuts in show before show started. Dress you Up was one of them and my 3rd guitar song. This still brought us past the 11:00 curfew! But we went on and the venue was kind enough to extend till 11:39!! It was there choice not mine to end the show!! always want to finish. So we all missed the last 3 songs! And I'm sorry about that. And i thank all my Rebel Heart fans for understanding! We did our best! And we still had to pay a fine! That life. :). PS you still got to see an amazing show. And only missed. 12 minutes!! The ☐

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#rebelhearttour goes on” -Madonna
Read on...



THE HERO RETURNS: R&B legend Wilko Johnson has announced his first UK headline shows since his sensational appearance with Roger Daltrey at Shepherds Bush Empire last year. Blues singer-songwriter & guitarist Joanne Shaw Taylor joins him as special guest on these six unique shows, taking place throughout April 2016.

Tickets go on general sale at 9am on Wednesday 16 December and are available at www.thegigcartel.com / 0844 478 0898.

14 April Glasgow O2 ABC
15 April Newcastle O2 Academy
16 April Manchester The Ritz
21 April Bristol O2 Academy
22 April Leamington The Assembly
23 April London O2 Forum Kentish Town


Wilko recorded the last album at a time when he was expecting to die from cancer. He was diagnosed in 2012 and given just months to

live, heading out on a farewell tour after opting not to undergo chemotherapy. But a reassessment by medics led to major pioneering surgery which left him cancer-free and with a new zest for life. **Read on...**



MORE FROM DAVE: David Bowie's new single 'Lazarus' taken from the album ★ (pronounced Blackstar) will be released digitally on December 18th and will receive its world premiere on BBC 6 Music's Steve Lamacq show on the 17th.

'Lazarus' is the only track on ★ also featured in the stage production 'Lazarus' written by Bowie and Enda Walsh and directed by Ivo Van Hove, which opened December 7th in New York to great critical acclaim: The New York Times raved "Ice-cold bolts of ecstasy shoot like novae through the glamorous muddle and murk of Lazarus, the great-sounding, great-looking and mind-numbing new musical built around songs by David Bowie," while Rolling Stone hailed Lazarus as a "Surrealistic Tour de Force... milk-swimming, lingerie-sniffing, gin-chugging theater at its finest." **Read on...**


L
A
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S



LAZARUS
by
David Bowie
and
Enda Walsh

Directed by
Ivo van Hove



**NEW YORK
THEATRE
WORKSHOP**

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...

GLAD TIDINGS WE BRING: Families could potentially face benefit sanctions on Christmas Day this year as the Government was accused of having a "Scrooge-like approach" to the holiday period. Hannah Bardell, the SNP member for Livingston, told the House of Commons that the Department of Work and Pensions plans to "operate business as usual" around the public holiday.

It means people on disability benefit or Jobseeker's allowance could be denied access to funds if they fail to turn up for appointments up until or on Christmas Eve. Job centres have always been open on Christmas Eve if it is a normal working day, according to the DWP.

Read on...

BADGER DISGRACE: The government is to relax the restrictions on its controversial badger culls as it rolls them out to new areas in 2016. But a leading scientist has warned that the move makes it even less likely that culling will

achieve its aim of reducing tuberculosis in cattle and could even make it worse. The badger culls in Somerset, Gloucestershire and Dorset met their kill targets in 2015, environment secretary Liz Truss announced on Thursday, although scientists had warned in October that the low targets set were unlikely to be effective. Truss said a worldwide shortage of TB vaccine has led to another strategy, badger vaccination, being halted in order to prioritise human health.

"Badger control in the south west has been successful and we will enable it to take place over a wide number of areas next year," said Truss. "Our comprehensive strategy to eradicate bovine TB through tighter cattle controls, improved biosecurity and badger control is delivering results." **Read on...**



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%

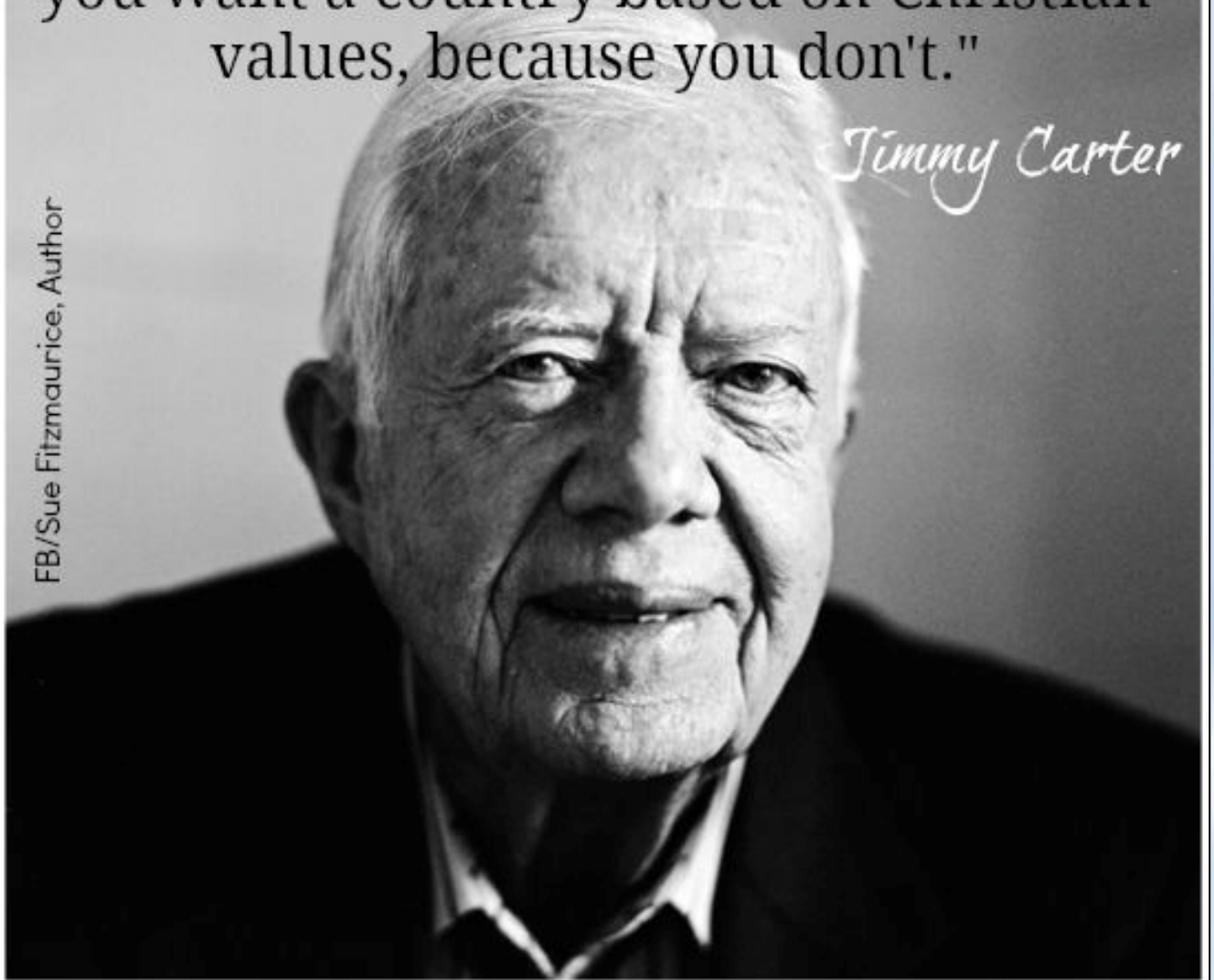
Right On Chris

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

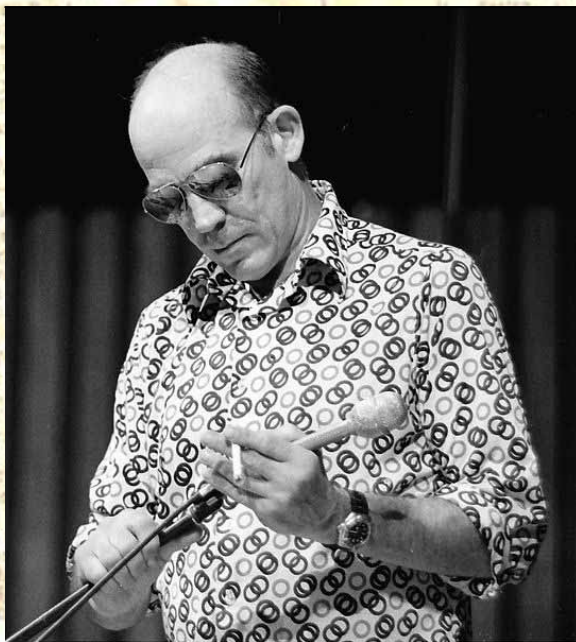
The strong and courageous
take a camera

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 man himself.

"By any accepted standard, I have had more than nine lives. I counted them up once, and there were 13 times I almost and maybe should have died."

Hunter S. Thompson



BARBARA DICKSON WRITES: I was going to head this 'Christmas Message' but realised I sounded like the Queen! As some of you will know, 2015 has been a very busy year for me and my merry band of men. We kicked off with my national concert tour with loads of dates and my full band, before Troy disappeared off with Nightwish for his world tour. I then worked live with Nick Holland, apart from a couple of bigger shows in late June with a mix of band members. It's been a bit of a whirlwind!

My family finally made the big move to Edinburgh this year, which is something I started to think about in about 2007. It took all that time to finally get the plan into action, but I am so glad we did it. Edinburgh is just gorgeous and everything I need is close by and more or less within walking distance from my house.

Just in the last few weeks, Oliver and I have been lucky enough to buy a flat, having lived in rented accommodation since coming here in July, so we hope to move in around February/March of next year. The builders are knocking things down as I write! Fortunately, I don't have a big tour at the start of the New Year, so this has worked out fine with me being around to supervise the renovation. **Read on...**



the week that's past

The Gospel According to *BART*

My favourite roving reporter sent me several news stories this week including this, which was accompanied by a terse sentence: "Yes left out again". The fact that NWA have accepted this showbiz accolade does, in my opinion, cast some doubt on their revolutionary credentials.

"The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame has officially announced next year's inductees: Cheap Trick, Chicago, Deep Purple, N.W.A and Steve Miller will all join the class of 2016. They will be inducted April 8th during a ceremony at Brooklyn's Barclays Center, with tickets on sale to the public in February. HBO will broadcast the show in the spring.

Artists are allowed to enter the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame 25 years after the release of their first album or single, though this year, nearly every act has been eligible for some time. N.W.A, who made their fourth appearance on the ballot this year, is the only group to form after the 1970s. "This means that the group's mark is solidified," Ice Cube tells Rolling Stone. "We got some of the most creative, talented people in N.W.A that's ever been compiled in one group. It's just exciting that the group as a whole gets recognized by the whole industry as Hall of Fame-worthy."

<http://www.rollingstone.com/music/news/n-w-a-deep-purple-cheap-trick-chosen-for-rock-and-roll-hall-of-fame-20151217#ixzz3usmc24Lo>

Bart also sent us his Christmas Column for Stepping Out. I was so moved, I asked his permission to reproduce it.



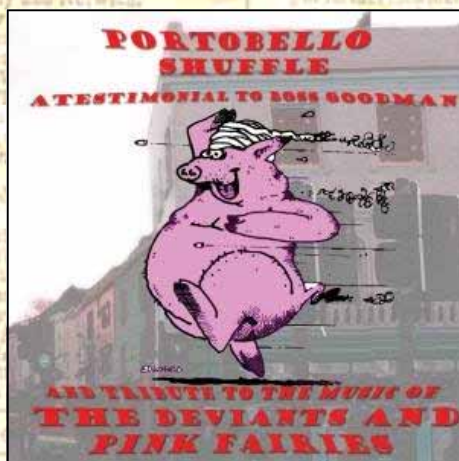
WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, the Galahad 30th anniversary 2CD retrospective is now available to order direct from Galahad at www.galahadonline.com/merchandise. In celebration of the band's 30th anniversary Galahad have compiled a double CD retrospective with a twist, the twist being that ten of the tracks included are brand new re-recorded versions of old Galahad songs, some dating back to 1985, the year the band formed, including one thirty year old track (City of Freedom) which has never been recorded properly before!

In some cases the new versions are similar to the originals but in other cases the songs have been re-worked and re-arranged considerably, either way we have tried our best to be sympathetic to the spirit of the originals whilst trying to bring them up to date in terms of their sonic quality and also so that they compare favourably, hopefully, with the Galahad sound of 2015!

As this is a rather special album, we have also included a few strategically placed 'tributes' to a few of our original influences within some of the newly recorded 'old' tracks, so it'll be interesting to see if they'll get spotted! There are also a few guests making an appearance on this release, including Karl Groom on acoustic guitar, Mark Andrews, Galahad keyboard player from 1988 -1991, plays piano on three tracks and Sarah Bolter sings backing vocals on Ocean Blue.



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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 CH. 21 **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:

Makeup Artist Sparks Outrage after Using Real Fish as Accessories

<http://muldersworld.com/photo.asp?id=43881>





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 # 7 15-11-15

Keith Christmas:	Flow Through Me
Gong:	Witch's Song
The Whiskey Poets:	Ghost of my Religion
Christina Vantzou:	The Library
Us and Them:	We Are Sacred
Laraaji:	The Dance #3
Kowloon Walled City:	Daughters and Sons
Rod McKuen:	April People
Frostlake:	Endless Rain
Black Breath:	Reaping Flesh
Visionary Hours:	Reaches into Silence
L'il Marky:	Jesus Put the Stars in the Sky
Spike Milligan:	Sewers of the Strand
Alpha 7:	Tacolneston

**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:

Three Wise Monkeys
NEW ALBUM!

PROGETTO ARTE — with Brad Kypo, Three Wise Monkeys, Joe Compagna, Christiane Heide, Vicki Harris, David V Knokey, Roland W. Craig and Donald Cramer.

**Listen
Here**

Fri day 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

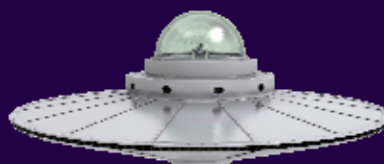


recording artists. He's been a radio host since

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

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK?

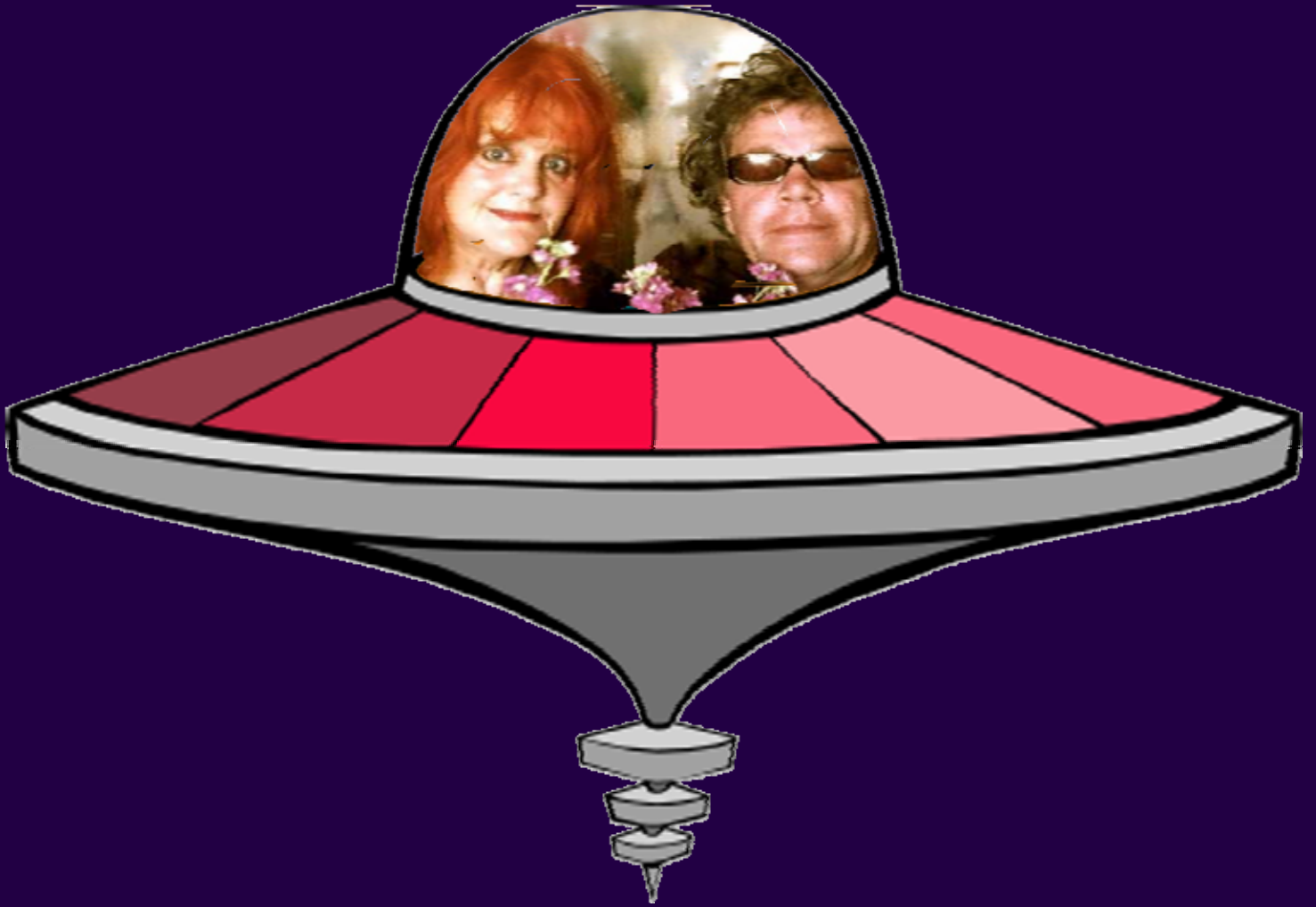
Godzilla Gets Married & The Genius of King Kong In a special "All Monster Show," Mack and Pistol Pete talk to monster movie experts, Peter Brothers, (Godzilla) and Ray Morton, (King Kong) about the two enduring movie creatures. Although Kong liked blondes, only Godzilla got married. Plus Rob Beckhusen on "monstrous" weapons dreamed up by the Pentagon.



See
more at:
<http://>

**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. Maisie the Cow has been abducted by an un-named nobleman, 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.

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 #3

Listen
Here



Adam Roth
(1958 – 2015)

New York City guitarist and composer Adam Roth died on Wednesday, following a battle with bile duct cancer. He was 57.

Roth was known as a staple to then New York underground scene in the Lower East Side since the late 1970s when, as well as his work as a TV composer, frequently collaborating with his friend Denis Leary.

Roth moved to New York in 1979 and with his brother Charles, played in a number of bands that frequented iconic venues of the scene such as CBGB and Max's Kansas City. Some of those groups included Del Fuegos, Hoy Boy and the Doys and band fronted by the poet John Giorno. Most recently, the two had been playing with a hard rock and soul fusion group called the Liza Colby Sound.



Mick Lynch
(? - 2015)

Gonzo author, Roy Weard, wrote this on his Facebook, which we have reproduced with his permission:

“I was saddened to hear my old friend Mick Lynch, singer from Stump, died of cancer recently. I remember touring with him and he was a constant source of madness and mayhem. I had not seen him since the shortly after the last tour last tour in 1988 so it is strange when someone you last saw fit and (almost) healthy dies. Kev and Chris shaped the musical structure of Stump over Rob's drumming but Mick was the lyrical heart of the band and gave them that little bit of comic surreality. I had hoped they would reform and do a few shows so I could sit behind a mixing desk for them a few more times and be amused, bewildered and excited by the sheer inventiveness that was Stump.”

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



**Mary Joan Okum (née Kath)
(1924 – 2015)**

Okum, known by her performing name Bonnie Lou, was an American musical pioneer, recognized as one of first female rock and roll singers. She is also one of the first artists to gain crossover success from country music to rock and roll. She was the "top name" on the first country music program regularly broadcast on a national TV network. Bonnie Lou was one of the first female co-hosts of a successful syndicated television talk show, and a regular musical performer on popular shows in the 1960s and 1970s. She "was a prime mover in the first days of rockabilly," and is a member of the Rockabilly Hall of Fame.

Kath grew up listening to Patsy Montana and her band "The Prairie Ramblers", and was greatly inspired by her. She learned how to yodel from her maternal grandmother Mary, who had emigrated from Switzerland. She started violin lessons when she was five, and her father bought her a "two dollar-and-a-half pawnshop guitar" when she was 11.

In 1953, Bonnie Lou signed with her first record company, King Records in Cincinnati, Ohio. Early in

her recording career, she performed Country Music songs. She soon had top-10 country hits with "Tennessee Wig Walk" and "Seven Lonely Days", each of which sold about 750,000 copies.

Bonnie Lou started recording rock and roll in a style later called rockabilly. In 1954, she recorded the song "Two-Step Side-Step", written by Murry Wilson, father of The Beach Boys, Carl, Brian, and Dennis. In 1955, she released her first rock and roll record called "Daddy-O", which turned Bonnie Lou into a rock and roll star overnight.

Bonnie Lou died in her sleep on the morning of December 8, 2015 at Hillebrand Nursing and Rehabilitation Center in Cincinnati, Ohio, aged 91. She had dementia and was in hospice.



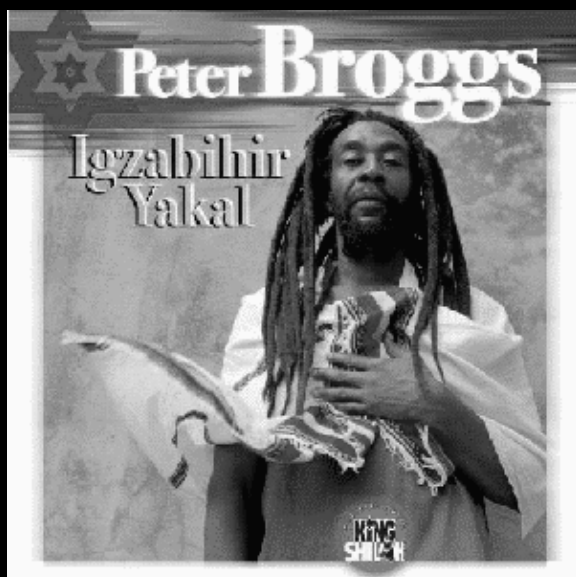
**James William Thomas
"Jimmy" Hill OBE
(1928 – 2015)**

Hill was born in Balham, and did national service as a clerk in the Royal Army Service Corps in which

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

he attained the rank of Corporal and was considered a potential candidate for officer training. He was an English football professional and personality. His career included almost every role in the sport, including player, trade union leader, coach, manager, director, chairman, television executive, presenter, analyst and assistant referee.

Hill published his autobiography, *The Jimmy Hill Story*, in 1998, and also wrote *Striking for Soccer* in 1963 and *Tips from the Top*, a football coaching book, in 1970. In September 2013 it was revealed that he was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease in 2008 and was living in a nursing home near the south coast. His third wife, Bryony Hill published a memoir in 2015, *My Gentleman Jim*, detailing her husband's illness. Hill died on 19 December 2015, aged 87.



**Henry James
(aka Peter Broggs)
(1954 – 2015)**

James was better known as Peter Broggs, and was a Jamaican reggae musician. He was a successful artist in Jamaica and well known in the international reggae scenes.

Born in 1954 in Hanover Parish, Jamaica, in the early 1970s, he decided to move to Kingston to find work. There he found himself among reggae artists and musicians such as Gregory Isaacs, Binky Bunny, Errol Holt and others who worked in the Jamaican music industry at the time.

Peter Broggs sang and recorded sporadically during the 1970s, and his music was mostly about the Rastafari movement. His debut album *Progressive Youth*, was released in 1979. One song recorded at this time was "Jah Golden Throne", recorded at the Channel One Studios and King Tubby studios, and released in the UK on the short-lived Selena imprint in 1980. His Rastafari *Liveth!* album was the first release on RAS Records, in 1982. On his 1990 album *Reasoning* he was backed by The Wailers and Roots Radics. In 2000 he released *Jah Golden Throne*, a collaboration with Jah Warrior.

Broggs suffered a stroke on 27 August 2004, and this left him paralyzed on the right side and hardly able to speak. The album *Igزابihir Yakal* was released in 2005; the album has been recorded with Dubcreator at the DC Studio for sound system team King Shiloh in Amsterdam in 2002 and the profit from this album went to help pay Broggs' medical bills.



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



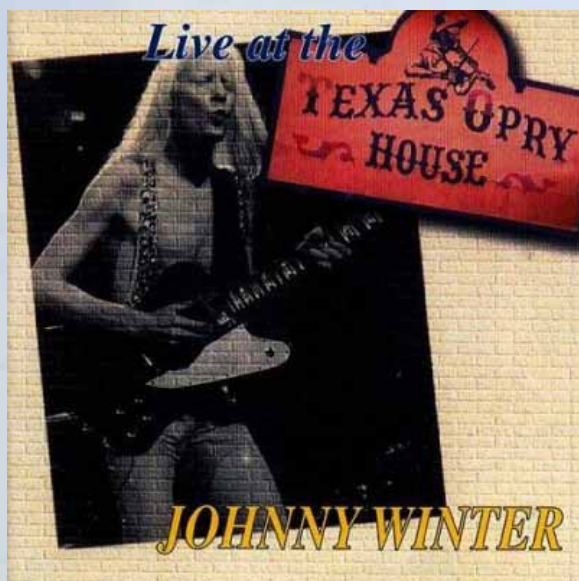
Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



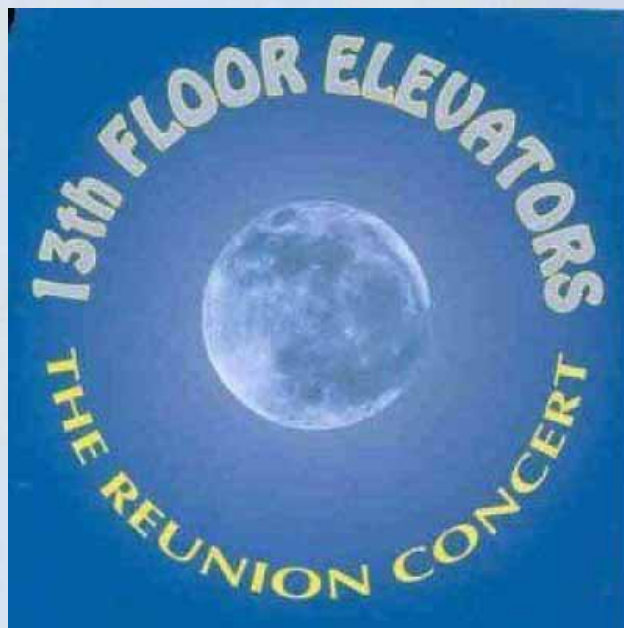
Now, I don't know whether this is a good idea, a bad idea, or just an idea, but - as I believe you know - this magazine is put out each week on a budget of £25, and is free. It will remain free, but I would like to be able to generate some income so I can pay our contributing writers. So, 'why not flog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





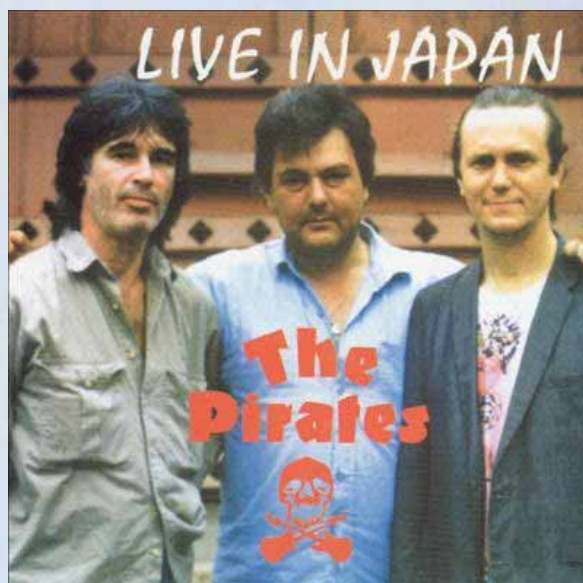
Artist Spirits Burning
Title Starhawk
Cat No. HST323CD
Label Gonzo

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).



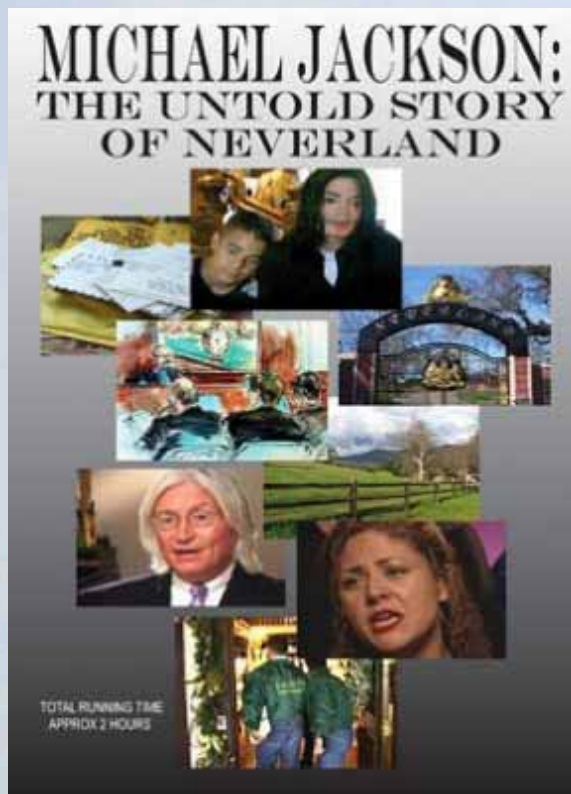
Artist The Pirates
Title Live in Japan
Cat No. HST332CD
Label Gonzo

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.

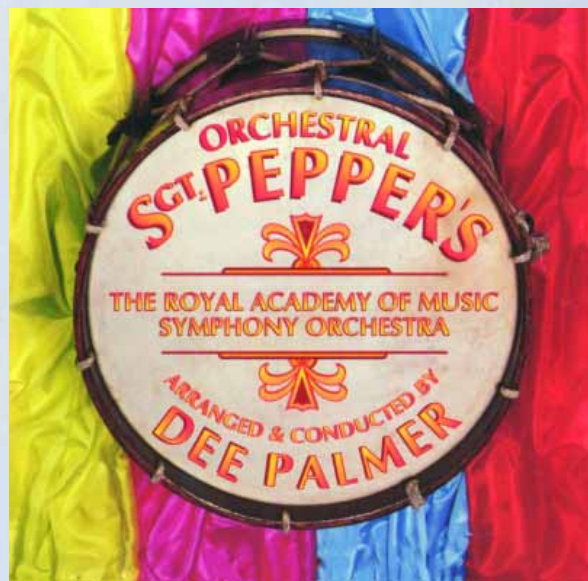
When they reformed for a third time in late 1999, it was intended to be a one-off. However, such was the response that they continue to gig selectively.

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

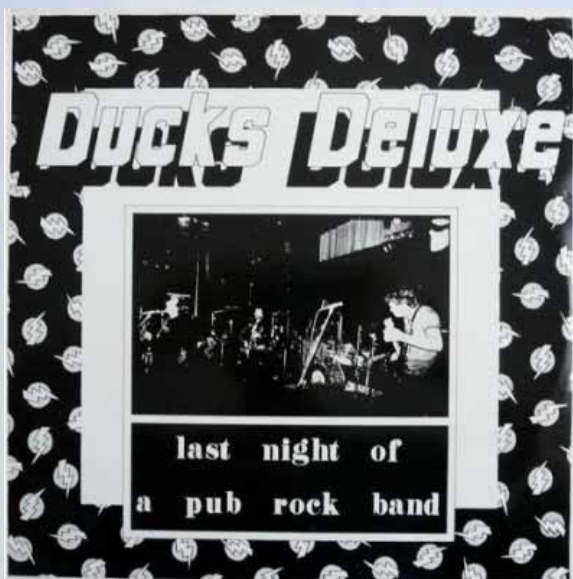
Guitarist Freddie King rode to fame in the early '60s with a spate of catchy instrumentals which became instant bandstand fodder for fellow bluesmen and

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

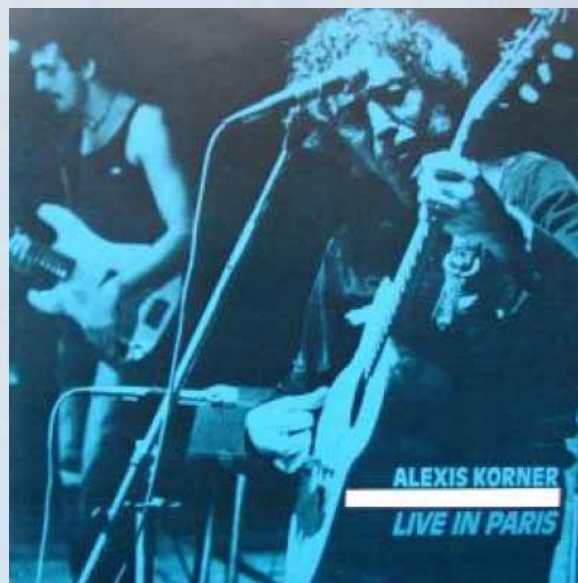
The Selecter are a 2 Tone ska revival band from Coventry, England, formed in mid 1979. The Selecter featured a racially diverse line-up. Their lyrics featured themes connected to politics[1] Reinforcing the songs of Neol Davies were the voice and rude girl style of Pauline Black and the rhythms of Desmond 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.



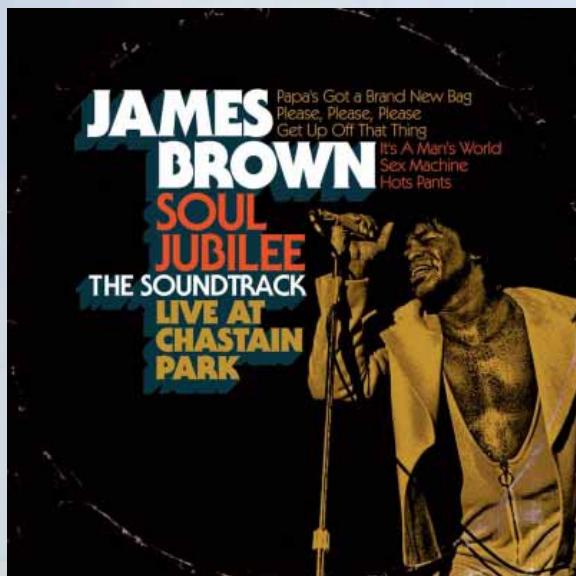
Artist Alexis Korner
Title Live in Paris
Cat No. HST367CD
Label Gonzo

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.

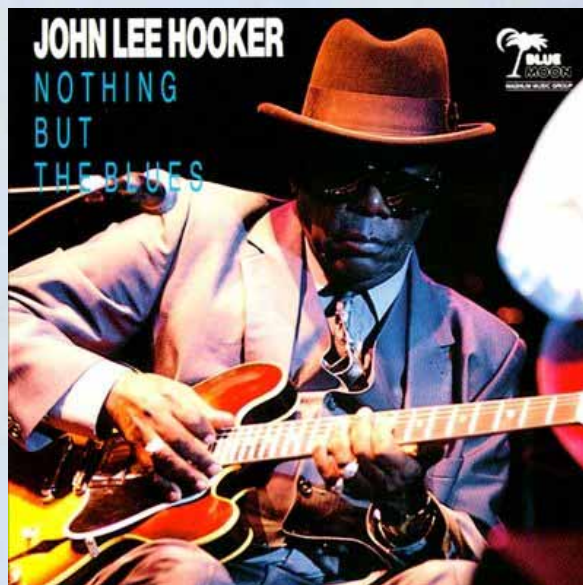
Artist James Brown
Title Soul Jubilee
Cat No. HST368CD
Label Gonzo

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

Nightmare at the Hollywood Bowl

This last November 1st I had myself a late Halloween “trick” and an early Christmas “treat.” The event was a trip to Los Angeles to see Danny Elfman, the cast members, and live orchestra perform the score from Tim Burton’s stop-motion animation classic *The Nightmare Before Christmas* at the Hollywood Bowl. It was a truly spectacular show from start to finish, with an encore that had Elfman bringing out Oingo Boingo’s guitarist and composer Steve Bartek for a rendition of one of their most well known tracks, “Dead Man’s Party,” the first time they played the song together since the band’s last show 20 years earlier.

Danny Elfman began his career as leader of the musical theater group *The Mystic Knights of the Oingo Boingo* in the mid 1970s. The band shortened their name to *Oingo Boingo* in 1979 and released their first proper album in

1981, *Only A Lad*, one of those debut albums that perfectly define an artist. I first saw the group after their next two album releases *Nothing to Fear* (1982) and *Good For Your Soul* (1983) opening for The Police at one of Bill Graham’s “Day on the Green” shows, which included The Fixx, Madness and The Thompson Twins! Oingo Boingo stole the show that day with their amazing live act, using all manner of drums and percussion, a full horn section, and the Elfman/Bartek one-two punch on guitar. Elfman’s stage moves and vocals were amazingly energetic and perfectly on pitch. The entire audience was caught up in the jubilation of the show. The band continued to record and tour into the mid 1990s, ending their run at the Universal Amphitheater in Los Angeles in 1995 for the last of what had been many thrilling shows staged annually on Halloween night. These concerts always seemed appropriate given the frequency of Elfman’s references to







The Oogie Boogie Man



frightening, dramatic subjects, best exemplified by the 1985 album *Dead Man's Party*.

After the band broke up, Elfman went on to focus on film scores; he has been nominated for four Academy Awards. Steve Bartek has been orchestrator for most of these scores. The first one was composed while Elfman was still in Oingo Boingo, for Tim Burton's *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*, and their collaborations continue to this day, most recently for the movie *Big Eyes*. Their projects often include strong themes of dark fantasy, including those found in *Beetlejuice*, *Edward Scissorhands*, *Batman*, and in particular, one of their best realized works, 1993's *The Nightmare Before Christmas*.

Nightmare is in many ways one of Tim Burton's most personal creations and his deepest collaboration with Danny Elfman. Burton wrote the poem on which the story is based back in 1982, a couple of years before leaving the Disney studios. He and Disney finally inked a development deal in 1990, attracting Henry Selick to the director's chair. It's a very well regarded film, a sort of cult classic that has been rereleased many times, even in 3D.

The musical follows the story of lead character Jack Skellington, the "Pumpkin King" who has grown tired of being in charge of Halloween year after year. Stumbling on a portal that leads to other holiday worlds, he explores the land of Christmas, returning with a plot to take over the holiday and reinvigorate his life. Of course these plans go horribly wrong, though Santa saves the day. Jack is redeemed, even "getting the girl" at the coda, as he admits his love for Sally, his rag doll costar. Besides

composing all of the music and songs for the movie, all of Jack's numbers are sung by Danny Elfman. The cast of this delightful holiday movie included Chris Sarandon as the speaking voice of Jack, comedienne Catherine O'Hara as Sally, William Hickey as Doctor Finkelstein, Ken Page as Oogie Boogie, Paul Reubens (Pee-wee) as Lock and many others. It's a heartwarming holiday tale full of Burton-esque imagery, both beautiful and strange.

Most of those cast members were on hand at the Hollywood Bowl for the live performance of the soundtrack. After an introduction by the orchestra, the movie began, and the rest of the music and vocals were performed in sync with the film. Elfman's voice has not diminished over the years, and despite some reportedly serious hearing loss, he was in good health, animated and pitch perfect. It was particularly fun to see Ken Page reprise his role as the Oogie Boogie man, and to have Catherine O'Hara perform her songs as Sally. Having most of the remaining cast and added singers line up as a sort of choral section helped make the backing vocals, and especially the sometimes annoying parts of the obnoxious Halloween brats Lock, Shock, and Barrel more fun and relatable. For the encores, Elfman came out to reprise "Oogie Boogie's Song," one of his stated favorites, and to join Catherine and others for a reprise of "Kidnap The Sandy Claws." Finally, Steve Bartek joined him for that rendition of "Dead Man's Party." The orchestra was brilliant, the staging festive, and the night was everything any of us could have hoped for. Should it happen again next year, it would be a very good time for all fans to make the trip to Los Angeles!



Jon Meets

JUDGE

I remember exactly where I was when I first heard of Judge Smith. I was sitting in the car park behind what is now Chope's department store in Bideford High Street. I had just bought a copy of the *Not the Nine O'Clock News* album. Being somewhat inclined toward anal compulsiveness I was happily perusing the liner notes on the back, and I noted that my favourite song on the album had been written by a guy named Judge Smith. What a strange name, I thought.

Over the years, I heard quite a lot about this guy. It turned out that he was a founder member of cerebral proggers Van der Graaf Generator, and had also composed a number of witty and erudite stage musicals.

Roll on about 20 years. My first wife was working for a very dodgy concert promoter. Said concert promoter had a friend called Charlie Salt, and one day, after a meeting with this bloke, Alison came back and asked me if I'd heard of a composer called Judge Smith? I told her that I

had, and recounted roughly what I have already told you SO FAR in this article.

Roll on another few years; Alison and I are divorced. And I am living (but not in the Biblical sense) with a gothic cryptozoologist called Richard Freeman. Someone sends us a copy of a remarkable opera based around Edgar Allan Poe's novel 'The Fall of the House of Usher'. We both fell in love with it, and guess what? It was written by the two founding members of Van der Graaf Generator, with the lyrics being by... you've guessed it. Judge Smith.

Roll on another 15 years and I start doing the daily blog for my old mate Rob's company, Gonzo Multimedia. And who is the first person I interview? And you've guessed it. Judge Smith. He is a charming man, and over the last four years we have become friends. My own company has published two of his books, and I have worked with him on a number of 'Gonzo related projects'. This rambling diatribe brings us up to





the present day.

A few months ago Judge told me about a project that he had started way back in the 1970's, this was his first major composition, and was nothing less than a Latin requiem for choir, rock band, and full brass section. He sent me an mp3 of a demo he'd had done. It was fantastic. I told him this and urged him to record it properly.

I am not used to people taking my advice. In fact they usually don't, but on this occasion Judge did, and as this truly is a lost Prog Rock Masterpiece, we in the editorial team of *Gonzo Weekly* magazine are following the project through its various stages. The recording has begun and, in this issue we are proud to present a selection of photographs by legendary photographer Seán Kelly, and an interview with the man himself. Cop a load of this one...

**Listen
Here**



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



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

On November 22nd Judge wrote:

"Hi there Requiempathisers,

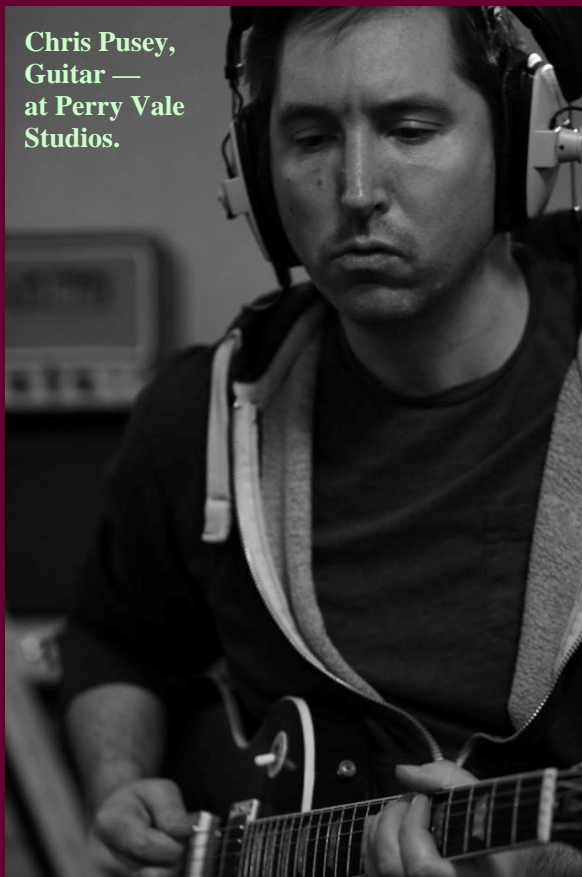
I am just surfacing after two seriously full-on days of recording the rock-band tracks of the Mass. We were working at Perry Vale Studios in Forest Hill, South London, owned and run by Pat Collier, Recording Engineer par excellence. Effortlessly assured and unflappable, I hardly had to say anything to him to get exactly what I was looking for, leaving me to engage with the band.

This was a new experience for me, 'directing' such high-end musicians, particularly as your composer doesn't read music, and couldn't really tell if the written parts actually reflected the music in his head.

Our line-up comprised @Daf Lewis, Bass; @Chris Maitland, Drums; @James Pusey, Guitar and, of course @John 'Fury' Ellis, Guitar. I split the nine-movement score into fifteen separate sections for recording purposes, and we recorded them with everyone playing 'live' in the Studio with big amps; and a bloody great joyful noise it made.

As I explained in an earlier post, the band (apart from John) is made up of session guys specialising in West End theatre, and their level of musicianship is pretty damn awesome.

**Chris Pusey,
Guitar —
at Perry Vale
Studios.**

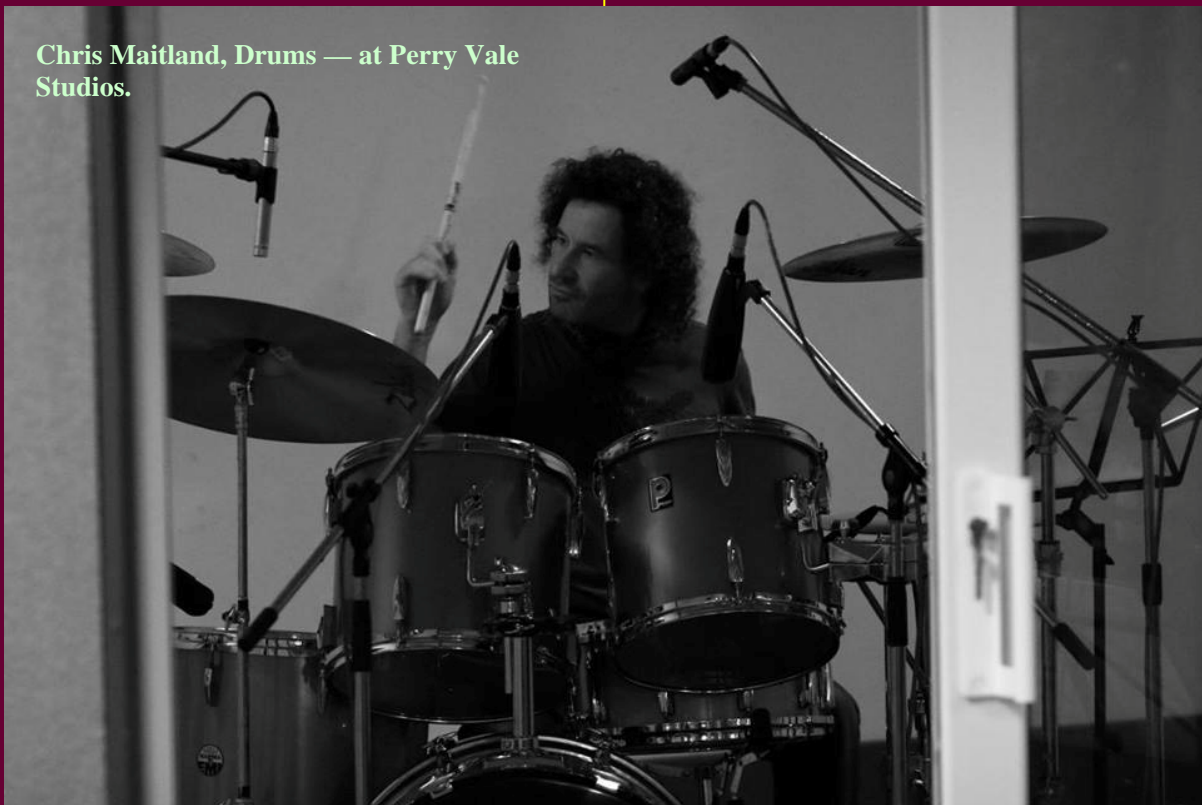


Essentially, they are classically trained musicians who happen to play rock instruments, but the great surprise for me was how flexible and creative they were in moving away from the written score and trying other stuff to get the right effect.

**Daf Lewis, Bass — at Perry
Vale Studios.**



Chris Maitland, Drums — at Perry Vale Studios.



It also helped that they are all friendly, helpful, altogether thoroughly good-eggs, and patient, both with Fury, who, great musician though he is, is no sight-reader, and with Judge, out-of-his-depth as usual. They can also Rock Like Hell, which is of course the general idea.

Interestingly, it turns out that Fiona & I had

seen Chris Maitland playing with Ray Davies at Glastonbury Abbey three months ago, and a very fine gig that was.

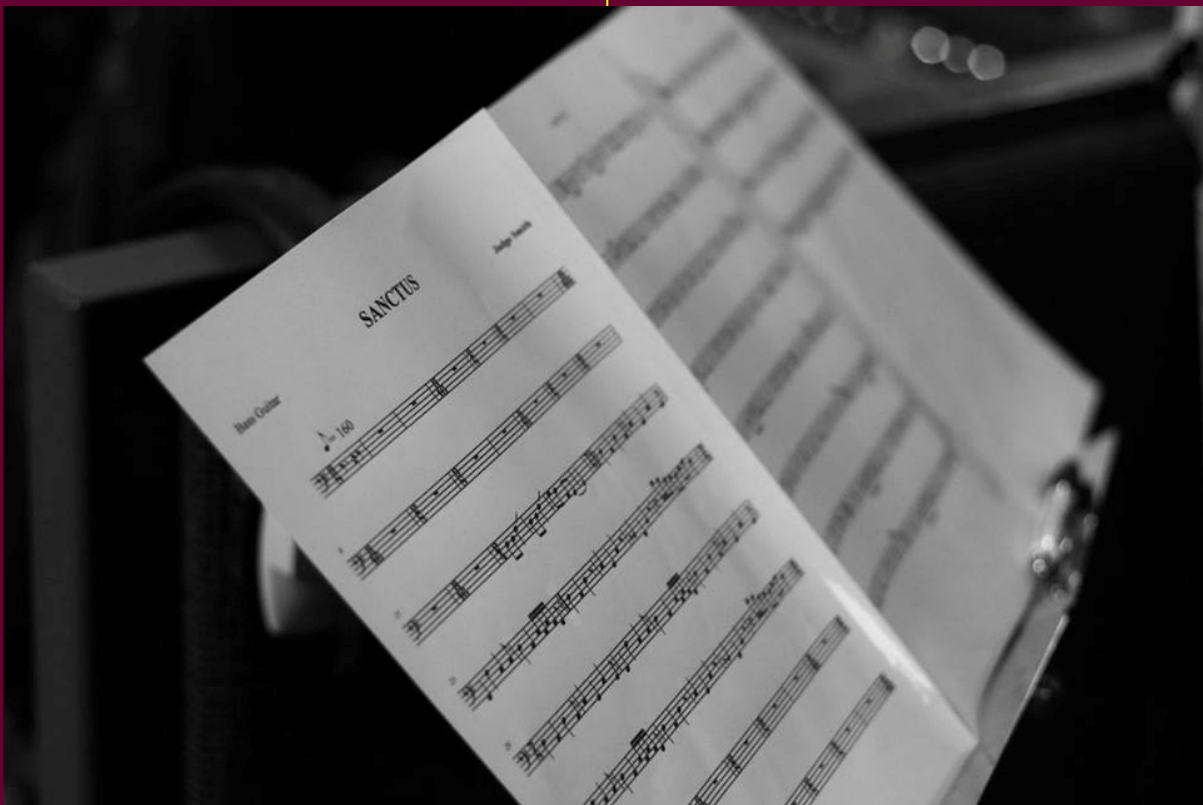
By the end of the first day, I had relaxed considerably, as it was apparent that, barring disasters, we were going to get the job done, and the second day brought two visitors to the

**John 'Fury' Ellis,
Guitar — at Perry
Vale Studios.**





Pat Collier, Recording Engineer — at Perry Vale Studios.



studio. Seán Kelly, music photographer extraordinaire made a comprehensive photo-record of the whole proceedings, and we were also visited by the conductor of our choir...

I think I will write about that separately tomorrow, but for now I can confirm that the Requiem now exists in the physical universe. It

is incomplete, certainly, but the foundations have been well and truly laid. And these foundations Rock... but in a good way!"

And on December 10th:

"There is now a rough mix of the rock band 'backing tracks', as I suppose we should call





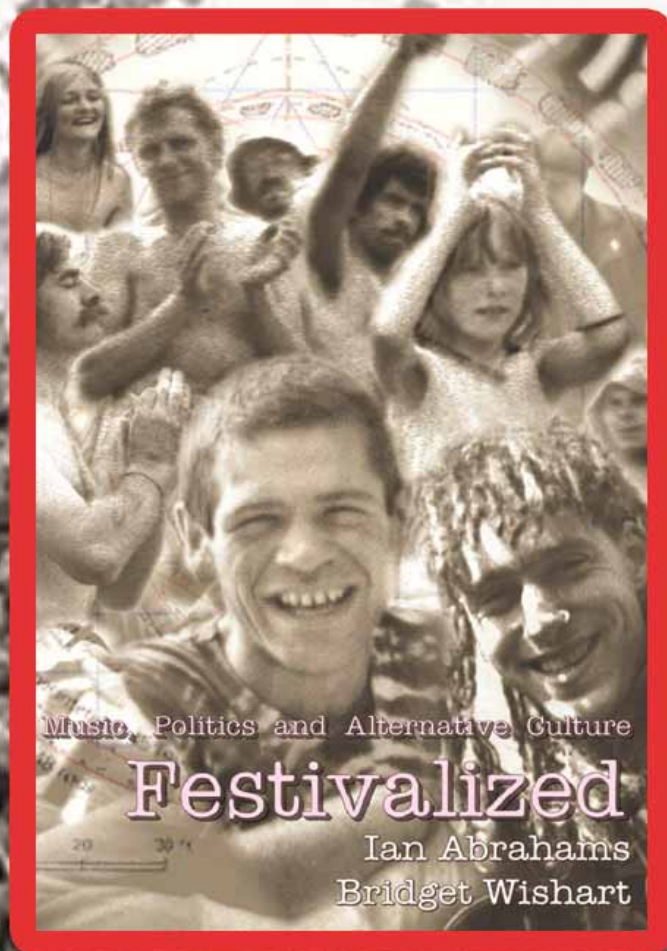
them at this stage, and by Jove they sound pretty bitchin'. These are the tracks that the Choir are going to rehearse and record to. They are also going to be added to by our newly appointed Orchestral Percussionist, Matthew Whittington who performs with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (no less) in the studio and all over the world, and works on numerous West End musicals.

The Requiem features important parts for Tympani, Tubular Bells, Tam-Tam and Big Bass Drum, among other things that go Bang and/or Crash, and you will be pleased to hear that we will be in compliance with the by-law that requires all composers of Requiems to feature massive Big Bass Drum thumps in the 'Dies Irae'.

Seriously, folks, my Requiem actually IS in compliance with the Catholic Church's requirements for a musical setting of the Mass of the Dead, while several other famous Requiems are not. (There are rules about which bits of the Liturgy must be set to music, and which bits can be left out.) In theory, it could be done in Westminster Cathedral. Don't hold your breath."







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

The Air is still Solid - My Musical 2015

The days are rushing now until mid-winter's day, the year's end is in sight, a time for reflection and also to look forward. Whilst not writing for this esteemed organ a year ago, I remember struggling slightly to come up with more than 2 or 3 great albums from 2014, not so this year though, which I think has been a bit of a cracker. Most of the best action has come from the greater 'Pinkwind' family which is a very pleasant surprise indeed as we venture further into the 21st century and away from the golden age of music. I also discovered more new music from the past this year and some of those works made the list too.

Albums

I don't have favourites so these are in no order as such. I normally buy vinyl if available but all of these I have purchased on CD. You can also assume all are available as downloads too, ideally please go to the artists website in the first instance to buy your download or CD. I'm not a 'streamer' so you may find some of these on Spotify etc, in some cases definitely not I suspect, too 'non-commercial'. Many might be listenable to on YouTube of course prior to purchase.

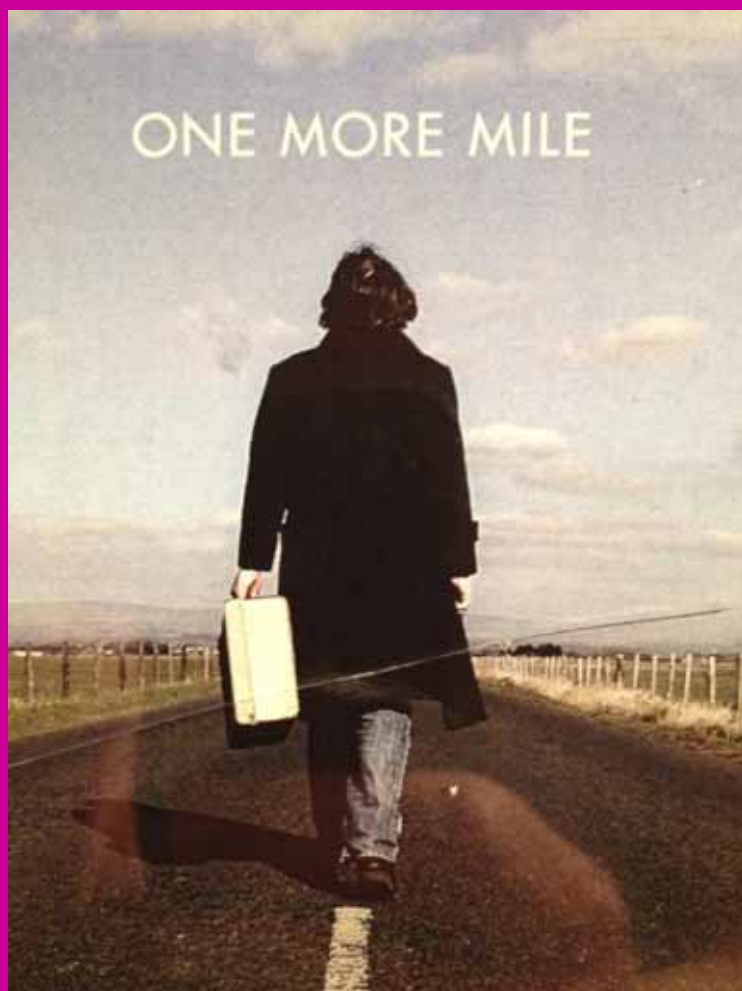
Public Service Broadcasting – The Race for Space

A 'new' band whose blend of old TV and newscast samples are blended with real drums, guitar, bass and synths released their concept album early in the year. Even on sale at London's Science Museum outside the fantastic Cosmonauts exhibition, in the year the UK put a lucky tax-paid army captain up in the ISS for 6 months. Imagine sparking up a doobie inside the ISS to enjoy the view down to mother Earth and Deep Space beyond, now there's an ambition! Like all concept albums you have to be in the mood but they certainly craft their music and it has its moments. We also managed to catch them in Bristol in April and the live show was excellent and very imaginative. Inter-song banter was handled by a computer which was exceedingly funny to boot. In this age of me-too they stand out for their originality and freshness. (Available on vinyl too.)

The Long Lost Band/Larry Beckett – One More Mile

Me neither, never heard of either of them. I was put onto this one by *Record Collector* magazine in the summer which carried an interview with Mr

John Brodie-Good



Beckett, who turns out to be Tim Buckley's lyricist all those years ago. Intrigued, I ordered the CD off the band website and haven't stopped playing it since. I still don't know who the guys in the band are (sorry) but they recorded the music in Lancaster whilst Larry recorded his spoken word stuff in Oregon, the two being superbly mixed together. From what I can work out from the sleeve notes I think all the lyrics are by Larry but where sung rather than spoken, those vocal duties are performed by the band here in the UK. Musically its Americana to me, the open road and stories of people on it. Strong songs and hooks throughout. It's great, thanks RC.

Spirits Burning – Starhawk (GONZO)

Reviewed recently in the mag, a later release in the year, this second concept album is really rather good. Frequently on the CD player since its arrival, essential for Hawkwind and similar fans, and definitely one for, I hate the word, it's even difficult to type, prog fans. A lot of work has gone into this with musical contributions from the good to the great throughout. It has the odd slightly naff moment but that's the genre, there's lot of rocking riches too. One of the surprises for me was the



drummer, I thought I guessed who it was but discovered they were drum synths! Very impressive use of the medium. If you ain't got it yet, put it on your Xmas list.

Hawkwind – Space Ritual Live (GONZO)

Earlier this year I was standing, freezing my nuts off in a Bristol 'nightclub' awaiting Hawkwind on stage, just yards in front of me. We realised it was really cold when as the band finally filed on stage, Dave Brock was wearing a woolly hat, scarf, two coats and gloves. He only took his gloves off to play the opening number! The cold vanished as the Hawks played a fantastic set, with great lights, a young lady dancer flying around above the band on stage at one point, and best of all, a powerhouse performance. But not a greatest hits played in the way they are always played or expected. This was Hawkwind 2015 and they have of course a huge repertoire to draw from. I wish I had taken my digital recorder but I hadn't so I bought this instead. A live, double CD, recorded live in London last year, it gives a great taste of the current lineup in action. Two other excellent 'family' albums to also check out are the Hawklords – R-Evolution and Nik Turner's Space Fusion Odyssey (also available on vinyl).

Jacqui McShee's Pentangle – In Concert 1997-2011

I always check out Bath Market on a Saturday when we go, there's a guy who sells s/h CDs on a couple of trestle tables, £4 each. I rarely come

John Brodie-Good

away empty-handed and back in October picked up a Best of British Folk compilation. It seemed pleasant enough and then wham, 'the' track suddenly played. Not really 'folk' but more like soft jazz. Ah, the modern version of Pentangle. Found their website quickly enough, and then really smiled. So that's where they went, her backing musicians turned out to be John Martyn's fantastic crew from the 1980s! I've wondered what happened to those guys, in particular, a certain Alan Thompson. He hails from Scotland and is simply one of the best electric bass players, period. More about him in due course. I took a chance and ordered 3 CDs straight off. Pleasingly they are all excellent and this one has had the most plays so far. A combination of confident female vocals and superb musicianship that often veers towards the jazzier end of life, which is all good. Cool to get a thank you note from the keyboard player and producer too.

Spooky Ghost – The Light Machine

SG is essentially an incredibly talented and original guitarist called Gerry Leonard, who hails from Ireland. I'd never heard of him before his opening guitar notes had me totally intrigued as he stood next to Suzanne Vega back in June. He uses a barrage of effects and gizmos to create some very original sounds, which are used rather sparsely to

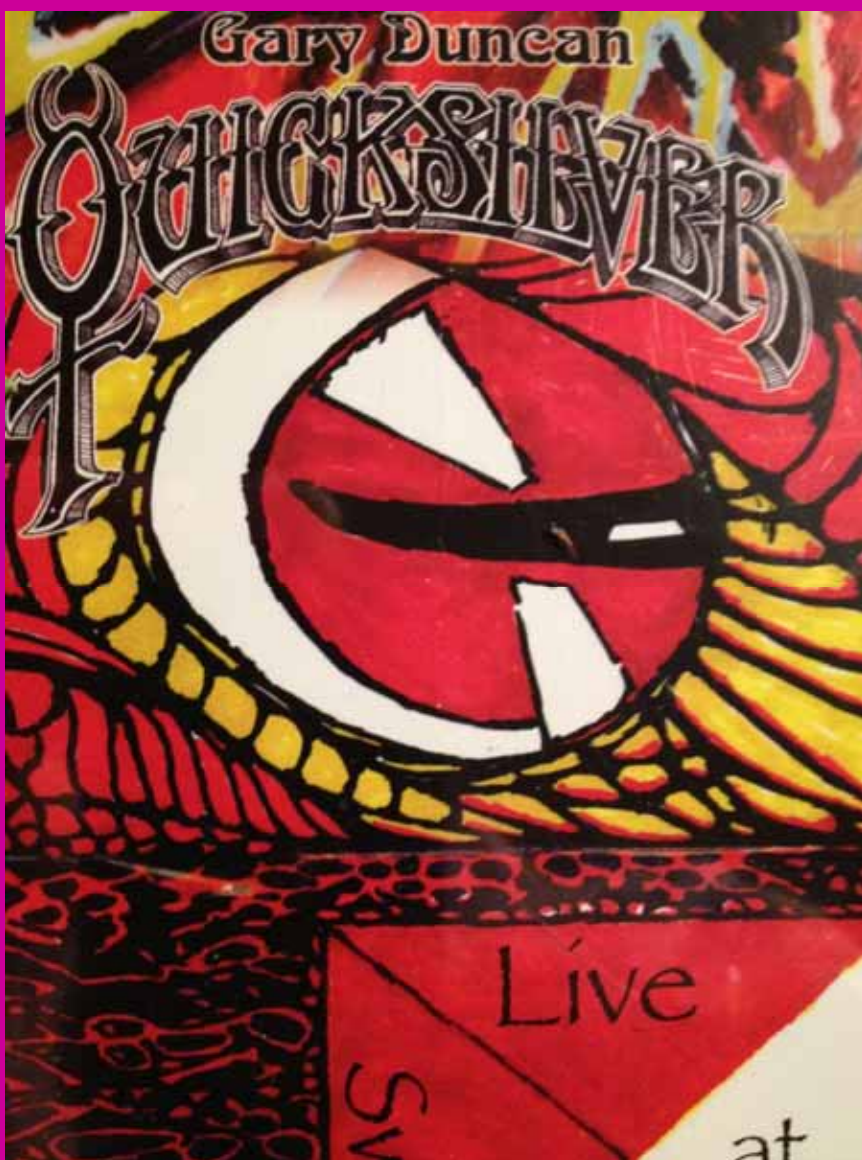
enhance their effects. Repetition or high speed screaming is not the order of the day, but chords which hang in the air, echoey effects and waves of sound, put together by a true craftsman. The Light Machine (2002) is a masterpiece, positive enhancing music which fill you with the joy of life itself. It has an almost religious and hymn like aura at times. The music is put together by Leonard whilst the lyrics are directly derived from a text by W.B. Yeats. Yikes, another 'concept' album. This really is so good though. I think it was only released on CD in the 'States, I paid rather a lot for my copy, but it is available to download from his website. To quote from Wiki, David Bowie described *The Light Machine* as "Quite the most beautiful and moving piece of work I have possessed in a long time. "Frank Goodman called it a "sonically brave, and innovative, and challenging work that enables the jaded listener hear music again". Spot on. The final icing on the cake for audiophiles is the SQ is as good as it gets.

Gary Duncan Quicksilver – Live at Sweetwater

This is my other slight cheat, new to me this year, but actually released in 2006. Gary D was one of the original guitar duo that fronted this legendary SF's band's sound but has taken the name for his own band here in the 21st century. I'd bought a CD of his a while back called Six String Voodoo,



John Brodie-Good



which I played once at the time thinking it sounded rather good, solo pieces on electric guitar. I must have been stoned and it got buried and re-surfaced about a year later... I started playing it a lot and then bought a few more of his albums, and even more since. Live at Sweetwater is a dose of pure, lazy but tight, spacey, jazzy blues, with Duncan's both liquid and fragile guitar sound cutting through it all, usually with great taste and restraint. This guy and his friends can play, no frills, no flash, just sweet rock and rock with a swing, the way it should be. I can picture a sunny evening outdoors, tall leggy American ladies in tight jeans, t-shirts tied at the waist with cowgirls hats on dotted around the place, the stars twinkling above.... Well it's a damp December evening in the UK, you can dream can't you? Most of these CDs were on Voiceprint so maybe those awfully nice folk at Gonzo might re-release them? The SQ on this one is top notch too, a lovely open and natural sound. After a moment of late night madness online a few years ago I found myself the proud owner of a pair of

JBL semi-pro PA speakers and a 350watt per channel slave power amp to go with them. Too big for home, they reside in the office with an old CD player. I popped into the office last Sunday briefly with this CD in my pocket. The building was empty. I selected approx. 4 on the volume control, pressed play on the remote and stood back. Fuck me those babies can move some air, and cleanly too. One day, when I get my house in the country, those speakers are going in the garden, this disc on, the volume will be set at 8.....

Drones for Daevid – various artists

As each year goes by we lose many talented and loved musicians and important people along the way. We lost a true musical giant this year, Dingo Virgin, Bert Camembert or just simply the incredible man he was, Daevid Allen. Musically most famous for Gong, which has expanded to an almost musical universe of offshoots and splinter bands, many actively mentored and participated in by the great man himself. Known also as an artist, poet, Daevid's visions, creations, drive and energies were a life force in themselves. Daevid was actually still alive when this gig was put together and performed by just a few of his many musical friends in Brighton in February earlier this year. This is limited edition double CD set restricted to just 200 copies so far. Hopefully demand will require re-pressings. The Gong mandala features on the cover which I have literally have only

heard once since it arrived only a day or so ago. It features some beautiful pieces throughout, plus some renditions of famous Allen tunes. The initial



John Brodie-Good

musical standout for me is the (electric) violin playing of Elliot Mackrell, a rare instrument in the 'rock sphere'. I look forward to listening to this a lot more in the coming weeks and really getting into it. I would love the guys in the ISS to see a flying teapot go by, with a p.h.p waving at them.....If anyone deserves a star to be named after him. He will be hugely missed but leaves his friends and fans inspired forever, and his musical magnificence preserved for all time in records, CDs and downloads. Do buy direct from the fantastic Gong website if possible. They are asking people not to buy the currently just released Flying Teapot trilogy and say the company involved do not have the rights to produce or sell them. Official re-releases coming shortly.

Gigs

I've been lucky enough to see a fair few bands and artists this year, all of whom were very good at the least. There is a I guess natural tendency for many of the bands out there now to perform their greatest hits, time after time. In the main, that's what most of the fans would seem to want, and most of the ones I've seen do it very well indeed. But I have come away from a few thinking the word 'cabaret' almost applies. Then again, some older bands more recent efforts have been pretty thin it must be said. There are exceptions and my gig of the year has to go to the Pink Fairies in London. They came out and played as the PF2015, they played about 50% new stuff, most of which sounded strong first time out, and 50% older stuff adapted by the new band. This made them fresh again. The best bit of all, we are facing a New Year with a real new Pink Fairies album in the immediate pipeline, how far out is that! Hawkwind in Bristol, as mentioned above, pleasingly fall in behind the Pinks. Other top live highlights included Sun Ra in March, those ancient dudes are still wearing the full colour Kosmic costumes, they were simply wonderful and so alive. Suzanne Vega with the astonishing Gerry Leonard assisting her on electric guitar and effects was another blast of fresh air. The long evening in the cinema watching the 'Dead's Fare Thee Well' was different and fun too. Greatest Hits gig of the year, that would be Fleetwood Mac in Brum, shock and awe indeed.

2016

Looking ahead it already promises to be another good year on the sounds front. Album-wise the aforementioned Pink Fairies newbie is due in January currently, the omens suggest it could be a corker, let us pray. I've got tickets or am planning to buy tickets for the Soft Machine, Edgar Broughton, Arthur Brown, Larry Carlton and of course the Fairies so far. The year hasn't even begun yet, can't wait.

My Best of The Best

I've spent a bit of time this year exploring the fantastic musical resource that is You Tube, with a number of articles published in Gonzo this year. I've only touched the surface however, there are gems galore waiting to be discovered. Only about a week ago, I don't even remember how I got to it, I came across a selection of John Martyn live vids. The German city of Bremen caught my eye, the birthplace of my sweet mother who passed away last year. I clicked on the link and sat back. There is no film footage as such, it's a sound recording only, but a very good one, straight from the mixing board I would guess. From the opening notes of JM's electric guitar chills ran up and down my spine, this sounds very good I thought. Very, very good indeed. I wrote some months back that in some ways, for me, there is John Martyn, and there is the rest of music. This astonishing gig is simple, and total testament of that statement. I've just twigged that it's only a trio, guitar, bass, drums and of course vocals. The guitarist happens to be one of the very best, on both electric and acoustic, he also happens to possess one of the most expressive voices on the planet, which he used as an instrument in it's own right, and increasingly so in his latter years. Like all true great musicians, JM was never scared to surround himself with the very best either. Alan Thompson plays a fretless electric bass, bass like you have never heard before, both in tone and style. He is fantastic and on this night both he and JM are on fire, their interplay and soloing is sublime throughout. Checkout the bass solo in Solid Air, which is about the 4th song in as just one example. Thompson's tone is slightly 'Jaco' in style but he frequently plays in a 'lead' style, you have to hear it to appreciate it. When was the last time you listened to the bass player? Material is drawn from his classic 'acoustic' albums and of the time, which is 1983. Why they played so well, in a seemingly unknown German city on that night is unknown, or simply the mark of real musicians. Perhaps, knowing JM's reputation, he was trying to impress a German lady or two! Whatever, it truly does not get better than this. I hope you enjoy it even just a fraction of how I do.

John Martyn – live in Germany 1983

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PH4md7PmgP8>

John Brodie-Good



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Jon Meets

LIZ



I think that Liz Lenten is an extraordinarily talented lady. I first heard her when the lovely Anne-Marie in the Gonzo offices sent me a copy of her first record for the label, 'Indian Summer'. There was (and is) something beguiling about her sensual voice, and the sinuous rhythms of her mostly acoustic band.

With the album came this: Liz Lenten formed AUBURN in the summer of 1999. Their first gig was at the jam-packed launch party of Scarlet Records held at the salubrious and smoky Madame JoJo's in Soho to a completely packed and enthusiastic house. Their first EP Sweet Sebastian received extensive airplay and sold out of its limited pressing within 2 weeks. They then teamed up with

producer Tim Pettit, (Travis, Sun House and Carlene Carter) and recorded For Life, which also got great radio support and the band toured UK and played many live radio sessions. The debut Album DREAMS was released in 2003 and AUBURN toured with SOPHIE ELLIS BEXTOR in UK and EUROPE, playing to 40,000 people. In 2005 CRY reach no 5 in the indie video charts after which they took a break concentrated on parenthood! Since then Liz has continued to work as a vocal coach, artist manager, record label, songwriter and choral director. She was 'SING UP' (government's national singing campaign) lead facilitator/vocal advisor for Lincolnshire; has conducted the London Mozart Players Orchestra with the South Holland Choirs; written for and directed a 1000 voice kids choir for 'Sing 66' and manages several artists including award winning folk artist ELIZA CARTHY and New Yorker GALIA ARAD. Now, with Producer Max Gilkes, she has written and recorded a brand new album, INDIAN SUMMER, featuring special guests including ELIZA CARTHY & LAURA VANE and is looking forward to resurrecting AUBURN in 2012.

I was so impressed with this album that I wrote this:

"I have been a toiler in the Rock and Roll Vineyard for more years than I care to mention. I have interviewed and written features about the great, the small, the good, the bad and the plain forgettable. Some of these people were already stars, some have achieved stardom in the intervening years since I met them in a small pub or a motorway services, but most of the eager young things I have met over the years have done what they did for a few years and then disappeared. Occasionally I have spoken to someone who has such an aura about them that one

is convinced that their career is bound to go stellar. One such lady was an elfin-looking Icelandic girl who sang with a group called The Sugarcubes whom I interviewed at Exeter University in 1989, another was a student called Thom Yorke (also at Exeter University) who confided in me that his student band Headless Chickens were never going to go anywhere, but that he had a band back in Oxford that he thought were really rather good. Bjork and Radiohead have confirmed that I do, sometimes, have the knack of picking winners. Now, my spidey sense is tingling again, because I have just interviewed a young lady called Liz Lenten..."

She told me: "Well Auburn is basically me – my alter-ego because I do other things as well and so I am quite well known as a choral director – so I first started using Auburn as a band name when I put the first album out myself about 10 years ago. I've always worked with a lot of different musicians and so we did the last album and the band I had last time, we did a tour with Sophie Ellis Bexter, which was brilliant, we went all over the UK and Europe and just after that my son started school, and we had just moved out of London really to get away from the rat race into the wilds of Lincolnshire so I just sort of hung up the performance boots for a little while, and just played mum and got really involved with working with other artists and composing for choirs and all that kind of stuff and then I started working with one of the artists that I manage."

I love her songs; precious slices of everyday life. Intimate emotional vignettes which range from innocently girly to cynically world-weary. But always with the deathed touch of humanity; these are real words sung by a real woman, and not composed by a focus group or the marketing department of some bloatedly rich multinational. Oh yeah, and she has tunes to die for!

I enthused to her about the album saying: "It's a very organic sounding album. It sounds like you guys went in and the whole vibe of the album the whole feel of it came together in the studio it was almost like you hadn't pre-planned it, and it just happened."

She replied: "It's quite interesting that you say that because we recorded some of these songs about four times in different variations and it just didn't feel right. We did an acoustic thing and that didn't feel right so we did a couple of other line ups and that didn't feel right and then with these guys we got in we recorded all the songs, and two of those songs are literally exactly like a live take and two of the songs of the album are just as they went down, and the other stuff, we just got the feel we wanted and we just did the take until we got the bits we wanted, because we wanted it to feel live and .. but

obviously you need to get the whole standard up of course. The discerning listener these days doesn't want warts and all, they just want the 'all', so that is what we tried to do and it's really nice that you think that it does feel just spontaneous because that is kind of how it was and as I say a couple of them were literally, actually completely live, which I have never done in my life before, not for a record. But I don't think they stand out. I don't think you can say 'oh they're the live ones and they're not.'"

Why the hell this woman isn't a star, I don't know.

Or at least I do know. It's because the world is fundamentally completely and utterly unfair. However, the lovely Liz has got a new album out. It is her second collaboration with Nashville producer Thom Jutz, and – like its predecessor – is a bloody stonker!

It is always a pleasure to talk to Liz. I have been lucky enough to film two of her concerts and conduct numerous interviews with the dear girl, and it is always a pleasure to talk to her. Check this out you funk soul brother...



**Listen
Here**





Wreckless Eric and Howard Eynon, The Old Church Stoke Newington 3rd December 2015.

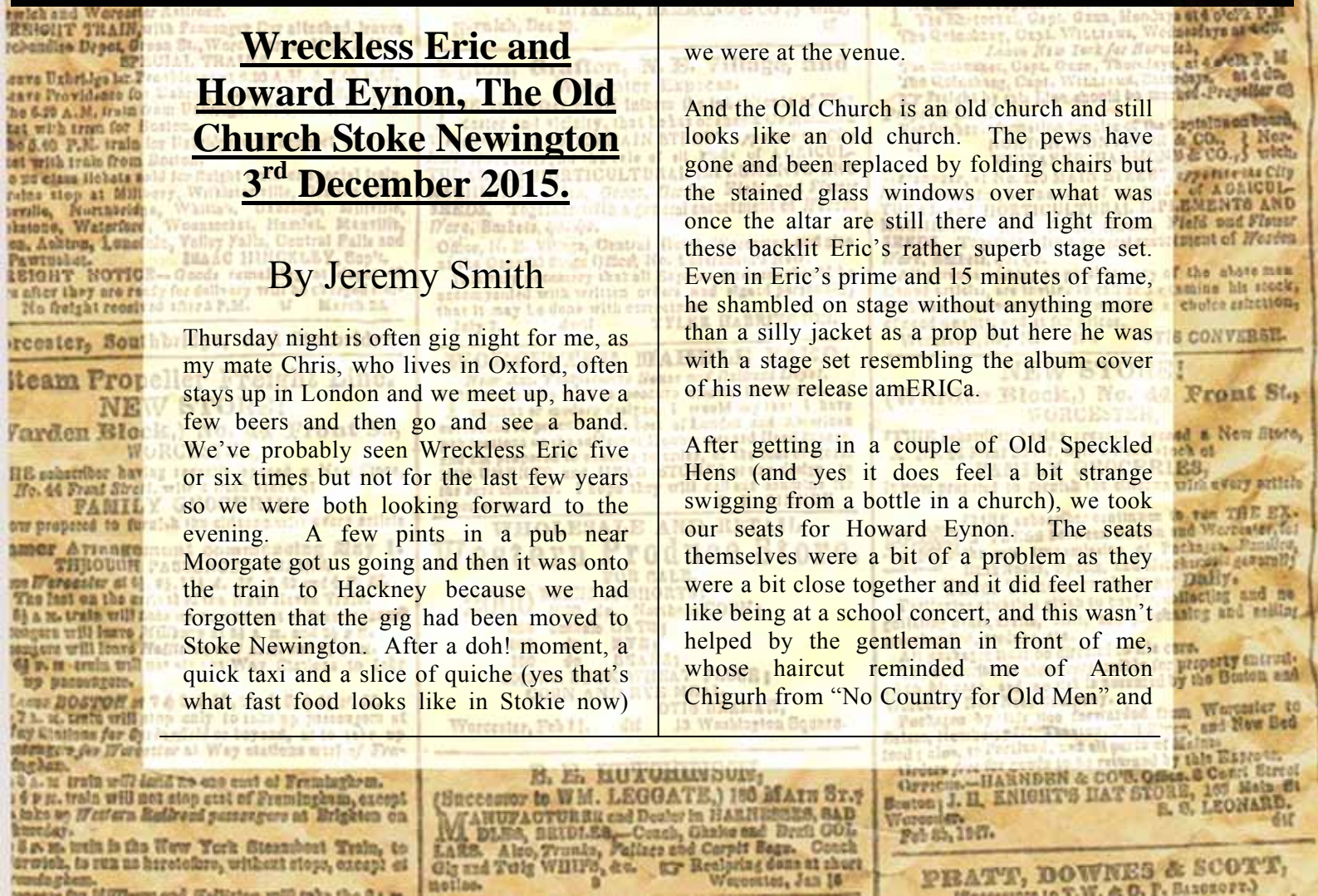
By Jeremy Smith

Thursday night is often gig night for me, as my mate Chris, who lives in Oxford, often stays up in London and we meet up, have a few beers and then go and see a band. We've probably seen Wreckless Eric five or six times but not for the last few years so we were both looking forward to the evening. A few pints in a pub near Moorgate got us going and then it was onto the train to Hackney because we had forgotten that the gig had been moved to Stoke Newington. After a doh! moment, a quick taxi and a slice of quiche (yes that's what fast food looks like in Stokie now)

we were at the venue.

And the Old Church is an old church and still looks like an old church. The pews have gone and been replaced by folding chairs but the stained glass windows over what was once the altar are still there and light from these backlit Eric's rather superb stage set. Even in Eric's prime and 15 minutes of fame, he shambled on stage without anything more than a silly jacket as a prop but here he was with a stage set resembling the album cover of his new release *amERICA*.

After getting in a couple of Old Speckled Hens (and yes it does feel a bit strange swigging from a bottle in a church), we took our seats for Howard Eynon. The seats themselves were a bit of a problem as they were a bit close together and it did feel rather like being at a school concert, and this wasn't helped by the gentleman in front of me, whose haircut reminded me of Anton Chigurh from "No Country for Old Men" and





meant that I had to keep peering around him to see the stage.

To be honest, I'd never heard of Howard Eynon before and I will be surprised if I hear of him again. That's not to say that he was not entertaining. His stories were great fun, he'd obviously enjoyed his youth and he showed the same type of self-deprecating humour as Eric. As for the music, his guitar playing was very good indeed but I just didn't get the hippy dippy songs. It was a bit like Mike Absalom without the humour and when he finished after about 30 minutes, we were glad to stand up, grab another beer, ignore the government's safe drinking guidelines and wait for Eric.

Before I talk about the gig, let me tell you that I love Wreckless Eric. I love his songs from the Stiff days, particularly Reconnez Cherie, Take the Cash (K.A.S.H), a Pop Song etc. etc., I loved the Len Bright Combo and their uncompromising sound

and songs like Young Upwardly Mobile and Stupid which I remember hearing for the first time blasting out in a room full of trainee accountants in the heady yuppie days of the eighties (clearly somebody had a sense of humour). I missed out on the middle years of the Donovan of Trash and the Hitsville House Band but found those albums later on and still play them all the time. But the Eric I came to love in the early 2000's was the Eric that produced Bungalow Hi with songs like Same, Local and Continuity Girl, which were uncompromising, edgy, and at the same time humorous. Seeing Eric live at that time was a mixture of old and new songs and stories from his life, in particular, the down times, told in such a harrowing way that you questioned whether it was really entertainment or catharsis on his part.

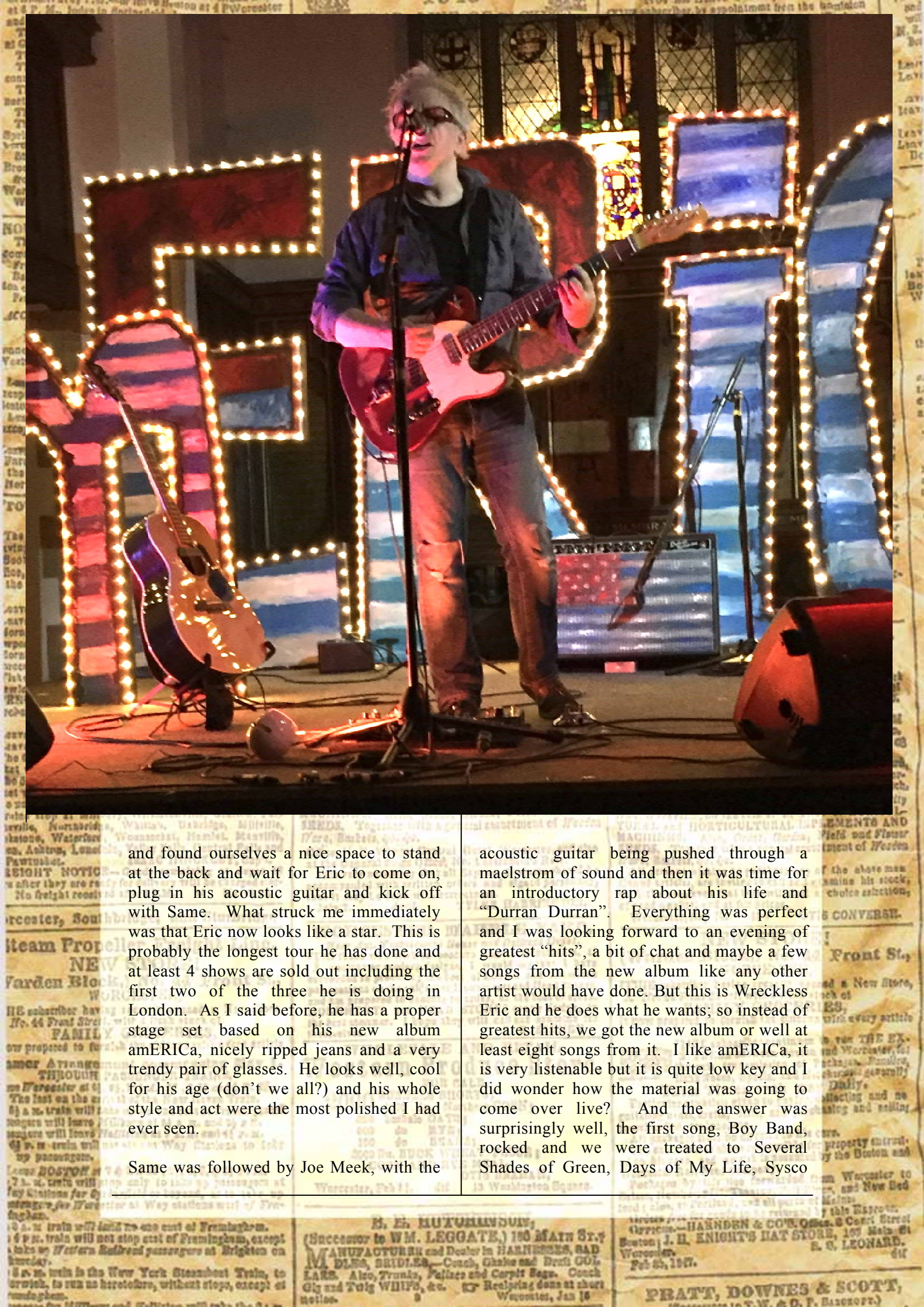
But anyway, I'm not here just to fill in the wide-open spaces of *Gonzo Weekly* with my own thoughts but to tell you about the gig. Chris and I had abandoned our seats and left Anton Chigurh to his murderous thoughts



and found ourselves a nice space to stand at the back and wait for Eric to come on, plug in his acoustic guitar and kick off with Same. What struck me immediately was that Eric now looks like a star. This is probably the longest tour he has done and at least 4 shows are sold out including the first two of the three he is doing in London. As I said before, he has a proper stage set based on his new album amERICA, nicely ripped jeans and a very trendy pair of glasses. He looks well, cool for his age (don't we all?) and his whole style and act were the most polished I had ever seen.

Same was followed by Joe Meek, with the

acoustic guitar being pushed through a maelstrom of sound and then it was time for an introductory rap about his life and "Durrant Durrant". Everything was perfect and I was looking forward to an evening of greatest "hits", a bit of chat and maybe a few songs from the new album like any other artist would have done. But this is Wreckless Eric and he does what he wants; so instead of greatest hits, we got the new album or well at least eight songs from it. I like amERICA, it is very listenable but it is quite low key and I did wonder how the material was going to come over live? And the answer was surprisingly well, the first song, Boy Band, rocked and we were treated to Several Shades of Green, Days of My Life, Sysco





Trucks and Transitory Thing in a row together with mysterious electronic twiddling which Eric seemed to enjoy while crouching by his effects pedals but didn't seem to add too much to the live experience.

And then it was time for Whole Wide World and Semaphore Signals to take us back to the Stiff days when Eric was, in his own words, “nearly someone back in the day in the lower reaches of the hit parade”. I really thought we were in for more all time faves at this point but it was back to amERiCa and White Bread ending with howling feedback and, to finish, Have a Great Day. Somewhere along the line, Eric commented on the fact that we were in a church, offering, “for £15 a pop, I’ll baptise the fucking lot of you”. And then he was off to a big cheer from a hugely supportive audience.

A couple of minutes later he was back with

a short encore of Just for You and Property Shows and then he was gone, the lights were on, and we were left thinking how the fuck we'd get home from Stoke Newington without the comfort of the tube. But my mate Chris is nothing if not resourceful and he told me in a rather withering way, that he'd travelled through Turkey, Syria, Jordan and Israel on his own at age of 22 so getting from Stokey to Penge by bus and train wasn't going to be a big problem. And so home we went but I will reserve a big thumbs down for Thameslink trains and their closed toilets, which meant that I had to sit rather uncomfortably for the journey back.

Anyway, Eric is back, better than ever and if you get the chance to catch the end of his tour, please go and see him and also buy amERICa for yourself, your friends and that maiden aunt who gives you ill-fitting socks every year. She will appreciate it, take my word for it!

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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

The Reincarnation of Trim Tab Jim

Trim Tab Jim are on an upward trajectory and it is something they themselves regard with a degree of amazement. It is not that they are raking in vast sums of money, in fact they are sinking some of their own money into the project, but the attention they have received from their performances of the 'rock opera', 'The Reincarnation of Trim Tab Jim' is, to them, something of a surprise.

I met James Mannion at a gig in the Prince Albert when they were supporting the redoubtable band Clowwns (yes the two 'w's are deliberate). The Real Music Club was looking for an act that could fill in for a band that had dropped out. I was impressed by them at that gig so I invited them to fill the slot. It was at that show that I first heard about the whole project.

The term 'Rock Opera' has a tainted tag to it in some people's minds. Those with long memories might have images of Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull prancing around in tights singing about bricks, tramps or Passion Plays or armies of roadies building a wall between the band and the audience, but this is something with a far more down to earth and political concept behind it.

James started his stage career as a performance poet, something he admits he was not well suited to. After a few attempts to get this off the ground he moved his attention towards music and started a band with Nev Brewin on guitar and Alex Lovell on drums. James was teaching at a secondary school at the time and another lecturer there, Dr. Lars Schuy, was joined the band on guitar. In the meantime Dr. Adam Onyett had moved to Brighton and was looking for a band to play with. James is also on his way to a degree so this is a band with two and a half doctors in it! Although Adam was a primarily a guitarist he joined Trim Tab Jim on keyboards and







vocals. The line up was then complete. James said that, prior to the introduction of the keyboards the band had a spiky feel to it but adding organ and piano gave it a new dimension. One of the interesting things about the way the band perform live is the way Nev, Lars and Adam all share bass playing duties from song to song and Adam also plays occasional, but very effective, lead guitar. This swapping of instruments allows the band to explore different feels across the songs as each player has differing strengths and influences.

When Trim Tab Jim put the whole performance onto the stage of The Old Courthouse as part of the Brighton Fringe I provided some P.A. equipment and did mixing duties, and it was only then that I realised how much work had gone into the production. It was a real theatrical event, with the band playing live on one side, the Angel of Death (played by Penny Scott-Andrews) interrogating Jim after he dies in a mugging, and a heavenly choir performing before and at the end of the show. There are also multiple films and slides, taking the action off the stage and reinforcing the overall message.

‘And what of that message?’ you will, no doubt, be thinking. As with all works intended to put across an idea, the interpretation you leave with will be yours and will depend on how much it touches you and your life. For the protagonist the experience in Death’s Waiting Room is played out against his own life and lack of actual involvement in the wider world. It explores the feelings many of us have of caring about the injustices of the world but

being lulled into thinking ‘what can I do about it?’ The name comes from a quote from Buckminster-Fuller – he of the geodesic domes, the concept of ‘ephemeralisation’ (the tendency of technology to do ‘more and more with less and less until you can do everything with nothing’) and for whom scientists named their newly discovered spherical carbon molecules ‘fullerines’ (or ‘buckyballs’).

He said, in an interview with Playboy magazine in 1972, *‘Something hit me very hard once, thinking about what one little man could do. Think of the Queen Mary. The whole ship goes by, and then comes the rudder. And there’s a tiny thing on the edge of the rudder called a trim tab; it’s a miniature rudder.*

Just moving that little trim tab builds a low pressure that pulls the rudder around. Takes almost no effort at all. So I said that the little individual can be a trim tab. Society thinks it’s going right by you; that it’s left you altogether.

But if you’re doing dynamic things mentally, the fact is that you can just put your foot out like that and the whole big ship of state is going to go. So I said, ‘Call me Trim Tab’.

Don’t be put off by the intellectuality of these concepts. It is an engaging show on whatever level you choose to view it from and the music is superb.

They will be performing it at The Old Market on 19th December (two shows) in aid of the Green Party and the Europe Refugee Crisis Appeal and then again at the Union Chapel, in Islington, on 30th January 2016 in aid of ShareAction. They are also recording and releasing the music from the show.

In an age where music can be bland and meaningless this show stands out as a beacon of intelligence and commitment – and lashings of melody.



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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





MY DAD'S LPS

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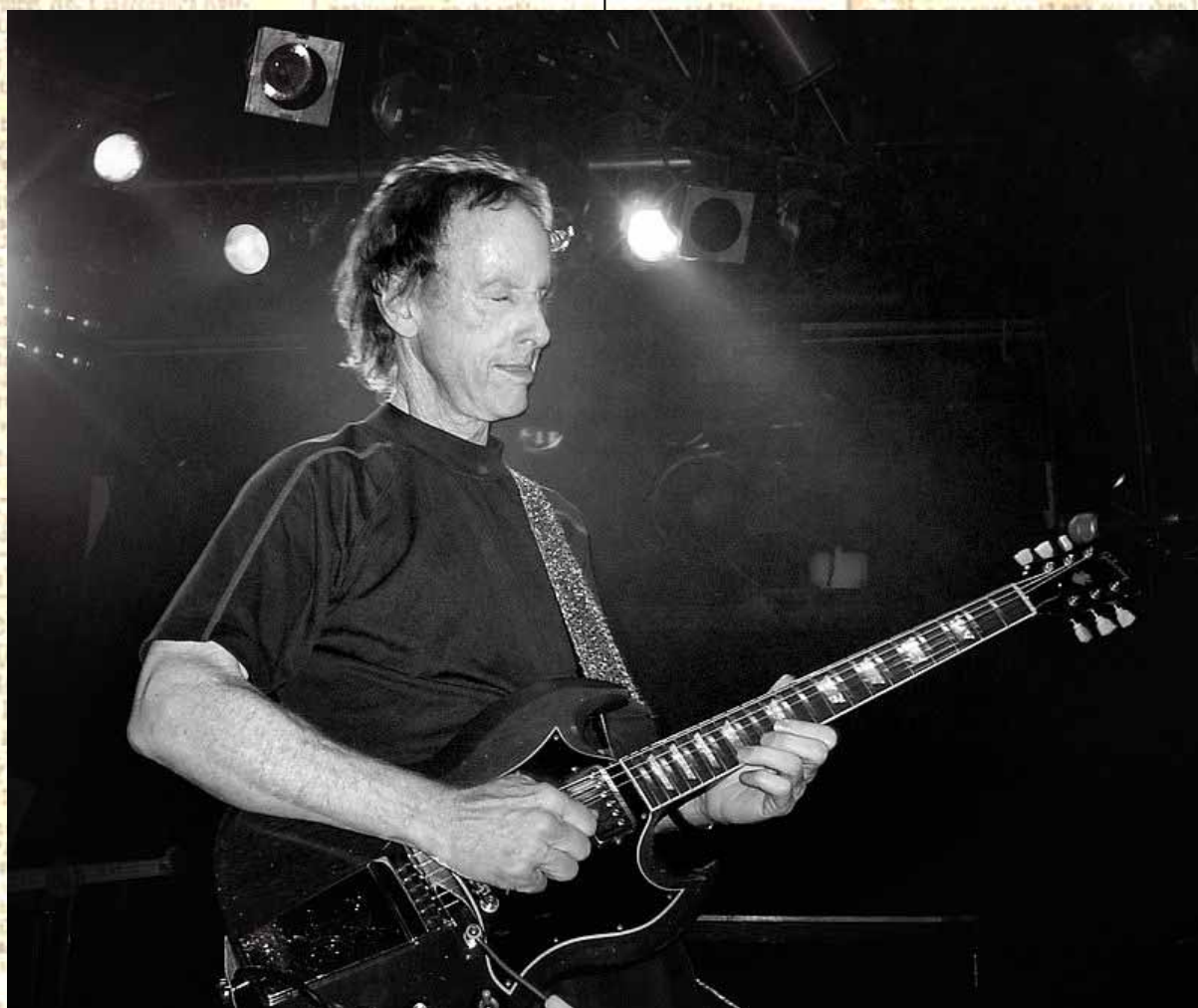
outlet crucial for my personal sanity. It also allows for my research to unearth more than I can cram into a one-hour internet radio program. The mission of this show is to explore sonically the Universe of Rock 'n' Roll, in all its many forms. Join us!

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 back to My Dad's LPs Weekly and Happy Holidays! I wanted to pen a Christmas letter of sorts because this year has been truly monumental in the history of this show. We had our first promotional event, we've designed a logo and we're building a website. And we're just getting started.

Earlier in the year we were lucky enough to be involved with the Medlock/Krieger Golf Invitational for St. Jude Children's Research Hospital. Organized by painter **Scott Medlock** and **Robby Krieger** of **The Doors**, (below) this tournament raised \$500,000 for kids in need of urgent medical care. Jack Black, Orianthi and Ritchie Sambora (opposite) were among those on stage with Robby as he rocked us into the night





on his original red and black guitar. Truly incredible. Thank you both for having me and I hope we can make it happen again next year.

Jay Vigon designed our out-of-this-world saucer-style logo (which we debuted at the tournament) this year and knocked it outta the park. He's done work for Sammy Hagar, Tom Petty, Prince and many others. The man has his credentials in music, film and television. As the website comes online you'll see more of his amazing work. Soon, you'll be able to go to mydadslps.com and listen to a month's worth of episodes, view the

record collection and much more that will be announced next year.

Since I'm speaking my mind and my heart I want to take this opportunity to thank a few people:

First of all, I want to thank you, the reader (and hopefully listener) of My Dad's LPs. Without you there wouldn't be a show and I want to say how grateful I am for that and for you. I want to thank **Gonzo Weekly**, who have kindly given me a place to write about the music I love and the ability to reach people in "print" across oceans, not to mention our first sponsorship. Truly an honor. Thank you **Jonathan Downes**. I want to thank our intrepid logo designer, **Jay Vigon**, thank you so much Jay. Of course, I've gotta thank my audio engineer and owner of KONG Monster Rock, **Alan K. Lohr** who gave me the slot to begin with and helped me let this show loose upon the world.

I want to thank **Lisa Meuret** at 93.3 KRHV-FM in Mammoth, CA for giving me my first exposure to the FM band in a beautiful place to listen to music, especially as you dig out of this year's epic snowfall. And lastly, I want to thank my parents. Without their endless support and guidance, you simply wouldn't have this. So thank you, guys, for everything. And, lastly, I'll do it again, THANK YOU. For reading, for listening, for exploring.

The sails are set for a rocking' and rollin' 2016 so, for the year 2015, this is your host A.J. Smitrovich saying Peace Love Truth Beauty. Take care of each other. See you next year as we continue to Explore the Cosmos of Rock 'n' Roll....



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 who 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.



Can you smell that? It can only mean one thing: Ba-Nar-Vel-Oo (Christmas) is almost upon us, preparing to tear the flesh from our backs with its peppermint talons, and cheeky mouth.

Of course, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without the Christmas things, and foremost among the things is the brown sauce - where would we be during Christmas lunch without lashings of brown sauce? This sauce is followed closely in the pantheon of the Christmas things by the Christmas music.

Whether it's the intangible shrieks of Boney M, or the alarming balladry of Boney F, we all have our favourites. Here are 15 more Christmas records that you may wish to add to your collection.





c.j.stone

Fellow Creatures at Christmas: a Ranter's Yuletide



The World Turned Upside Down

I've been looking for a word. It is something like "sacred". It is the idea of something being set-aside as special, or holy: separated from the everyday world by some particular quality or by mutual agreement. The word could be "sacrament": the notion of ordinary things acquiring a spiritual significance. Or "sanctification", the process of becoming holy. But it isn't quite either of these. The problem with both of these words is their association with religion and with the particular religious quality of holiness, and the word I am looking for does not denote holiness as such.

Sometimes, indeed, it can mean its exact opposite.

No. The word I'm looking for is slightly more down-to-earth than that. It's spiritual, but not necessarily religious. It has something to do with the idea of creating a space, of setting aside that space for some special ritual activity. So, for example, at Christmas, during the ritual Mummer's plays in the Medieval period, the players would create a circle, perhaps by marking it out with a stick on the ground, or just making a circle in the air. They would enter that circle, and then it was understood by everyone watching that everything that happened within that circle had its own significance. It was

outside of ordinary reality.

So Jack-the-Lad or Johnny Goodfellow would enter the circle and become St George, say, or Father Christmas or the Dragon. The characters would fight in that circle. The characters would die in that circle and come to life again, and it would carry ritual significance beyond the circle. The actor, meanwhile, would leave the circle and just become himself again.

But this isn't quite it either. We are all familiar with this process, since it is the same one that allows us to suspend our disbelief long enough to watch a play or a movie or our favourite soap and to get some kind of vicarious pleasure out of it. We know the characters aren't real, and that the actors are just actors, but we suspend our disbelief long enough to allow the plot to take on some semblance of reality, so that when the character suffers, we suffer with him, when he is elated, we are elated too, when he mourns, we mourn, and when he dies we too can feel the grief of the moment.

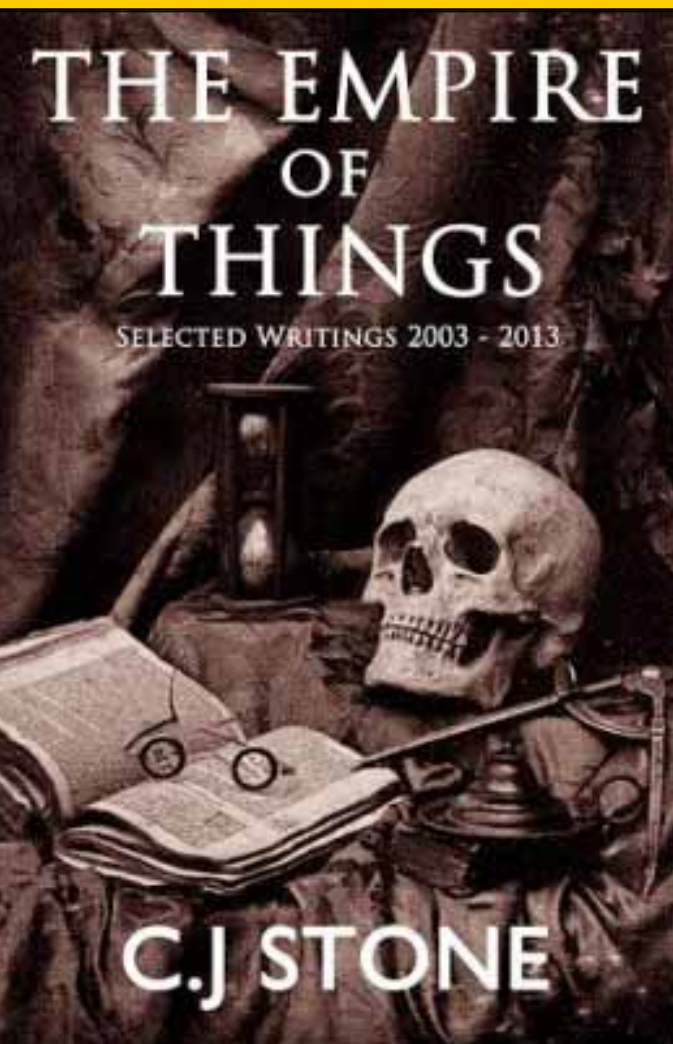
I still haven't found the word. I know it exists. What I am looking for is a word to describe Christmas.

So, yes, we set aside Christmas as special. We circle it around and make it different from other days. But it's not holy. It's like holy but not quite. It carries a special quality, an atmosphere if you like. There is a reverence associated with it. It is full of ritual

significance. But it is not a religious thing, or not in the way that religious people would have us believe. Yes, it is the day of Jesus' birth, but it is also the day of Mithras' birth. Mithras is the sun. It is the day of the divine child, the day of the rebirth of the sun, associated with the midwinter solstice. It is the day when the sun begins to move again after it has stood still in the heavens for three days during the solstice period. So it is the day that the light returns, when the first vestiges of light are coming back after the darkest time of the year. And we light fires and candles and fairy-lights and Yule logs in commemoration of that, in order to encourage it maybe, as a kind of sympathetic magic. It is a very ancient festival indeed.

And we eat, of course, and we drink. It is a feast. A feast of plenty in the lean period. A feast of preserved foods, of brandy-soaked fruit and Christmas cake and rich, sultry, dark things. A day of drinking and feasting and pleasure. A day of excess.

Read on



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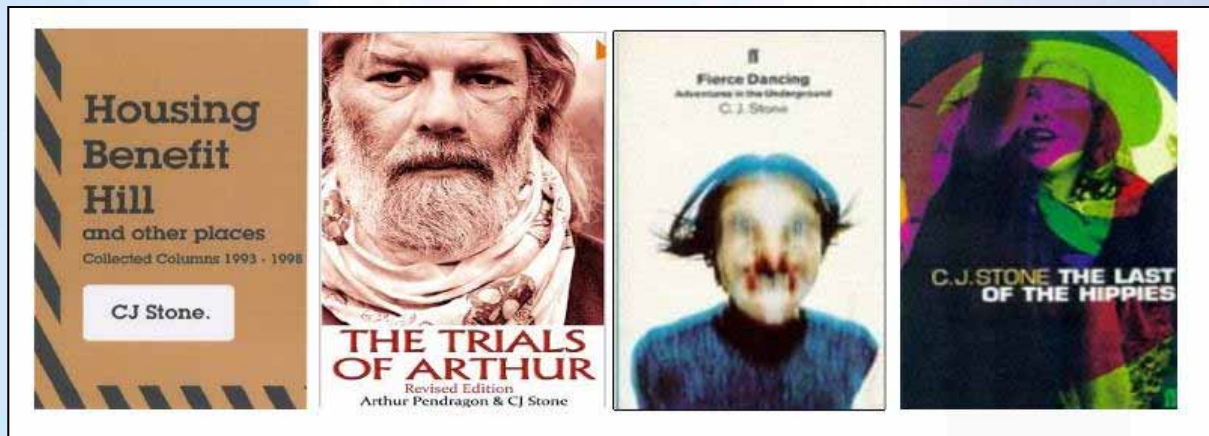
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Independent on Sunday



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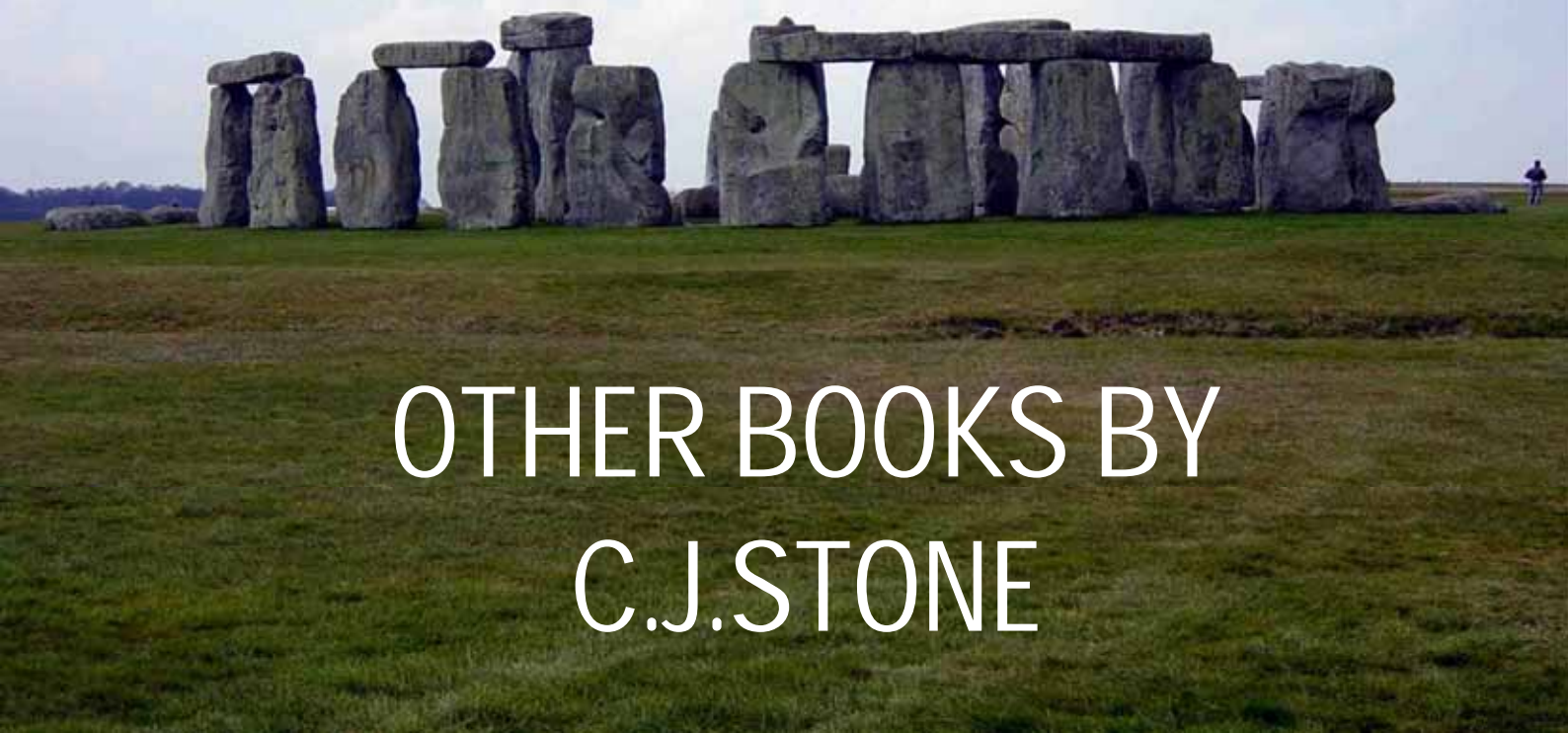
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YOU'VE NEVER HAD IT SO WEIRD

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Hi, Ken Worthington here with a few questions and answers for you this Christmas..

Q: When is John Shuttleworth going to be on *Celebrity Mastermind*? He isn't.

A: Correct. It's that bloke called Graham Fellows, and we still don't know when the show's going to be on the box, grrrr!

Q: How much am I bid for John Shuttleworth's appearance on *Celebrity Antiques Road Trip*?

A: 5 pee! 10 pee? (Oof, don't be so stingy, a quid at least!) A fiver! Now we're talking, I still don't know when it's on telly though, sorry!

But I am assured both shows will be broadcast on BBC2 at some point in the next few weeks, hurrah!!

In the meantime, if you'd like to give someone an unusual Yuletide gift, and the recipient has a satnav, and the make just happens to be a Tomtom, I've got the very gift for you.. A FREE DOWNLOAD OF MY VOICE giving

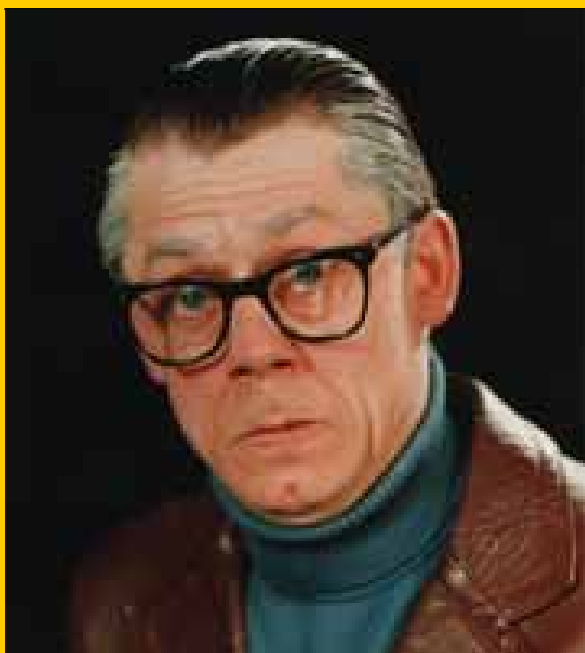
all the usual commands (and one or two unusual ones!) Imagine me, TV's Clarinet Man, Ken Worthington guiding you along the UK's roads, and haranguing you when you get it wrong. Well, now you don't have to imagine. It can happen for real. Click here to access this amazing Xmas freebie..

(<http://www.shuttleworths.co.uk/pages/shop.html>)

Incidentally, if you're wondering why there isn't a free download of John's voice, it's because although he recorded one, it came out with him sounding a bit like, like Boris Karloff. We decided you'd only get depressed listening to it, and might drive your car into a tree, which we don't want you to do, obviously, especially at Christmas time! (John tells me he will record a new upbeat version of his satnav commands in the near future, and as soon as it's available I'll let you know). But hey, without blowing my own clarinet, my version's utterly amazing, and it's FREEEEEE so download it today !

You may also like to know that festive "MARY - CRISP MESS" T SHIRTS (and mugs) are

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM KEN WORTHINGTON



NOW AVAILABLE in the online shop in a variety of sizes. (They're not free though, sadly) There are only a few more days before the last day for "Guaranteed by Christmas" delivery, so PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW ! (<http://www.shuttleworths.co.uk/pages/shop.html>)

And finally.

Q: What's the name of the steep hill (Beep beep beep!) I've started so I'll finish - that leads to Speedwell Cavern near Castleton? It's the Winnats.

A: Pass!

Correct! Well done, and tata for now!

Kenny x

Worthington's Watertight Waiver: The John Shuttleworth Appreciation Society promises not to sell or give away your email address, even to an Internet Dating Agency for the over 70's. If you do not wish to receive any further correspondence from us, please reply to this email with the word 'unsubscribe' in the subject header. But if you do I will be quite upset, as it takes me ages to type these blinking things. And you'll be upset too, nay, devastated, when you discover from your pals all the exciting news you missed out on - not to mention fab bargains! love Kenny x





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..

Pre-Hawkwind document sheds a sidelight on Hawkwind origins

A record company contract was recently offered at auction, with an expected price tag of £1500.

The context was explained on Bonham's auctionhouse website as follows: "In 1967, having given up his day job and busked around Europe, Dave Brock formed The Famous Cure with guitarist John Illingworth and harmonica player Pete Judd. Michael Slattery replaced Judd and, with the growing psychedelic scene in London, the expanded five-piece band adopted electric instruments and effects."

In 1968, the group was then offered a management contract, between Pavion Limited (based in London) and the members of The Famous Cure band: Michael Slattery, Dave Brock, Peter Fairs, John Illingworth and Edward Page, and a recording contract between those same five band members and



Withit Recording Company Limited, another London-based company. Apart from Dave Brock, Mick Slattery was the only member of Famous Cure to become a founding member of Hawkwind, in 1969. The item up for auction was Slattery's copy of the contract, and a covering letter addressed to him and inviting him to sign. Pat Meehan's letter runs:

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 Daevid 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 ...



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spiritsburning.com

1. Our Crash
2. I Have Two Names
3. JigSawMan Flies A digSawShip
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



"Approximately two weeks ago you came to this office and said you wished to join us management, agency and recording wise [...] will you please return the contracts immediately. Please treat this matter as



urgent as we shall have to pull you out of bookings we have made on your

behalf."

The contracts were not signed.

The Bonham description points out: "These contracts shed light on an early stage of Hawkwind's genesis. For exact reasons unknown, the offer of management was declined and Brock resumed life as a busker. Had the contracts been signed, it is possible that Hawkwind would not have been formed, with Brock tied into a five-year deal."

Normally, a signed historical contract is considerably more valuable than an unsigned one. In this case, however, Hawkwind fans might feel the unsigned contract is infinitely more valuable. However, the auction item remained unsold.



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!!!"

IN THIS SEASON OF GLUTTONY & GOURMANDISING

ALREADT THEY ARE SELLING POST-DIETS
Slim down versions of Syrians,Eritreans,Sudanese,Somali
The Horn of Plenty,the Cornucopia,Buffer,Banquet,Feast
of Carbs and Cancers,salmonella and ecoli.Wretched of this earth
scour trash,sift garbage,recycle supermarket bins,eat detritus.
One of us is all of us-O World Bank Scrooge!Tiny Thoms sing-
Big Belly Buddha,rich before renunciation,Tall Churches paying no taxes
Glass Cathedrals with no stone critiques.Little Jesus escaping census-
homeless in Bethlehem.Palestinians surrounded by guns and walls of New Romans.
Tis The Season for Terrorist Alerts.Civilians killed by all sides.Giving birth

to the idea that Peace on Earth and Goodwill to all
would make a very striking car bumper sticker



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.



Visitors to *casa Downes* never fail to remark upon the magnificent Feegee Mermaid that lives on top of my hifi in the corner of my sitting room. It was made for us by Alan

Friswell, who is perhaps best known for curating and renovating the models and puppets of the late, great, Ray Harryhausen.

However, have you ever wondered what a man like this would take to listen to on a desert island?

Alan's Top Ten

Hi Jon.

Here are my choices, not in any particular order.

DOCK OF THE BAY, Otis Redding

A great tune that always reminds me of summer

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, Sex Pistols

When I first heard this, I was too young to appreciate the meaning of the lyrics, but the power of the music was electrifying, and it's still a great favourite.

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, Laurel and Hardy

One of Stan and Ollie's greatest musical moments, and their only tune to reach the top five in the UK charts.

GAUDETE, Steeleye Span

An amazing piece of music, and the first Gregorian chant-type tune I'd ever heard.

DANIEL, Elton John

Not one of Elton John's more spectacular numbers, but it reminds me of a happy time in my life, so it's something of a sentimental choice, and a good tune too.

THEME FROM ENTER THE DRAGON, Lalo Schifrin

I was always a huge Bruce Lee fan, and this theme really encapsulates that period in the 1970's when the Kung-Fu craze dominated the media.

HERE COMES THE SUN, The Beatles

I'm a great fan of ABBEY ROAD, and this is a favourite from that album.

IN THE SUMMERTIME, Mungo Jerry

Another of my favourites from childhood which always takes me back to the summers of many years ago.

TOCCATA AND FUGUE IN D MINOR, Bach

I first heard this while watching the Amicus horror film TALES FROM THE CRYPT for the first time, and it's a wonderfully atmospheric piece of music.

BAKER STREET, Jerry Rafferty

Another tune which I associate with great memories.

Traditionally Christmas is a time for ghost stories, and we are great believers in tradition here at the *Gonzo Weekly*, so—to give you something to read over the holiday season—here is an elegantly macabre tale from Corinna...

The Butcher, the Baker, the Candlestick maker

*Rub a dub dub,
Three fools in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker.
Turn them out, knaves all three.*

Jack and Jill were playing in the hallway when their Uncle Aloysius arrived from Oxford to spend the weekend with the family. He was their father's elder brother and was quite a respected academic at the august university.

They didn't see him much, as he was a bit of a recluse most of the time, preferring to stalk the halls of the old university buildings rather than alight public transport and travel the couple of hundred miles to Cheshire.

Jack was twelve and Jill was five, and they were just in the middle of a game of dunking various of Jill's dolls and teddies into the empty washing basket that their mother had left at the bottom of the stairs whilst she went off to do another errand, before returning it to the utility room. Jack was bored with the game, but he had been asked by his mother to play with his younger sister for a while, so he had grudgingly agreed to play along. As they dunked the unfortunate toys in and out of the imaginary water in the imaginary washing tub, they sang the nursery rhyme 'Rub a dub dub'. And it was to the accompaniment of this tune that Aloysius stepped over the threshold and into the hall when their mother answered his knock on the door.

Uncle Aloysius was not an expert on children; he had never married and had lived in, what he referred to as, blissful ignorance of how to interact to anyone's offspring under the age of his students at Oxford University. He patted each one of his brother's children on the head and simply said,



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Worcester, Jan 16

Perhaps by this time forwarded from the
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Worcester.
Feb 25, 1877.
R. S. LEONARD.

PRATT, DOWNS & SCOTT,
(Successors to T. W. & O. P. Buxton.)

"Hello Jack. Hello Jill", before following his sister-in-law into the sitting room.

'Come and sit down, Aloysius, and I will make a cup of tea', said their mother. 'Your brother is due home at any moment. He rang a short while ago to say that he had left work.'

And that, as far as Jack and Jill were concerned, was it. For now at least. They returned to their game of dunking until their father walked in, when they both stopped playing and jumped up to give him a hug.

'Can I go and play in my room now, Dad?' asked Jack hopefully. 'Mum asked me to play with Jill while she was tidying up and I have been here for ages playing Rub a Dub Dub and I am bored. It is a silly rhyme any way.'

His dad laughed and tousled his son's hair. 'Boring is it? I expect you can go play upstairs for bit, but ask your mother first.'

From the depths of the sitting room, Aloysius called out. 'I can tell you a story about that rhyme later, Jack, if you like. Once your sister has gone to bed. Hello Bertram.'

'Hello brother,' replied Bertram as he made his way into the sitting room. 'How was your trip?' And to Jack, he prompted, 'What do you say to your uncle, would you like him to tell you the story? He has always been good at telling stories.'

Jack did not know quite how to reply. He had never been quite sure how to relate to his uncle as he hardly ever saw him, and when he did his uncle seemed to pretty much ignore him. 'Ern ... yes please.' And then he ran off upstairs to his room.

'Strange boy,' said Aloysius, at which Bertram laughed. 'And you aren't?' he joked.

Ignoring the jocular dig, Aloysius then went on to say, 'The journey was as execrable as I had expected. The train was late and when it did arrive it was full of the human race. Simple as that.'

Bertram laughed again. 'You mean it was full of those to whom you refer as under-achievers rather than the over-achievers you are used to at the university?'

Aloysius was about to respond to the carrot of brotherly argument offered, when Mary returned to the sitting room carrying a tray

adorned with teapot, milk jug and cups, along with a cake she had baked especially for the occasion of such a prestigious visit from such a scholarly relative. No sugar; she knew Aloysius would say that he was sweet enough. It was one of the more down-to-earth phrases he came up with, and hence the more memorable.

And so, later on, once dinner had been eaten, and Jill had been taken to bed, the time came for the story to be told. Aloysius had expected that he would sit downstairs and relate it to all those there, but after much encouragement and the explanation that it was Jack's bedtime, he had been persuaded to tell just Jack the story as a bedtime 'treat'. After all, it was one of an uncle's 'doting duties'.

Once Jack had settled himself into his bed, his uncle sat on the side and began to narrate his story about the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker.

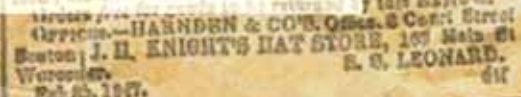
'There was once a jolly butcher who lived down Wiltshire way, although "jolly" is not perhaps the best word to describe him, for his jolliness was merely down to the fact that he always wore a smile upon his face as he chopped and filleted his way through the meat, but not his general demeanour. No-one who knew him socially or familiarly would call William Pick "jolly".'

'There was once a jolly baker who lived down Wiltshire way. In contrast to William Pick, Norman Oats was indeed a jolly man. He loved kneading dough, he loved rolling pastry and he loved making cakes. His heaving waistline kept growing, as for every batch of bread, biscuits or cakes he would make, there was always one, or two, or three for himself. Norman and William were neighbours in that their shops were next to each other. William provided Norman with fillings for some of the baker's pastry pies he made. They did not like each other much, alas, but William made money from Norman, and Norman made money from what he cooked with his neighbour's supplies.

'There was once a jolly candlestick maker who lived down Wiltshire way. Tall and scrawny, Samuel Sprocket was possessed of long, black hair that seemed to ooze down his back, thick and stinking with the fats that were produced from his chandlering.

'But doesn't a candlestick maker make candle holders?' asked Jack.

The subscribers, by appointment from the Commission
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the prepare Claims, Specifications, Assignments, and all
the necessary Papers and Drawings, will make references
into American and foreign works, to test validity of inven-



PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CITY OF NEW YORK.

The figure watched patiently as each worshipper passed. William was the first of our three fools to reach the headstone, and as he did so an old crone stepped into the light of his lantern.

"You are the butcher?" she croaked, pointing a bent, gnarled forefinger in his direction.

"Yes old woman, but I do not trade on a Sunday. If you want meat, then come to my shop tomorrow. But I do not give handouts. No coin, no meat."

"Oh I need no meat from you, Mr Butcher, for I have plenty of my own. But I do need a favour from you, if you would not mind. You see I have a large carcass that needs the blade of your butchering knife to cut up the flesh, and the edge of your saw to slice through the bones. I can make it worth your while, my dear.' She took hold of his hand, turned it over to look at his palm, and traced her bony finger over the lines etched into the skin. "You see, my dear? Look at that line there, that is your line of fortune and look how it grows before your eyes at my proposal." William looked down and watched as she drew her long yellowing fingernail over his palm and saw a line of thin gold glint in the glow of the candle.

"What say you, dear? Are you amenable to my request?"

'William's greed got the better of him at the sight of the gold line, and the thought of the riches she promised. He nodded.'

"Good, good," she said. "Then I shall see you as the clock strikes eight – tonight. One of my companions will collect you at thirty minutes passed the hour of seven. Make sure that you bring all that you need."

'She withdrew back into the shadows until the second of our fools, Norman Oats made his way passed.'

"You are the baker?" she again croaked, squinting at him in the candlelight that emitted from his lantern. And as before, she pointed her forefinger at her second tradesman.

"Yes, old woman, but it is a day of rest. Although, once it is past midnight you will find a candle alight in my shop, but my baking is not for sale until after the clock on this tower strikes seven past the hour tomorrow morning."

"I am in need of loaves of bread and some pies

to be made for a gathering I have planned for tomorrow night. The butcher has already agreed to prepare the meat I have. I can make it well worth your while, my dear." She continued in the same manner as she had done with William.

"What say you, dear? Are you amenable to my request?"

"Yes, yes I am," he nodded.

"Good, good," she said. "Then I shall see you as the clock strikes nine – tonight. One of my companions will collect you at thirty minutes passed the hour of eight. Make sure that you bring all that you need."

'A minute or two later and it was the turn of our third fool, Samuel Sprocket.'

"You are the candlestick maker?" croaked the old crone for the last time, her long, bony fingers scratching her chin as she spoke.

"Yes old woman. I am the maker of sticks of tallow to light up your home. But it is the day of worship and my hands are at rest. My shop will be open on the morn."

"I have need of 100 candles for tomorrow night. The butcher has agreed to prepare the carcass, and the baker has agreed to bake the meat into pies, henceforth supplying the tallow, but I need you to make me the sticks of light. I can make it worth your while." And here again she repeated the exercise on the Chandler's palm.

And again she asked, "What say you?"

"Of course, old woman, I would be very pleased to aid you."

"Good, good," came the response for the last time. "I shall see you when the clock strikes ten – tonight. My companion will collect you at thirty minutes passed the hour of nine. Make sure that you bring all that you need."

It was here that Aloysius paused, both for effect and to take a sip from the glass of water he had brought with him to Jack's bedroom. His nephew sat, wide-eyed in silence, with his mouth slightly open for a moment.

'Is she a witch?' he eventually whispered.

'That is not for me to say, but for you to wait to find out,' came his uncle's cryptic reply. 'Shall we continue?'

Jack nodded enthusiastically in response.

'As promised, at exactly thirty minutes past the hour of seven there came a knock at the door of the butcher's shop. William opened it slowly, not sure who to expect to be standing there. A tall figure, cloaked and hooded, stood before him. A slender, pale arm reached out from within the confines of the cloak and beckoned him follow.'

"You have everything that is required? She will be angry if you have forgotten even the smallest thing," said a quiet, yet firm, female voice from within the hood. "And they have been honed to their very best sharpness I hope?"

"I do, and yes, they are to my normal standards," replied William.

"Good, good," was the response. "We can only hope that your 'normal standards' are equal to hers. Pray, follow me, good butcher, and I will show you the way."

"Where are we going?" the butcher enquired, trying to disguise the waver in his voice as he suddenly became inexplicably scared.

"Oh a long, long way from here," came the reply. "But worry not, I shall help you get there in time for she doesn't like to be kept waiting. And do not fear, your reward will be given to you sooner than you think."

'The figure waved its arms and muttered an unintelligible incantation and suddenly, as if by magick they were standing in a forest. I say, "as if by magick", but of course it was just that - magick.

'As promised, at exactly thirty minutes past the hour of eight there came a knock at the door of the baker's shop. As William had done, Norman opened the door slowly, he too not sure who to expect to be standing there. But this time, a short figure stood at the door, and it was a chubby, darker-skinned arm that appeared from within the confines of the cloak.'

"You have all that you need?" questioned the definite deep voice of a male. "And the baking tins are large and many?"

"Yes, they are large and plentiful of all different shapes," boasted the baker. "And I have all the ingredients I could find. I hope it is enough," he continued.

"Oh, so do I," responded the figure. "She will be most disappointed if you have failed in bringing enough to make the required quantities."

"But I see no cart, nor horse to carry everything," said Norman, who suddenly experienced a feeling of intense fright. "Where are we going and how shall we get all this there?"

"Oh a long, long way from here," came the reply. "But worry not, I shall help you and your equipment get there in time for she doesn't like to be kept waiting. And do not fear, your reward will be given to you sooner than you think."

'This figure also then waved its arms and muttered an unintelligible incantation and suddenly, by the same magick, they were standing in a forest.'

'As Norman approached a small run down cottage in a forest he knew not where, he was surprised to hear the familiar voice of his fellow shopkeeper, William the butcher. He was shouting and cursing, and demanding his gold.

'As promised, at exactly thirty minutes past the hour of nine there came a knock at the door of the candlestick maker's shop. As William and Norman had done before him, Samuel opened the door slowly, not knowing who to expect to be standing there.

'Neither tall nor short, the figure that stood before Samuel was tiny, so tiny that he at first thought no-one was there, until he looked down.'

"You are ready, maker of candles?" squeaked a child's voice. "You have all you need to make a hundred candles?"

"Apart from the tallow, yes," responded Samuel.

"Well, that will certainly become available soon," said the tiny voice. "Come follow me. We must not be late or she will be furious."

"But, where are we going? And how do we get there? Are not you a bit young to be out on your own?"

"Oh a long, long way from here," came the reply. "But worry not, I shall help you and your things get there. And do not fear, your reward will be given to you sooner than you think."

'This figure did as the others, and waved its arms and muttered an unintelligible incantation and suddenly, they were standing in a forest.

'As Samuel approached the same small run down cottage in the same forest, the location of which he also knew not, he was surprised to hear the familiar voices of his fellow shopkeepers, William the butcher and Norman the baker. They were both shouting and cursing, and demanding their gold.

"Ah, our last artisan has arrived. Good, excellent," cried the familiar voice of the old crone. "Strip him and put him in the tub with the others!"

'Samuel screamed and struggled as what seemed like a hundred pairs of hands clawed and ripped at his clothing.'

"But what of my skills, my help, my reward?!" shouted the candle-stick maker.

'The old crone tutted.'

"You are like your fellow tradesmen. You are all alike. Money. Greed. You are fools three!" she shouted above the pleadings of her victims. "That is your reward, my gullible three," and she pointed to an over-sized, black cauldron of water roiling as it sat upon a huge fire.

'They, all three, screamed and shouted in horror.'

"But who shall chop up?" cried the butcher. "Only I can do that. I shall do it for free!"

"But who shall bake?" cried the baker. "My expertise is unsurpassed, and I shall also do it for free!"

"But who shall prepare the candles?" cried the candle-stick maker. "There is skill involved you see. And I shall do it for free."

'The old crone cackled a long, horrifying laugh.'

"Listen to you each and every one. Bargaining for your life. Turning against each other to survive. You are knaves, all three! You think I need you, you, or you?" she cried pointing at each one in turn. "You think I need any of you to chop up meat and bone, or make pies and bread, or make candles?"

'She laughed again and the three men heard the sound of snorts, growls, chirps, howls, and other laughter coming from the figures that stood around the tub.'

"Bathe them and shave them. Remove the disgusting human stench from the bodies of these unwholesome simpletons. We have a feast to prepare, and these three will take some while to cook!"

'And so, the next night, as the festivities began in the bowels of the dark forest, a hundred candles flickered their light around the clearing. Wooden tables were bedecked with bread, pies and sweetmeats. And those pies were huge; their pastry surrounding the fresh delectable meat, the steam from its succulence rising into the still night. The cloaks and hoods were discarded and all manner of weird creatures and abominations danced by the light of the candles and fell head-, or snout-, or beak- or gaping maw-first into the fresh, heaving pies.'

Jack looked rather pale, and for a moment Aloysius thought that perhaps his story had been too much for the boy. There was what seemed like minutes of silence from the twelve-year old who had, by now, sat up in bed and was staring at his uncle. Eventually the silence was broken.

'But I thought bedtime and fairy stories were supposed to have happy endings?' asked the boy thoughtfully.

'They all live happily ever after you mean?' Aloysius laughed. 'But it did have a happy ending for the old crone and her friends. And they certainly did live happily ever after.'

Jack thought about this, and nodded seriously.

'But nursery rhymes are something completely different, Jack. So next time you sing one, think first before you utter their lines.'

*Rub a dub dub,
Three fools in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker.
Turn them out, knaves all three.*

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.

XII

There are people in life whom it seems that you are unable to shake off, a bit like a bad smell. They keep on coming back into your life at the most inopportune times, causing havoc and then disappearing again. I have told you all about the aetiology of my relationship with Danny bloody Miles earlier in this narrative, and - indeed - he has turned up in several of my books over the years. But Malcky and Ems are a different kettle of fish entirely.



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



In February 2006 my Father died. I inherited half the old family home here in North Devon, and as a result I got myself in hock up to my armpits in order to buy my brother's share of the estate. I also inherited about £20,000, and to my horror, various people who had been involved in my activities for varying lengths of time, decided that it was their duty to help me spend it, often without my knowledge or agreement. Malcky, an irritating sports instructor from Lancashire who had been doing various bits and bobs to do with our annual conference, was one of these, and with the benefit of hindsight I now know that he was robbing me blind. But I cannot prove it.

Things got worse when he met a fat and vindictive woman called Emmileee (am I the only person who dislikes alternative phonetic spellings of female names?) on a message board for Mods. Yes, you know, those people that Pete Townshend sang about who trundled

up the A23 from London to Brighton on Lambrettas. The idea of either the gawky, ridiculously self satisfied Malcky or the morbidly obese woman who was soon to become his wife, on a scooter is a disturbing one, but as far as I am aware this story is completely true. Emmileee soon claimed she was pregnant and a hastily convened wedding service took place at a village church just outside Barnstaple.

Corinna and I were guests of honour (probably because we were the only people that either of them knew who had a video camera that they hadn't got in hock at

the local office of Cash Converters). So we found ourselves roped into filming the whole tawdry affair, and I believe that it is still up on You Tube. If you are able to find it, you will - no doubt - notice that bits of the service, and what happened afterwards, are shaking badly, giving all the indications that the cameraman was suffering from Parkinson's Disease.

The cameraman was me, and - although recently I have been sent to the specialist at North Devon District Hospital with Parkinson's-like symptoms - back in 2008, I had no such neurosurgical complications in my life. I was merely laughing uncontrollably at the freak show which unfolded beneath me, and was - despite my wife's vicious glares in my direction - unable to keep the camera still.

The service was totally excruciating.

The Bride shuffled up the aisle to the accompaniment of a song by Elvis Presley

which cut off mid-line as she reached the side of the Groom resplendent in dinner jacket and purple cummerbund. I had tried to explain to him that Dinner Jackets were for evening wear, and that the appropriate wear would be Morning Dress, and that to insist that all the men wore evening wear for a daytime event was just vulgar. However, he stared at me gormlessly, and obviously had no idea what I was talking about and as I really did not care that much, I let the matter drop.

The Bride's dress looked like it was something from a touring production of Alice in Wonderland, and revealed far more of her rather unattractive décolletage than anyone could possibly have thought seemly.

As is the modern fashion, both the Bride and the Bridegroom had tinkered with the vows that are in The Book of Common Prayer, but as the Bride was chewing gum, and the Groom had an unfortunate bout of sinusitis one could only understand about one word in three that they said.

Then after they shuffled off into the Vestry to sign the registry, The Groom's sister, a statuesque lesbian covered in tattoos got up to sing a tuneless version of one of the more irritating modern hymns whilst accompanied by an organist who gave every indication of not having actually played his instrument before. Then we all trooped outside where I was able to let my long held ambition to be the Devonshire equivalent of John Waters reach some degree of fruition as I filmed the freak show that took place.

Let's start with the bridesmaids. There seemed to be dozens of them, all wearing massively skimpy outfits

which ranged between inappropriate and arrestably obscene. Two of them were very obviously pregnant, but most of them were heavily made up and about eleven years old. All wore dresses so diaphanous that one could clearly see the expanses of podgy flesh that lay beneath. No sooner had the congregation trooped outside than 90% of the adults started to smoke, something to which the vicar objected. Marching over to the Bride's mother who was there with her Jamaican toy boy, he asked her politely not to smoke on consecrated ground only to have the Jamaican shake his fist at him and mutter something belligerent of which the only word I understood was "Raasclaat" (which is why I knew he was Jamaican).

I hope for his sake that the vicar didn't know what he meant, but he obviously got the gist of it, because he quickly went and locked the church door, and we didn't see him for the rest of the day.

The Groom's family, whom I knew vaguely (except for the lesbian sister who was actively engaged in trying to press her advances upon





The Song of

PANNE

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

one of the pregnant bridesmaids) looked mortified. His mother, wearing a peculiar netting hat that looked like the things old fashioned tea houses at the posher end of the spectrum used to use to keep flies off the cream buns, tried her best to look as if she was proud of her son's part in the freakshow (and yes, I know that I have used that word liberally quite a lot in this description, but for once my thesaurus has let me down) unfolding in front of him, but her husband made no effort at all. Her husband had been a minor member of staff for one of the less popular and most ineffectual British politicians of recent years, and his family was very proud of this

I wonder whether Sir Peter will be coming to the wedding, Malcky and Ems had gushed. Although I was by no means a fan of the right honourable gentleman I so hoped that he would be there. The idea of arranging a photo opportunity for him and the Bride's mother, who by this time was smooching like a hormonised-up teenager with the bad tempered Jamaican youth, was too delightful a prospect to miss.

There was a scuffle as the boyfriend of the pregnant bridesmaid objected to his girlfriend having her buttocks fondled by the Groom's lesbian sister, and out of the corner of my eye I could see the Bride's father refreshing himself out of a small bottle of brandy that he had secreted in the inside pocket of his jacket.

What a good idea, I thought, and did exactly the same thing.

Then we walked up the hill to the Church Hall where the reception was to take place. I felt that my reputation as a cinema vérité cinematographer was at stake, so - ignoring my dear wife's angry glances - I made sure that I was following the pregnant bridesmaid (who was, by the way, wearing an unfeasibly short purple satin dress) up the hill filming the way that her cellulite rippled in the autumn sunshine.

Not entirely to my surprise, the Church Hall door was locked, presumably by the retreating vicar. To my surprise, even the bellicose Jamaican tough balked at kicking open the

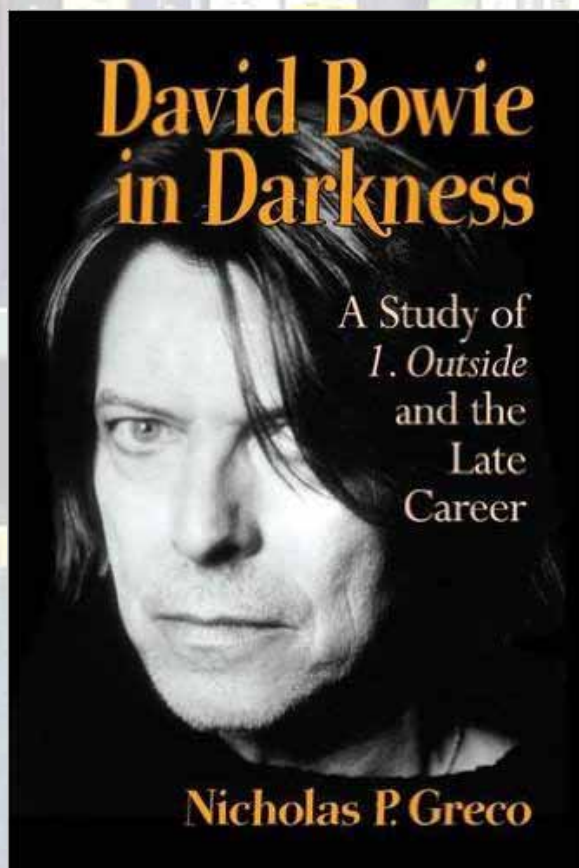
door of a building which was - after all - attached to the Church. But the Father of the Bride proved his worth by refreshing himself once again from his little bottle of brandy, reaching into another pocket for a small but functional jemmy and forcing the lock. I don't think he or anyone else realised that I was filming the whole thing.

We trooped into the Church Hall, and I took my place next to the small line of Wedding Dignitaries which is now *de rigueur* at even the most informal of events. There they were: The Bride (still chewing gum), The Groom (who had been sharing a suspiciously long cigarette with his new Mother-in-Law's boyfriend, and looked distinctively worse for wear), The Bride's Mother (who was scratching her ample buttocks), the Bride's Father who seemed to bear no animosity towards his ex-wife, and slouched there shiftily, and the parents of the Groom who just looked as if they wished that they could be anywhere else in the world at that moment, and wished the ground would swallow them up.

The Groom's Father saw me positioning myself to film the unlikely group preparing to welcome the assorted wedding guests. "For God's sake don't film me," he muttered, pressing twenty quid into my hand. Like so many smalltime wannabe politicians he was apparently a sexist, because the fact that Corinna was at the other end of the queue filming away merrily completely passed under his radar.

So I pocketed the twenty quid, and sloped off to share the rest of the Jamaican boyfriend's spliff. It turned out that his name was Calvin, he had been to Eton, and the only time he put on the patois of a down at heel Yardie, was when he wanted to appear like one. He was, apparently a relative of the Jamaican High Commissioner, training to be an accountant, and with only two vices; a taste for marijuana and a penchant for fat working class women twice his age. Tout comprendre c'est rien pardonner. I could understand one of those vices, but the other was totally incomprehensible.

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



Paperback: 232 pages
Publisher: McFarland & Co Inc (30 Nov. 2015)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 0786494107
ISBN-13: 978-0786494101

Years ago, when I was starting my second - inauspicious - term at Public School, I got hold of a copy of a book called *Twilight of the Gods* by Prof. Wilfred Mellers. Actually I nicked it, but that is another, and not very edifying, story altogether. It is one of those books that has gone into rock music history as overblown bullshit, but I have to admit that I enjoyed it a lot, and somewhere in my enormous collection of uncatalogued books, I think I have it still. Because I already knew

most of the music he wrote about, and had my own emotional connection to it, the book struck a chord with me that few other books of serious musicology have done. Twenty years later I read *Revolution in the Head* by Ian MacDonald, which has not only gone down in history as the greatest book of Beatlesology, but contributed a phrase to one of the only Oasis songs that wasn't bollocks, and much though I admired it, I felt that it didn't really hold a candle to Mellers' text, which had probably said all that needed to be said on the subject years before.

At around about the time that *Revolution in the Head* came out, David Bowie released a record called 1. Outside, which was allegedly the first of five albums to be released annually during the last five years of the Millenium. Bowie said at the time:

"Overall, a long-term ambition is to make it a series of albums extending to 1999—to try to capture, using this device, what the last five years of this millennium feel like. It's a diary within the diary. The narrative and the stories are not the content—the content is the spaces in between the linear bits. The queasy, strange, textures.... Oh, I've got the fondest hopes for the fin de siecle. I see it as a symbolic sacrificial rite. I see it as a deviance, a pagan wish to appease gods, so we can move on. There's a real spiritual starvation out there being filled by these mutations of what are barely remembered rites and rituals. To take the place of the void left by a non-authoritative church. We have this panic button telling us it's gonna be a colossal madness at the end of this century."

The record told a story, which is expanded in the liner notes which feature a short story by Bowie, the *Diary of Nathan Adler*, which outlines a somewhat dystopian version of the year 1999 in which the government, through its arts commission, had created a new bureau to investigate the phenomenon of Art

North Devon Firefly Faery Fayre & Ball 2016

Saturday 23rd July

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

Faery Fayre 12 noon - 4pm Tel: 01237 441999

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STALLS, WORKSHOPS, LIVE BANDS, FOOD ALL DAY

Crime. In this future, murder and mutilation of bodies had become a new underground art craze. The main character, Nathan Adler, was in the business of deciding what of this was legally acceptable as art and what was, in a word, trash. The album is filled with references to characters and their lives as he investigates the complicated events leading up to the murder of a fourteen-year-old girl. One is meant to assume that Bowie's character, Nathan Adler, works for the British government due to several references to the cities of London and Oxford, but in the liner notes these are revealed to be, at least in some cases, London, Ontario and Oxford, New Jersey, indicating that the entire story may take place in North America—or, indeed, that the distinction between the two places has become blurred and indistinguishable.

I saw David Bowie play live for the first and only time on this tour, and together with my then wife and various friends (including various members of my band) we were ushered into a cavernous barn which is usually used for cattle shows, and saw an over loud, very slick and mostly unengaging performance by a man called David Robert Jones who was just shy of his fiftieth birthday. As I was only in my mid-thirties at the time this seemed an unseemly age to be prancing up and down on a stage, but we

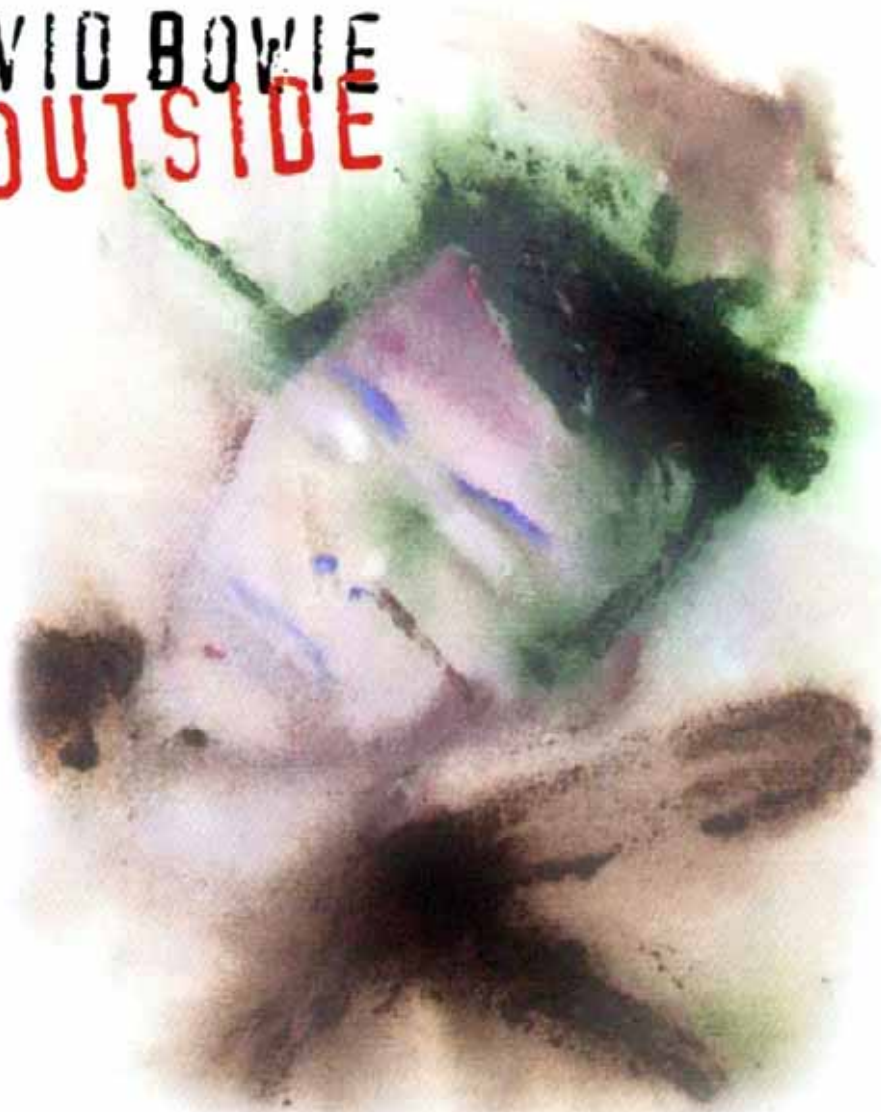
went to see him anyway.

You have to remember that between Scary Monsters (1980) and Heathen (2002) every David Bowie album was hailed as the "return to form" which it most obviously wasn't to everyone except the kids who had been brought up in the shadow of Ziggy Stardust and the Thin White Duke, who so desperately wanted their guru to be relevant again, when he wasn't being. The received wisdom had always been that the glass spider bollocks of Never Let me Down, had been utter dreck, and that Labyrinth had no real cultural relevance to anyone over the age of fourteen, but everyone conveniently forgot that, as they tried desperately to claim that the "leper messiah" had still got what it takes to float whatever specific boat they had been on.

And so, when in 1995, the thin white bloke (who was not so thin, but thinner than me, and still white) released an incomprehensible melange of stories, songs and images about a fourteen year old girl being mutilated by an unknown artist, and wrapped in a vague amount of social comment about body art and ritualistic tribal mutilation, and rock and roll pundits from across the world claimed that it was the long awaited Bowie masterpiece. I tried hard to agree, but apart from 'Strangers when we Meet' and 'I have not been to Oxford Town'

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf

DAVID BOWIE 1. OUTSIDE



it was singularly short on tunes, and the thing about David Bowie at his best was that he could always be the master of a good tune.

I lived with the album for a few weeks, which coincidentally coincided with me seeing Bowie on stage for the first and only time in my life, and then basically gave up on it. For the record I thought his drum and bass album *Earthling* a couple of years later was much better, but that is another story. 1.

Outside stayed on the back burner for me, only ever reappearing on my personal playlist on those vaguely OCD occasions where I soundtracked my life as a writer and editor by playing all Bowie's albums in order on Spotify.

But as far as the convoluted story was concerned, I hadn't paid it any attention for years....until now. This is one of the first books of analytical musicology that I have struggled through in the (nearly) four

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



decades since I first read 'Twilight of the Gods' and believe me, I truly did my best to appreciate it, if not like it. But I don't.

The book claims that: "As an artist, David Bowie is widely considered a "chameleon," shedding one persona to create a new one and thus staying popular, relevant and compelling. In reality, Bowie is able to work with the resources around him to create something new, causing many to see him as a sort of lone artist rather than a collaborator in the creation of his own celebrity.

Since mid-career, Bowie has presented himself as a figure in darkness, progressively more hidden. He requires an audience for his continued celebrity but works against that audience in the creation—or rather the destruction—of his star image. This tension is made clear in his 1995 album

1. Outside, which has him performing for an audience while simultaneously shunning them. This book explores Bowie's negotiation of his celebrity during his later career, with particular focus on 1. Outside, an album symptomatic of deep-seated societal and personal anxiety."

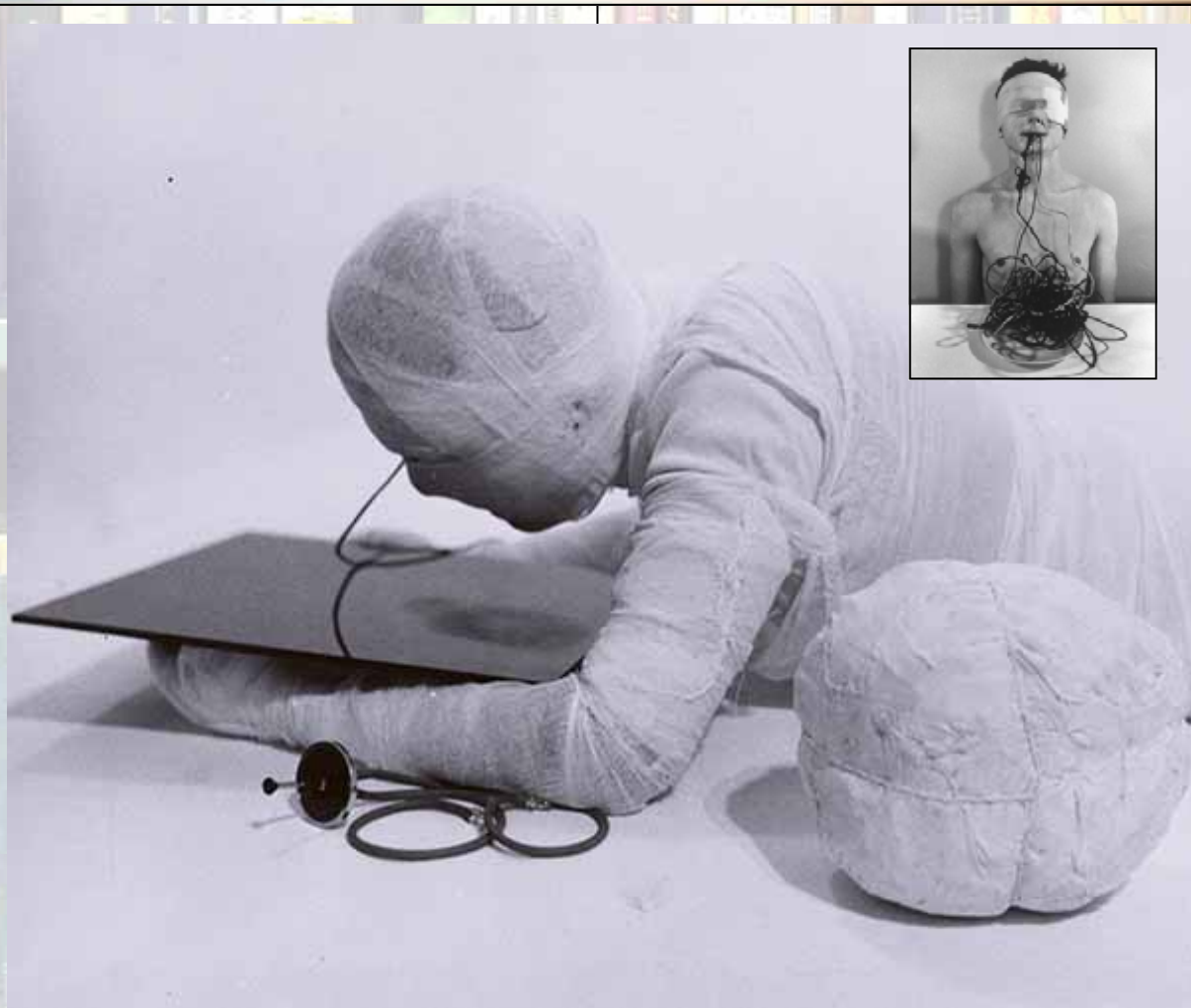
The problem with this book is that it veers between stating the bleeding obvious, and citing such arcane sources on the subject of the late 20th and 21st century habit of body modification. Unfortunately, whilst I suppose that the references cited may bring one closer to understanding why people tattoo and pierce and scarify their bodies, this book neither tells us, nor makes more than the vaguest attempt to explain why this has any relevance to the David Bowie album in question.

Neither does it explain the author's thesis that 1. Outside is a pivotal part of the trajectory of Bowie's later career. About thirty years ago, Pete and Leni Gillman wrote 'Alias David Bowie', a book which claimed - quite convincingly - that Bowie's career was largely a reaction to his relationship with his mentally ill brother Terry. It was a cogent and plausible hypothesis, and I would be very interested to read an updated version or even a sequel.

Greco, however, like so many academics, lacks the common touch, and whilst he spends 220 pages arguing his thesis, I truly am not that sure what his thesis actually was, and at the end of it (having relistened to the album, and reread the story which came with it) I don't actually care.

However, this is the chance I have been waiting for. I always claim that this magazine is unique in the annals of rock and roll publishing. It is certainly, as far as I am aware, the only magazine whose Christmas bumper issue brings you this little factoid.

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



Rudolf Schwarzkogler (13 November 1940, Vienna – 20 June 1969, Vienna) was an Austrian performance artist closely associated with the Viennese Actionism group that included artists Günter Brus, Otto Mühl, and Hermann Nitsch.

He is best known today for photographs depicting his series of closely controlled "Aktionen" featuring such iconography as a dead fish, a dead chicken, bare light bulbs, colored liquids, bound objects, and a man wrapped in gauze. The enduring themes of Schwarzkogler's works involved experience of pain and mutilation, often in an incongruous clinical context, such as 3rd Aktion (1965) in which a patient's head

swathed in bandages is being pierced by what appears to be a corkscrew, producing a bloodstain under the bandages. They reflect a message of despair at the disappointments and hurtfulness of the world.

Chris Burden once remarked that a 1970s Newsweek article, which had mentioned himself and Schwarzkogler, had embarrassingly misreported that Schwarzkogler had died by slicing off his penis during a performance.

This was even reported in a biography of Adam Ant of all people. But luckily for Rudolf, it is not true. He actually died after falling out of a window!



ROCK and ROLL

a cabinet of curiosities

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

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

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

Mr Ed came up with the idea of presenting this issue's contenders for the gaily festooned and fairylight-covered cabinet of curiosities in the style of the Twelve Days of Christmas, which to be fair, was a pretty good notion, although at first I thought he was joking.

So, full of enthusiasm and good intentions I thought I would give it my best shot, and spent a good hour at around 1 o'clock this morning humming the tune over and over to try to get each of the following to fit. I gave up. I told myself, yes he was joking and satisfied myself with that thought so as not to feel completely and utterly useless at my failure to rise to the challenge.



THE BITCH IS BACK



Life Size Elvis Presley - £750

"Life Size Elvis Presley statue (special limited product) Remarkable life size Elvis replica. Take a look at the incredible detail on the cape. Full size fibreglass creation. This is a very special item which will enhance any room. Certain to be the centre of attention, a real showstopper and talking point. Great PR and conversation piece."

A cape that converts into one of those Bucks Fizz Eurovision unwrappable skirts, or is that one of those Bucks Fizz Eurovision unwrappable skirts that converts into a cape? That's a showstopper alrighty. Elvis in a skirt. Oh come on...look at the photo!

Grateful Dead BushWhacked Bertha Golf Bag - US \$1,499.99

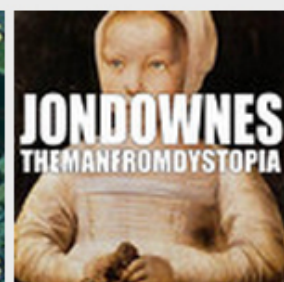
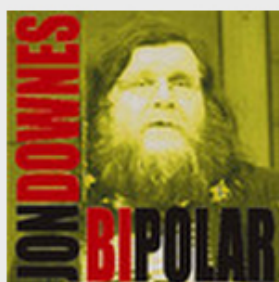
"This is a very rare find, it is one of two that I have listed here...it is in MINT condition, still in the plastic it was shipped in originally...any questions please ask."



So it's rare and this guy has two - does that make this one medium rare?

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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



The Avengers Colour Picture Story in 26 Diana Magazines from 1966 & 1967 - £675

I have noticed this magazine in the musical listings for months now, and I still cannot fathom why it is there so I thought I would chuck it in here, in recognition of the advertiser's tenacity if nothing else. Plus I used to get this when I was younger, while my brother got the *Eagle*. However, he still has his copies whilst mine went to the great magazine graveyard in the city dump. Perhaps the seller thinks The Avengers was the name of a group? Perhaps it was, although I can find no trace of them.

**ONE DIRECTION AUTHENTIC SIGNED
ONESIE SIZE M UNIQUE MERCHANDISE
- GIFT FOR XMAS - £600.00**



“One Direction unisex onesie size M, this onesie is signed by all members of 1D including ZAYN MALIK. Unique merchandise perfect for Christmas - The only one of it's kind!!!! Won at auction for children's charity, red & black design with accompanying dust bag.”

I really must stop thinking about how Mr Ed would look dressed in one of these. In fact, I must also stop imagining how I would look dressed in one of these. Neither is a pretty sight to imagine I can assure you, and I am sure Mr Ed would agree with my musings.

Yellow Submarine - Full size facade of the famous Beatles 'Yellow Submarine' - £5,999.00



E. E. HUTCHINSON,
(Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 180 MAIN ST.
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in HARNESSES, SADDLES, BRIDLES, Coach, Gharry and Draft COLLARS. Also, Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags. Coach Gigs and Tug WHIPS, &c. Repairing done at short notice.
Worcester, Jan 18

Office:—HARNDEN & CO.'S Office, 3 Cent. Street
Boston; J. H. KNIGHT'S HAT STORE, 167 N. Main St.
Worcester. E. C. LEONARD.
Feb. 25, 1887. dir

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
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will also receive and forward the same.



totally and utterly pernicious to the point of slander

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
(INCORPORATED)

right now, so I am just going to move swiftly on, have a cup of tea and wait for it all to blow over.

**BLACK SABBATH 1999 CONCERT TOUR
PROMO HAND PAINTED SKATEBOARD
MINT RARE -
US \$1,500.00**

“YOU ARE LOOKING AT
A ORIGINAL PROMOTION SKATEBOARD FROM
THE BAND BLACK SABBATH FOR
THE TOUR OF 1999 IN WHICH THE BAND
PANTERA OPENED UP FOR SABBATH.
THE SKATEBOARD IS MINT & NEVER
USED WITH NO DEFECTS. MEASUREMENTS
ARE 32"LONG, 8" WIDE & ABOUT 4"DEEP.

All four of the skateboard's wheels feature the
Black Sabbath logo, with the slogan “Never Say
Die” and a pair of yin-and-yang twins featured on
the deck. I purchased the item, which was still
sealed, at Sabbath's Pittsburgh stop, which took
place on February 19, 1999 the last show of the tour

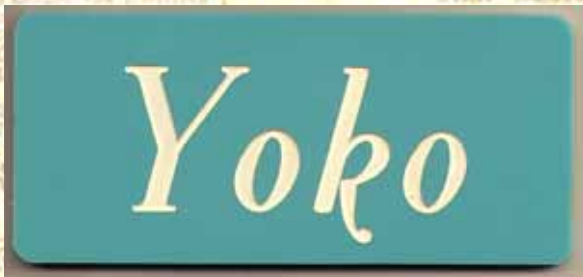
GREAT FOR A BAR OR A MAN CAVE,
DEFINITELY A ATTENTION GETTER”

Don't females skateboard then? SEXIST! Auction
void!



**SUPER RARE YOKO ONO DOOR PLATE
FROM TITTENHURST PARK JOHN
LENNON THE BEATLES - £529.99**

“Here we have a Yoko name plate. this was on the
door of her 1st floor office at Tittenhurst Park. This
plate came from gardener/handyman of Tittenhurst
Park between 1977-79, sometime in late 1978 he
was instructed by Peter Brown (who was in charge
of the house & estate) to clear the house of all of
John & Yoko's belongings as Ringo was going to be
moving in permanently, he was told that he could
keep a few items for himself, this is one of the items
he kept.

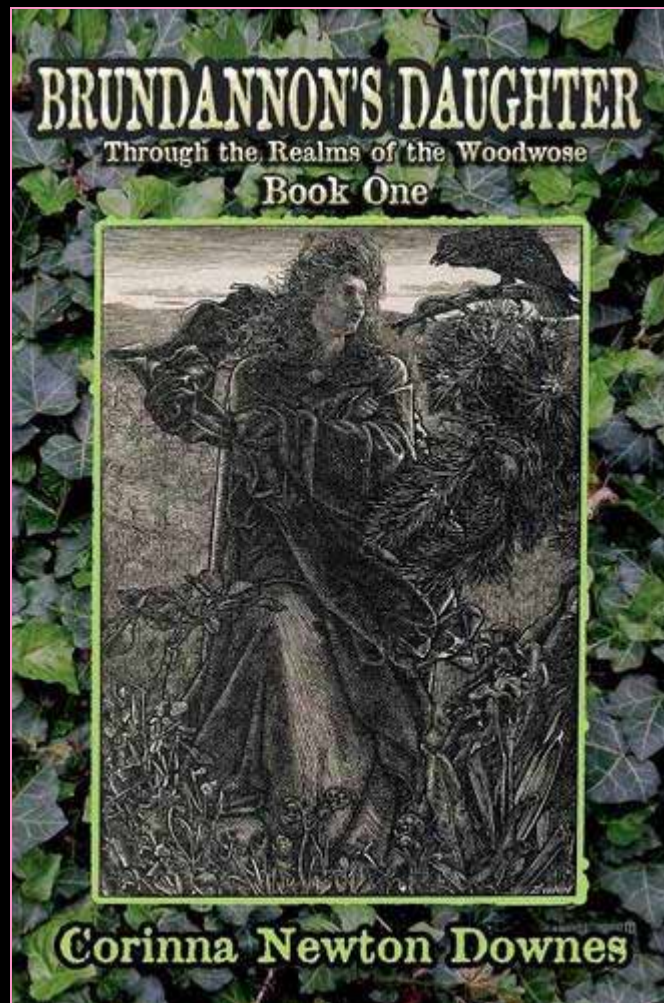


The plate is sized 2" X 4" approx & is in very good
condition. This is an incredibly rare item as anything
found from any of the Beatles' houses are very
seldom seen.

A signed letter (copy) from the gardener/handyman
accompanies this great lot.”

Apart from sniggering at the thought of a signed
letter from the handyman, I can't think of anything
to say, except that you can't make many words out
of the letters in the name 'Yoko'. I can make at
least ten other words out of the letters that make up
my name. But then I don't have a handyman who
can give me a signed letter so I guess I will have to
call it quits.





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.

And so, boys and girls, we come to the end of the year's round up of news stories appertaining to what is probably the world's longest running prog rock band.

Once again there is a nice mix of things for you all. Unsurprisingly the tributes to, and stories about the late Chris Squire keep coming in. I was surprised, however, to read Billy Sherwood's quote about how close the band came to calling it a day.

"No one was sure if Yes was going to continue, with me at the tip of that spear. I wasn't sure. Will these people accept me here? I understand the pain – but will this work? To my surprise, I'm very happy to say the majority of Yes fans are rallying behind the band right now."

- Chris Squire Steve Howe of Yes 1976 cover Bob Dylan "Positively 4th Street"
- Jon Anderson And Jean-Luc Ponty On World Café
- YES FUTURE WAS IN DOUBT

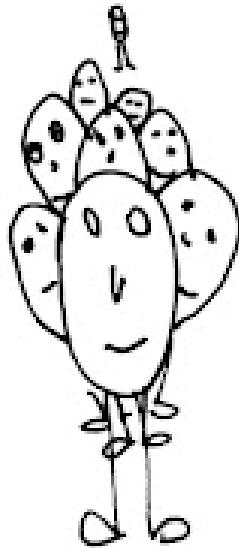
WHEN SQUIRE DIED - SHERWOOD

- ARTICLE ABOUT RICK WAKEMAN FROM NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS, JUNE 7, 1975
- Yes, "Perpetual Change" from The Yes Album (1971): YESTerdays
- Top 5: Best Yes Albums
- Rick Wakeman on the 700 Club
- Alan White on His First Rehearsal with Yes in 1972

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...



"My name is Hermes Poppadopolis
and I am the Saviour Of The Universe"



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

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

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

Emit Bloch:

Dictaphones vol. 1

(Lost Dogs/One Little Indian, 2010)

What? The future of the music industry... well; Steve Lamacq said something along those lines.

This spontaneous and animated collection caused a double stir on release. Firstly Bloch – who'd been around the business for a long time – nailed an opinionated, loose and rambling collection that evoked everything from Hasil Adkins' levels of infectiously direct songs to the endless verbal invention and interplay of chord structures and vocal inflections that made early Dylan so great. Bloch sings and drops into speech on songs like "Dorothy" telling tales peopled with an endless list of characters rubbing against each other, and in-the-moment life-events; all recounted

with the skill of a good storyteller. But the other reason Dictaphones... grabbed attention is staring you in the face. The album was named after the Sony Dictaphone on which the entire performance – originally intended as demos – was recorded. Which is why DJ Steve Lamacq came to suggest the financially beleaguered music industry might learn something from the exercise.

The genius Bloch brings to this low-fi wonder is the ability to raise and lower his voice and adjust the attack on his bashing and strumming of the guitar to get the most from the very limited sound quality. The glowing reviews – of which there were many – went as far as to compare Dictaphones... to the early field recordings of Alan Lomax (who collected and chronicled American folk songs). Dictaphones... has the doggedness and assertion of legendary early blues recordings, and also some of the ramshackle stumbling along – complete with changes in timing and pace – heard on collections like Charles Manson's prison recordings. It's more country than blues (although it is easily in both camps) and as much in your face as in your ear. But, the bargain recording budget and character-ridden songs work time and time again to give Dictaphones... a personal magic that escapes the technical limitations. It should be noted here that the few bad reviews that beset the album often made their hatred of the sound quality the mainstay of their argument. When it works –

which is most of the time – Dictaphones... does get its point across. High points include a rambling talking blues with harmonica cut "Married Creature" that imagines long-term married couples as existing in a world oblivious and aloof from the rest of society, refraining: "There's a creature called the couple that's been married too long."

At times the sound gives out completely, jarring harmonica wails overpower everything else for a second or two and Bloch's control of the level of his voice in the – one-take mono – mix does slip occasionally. But his country twang and choppy guitar push most of Dictaphones along at a pace that leaves the worst moments behind very quickly.





Cave Growl

Cave Growl was a folk metal band, from Paris in France, that was formed in 2002, but unfortunately disbanded in 2014.

Members were:

Tritt / Bagpipe, guitars, vocals
Trowl / Fiddle
Remi / Guitar
Burn / Bass
Lagodas / Drums
Chazoul / Keyboards

The band took its main inspirations in traditional Irish and Celtic melodies.



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Metal Archives



You Tube

Sons of War

Ace Of Beer

And so we come to the end of another issue, and another year. The next issue will be the "ring out the old, ring in the new, blah blah blah" issue, and will be out round about the 2nd January, depending how drunk everyone on the team gets. Despite everything that I have said, and indeed written, about Christmas over the years, I do rather like the *lassaiz faire* permission that it grants to everyone to be mildly unprofessional for a change.

I am always rather impressed when I look at our activities with as unbiased an eye as I can, to note that we do generally get things done on schedule, despite the fact that the editor is a chronically ill weirdo, and all the editorial staff are unpaid volunteers. To put out a magazine every week of the year except for Christmas is, I think, quite an impressive achievement. But then again, I would say that wouldn't I?

I hope that I am not boring you unduly by repeating myself, but we are living in very peculiar times, and I have a sneaking suspicion that they are not going to get less peculiar any time soon. The world needs good vibes now, perhaps more than it ever has, and in a world where the powers of law and order seem intent on driving us apart from each other, I truly believe that magazines like this one, and the close knit, though surprisingly disparate tribe of musicians, artists and writers that has grown up around us, is something that will become increasingly important as the world spins



further on through space and towards whatever adventure faces us all next.

The team and I thank you for supporting us for the last year, and thank you for giving us the impetus to carry on doing what we do as 2015 is replaced by 2016 and we face another year

As the earth grows colder,
the winds blow faster,
the fire dwindles smaller,
and the rains fall harder,
let the light of the sun
find its way home.

Blessed be.

Jon and the gang



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