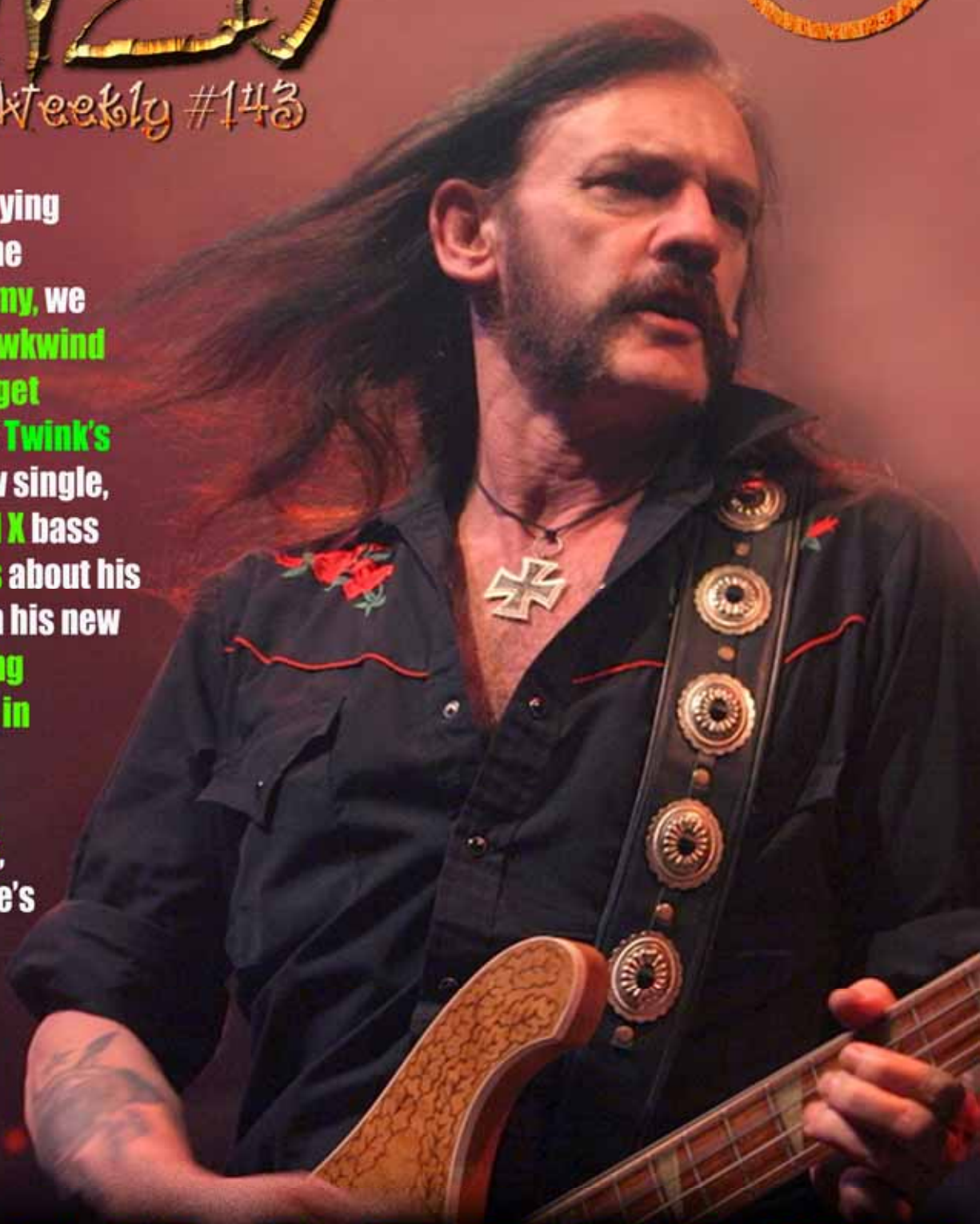


GONZO

Weekly #143

it's
free

As well as saying goodbye to the legendary **Lemmy**, we interview ex-**Hawkwind** chanteuse **Bridget Wishart**, look at **Twink's** remarkable new single, interview **Brand X** bass ace **Percy Jones** about his new record with his new band, do the "ring out the old, ring in the new" bit by looking back at the **best of 2015**, which by anyone's standards has been a weird old year.



VALE LEMMY



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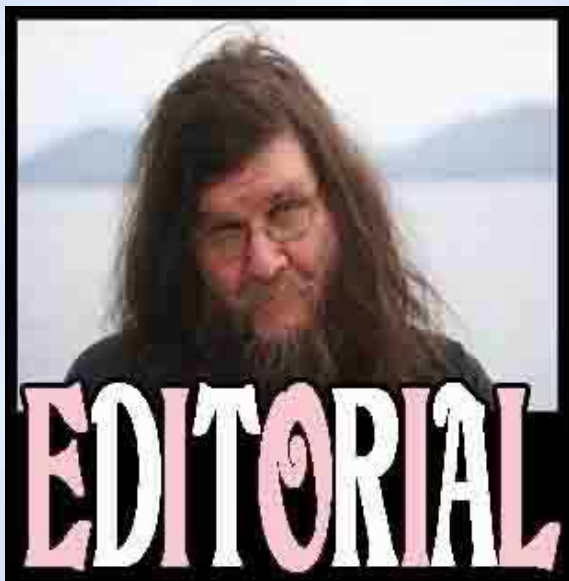
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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,

And so, what was planned to be an ordinary “ring in the old, ring out the new” (or is it the other way round?) type issue has completely gone out the window. Because Lemmy dying has completely let the cat amongst the cultural pigeons in a way that one suspects the old bugger would have enjoyed.

As my late Mother would have no doubt said, the Devil makes work for idle hands, and with most of the Gonzo scribes being at home with their loved ones, and presumably with their creative juices flowing, it soon became obvious that my planned issue for next weekend was going to be superseded by something else.

I was always impressed by Penny Rimbaud’s statement that the later Crass singles were issued as “tactical responses” to given situations.

I started off writing and editing Fanzines, and it is only for reasons of my own that I decided to issue this magazine like clockwork every Saturday, more recently every Friday.

But I think that the job of a magazine is a complex one, and I wouldn’t really like to clarify it into words, but it seems right that we document such an important event, (which does appear to be lifechanging for some people) into a special edition of *Gonzo Weekly*, so here it is. The next issue will



“What’s the Chancellor on?”



appear as normal on Friday the 8th or Saturday 9th.

It has been a strange sort of Christmas. It is not a time of the year that I am fond of, and I usually—despite my best intentions—end up doing something work related in my office. This is what I was doing yesterday when up popped a Facebook Instant Message from the legendary Twink.

Now, I am certain that anyone who is reading this will know who Twink is, but I was just going to give a potted biography of

him from Wikipedia just to explain to anyone who doesn’t actually realise what a big deal this actually is.

Twink’s Wikipedia entry begins: “John Charles Edward Alder (born 29 November 1944), better known as Twink, is an English drummer, singer and songwriter who was a central figure in the English psychedelic movement, and an actor. Recently, while still recording as Twink, Alder has converted to Islam and changed his name to Mohammed Abdullah.” But there is just so much information there, that I truly do not know how to compress it into a small paragraph.

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



But this is a man who has played in the seminal UK psych band Tomorrow, appearing the following year on their lone LP before forming the equally short-lived Aquarian Age, which disbanded after just one single, "10,000 Words in a Cardboard Box." He next joined the Pretty Things, appearing on their acclaimed rock opera effort S.F. Sorrow before exiting their ranks in 1969, at which time he began work on his solo debut, 1970's Think Pink. The sessions led to the formation of the Pink Fairies, which Twink founded with members of the psychedelic combo the Deviants; after completing their 1971 debut Never Never

Land, he left the lineup, returning to action the following year in Stars, a trio featuring legendary Pink Floyd alum Syd Barrett and bassist Jack Monk. Stars' career proved remarkably brief -- Barrett walked offstage halfway through their debut live appearance and did not return -- and Twink spent the better part of the decade accepting infrequent session dates, also participating in a 1975 Pink Fairies reunion before finally issuing the solo EP Do It (With the Fairies) three years later.

And that only takes the story up to the end of the 1970s. I have interviewed him a couple of

times, and we are 'Facebook Friends' which means everything and nothing as any fule kno. But when he IMd me yesterday with a link to the video of his forthcoming new single, I stopped what I was doing and gave it a listen.

Check out the link below to see why.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A5_KZh5r3-U&feature=youtu.be

'What's the Chancellor on?' is a scabrous slice of freakbeat of the sort that one really doesn't expect from a 71 year old. On his latest album (reviewed elsewhere this issue) Twink embraces his baroque, musical side. But here he lets his freak flag fly, and with good cause.

We are living in strange and disturbing times, and for Twink, returning to the UK after years abroad, the times must seem even more strange and disturbing as the media frenzy whips up a hate for the members of his faith which is both unprecedented and unjustified.

Well may Twink ask the question, what are the politicians doing? What drug are they on? And certainly what trip are they on?

Most politicians are usually fired purely by their own self interest, or by the vested interests of those who put them into power, but in recent years those placed in power over us seem to be even more peculiarly out of sync with reality than ever.

Musically this record returns to the angry R&B of his youth, with guitars and harmonica swirling around each other like the tentacles of a malevolent giant squid. I have spent much of today writing my review of the records that were the soundtrack to my 2015. This record, if I am not mistaken, is the first classic cut of 2016, and the year hasn't even started yet!

Slainte



Lemmy, Twink, Madonna, Eddie Redmayne, Elton John, Radiohead, David Coverdale, Jackie Wilson, Eric Burdon, Strange Harvest, Friday Night Progressive, Jaki Windmill, Ian Fraser "Lemmy" Kilmister, John "Brad" Bradbury, Paul Walden, Joe Houston, Andrew Michael "Andy" Stewart, Stephen Carlton "Stevie" Wright, William Franklin Guest, Johnny Winter, 13th Floor Elevators, Spirits Burning, The Pirates, Michael Jackson, Dee Palmer, Freddie King, The Selecter, Ducks De Luxe, Alexis Korner, James Brown, John Lee Hooker, John Brodie-Good, Ian Abrahams, Mark Raines, New Order, Belle and Sebastian, Bob Dylan, Richard Thompson, Ibeyi, AndersonPonty Band, Auburn, John Carpenter, Downes Braide Association, Steven Wilson, Anglagard, Martin Barre, Gryphon, Camel, Alan Parsons, Robert Plant, Dungen, Kansas, Ty Segall, Blancmange, Percy Jones, Bridget Wishart, Roy Weard, Mr Biffo, Hawkwind, Nadine Rider, Neil Nixon, Thomas Bloch

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



THE GONZO WEEKLY

all the gonzo news that's fit to print

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,

(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)

Graham Inglis,

(Columnist, Staff writer, *Hawkwind* nut)

Bart Lancia,

(My favourite roving reporter)

Thom the World Poet,

(Bard in residence)

C.J.Stone,

(Columnist, commentator and all round good egg)

Kev Rowland,

(Kiwi Reviewer)

Lesley Madigan,

Photographer *par excellence*

Douglas Harr,

(Staff writer, columnist)

Jessica Taylor,

(PA and laughing at drunk pop stars)

Richard Freeman,

(Scary stuff)

Dave McMann,

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

Orrin Hare,

(Sybarite and literary *bon viveur*)

Mark Raines,

(Cartoonist)

Davey Curtis,

(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee

(Pop Culture memorabilia)

Dean Phillips

(The House Wally)

Rob Ayling

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

and **Peter McAdam**

(McDada in residence)

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

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

Contact us with bribes and free stuff:

Jonathan Downes,

Editor: *Gonzo Daily* (Music and More)

Editor: *Gonzo Weekly* magazine

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Woolfardisworthy,

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Fax+44 (0)7006-074-925

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

WAY TO GO! I have no idea who he is, but I am impressed to hear that British actor Eddie Redmayne threw up at an Oscars afterparty hosted by pop icon Madonna. *The Theory of Everything* star was joined by Jennifer Lawrence for an appearance on U.K. chat series *The Graham Norton Show*, and during the interview they discovered they had both vomited at the 2014 bash thrown by Madonna and her manager Guy Oseary at his mansion in California after the Academy Awards.

Jennifer, who had previously confessed to the embarrassing incident, was recalling other vomit scenarios and said, "And I threw up at Madonna's party - on the porch!" and Eddie added, "This something I have never admitted to the world, but I puked at Madonna's party too!" It is not the first time Eddie has been sick during awards season - he had to pull out of presenting a prize at the 2013 British Academy of Film and Television Arts (BAFTA) awards as he came down with the food

poisoning backstage. **Read on...**

TA RA REG: Sir Elton John's former PR specialist has thanked the star for the "memorable experiences" they shared. The British singer worked with Gary Farrow for 35 years, but they professional relationship has now ended. Gary has paid tribute to the musical legend, admitting the decision to go their separate ways was a tough one.

"After some serious thought, and with a heavy heart, I can no longer continue my professional duties as Elton John's personal PR," he said in a statement. "Contractual, media, and PR directional differences between Elton's new management and myself have proved wider than I ever imagined and leave me with little option but to leave. It simply remains for me to thank Elton for all the memorable experiences we have shared." **Read on...**



THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

THE NAME IS YORKE, THOM YORKE:

Radiohead were asked to write and record a theme for the new James Bond movie Spectre but the producer's of the movie rejected it, instead going with Sam Smith. Radiohead's Thom Yorke revealed the story and the song via Twitter on Christmas Day telling fans,

"Last year we were asked to write a tune for Bond movie Spectre. Yes we were. It didn't work out ... but became something of our own which we love very much. As the year closes we thought you might like to hear it. Merry Christmas. May the force be with you"

Read on (link to song stream)...

CHILD OUT OF TIME: David Coverdale almost called it quits earlier this year. Coverdale had intended on making Whitesnake's Deep Purple covers album, The Purple Album, his musical swan song but changed his mind after finding he was still enjoying playing that rock and roll.

David told Metropolis Radio in Macedonia (via Blabbermouth) "Well, it's interesting, because when I was mixing The Purple Album with my co-producer Michael McIntyre and Reb [Beach], it felt to me...You know, I was 63 years old, and I'm going, 'Man, how long do I have to do this? This would be a perfect closure for me — to finish as I started.' But it's just kind of... In essence, it's re-energized me. I still write new music. We'll be recording some new music next year. But it's just revitalized me... re-renergized. That's all I can say. So any ideas that I had six months ago of retiring... I was totally honest, when I was making interviews, that I thought, you know, 'This is probably it.' But I had an incredibly good time on this U.S. tour with my musicians. It was incredible." **Read on...**

THIS IS JUST WEIRD: Get ready for the late, great Jackie Wilson to once again grace the stage. Wilson, a member of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, has seen his slip from the upper echelon of rock and R&B's greatest entertainers but, make no mistake, his stage show lived up with the best of the

Starting in 2017, the world will once again be able to see the late entertainers show via a hologram being developed by Hologram USA who got their big break in 2012 with the projection of Tupac Shakur on the Coachella stage. They have since done or are working on holograms of Whitney Houston, Dean Martin, Nat King Cole, Buddy Holly, Roy Orbison, Billie Holiday, Patsy Cline and many more. Hologram USA CEO Alki David said "Everything you expect from an exciting 'rock star' stage show was invented by Jackie Wilson: the leaps, spins and back-flips, not to mention his amazing four-octave range."

Wilson had a couple of minor hits in 1957 before bursting on the scene the following year with Lonely Teardrops. He would continue to score top ten hits over the next ten years with Night, Alone at Last, My Empty Arms, Baby Workout and (Your Love Keeps Lifting Me) Higher and Higher. **Read on...**



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



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Nicked from Jaki Windmill's Facebook pages

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

John Maynard Keynes

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

— Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

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

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



A CABINET MINSTER ACKNOWLEDGING THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE? GOLLY!

SPORTS Minister Tracey Crouch has kicked fox hunting into the long grass by saying MPs have better things to do than over turn its legal ban.

The anti-hunt Conservative says the overwhelming majority of British people want the blood sport consigned to history although there is a need for greater enforcement to keep the Hunting Act effective.

The huntin' set are desperate for David Cameron to signal his promised free vote in the Commons to overturn the current decade old law which prohibits hunting foxes, hares and stags with dogs.

Anti-hunt Tories in the House say there is not the public will to see the return of animals being killed for fun, a belief supported by a new poll that shows opposition to abolishing the Hunting Act is at an all time high.

The League Against Cruel Sports says its annual poll by Ipsos MORI shows 83 per cent say fox hunting should not be made legal again. Opposition to a return of deer hunting and hare coursing is even higher. Such public hostility underpins the Sports Minister's belief the current ban should not only remain in place but made even more effective.



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%

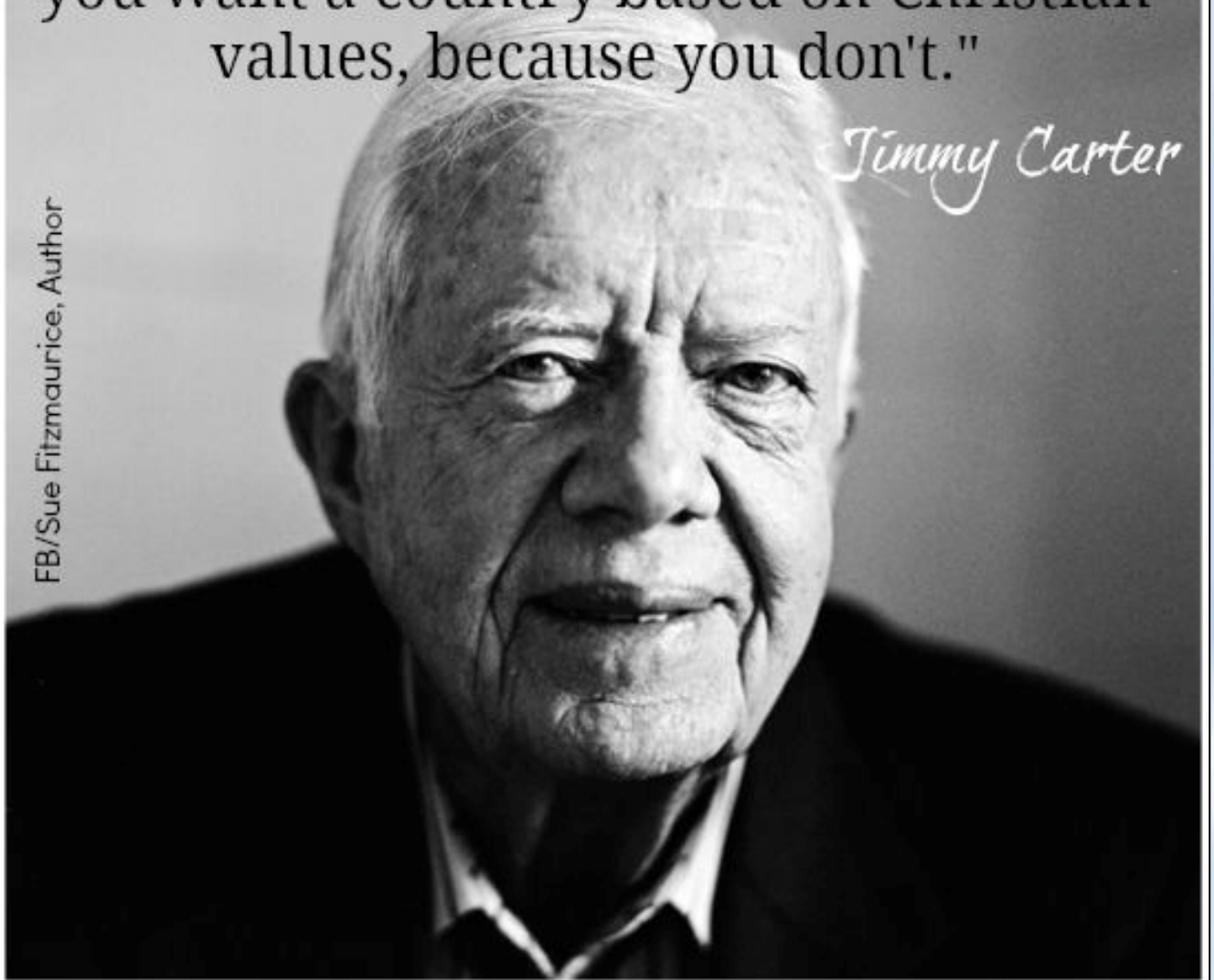
Right On Chris

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

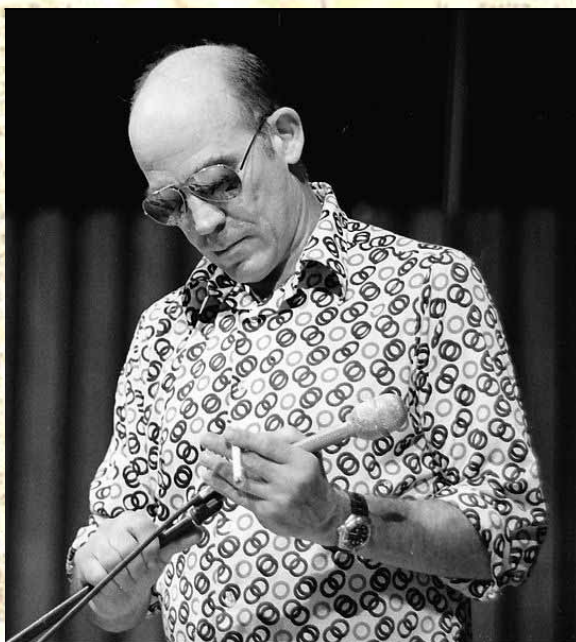
The strong and courageous
take a camera

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...

"The possibility of physical and mental collapse is now very real. No sympathy for the Devil, keep that in mind. Buy the ticket, take the ride."

Hunter S. Thompson

SAINT LAURENT
PARIS



ERIC HAS ALWAYS BEEN STYLISH BUT...

When it comes to Saint Laurent's Music Project, a campaign dreamed up by creative director Hedi Slimane to showcase some of the most talented faces in the industry, the brand always goes big. Legends like Joni Mitchell, B.B. King and Kim Gordon have all posed for the signature black-and-white portraits — lensed by Slimane himself — while wearing iconic Saint Laurent staples like leather jackets and cool suits.

Read more Queens of the Stone Age Singer is Saint Laurent's Latest Star

Joining the long list of famous punk-scene faces who have participated in the project is Eric Burdon, the famed lead singer of the '60s rock group The Animals, who are credited with spearheading the rock 'n' roll British Invasion. In 1969, the singer founded the more funk-tastic group War.

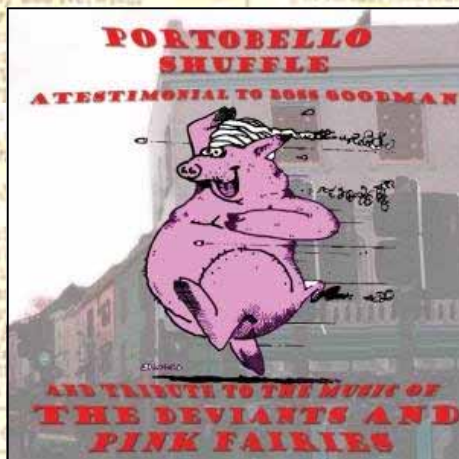
The 74-year-old, outfitted in a leather jacket and classic opaque shades, was photographed by L.A.-based Slimane in Ojai, Calif., in April.

Read more here:

<http://www.hollywoodreporter.com/news/eric-burdon-saint-laurent-campaign-836168>



the week that's past



Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special
low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc.
p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe
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MICHAEL DES BARRÉS ON
LITTLE STEVEN'S
UNDERGROUND GARAGE
MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL
MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH21 **SIRIUS** | ((XM))
SATELLITE RADIO

(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)

Peculiar News of the Week

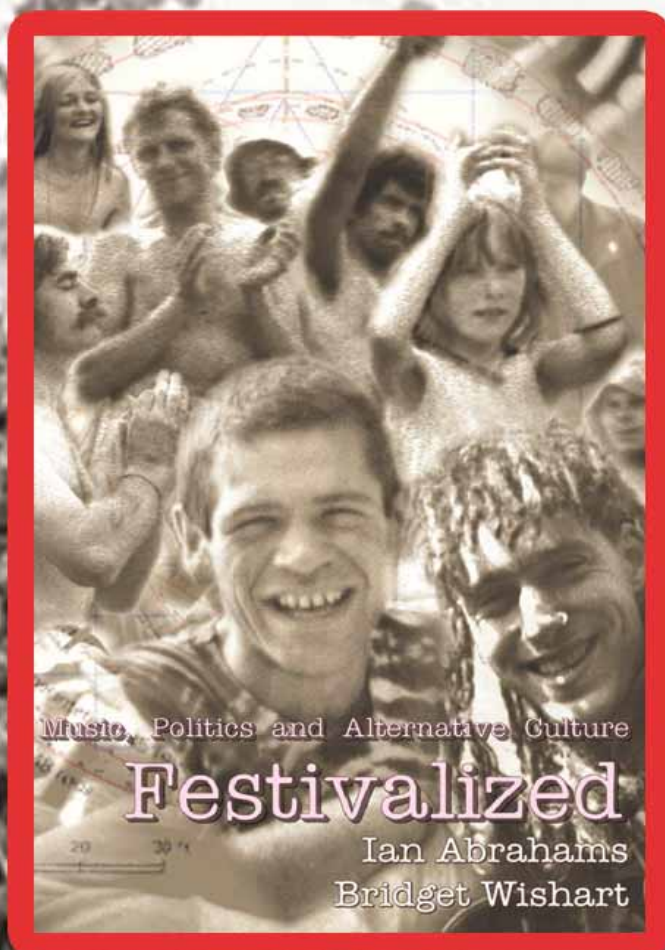


Each week Richard Freeman: world famous cryptozoologist, explorer, author, and one of the most peculiar people I know picks a suitably off story from the world's press. This week:

**Frankenstein or Krampus?
What our monsters say
about us**

<http://tinyurl.com/qe8b75u>





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



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...

SHOW #8 – 20-12-15

Electric Six: Big Red Arthur
The City: Now That Everything's Been Said
Corrections House:

I Was Never too Good at Meth

Fela Kuti: Everything Scatter

Rafael Anton Irisarri: Displacement

Rose McDowall: On the Sun

Rose McDowall: Soldier

Vieux Fa Katoure and Julia Easterlin:

Apples and Champagne

Christopher Bissonnette: Surcease

Battalion Of Saints: Nightmare

Kristian Harting: Soul Sister

Poco: Bad Weather

Exotic Guitars: Goin' Home

**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:

Karibow

<http://www.facebook.com/Karibow-289948447705391/?fref=nf>

Alessandro Moleta

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

Children in Paradise

<http://www.facebook.com/Children-in-Paradise-128677017168142/?fref=nf>

Katsumi Yoshihara

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

Telergy

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

Formativ

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

Neil Alexander

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

Pulsonica

<http://www.facebook.com/PULSONICA-271754738874/>

Sendelica

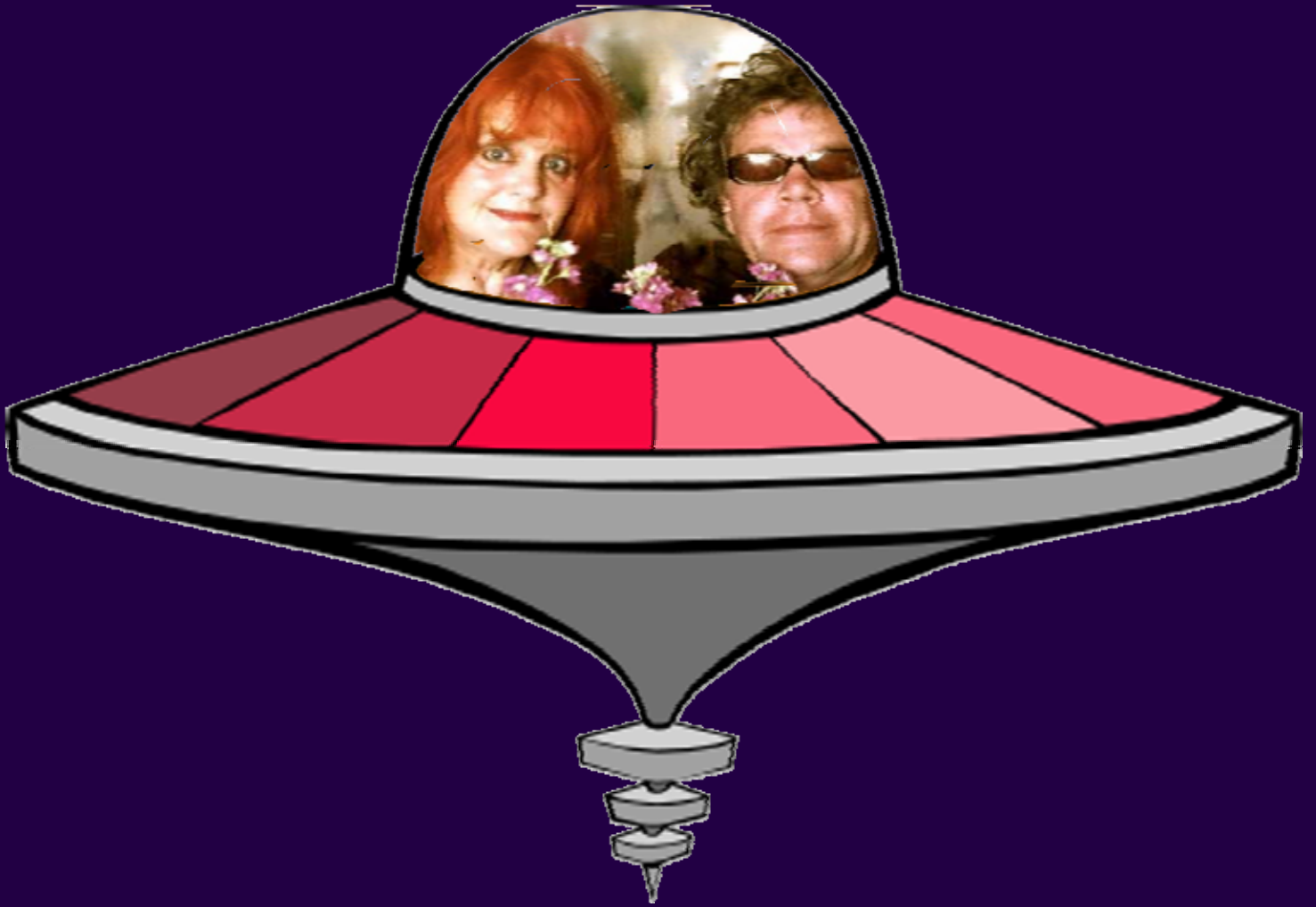
<http://www.facebook.com/Sendelica-191174294239796/?fref=nf>

Biondi Noya

<http://www.facebook.com/biondinoya?fref=ts> — with Oliver Rüsing, Alessandro De Cristo Moleta, Neil Nail Alexander, Dam Kat, Jorge González, Katsumi Yoshihara, Pedro Kaldini, Robert McClung, Biondi Noya and John Beagley.

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



Dedicated to Lemmy: 24.12.1945 – 28.12.2015 Rest in Peace

1: Mick Farren 2: Theme Song – The Monkees Lemmy Kilminster and Motorhead: 3: The Ace of Spades 4: Eat the Rich 5: One More Fucking Time 6: Thunder and Lightning 7: Doctor Alibi (with Slash) 8: Sympathy for the Devil (cover, The Rolling Stones) 9: God Save the Queen (cover, The Sex Pistols) 10: Rock n Roll 11: It's a Long Way to the Top 12: The Road Crew 13: Capricorn (Live) (intro to something) 14: Killed by Death (Live) Jaki with love - Tim was away - dedication to Lemmy x

THE Sub Conscious Smoothie-Bean #4

Listen
Here



Ian Fraser "Lemmy" Kilmister (1945 – 2015)

Kilmister was an English musician, singer, and songwriter who founded and fronted the rock band Motörhead. His music was a distinctive part of the heavy metal genre.

Lemmy was born in Stoke-on-Trent and grew up in North Wales. He was influenced by rock and roll and the early Beatles, which led to him playing in several rock groups in the 1960s, most significantly the Rockin' Vickers. He worked as a roadie for Jimi Hendrix and The Nice, before joining the space rock band Hawkwind in 1971, singing lead on their hit "Silver Machine". After being fired from Hawkwind, he founded Motörhead as lead singer, bassist, songwriter and frontman.

Motörhead's success peaked in 1980 and 1981 and included the hit single "Ace of Spades". Lemmy continued to record and tour regularly with Motörhead until his death in December 2015.

Aside from his musical skills, Lemmy was well known for his hard living lifestyle and regular consumption of alcohol and amphetamines. He was also noted for his collection of Nazi memorabilia, although he did not support Nazi ideals.

Lemmy joined local bands The Rainmakers and then The Motown Sect who enjoyed playing northern clubs for three years. Wanting to progress further, in 1965 he joined The Rockin' Vickers, who signed a deal with CBS, released three singles and toured Europe, reportedly being the first British band to visit the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia. The Rockin' Vickers moved to Manchester, where they lived together in a flat. There Lemmy got involved with a girl named Tracy who bore him a son, Paul. Leaving the Rockin' Vickers, Lemmy relocated to London in 1967. He shared a flat with Noel Redding, bassist of The Jimi Hendrix Experience, and with Neville Chesters, their manager. He got a job as a roadie for the band. In 1968 he joined the psychedelic rock band Sam Gopal and recorded with them for the album Escalator and the single "Horse".

After meeting Simon King in a Chelsea shopping centre in 1969, he joined the band Opal Butterfly, but the group soon folded, having previously failed to raise enough interest with their singles.

In August 1971, Lemmy joined the space rock band Hawkwind, who were based in Ladbroke Grove, London, as a bassist and vocalist. He had no previous experience as a bass guitarist, and was cajoled into joining immediately before a benefit gig in Notting Hill by bandmate Dik Mik in order to have two members who enjoyed amphetamines. He quickly developed a distinctive style that was strongly shaped by his early experience as a rhythm guitarist, often using double stops and chords rather than the single note lines preferred by most bassists. His bass work was a fundamental part of the Hawkwind sound during his tenure, perhaps best documented on Space Ritual. He also provided the

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

lead vocals on several songs, including the band's biggest UK chart single, "Silver Machine", which reached No. 3 in 1972.

In 1975 Lemmy was arrested at the Canadian/US border in Windsor, Ontario, on drug possession charges; he spent five days in jail. Lemmy was released without charge since Windsor Police had arrested him for possession of cocaine, but after testing the drug was revealed to be speed. He was fired from Hawkwind, and formed a new band called "Bastard" with guitarist Larry Wallis (former member of the Pink Fairies, Steve Took's Shagrath and UFO) and drummer Lucas Fox. Lemmy's connection with Took (formerly of T. Rex) was not limited to Wallis, as they were personal friends and Took was the stepfather to Lemmy's son, Paul. When his manager informed him that a band by the name of "Bastard" would never get a slot on Top of the Pops, Lemmy changed the band's name to "Motörhead" – the title of the last song he had written for Hawkwind.

Motörhead went on to become one of the most influential bands in heavy metal. Despite Motörhead's many member changes over their 40-year history, the lineup of Lemmy, Phil Campbell and Mikkey Dee remained constant after 1995. Lemmy worked with several musicians, apart from his Motörhead band-mates, over the course of his career.

In 2008 an officially licensed Lemmy figurine was produced. Available as a "regular" or "special" edition, Lemmy recalled:

"I had to stand on this platform while the camera went around and did the hologram thing and then they made the model, only smaller. They said it's an action figure and I said, 'So, you're gonna put a dick on it?' They said, 'No.' I said, 'Well, then it's not going to get much action then, is it?' A bad name for it, right?"

Lemmy made appearances in film and television, and also appeared in a 2001 advert for Kit Kat, playing violin as part of a string quartet in a genteel tearoom. The rockumentary film *Lemmy* was directed and produced by Greg Olliver and Wes Orshoski, and premièred in March 2010 at the South by Southwest festival in Austin, Texas. It was first screened in Britain at the BFI London Film Festival on

23 October 2010. In 2015, Lemmy appeared as a central figure in the Björn Tagemose-directed silent film *Gutterdämmerung*. He was the main character in the 16-bit video game "Motörhead", released for the Commodore Amiga and Atari ST in 1992, and also appeared as an unlockable character in the 2009 game *Guitar Hero: Metallica*.

Lemmy was well known for his intake of alcohol. The documentary *Live Fast Die Old* stated that he drank a bottle of Jack Daniel's every day and had done so since he was 30 years old. In 2013, Lemmy stopped drinking Jack Daniel's for health reasons.

During his time with Hawkwind, he developed an appetite for amphetamines and LSD, particularly the former. Before joining Hawkwind, he recalled Dik Mik, a former Hawkwind sound technician, visiting his squat in the middle of the night and taking speed with him. They became interested in how long "you could make the human body jump about without stopping," which they did for a few months, until Mik ran out of money and wanted to return to Hawkwind, taking Lemmy with him.

I first got into speed because it was a utilitarian drug and kept you awake when you needed to be awake, when otherwise you'd just be flat out on your back. If you drive to Glasgow for nine hours in the back of a sweaty truck you don't really feel like going onstage feeling all bright and breezy ... It's the only drug I've found that I can get on with, and I've tried them all – except smack [heroin] and morphine: I've never "fixed" anything.

From 1990 Lemmy lived in Los Angeles, California, most recently in a two-room apartment two blocks away from his favourite hangout, the Rainbow Bar and Grill. As he grew older he cut down on drink and drugs as he suffered from diabetes and hypertension. In 2013 he had an implantable cardioverter-defibrillator fitted. He referred to his continuing drug use as "Dogged insolence in the face of mounting opposition to the contrary".

On 28 December 2015, four days after his 70th birthday, Lemmy died at his home in Los Angeles at 16:00 PST, from an "extremely aggressive cancer". Motörhead announced his death on their

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

official Facebook page later that day. According to the band, his cancer had only been diagnosed two days prior to his death. In his 2002 autobiography *White Line Fever*, Lemmy had written: "People don't become better when they're dead; you just talk about them as if they are, but it's not true! People are still a--holes, they're just dead a--holes! ... I didn't have a really important life, but at least it's been funny." Lemmy positioned his microphone in an uncommonly high position, angled so that he appeared to be looking up at the sky rather than at the audience. He said that it was for "personal comfort, that's all. It's also one way of avoiding seeing the audience. In the days when we only had ten people and a dog, it was a way of avoiding seeing that we only had ten people and a dog."



John "Brad" Bradbury
(1953 – 2015)

Bradbury was an English musician and record producer, from Coventry. He was awarded a bachelor's degree in Fine Art and a PGCE, but is best known for having been the drummer in the English ska group The Specials, and co-wrote "The Selector", a joint "A" side with "Gangsters".

Bradbury joined The Special AKA when the original Specials split in 1981; they had a Top 10 hit with "Free Nelson Mandela". During the lifespan of the Special AKA, he also headed a band called JB's Allstars - a soul revue influenced by Bradbury's enthusiasm for Northern soul - releasing several singles on 2-Tone.

Bradbury participated in the The Specials reunion tour in 2009. He died on 28 December 2015 at the age of 62.



Paul Walden
(1964 – 2015)

Walden, commonly known as Guru Josh, was a

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Jersey musician, active in the British post-acid house scene, best known for his debut single "Infinity", initially released in 1989 on Walden's record label, Infinity Records. The song was re-released in 1990 by BMG Records, and remixed for re-release in 2008 by the German artist DJ Klaas. After studying dentistry in 1981, he began his career as an entertainer and keyboard player at the Sands nightclub in Jersey, performing under the name of Syndrone and Animal and his Crazy Organs. In 1988, Walden tried ecstasy for the first time at a London pub where he was playing a gig with his rock band Joshua Cries Wolf, subsequently switching from rock to house music. Soon after, he joined forces with the likes of Seal and Adamski. Following the success of "Infinity", Guru Josh moved to Ibiza, concentrating on art and running a promotions company. In 2007, he was part of Guru Josh Project, formed by Darren Bailie and signed by Big City Beats. The group consisted of Paul Walden, Anders Nyman, and Darren Bailie.

Guru Josh created 3D glass art under the name of "Louie Fabrix", sold in small exhibitions in New York, Madrid, Paris and Berlin. He died on 28 December 2015 at the age of 51.

Joe Houston (1926 – 2015)

Houston was an American tenor who played jazz and rhythm and blues. Born in Texas, he studied trumpet in school and changed to saxophone later. As a teen he began emulating a touring band by buying a red suit with white pants. One night in 1941 a saxophone player did not show for a gig with the band and Houston took his place. Between 1943 and 1946, Houston toured with King Kolax's band through Kansas City and Chicago and throughout the Mid-West.

After World War II Houston returned to Texas, and recorded with the pianist Amos Milburn and singer Big Joe Turner. Initially playing alto sax, he switched to tenor in the wake of such "honking" saxophonists as Big Jay McNeely and Paul Williams.



Turner got Houston his first recording contract on Freedom Records in 1949.

Eventually, Houston formed his own band The Rockets, and moved to Los Angeles in 1952. He scored his only two chart hit singles in 1952 with "Worry, Worry, Worry", and "Hard Time Baby" both of which peaked at #10 on Billboard's R&B singles chart. Houston's musical career ended after he suffered a stroke in 2005. He died on December 28, 2015 in Long Beach, California, following a series of strokes.

Andrew Michael "Andy" Stewart (1952 – 2015)

Stewart was a Scottish singer and songwriter, formerly the frontman for Silly Wizard. He was born in Alyth, Perthshire.

Stewart toured with Silly Wizard until the band broke up in 1988. Since then, he recorded four

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

solo albums, as well as three with Manus Lunny. Several of Stewart's songs have become well-known within the folk community, including "The Ramblin' Rover", "Golden, Golden", "The Queen of



Argyll" and "The Valley of Strathmore". In addition, his renditions of classic Robert Burns songs have been well received.

Stewart died on 27 December 2015, aged 63.

Stephen Carlton "Stevie" Wright (1947 – 2015)

Wright, formerly billed as Little Stevie, was an Australian musician and songwriter who has been called Australia's first international pop star. During 1964–69 he was lead singer of Sydney-based rock and roll band the Easybeats, widely regarded as the greatest Australian pop band of the 1960s. Early hits for the Easybeats were co-written by Wright with bandmate George Young. After the Easybeats disbanded in 1969, Wright fronted numerous groups including Stevie Wright Band and Stevie Wright & the Allstars. Wright had problems with alcohol and drug addictions, and by 1976 he was hospitalised and undertook methadone treatment. In the late 1970s he was treated by Harry Bailey who administered deep sleep therapy with a combination of drug-induced coma and electroshock, a highly controversial treatment from which many patients, including Wright, suffered brain damage and lifelong after-effects. The scandal was later exposed and Dr Bailey committed suicide.

Wright's life was detailed in two biographies, *Sorry: The Wretched Tale of Little Stevie Wright* by Jack Marx (1999) and *Hard Road: The Life and Times of Stevie Wright* by Glenn Goldsmith (2004). He was lead vocalist for local band, The Outlaws and by 1964 had formed Chris Langdon & the Langdells, which initially played The Shadows-styled surf music but converted to beat music under the influence of The Beatles. Wright retired and lived on the South Coast of New South Wales. He died on 27 December 2015 at Moruya Hospital.



William Franklin Guest (1941 – 2015)

Guest was an American R&B/soul singer, best known as a member of Gladys Knight & the Pips. Born in Atlanta, Georgia, he was Gladys Knight's cousin. Guest, along with the group, was inducted to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1996. Following his stint with The Pips, he and fellow Pip Edward Patten formed Patten and Guest Productions, and following Patten's death in 2005, he continued to manage artists through the Crew Entertainment company he formed with members of Patten's family. Guest died on December 24, 2015 of congestive heart failure in Detroit, Michigan, his home for fifty years. He was 74 years old.

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



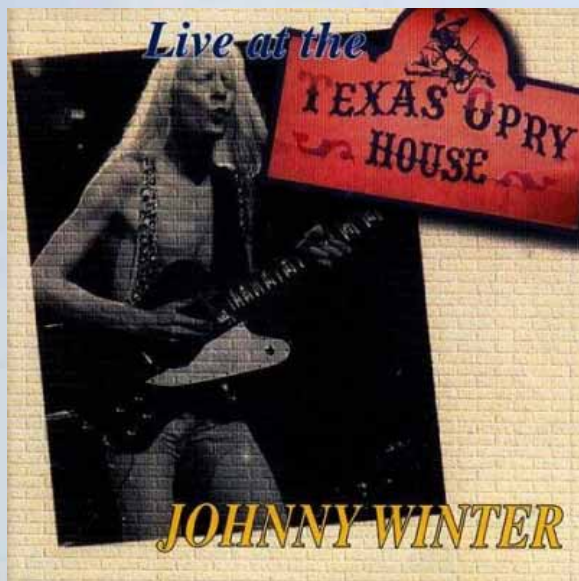
Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



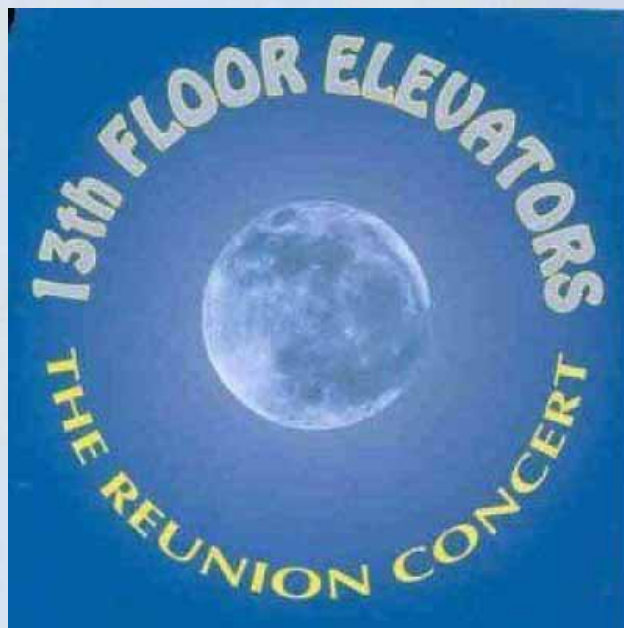
Now, I don't know whether this is a good idea, a bad idea, or just an idea, but - as I believe you know - this magazine is put out each week on a budget of £25, and is free. It will remain free, but I would like to be able to generate some income so I can pay our contributing writers. So, 'why not flog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





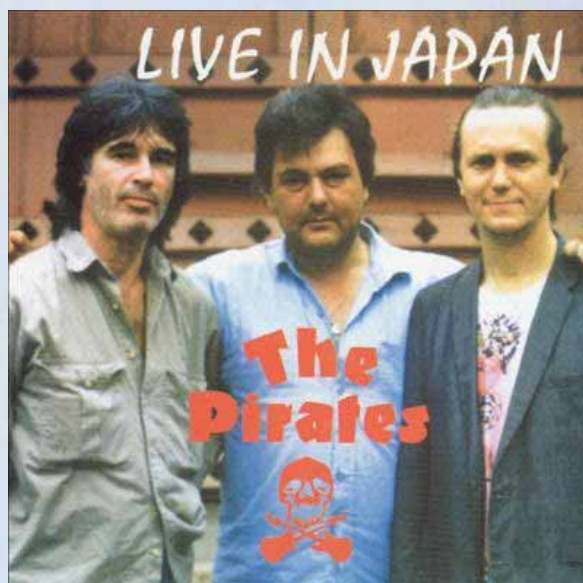
Artist Spirits Burning
Title Starhawk
Cat No. HST323CD
Label Gonzo

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).



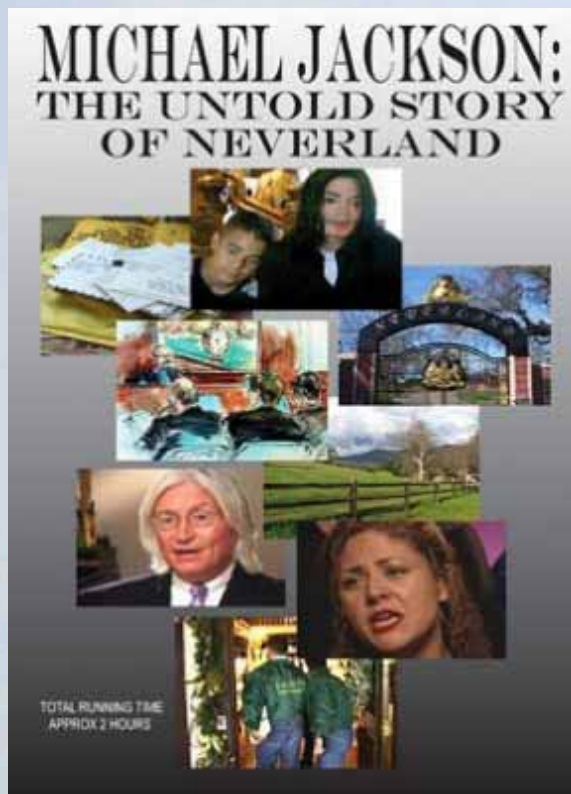
Artist The Pirates
Title Live in Japan
Cat No. HST332CD
Label Gonzo

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.

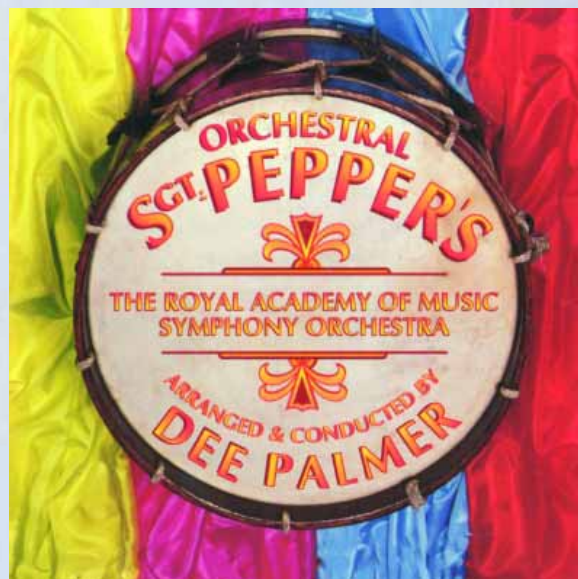
When they reformed for a third time in late 1999, it was intended to be a one-off. However, such was the response that they continue to gig selectively.

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

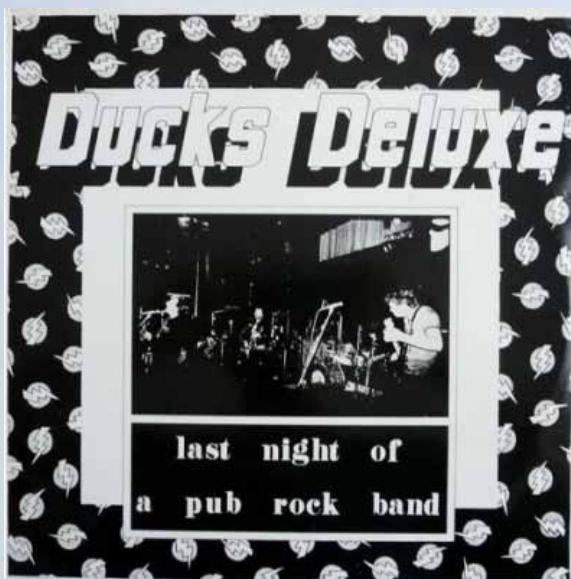
Guitarist Freddie King rode to fame in the early '60s with a spate of catchy instrumentals which became instant bandstand fodder for fellow bluesmen and

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

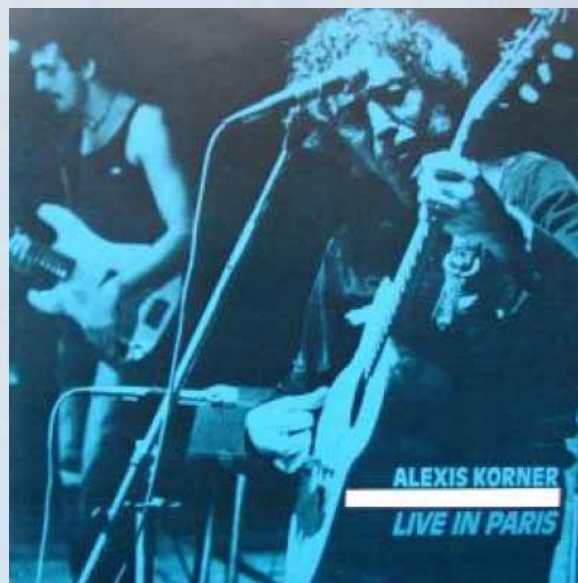
The Selecter are a 2 Tone ska revival band from Coventry, England, formed in mid 1979. The Selecter featured a racially diverse line-up. Their lyrics featured themes connected to politics[1] Reinforcing the songs of Neol Davies were the voice and rude girl style of Pauline Black and the rhythms of Desmond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



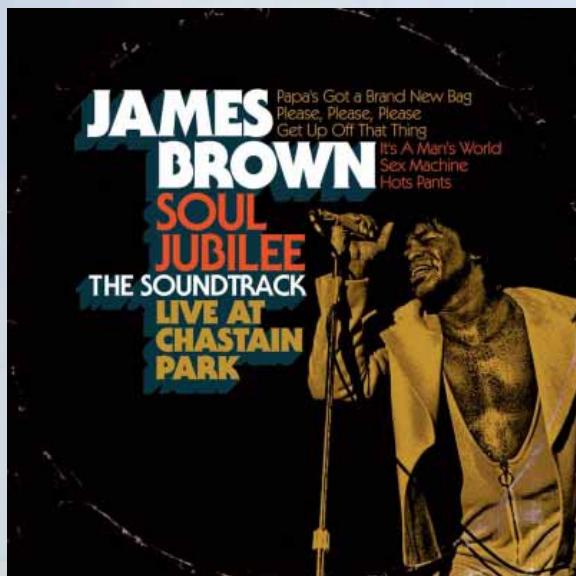
Artist Alexis Korner
Title Live in Paris
Cat No. HST367CD
Label Gonzo

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.

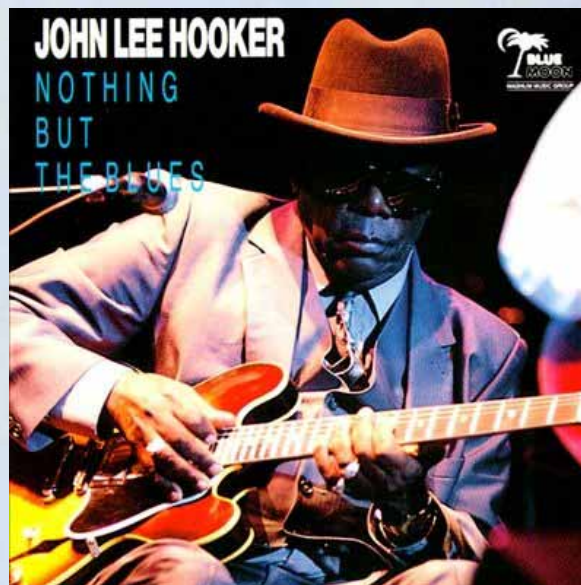
Artist James Brown
Title Soul Jubilee
Cat No. HST368CD
Label Gonzo

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.



GOODBYE MR KILMISTER



WHEN LEMMY CAME TO AUSTIN

The show had to be cancelled
His health was always endangered
(That was his chosen lifestyle..
but we all grew up with Lemmy
when he was part of Hawkwind
and the loss of Lemmy resonates
across too many generations
Of course he was an alpha male
Each band has room for only one ego on stage
But Brock remembers Lemmy with a smile
And we knew him as punk and wild
His bass lines ring within our Silver Machines
7x7 -tonight-dream of Lemmy-in Heavy Metal
Heaven!

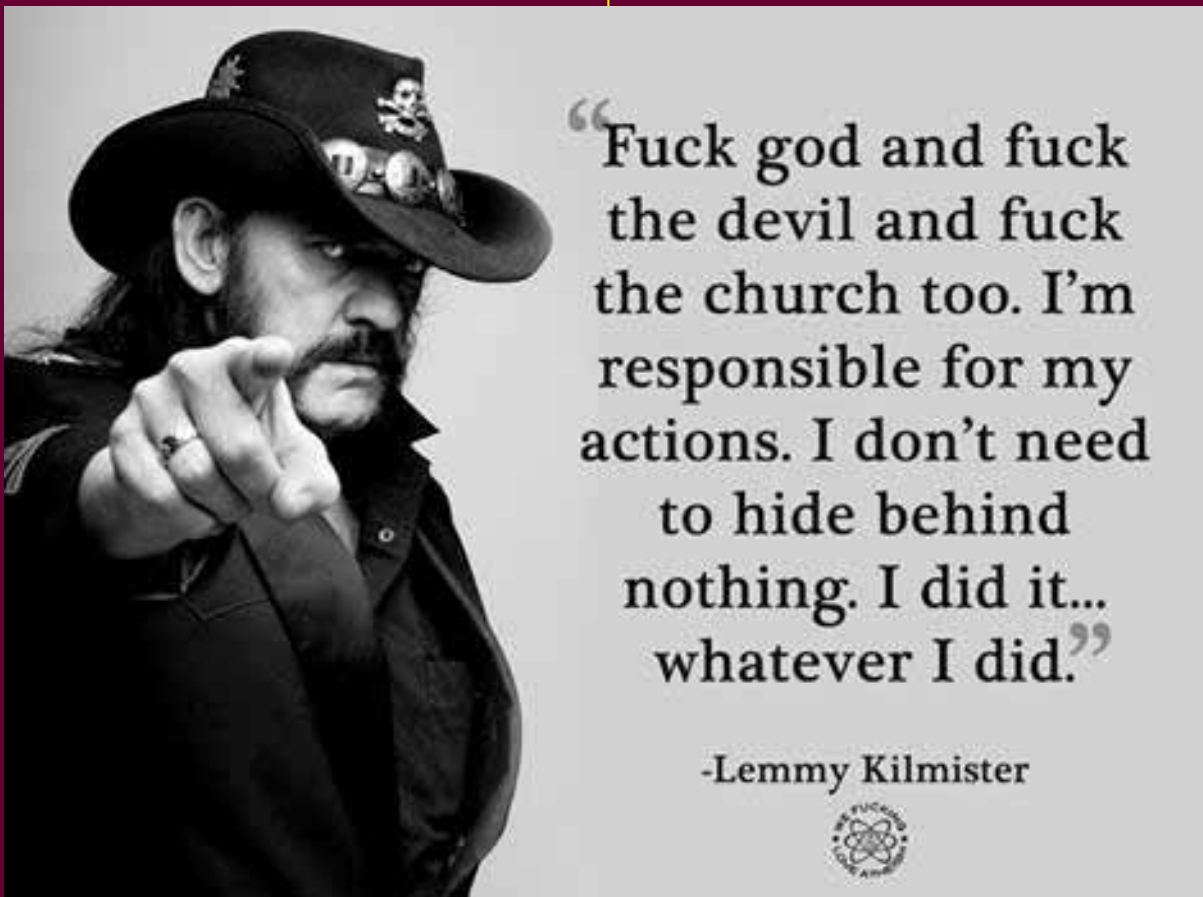
Thom the World Poet

LEMMY – THIS IS THE END NOW

I got up this morning, the sun was finally shining again, the last few days of the year. As my IMac finally woke up the headline stared out at me, Lemmy had gone, just a few days after his 70th birthday, at home. Once again, it aint over until the fat lady.....In my humble book we've now lost two absolute musical greats this year, and both

were amazing human beings to boot. For many of us who don't do the overhyped and overblown rock legends of this world, Lemmy was sure close to the real definition of a true rock and rock star. The majority are just poor copycats. Loud, fast, stoned, pissed, speeding, tripping, shagging, rebellious, totally down to earth, laughing, loving and inspiring millions of people. He really didn't give a fuck, he just had a helluva great time and took many of us along for the ride. Oh did I mention he just happened to look and sound totally cool too? For many guys, he had the perfect 'job'. He worked out young that 'girls just seemed to like guys who were just holding a guitar, let alone could play it'. 1000+ ladies later..... Largely living his life on the road, and in latter years at his favourite neighbourhood bar in LA. He lived through it all, and was in fact a major part of it all too, his influence whilst alive was enormous. I suspect many of his admirers loved him for what he represented, the epitome of a rock'n roll baddass, but as the years rolled by he was realised to be a bit of a National Treasure. Lemmy on stage at Glastonbury this summer was a treat, if already forewarning what was to come. He looked like he was starting to run outta road. The BBC and others have already been running their 'great people we lost this year' pieces, they will have to be rewritten again, and that many already contain 'Philthy' is a bit of a sad end to the year indeed.

Most people will have first heard Mr Kilmister on



Hawkwind's Doremi Fasol Latido LP, released in 1972, their third studio album. The first two have a somewhat soft and acoustic feel to them, Doremi was when space rock first went electric. A much harder sound than before, and many elements of what would become the Space Ritual were in evidence. Lemmy always claimed being the singer on Silver Machine hit single was what started his departure from the band, perhaps we will never know. It doesn't really matter because time cannot erase his contribution throughout the three years he was with the band, and after his ejection, he was more than set up for the global legend he has become.

Listening to the original Greasy Truckers recording of Silver Machine (before Lemmy's vocals were overdubbed some weeks later) from 1972 perfectly showcases how Lemmy's Rickenbacker bass lines underpinned the whole Hawkwind sound machine, driving it upwards and onwards as he moved up and down his frets. One of my favourite Space Ritual tracks is Bob Calvert's Orgone Accumulator. It is totally and utterly propelled along by Lemmy's fantastic bass lines and Simon King's 'hound dog' drumming, allowing everyone else to add their textures over the top of the space-ship's rhythm section. Born to Go is putting a similar smile on my face. I just read Lemmy effectively brought King into the band and that the GT gig was his first as sole drummer for the band. Amazing performance for his first night! I wonder if you asked Simon who his favourite 'wind bass player was' if you could guess the answer? They were a veritable powerhouse that stands the test of time today, and always will. Get your old Hawkwind albums out and give them a blast, they are great! In many ways, you can see Hawkwind 1971-1975 becoming an almost Arthurian-type legend in musical history, if

they are not already.

Lemmy wrote some great songs too, *Rolling Stone* have already got their 20 essential Lemmy songs online. I'm surprised they are using the word 'metal' to describe his music though. He always said it was just fast and hard rock and roll. I would have thought they should have known better.

The majority of his music though was of course Motorhead, a band I didn't see live, long-term hearing being one concern, and I like my music loud. I have the belatedly released first album, featuring Larry Wallis of the Fairies, and I recently bought No Sleep Til Hammersmith, their early live opus to listen in particular to Phil Taylor's playing, who passed away in early December.

On Parole features Lost Johnny and The Watcher, both previously recorded by Hawkwind, and the Fairies City Kids. No surprise as Lazza was on guitar, this time the vocals are handled by Lemmy. The album opens with the sound of a motorbike being kick-started and revved before the opening number kicks in. It is pretty rough it has to be said, which is why the record company shelved it in the first place. Lemmy and Lazza drank and drugged themselves sleeplessly silly but it just didn't seem to really gel musically. The drummer doesn't help matters either, and soon 'Philthy and 'Fast joined Lemmy instead. The rest is 40 years of Motorhead history.

I also gave the live album a blast this evening, playing Ace of Spades. It hurt frankly, and I guess it was meant to. Totally raw, frenetic rock and roll, head's down, JD down and just boogie 'til your ears bleed. I will definitely explore their music, some of Lemmy's lyrics I've heard today have certainly put



a smile on my face. I can't imagine the feminist movement is going to shed many tears though. The 'loudest' band in the world (yeah!), an industry has grown up around him and them. I noticed the Motorhead headphones launch a while back. Made me really smile hearing him warning people away from Beats's 'bass heavy shite' towards his own 'rock and roll' specials. The band's website sells the usual stuff plus drinks glasses, grinders and ha, ha, best of all vibrators. You've got to love the man, he always makes you smile too. The thought of sticking Motorhead's logo into your beloved's orifices tickles me pink. Only Lemmy. I've seen Motorhead Whisky and Beer too online today. Crazy but good crazy.

Two members of Motorhead making the top of the UK news in the same month, amazing, the reason being totally shit however on both occasions. Fantastic to see them both of them getting the recognition they both deserve at least, Lemmy was a National Treasure, a real shame Her Maj didn't knight him.

Breaking news, just read online that the remaining band members have just called it quits, Motorhead was Lemmy as they themselves have just said.

Did ya see the TV ad, for Kronengburg a few years back, a bit establishment or what? Total social acceptance (and beautifully done).

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-77sVQ7Zgv0>

I've also seen a clip from that fabulous episode of the Young Ones today, when the gang appear on University Challenge, and Lemmy and Motorhead give a great rendition of the Ace of Spades halfway through the programme....

<https://www.facebook.com/britishideascorporation/videos/429820510542744/?theater>

Today has also been weird to hear of the demise of another 20th century icon, in the 21st century, online. Large amounts of information appearing so quickly as the hours have rolled by I guess is a plus. It certainly is if you are writing your own tribute to the man. I suspect it will all disappear quickly too. Not so the memories of the man himself though. My first sight of him was at the Windsor Free Festival in 1973, Hawkwind playing in the sun, Lemmy's black and white Rickenbacker's machine heads occasionally catching the rays, Stacia, naked, gyrating her full womanly glory just in front of us young lads. Not a day I'll ever forget. I'm pretty sure my third attempt to see Lemmy live was cancelled due to 'speed cramps', Motorhead in their early years, at the Winning Post in south-west London. Sound's about right for the time!

The 'last' photos of Lem appearing on the web this afternoon are in very poor taste, and not 'in the public interest' in my view. Taken by 'fans', they clearly show a shockingly frail shadow of the man (with the 'Reaper in the same room), looking (unsurprisingly) frightened too in my view. We all deserve privacy in life. Not the way he would want to be remembered. I stumbled across them, I wish I had not and would suggest avoidance.

If you haven't read his book 'White Line Fever', it's a must, so is the film, *Lemmy: The Movie*, both are also very funny. The BBC have shown it a few times on BBC4, and hopefully they may re-transmit it again soon as a result of today's sad news.

This is just one of the many ways I will remember Lemmy, gone, but never forgotten.

Hawkwind with Lemmy – Orgone Accumulator

From the immortal Space Ritual set, Lemmy really starts kicking off from 0130 (for time-poor youngsters). Also for anyone who doubted he could actually play bass.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KhWArBhPWu0>

One thing is for certain though, the world just became a slightly duller place yet again.

<http://www.imotorhead.com>

John Brodie-Good

WHAT LEMMY MEANT TO ME

I've never forgotten my teenage years, even though some parts are a bit blurry, but one day that really stands out was arriving at Windsor Festival in 1973, pitching our tent, wandering off amazed at the people there and then finding Hawkwind playing on the main stage in the middle of a sunny afternoon. No lights, not a huge crowd, but a driving numbing, rumbling noise that I can still hear to this day. Hawkwind that afternoon were all over the place but driven by Lemmy's bass, they played a blinding set and when I listen to their first albums, I can still see Lemmy looking cool in his black shades with a huge bass at the back of the stage.

Fast forward a few years and I'd just bought the 12'' single of Motorhead and City Kids and again, I'd never heard anything quite like it, I must have played it hundreds of times (sorry flatmates). It was rock, metal and punk all rolled into one with lyrics that seems to justify all the gum chewing weekends we had at the time. You couldn't dance to it, but you could sing along and boy we did!! And then watching the Young Ones in 1982 and seeing

Motorhead take over the show with Ace of Spades, Lemmy with the microphone set too high and Philthy Animal drumming up a storm. It blew the rest of the show out of the water.

Some years later, I read Lemmy's Autobiography, White Line Fever. The story that still makes me chuckle to this day is that he got bored singing Ace of Spades so changed it to Eight of Spades for a couple of years and no-one noticed. And that's the great thing about Lemmy, he didn't need to embellish his life in any way, he just lived it to the full. And he made it to seventy and that was that. There will never be another bass player like him and looking at today's pop stars, I doubt there will ever be a singer who looks like him. RIP Lemmy, you made a teenage boy stare in wonderment and a grown man weep today!

Jeremy Smith

A FAREWELL TO LEMMY

I saw Motorhead only once – at the much missed St Austell Cornwall Coliseum – and as far as I can remember I only ever owned one of their LPs, No Sleep 'til Hammersmith, though I've heard many over the years and always held a soft-spot for Ace Of Spades in particular. So when I think of Lemmy, it's usually for the Hawkwind connection and in writing this blog, it's not, then, to talk about his whole career, which of course stretched back into the 1960s, and for which there are so many obituaries today, but to reflect on his importance to Hawkwind during his tenure, and the legacy that he's left them.

Think back to the very early albums, Hawkwind and In Search Of Space and they are distinctive and distinct entries into the catalogue; calling cards with differing messages and classic albums in and of themselves. Both, in their own ways, are fantastic



records. And I guess it's entirely arguable that *In Search Of Space*, in its production, is more advanced than what came next. But what came next was Lemmy, an unarguable force of nature riding his bass lines like the Silver Surfer on acid, a rollercoaster balanced on its tracks but twisting and turning, looping and pushing forward, twisting, turning and looping again, free spirited but in service to the whole as well. I mean, Simon King is a key component of that sound as well, but that period of Hawkwind is about Lemmy and the way which he and Dave Brock coalesced the idea of a rhythmic, driving, powerhouse space-rock that defined the musical content of Hawkwind across *Doremi Fasol Latido*, *Space Ritual*, *Hall Of The Mountain Grill* and *Warrior On The Edge Of Time*.

I wrote about 'Brainstorm' for Shindig! when they did their space-rock special a couple of years ago and identified, as so many have before, that meshing of musical comradeship: "Though 'Brainstorm' is Nik Turner's first solo credit on a Hawkwind track, and his lyrics lean the band almost in to territory that might retrospectively be described as 'cyberpunk', the musical story that 'Brainstorm' tells is of the definitive guitar and bass Hawk line-up of Brock and Lemmy gelling together in what they'd both come to recall as an empathetic and intuitive partnership and, alongside Turner's wailing sax, that collision of sound not only created one of the great space-rock classics but setting the texture and tone of the classic Hawkwind sound. It has a great mythology and mystique to it – great versions abound, the pulse-pounding *Live 79* blast-through, the dark and mysterious *Space Ritual* rendition and its original *Doremi...* album appearance with its at times almost ethereal vocal delivery from Turner."

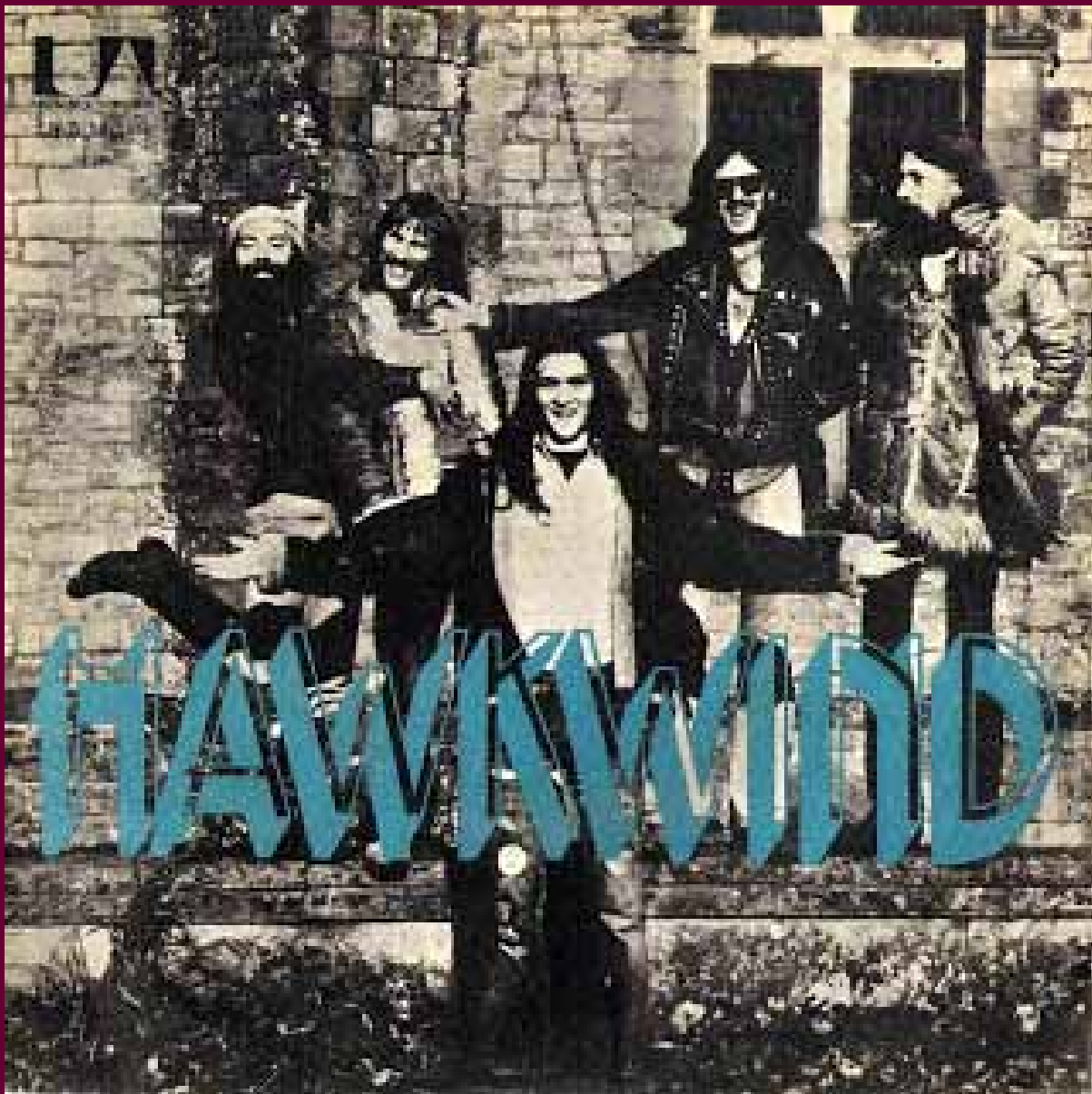
On *Doremi...* though, there's also Lemmy's own first solo credit for Hawkwind, on "The Watcher"; pensive, brooding, thoughtful, involving. I was playing it recently, listening out for that great lyric that seems to me to rally against the futility of boredom in a proto-punk manner: 'where I come from no-one smiles/every inch exists in miles' and was astounded not to hear it... but it's not on *Doremi...* an addition in the live set, as heard on the 1974 *American* live album. It adds another dimension, a different texture, to the dense songs around it, and really is a strong argument for Hawkwind's influence on punk even though it's quite removed in sound.

'Silver Machine', that timeless Brock/Calvert number, had of course been in the Hawkwind set for a few months, Calvert on vocal duty when available, before Dave Robinson, future Stiff Records boss, identified its potential buried in the tape of their 'Greasy Truckers' Roundhouse gig in February 1972 and highlighted it as something

special, with Lemmy overdubbing the vocals at Morgan Studios, where the sprawling original was cut and distilled down to its 7" release. One reviewer might have claimed at the time that "the vocals are so submerged in the thudding, whirling sound that they are largely irrelevant," but it's that growling delivery set against the grungy guitars, all around the kit drumming, and spacey electronics that turned that song into a perennial, known to the many who don't know it's Hawkwind and don't realise – how could they not – that it is Lemmy. It's a piece of magic, atypical of Hawkwind in some respects, but a stone cold classic.

I posted on-line in one comment thread today that those familiar with Lemmy only through Motorhead should listen to *Hall Of The Mountain Grill* and discover the more nuanced playing that Lemmy delivered there. I later reflected on that as not really being correct, because you can hear it on something such as '1916', music with intelligence and thought that transcends the public image. But on that Hawkwind record you get the most proper understanding of what he brought to the band. It's a sharp blend of heavy rocking and sympathetic playing, taking joint control with Dave Brock of the really big songs – 'The Psychedelic Warlords (Disappear In Smoke)' and 'You'd Better Believe It' – but adding something more subdued on things such as 'Wind Of Change'. 'Lost Johnny' is, of course, one of his own, co-written with Mick Farren. I was fortunate to be able to ask Mick Farren about this one and have added his comments to the new edition of *Sonic Assassins*: "It's Lemmy's song. It was written for Lemmy, for Hawkwind. They were doing *Hall of the Mountain Grill* and Lemmy was concerned he wasn't going to get any songs on to it, so I said 'Let's write one'. I had this idea about all these loser characters, of which we knew many, looking for drugs and 'baying at the moon'. I mean, it wasn't Terry Ollis and it wasn't Steve Took, and it wasn't nine other people ... it was a combination of all of them, or seven versions or whatever it was. I put it down on a piece of paper, handed it to Lemmy and he took it away and put the music to it and came back and we changed a few things and that was 'Lost Johnny'. I can't sit down with a guitar, a blank mind and somebody else and come up with a song. I usually have to go away by myself and write the lyrics, and that song was no exception." But he'd also told Alan Burridge years previously how: "[Lemmy] said, 'Hey, you got any lyrics?' and I said yeah, and we wrote 'Lost Johnny'." Farren and Lemmy wrote a handful of other songs together, when Lemmy was assembling his band *Motörhead*, but the writing partnership "faded away, because Lemmy started writing his own lyrics with great fluidity."

Then there is 'Motorhead', the B-side of 'Kings of Speed', complete with violin break, but despite that



a pointer to where Lemmy would be going once he was ejected from the band. Would he ever have left on his own accord? He'd suggested not in the past and indeed when asked why he made so many guest returns afterwards he'd simply responded 'because I can't resist it'. And I wonder if that was how he was afterwards, elevated to National Treasure status and at the helm of a band that eclipsed Hawkwind in terms of record sales and recognition (achieved in no small measure I'd suggest, from working with Dave Brock and learning what it takes to put together and sustain a band), but still looking backwards with a fondness and nostalgia and appreciating what Hawkwind had been for him as his career developed and his profile expanded. He'd never have thought in that term of course, it wasn't a career, it wasn't even a way of life, it was what he had to do.

What was his legacy to Hawkwind? Well, it was in bridging the gap between their hippie roots and their

biker following; no surprise that once punk had burst across the music scene that he'd be adopted by that scene. He was a talisman for Hawkwind in that period, when he'd been such a major part of defining their sound even though that time was quite brief in the context of all the years the band have continued onward. He seemed to be someone who just went on; Captain Sensible once told me how Lemmy was always nicely topped up on his favourite Jack Daniels tippie but never drunk. He loved the rock star life, bought into some of its excesses and mantras for sure, but he seemed to transcend it, to walk over it with impunity where lesser people succumbed to it or were enslaved by it. Small wonder then that he had to be 'Killed by Death'... rock 'n' roll could never have seen him off.

Ian Abrahams



Years ago when I was younger and wore colours, I thought I was a hippie Hells Angel. I went to my first heavy metal concert. This was to watch Motorhead, the lead singer of which was Lemmy. He was a bit of a hero of mine due to the way he started off in Hawkwind, and then left to form Motorhead. I think the band name came from a track from an album.

The concert was at the Cliffs Pavilion in Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and the support band were called Sword - who are I believe were Canadian. Their set was about half an hour. At the concert were all the local Hells Angels; my future brother-in-law was one. The speakers were huge, and the bouncers were the hard core of Hells Angels.

Then on stage came Lemmy, up to his trademark microphone; long, and mic at a 45 degree angle. The music was then loud and brash and at one point the crowd were told that the management had asked Motorhead to turn the volume down. It may have been part of the act, and Lemmy, with his usual zest for life, said something like 'fuck them, let's get louder'. All the major songs were played and the next day my hearing was a bit mutt and jeff ... deaf, but I was reminded of this day due to the recent death of Lemmy. Writing this a tribute to what he meant to me; a true loud, brash man who once was a hippie, then a metalhead rocker. Gone but always part of me.

MARK RAINES



WHAT THE PAPERS SAID

"People don't become better when they're dead; you just talk about them as if they are. But it's not true! People are still assholes, they're just dead assholes!"

So said someone once... but let's open the newspapers and see.

Despite reams of column inches on the death of Lemmy, it seems that some news consumers weren't quite tuned in to Reality FM. One online news reader's comment on Tuesday 29th ran:

"I cannot believe people actually paid to listen to this trash and watching this Lemmy person crashing around on drums. Did he practice at home? God

help the neighbours if he did."

However, the world's contributors to the Internet generally managed to do a bit more research than that, before putting pen to paper, and it was impressive to see how many websites covered the story in a very prominent position on their front page. And of course there was no shortage of anecdotes to choose from, as Lemmy was just that kind of guy.

The story broke on Facebook, and the official Motorhead page soon carried the news, saying



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Official Motörhead

12 hrs · 🌐

There is no easy way to say this...our mighty, noble friend Lemmy passed away today after a short battle with an extremely aggressive cancer. He had learnt of the disease on December 26th, and was at home, sitting in front of his favorite video game from The Rainbow which had recently made its way down the street, with his family.

We cannot begin to express our shock and sadness, there aren't words.

We will say more in the coming days, but for now, please...play Motörhead loud, play Hawkwind loud, play Lemmy's music LOUD.

Have a drink or few.

Share stories

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"We cannot begin to express our shock and sadness, there aren't words. We will say more in the coming days, but for now, please... play Motörhead loud, play Hawkwind loud, play Lemmy's music LOUD. Have a drink or few. Share stories."

People soon did just that.

The Staffordshire Sentinel had his death as the day's top item, as Lemmy was a local lad.

"Potteries-born rock icon Lemmy dies, aged 70," ran the headline. Describing his post-Hawkwind career, the paper said:



"He went on to form a new band called 'Bastard', the name of which was later changed to 'Motorhead'... when his manager informed him that a band by the name of 'Bastard' would never get a slot on Top of the Pops."

One reader's comment on the story was, "Stoke on Trent should consider erecting a statue of Lemmy."

"Getting drunk and getting laid: LA rock fans raise a glass to Lemmy" was the *Guardian's* headline for a story covering fan reaction after news of Lemmy's death spread to his local bar.

"If you're a recovering miscreant or just generally put off by bad behaviour, the Rainbow Bar and Grill on Los Angeles' Sunset Strip is probably not for you.

"The soggy scent of hard drink mixed with the aggressive stench of every manner of cigarette should be enough of a warning to stay away, but it was especially boisterous on Monday night, after the death of the Motörhead frontman, Ian 'Lemmy' Kilmister – a proud drunk and unceasing acolyte of the heavy metal aesthetic.

"The people that come here are not interested in what is trending on Spotify. They make pilgrimage for the sake of the old ways. Lemmy, he of the sour growl that resembled a lawnmower being driven over concrete, was one of the last practitioners of true metal rebellion. He had recently switched from dark whiskey to clear vodka, in the hope it was somehow a healthier lifestyle choice. Still, varying the colour of his beverage was not enough to reverse the toll of an existence defined by hedonism. The memory cherished by the mourners at the Rainbow was that of a legend who went down swinging."

The Daily Mail went for a more lurid headline: "The rock legend who drank a bottle of whisky a day, slept with 1,000 women and loved dressing up as a Nazi: Music world mourns sudden death of Motorhead's Lemmy, 70, just TWO DAYS after he discovered he had cancer," although it's interesting to see they've toned it down since.

Nethertheless, few Motorhead fans would have objected to the subsequent assessment:



"Many a hell-raiser has boasted of a life filled with booze, sex and drugs, but very few have lived it with the conviction and defiance of Lemmy, Motörhead frontman, who has died aged 70. Born in Stoke-on-Trent on Christmas Eve, Ian Kilmister committed himself to rock-and-roll after watching the Beatles at Liverpool's Cavern Club as a teenager.

"He worked as a roadie for Jimi Hendrix, played bass in space rock band Hawkwind - before being kicked out for his drug use - and founded Motörhead - all on a bottle of Jack Daniels a day."

The UK red-top tabloid, the "Mirror", ran a piece called "Rock legend Lemmy Kilmister's 7 most hell-raising moments of all time" and they said:

"A story once did the rounds that Lemmy had an orgy with all of the Nolan sisters backstage at Top of the Pops. Despite it sounding like a moment a rock 'n' roll legend would be proud of, Lemmy later laughed off the rumour and insisted the singing siblings turned down his efforts to sleep with them.

"He told Q Magazine: 'No (there was no fling), but it wasn't for the want of trying. They are awesome chicks. We were supposed to be the smelliest, loudest motherf**kers in the building [at Top of the Pops] but we more than met our match. We were in awe. You couldn't mess with the Nolan sisters.'

It's mildly interesting that the *Mirror* only put two asterisks in the word 'motherfucker' to try to shield their more delicate readers.

The Chicago Tribune covered the story, and dug up a quote from Chrissie Hynde, which ran: "True to the ethos of rock, Lemmy was forever unchanging. It's one of those inexplicable phenomena inherent to rock stars, the opposite of reinvention. Wherever he may be, he remains in a pub off St. Luke's Road, the actual location totally irrelevant. Not so much time travel, as untravel."

Motorhead fans who read that will probably pause and have a 'hmmm' moment, as it's not something one might expect when an American newspaper

covers the death of a rather wild Brit rocker.

They also dealt with the job security angle:

"Lemmy first picked up a guitar at 16, after being among those who caught the early Beatles at the Cavern Club in Liverpool. He later was a roadie for Jimi Hendrix. In the early '70s, he spent four years in the space-rock band Hawkwind before being forced out in 1975, which led to his formation of the power-trio Motörhead.

" 'I was fired out of every other band I was ever in, so I had to start my own group,' Kilmister told The Los Angeles Times in 2010. 'They couldn't fire me out of that.'"

Stern (a German magazine roughly pronounced Shh-tearn) looked back to an interview where pimples (Pickel) were on the conversational menu, as was Lemmy's liking for the visual aspects of Nazi memorabilia, but perhaps *Stern's* sub-headline needs no translation:

"Der härteste Bastard des Rock'n'Roll."

There could be an epitaph in there, somewhere.

On the day the news broke for most of us, Dave Brock made a comment on Hawkwind's Facebook page:

"So very sad to wake to the news that we have lost Lemmy. He was a character, a gentleman and a



Ohio officer will not face criminal charge in Tamir Rice's death

The mother of the 12-year-old who was shot as he was playing with a toy gun said prosecutors "deliberately sabotaged the case" when presenting it to a Cleveland grand jury. She urged federal officials to pursue civil rights charges.

By Teddy Cahill, Wesley Lowery and Niraj Chokshi

- **Wonkblog:** People tend to think of black boys as bigger, older than they actually are
- Dash-cam video of police shooting in Chicago could be a tool for the defense

China's Back Yard



Morning Mix



(AP)
Motorhead's Lemmy, heavy metal pioneer, dead at 70: A voice like shrapnel and a bass tone to match

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Motorhead's Lemmy Kilmister dies at 70

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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL



Motorhead Founder Lemmy Kilmister Dies Aged 70

12/29/2015 7:11AM

Heavy metal icon Ian "Lemmy" Kilmister died after a brief battle with an aggressive cancer. Photo: AP.



EDITOR PICKS



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Can Star Wars Pass \$2 Billion...
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friend. I'll miss him and especially our eccentric text conversations of recent years...

"We had a magical bond when we played together. He had a style all of his own and his legendary bass playing will live on forever.....We'll miss you man, you'll not be forgotten." -DB

Later that day, Dave Brock gave an interview to BBC Radio Five Live's Drive program, which commenced with the Hawkwind performance of the song "Motorhead," although amusingly it was the version where Brock did vocals, rather than Lemmy. Brock explained on the radio show that Lemmy had lost his voice, although he didn't give us the gory details of why.

Now, most Brits, especially socialist Brits, will know that the *Daily Telegraph* is a bit of a sobersides type of broadsheet newspaper - that is, big and posh and generally Tory. So it was rather surprising to see their front page announcement:

"Lemmy, Motörhead frontman: An amped-up heavy metal life of drugs, sex and booze"

They covered the 70s era of Lemmy's life in these rather pleasing terms:

"Lemmy, who has died aged 70, was the founder and, for some 40 years, bassist and frontman of Motörhead, the heavy metal band which took pride in its reputation for playing, and living, louder, faster and harder than anyone else; 'If we moved in next door to you, your lawn would die,' he once claimed.

"Lemmy (real name Ian Kilmister) began climbing the ranks as a roadie for Jimi Hendrix. In 1971 he joined Hawkwind, the psychedelic band which

specialised in trying to induce fits in their audience through the use of ultra-low frequency soundwaves. Unfortunately LSD was the band's drug of choice, while Lemmy preferred amphetamines."

And the *Washington Post* gave the event good coverage too, with the headline: "Motorhead's Lemmy, heavy metal pioneer, dead at 70: A voice like shrapnel and a bass tone to match."

And their piece, again very near the top of their website, ran:

"A voice like shrapnel and a bass tone to match. A steady diet of rock 'n' roll and rebellion — fueled by, until not so long ago, a bottle of Jack Daniels per day and sexual escapades too numerous to count. Plus: muttonchops.

"Lemmy Kilmister, singer and bass player of Motörhead, somehow lived to be 70 before a surprise cancer diagnosis killed him on Monday. He played hard, he partied hard, and he lived hard — and leaves a venerable oeuvre eclipsed only by his reputation as one of rock's most grizzled survivors. For sheer durability in a field where many a legend is undone by substances or suicide by age 30, only Ozzy Osbourne and Keith Richards come close to Lemmy — and neither is as frequently referred to by only his first name."

Rest in peace.

Graham Inglis

TUESDAY 29 DECEMBER 2015
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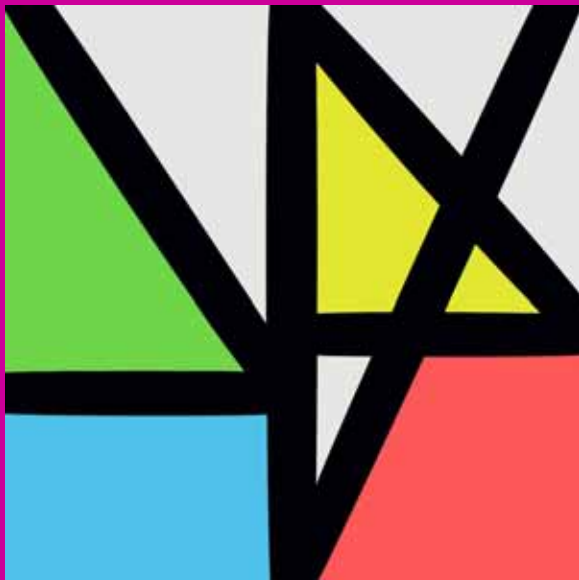
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Alex

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49



1. = New Order: Music Complete

The person that I feel sorry for here is Peter Hook. For years it was supposed that his bass playing was an integral part of New Order. Well, guess what? It isn't. Lots of bands replace iconic members when they leave by an impersonator. But New Order haven't. New boy Tom Chapman is no karaoke Hooky clone, far from it, but he fits seamlessly into the music on this outstanding new album. As a musician, on-and-off record producer and all round know-it-all, I would suggest that this is because Chapman, like Hooky before him is an integral part of the arranging process.

I am only too aware that there is a tendency for reviewers of a certain age to always insist that the latest offering is a return to form for

their favourite band who may or may not have been in the doldrums. Well New Order are not my favourite band, but merely a group that I listen to now and then so I have no vested interest here. But this is their best album since 'Technique' back in 1979, and - believe me - that is against some very worthy opposition from their more than worthy canon.



1. = Belle and Sebastian: Girls in Peacetime want to Dance

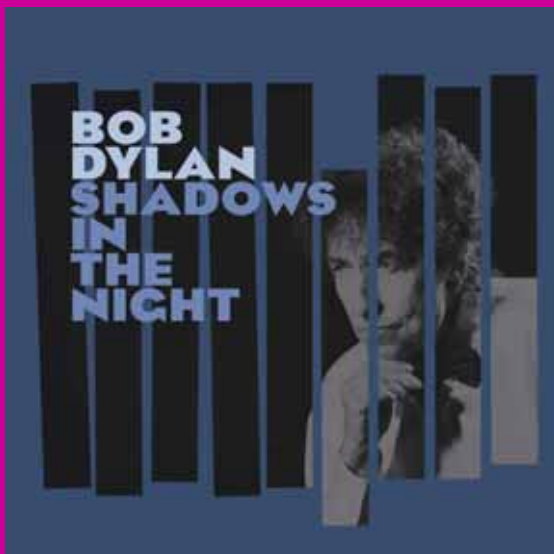
This is one of the few things that causes a rift in the Downes household. I have loved the band since I discovered them about seven years later than I should have done, but still over a decade ago. They are - peculiarly - a band who are at their best when they are



THE BEST OF MY MUSICAL YEAR—JON DOWNES

vaguely lo-fi, which is not something that one would associate with their wistful tales of everyday life. Because it is the word 'Everyday' that defines them, to my ears at least. When they were given the glossy Trevor Horn treatment on 'Dear Catastrophe Waitress' for example, it was too big, too perfectionist and too polished, and it took several albums for them to come back down from that.

This album, however, has the perfect sonic mix, and is just paranoid enough to provide the perfect soundtrack for these strange and unsettling times. I am reminded of 'Watchmen' and the adverts Adrian Veidt commissions as the political compass veers inexorably towards war. Yes, girls in peacetime do want to dance, but how much peacetime do we have left?

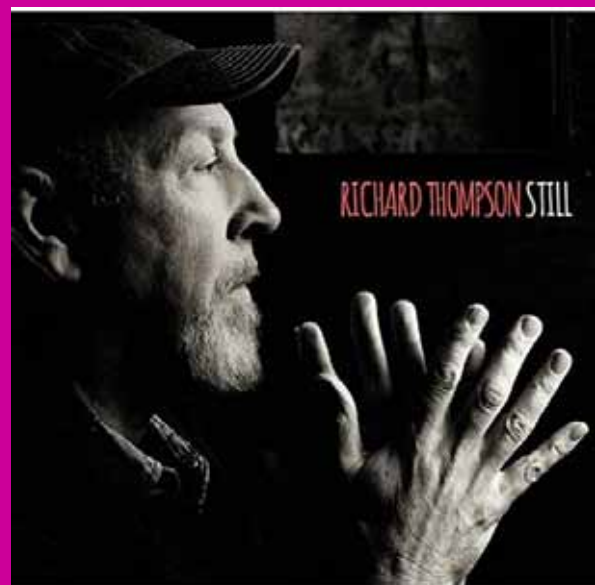


3. Bob Dylan: Shadows in the Night

Bob Dylan is unarguably one of the greatest songwriters of his generation, and as his last album of new studio material shows, he has not lost his touch over the decades. Throughout his career he has had a habit of making albums of cover versions, and on the whole they have not been to my taste. So, when it was announced that the new Bob Dylan album was to be a collection of cover versions of old Frank Sinatra songs, I greeted the news with more than a little trepidation. Dylan's intention, however, was not to record a mere collection of cover songs or a Sinatra tribute. In a statement he explained, "I don't see myself as covering these songs in any way.

They've been covered enough. Buried, as a matter a fact. What me and my band are basically doing is uncovering them. Lifting them out of the grave and bringing them into the light of day."

And I am happy to tell you that the record succeeds way beyond anyone's expectations. It is a delicious slice of ageing melancholia. AllMusic critic Stephen Thomas Erlewine wrote: "The fact that the feel is so richly idiosyncratic is a testament to just how well he knows these tunes, and these slow, winding arrangements are why Shadows in the Night feels unexpectedly resonant: it's a testament to how deeply Dylan sees himself in these old songs."



4. Richard Thompson: Still

Richard Thompson is quite rightly seen as one of the great guitarists, but this album not only underlines the fact but puts him far nearer Johnny Marr than Jimmy Page. I saw him on stage at Cropredy once, playing and singing 'Twist and Shout' whilst changing a string and retuning his guitar at the same time; a perfect example of the multitasking that men are not supposed to be able to do.

But his studio albums have always seemed to be song based rather than showcases for his virtuosity. That is until now. Because Thompson is a virtuoso - he just usually doesn't tend to let people know about it. On this album he finally takes his light out from under his self-imposed bushel, but being

Richard Thompson does so in such a delightfully English and understated manner that if you didn't look hard enough you would miss it. *Mojo* hit the nail on the head when they named Still their Album of the Week, writing that "if this was a new act, people would be falling over themselves to sing its praises, but Thompson raised the bar so high so many years ago that this is simply what's expected of him.



5. Ibeyi

Gorgeous, lush, spooky soul music from Santeria princesses Lisa-Kaindé Diaz and Naomi Diaz. They sing in English and Yoruba, a Nigerian language their ancestors spoke before being brought to Cuba by the Spanish to be made slaves in the 1700s. Lisa's is the lead voice. Naomi plays traditional Spanish/Cuban percussion instruments cajón and Batá drum, while Lisa also plays piano. But that is a bit like describing Romeo and Juliet as a play in which two people die.

Whilst carrying out another part of my professional life I have spent time both in rural Puerto Rico and downtown Miami where Santeria is practised, and the witchy vocals and rhythms in this glorious album have made a real connection with me, and listening to it transported me back to the gloriously surrealchemical rainforest country that I love so well. I have been proselytising about them to all and sundry all year, but sadly I think that because they are two Creole chicks in their early twenties rather than the battered looking white guys with beards who are responsible

for most of the music I recommend, I fear that my entreatments have fallen on deaf ears. Wise up Guys! Shed the ageism, sexism and racism. You won't find a better album to groove to all year.



6. Twink: Think Pink II

I have been aware of Twink for years. But I don't think I ever appreciated what an extraordinary composer he is until now. The original 'Think Pink' was his first solo album, recorded with a plethora of heavy friends back in 1970. It is probably his best known and most loved album, and this is a sequel. Now, before we go any further, wash your mind out with soap. I know that rock and roll sequels are crap. But this isn't. Most rock and roll sequels are an attempt to wring a few more quid out of one's public before going on the first annual Farewell Tour. But this isn't anything of the sort. The original album was about the thoughts of a young man who had come of age in Swinging London, and who was now confronted by a complete revelation in his and everyone else's thinking. This album is about what happened to him nearly half a century later, and it truly is at least as good, if not better, than the original.

I think I actually prefer this new record, because the production and songwriting are more to my taste. It does all that one would hope from Twink, veering between experimentation, baroque songwriting and the occasional freakout, all topped off with that extraordinary voice, which - peculiarly - just gets better, and like T H Whitre's Merlin - sounds younger as he gets older.



7. Anderson-Ponty Band: Better late than Never

I will be the first to admit that I was not impressed by the news of classic *Yes* vocalist teaming up with Zappa fiddle player Ponty. I was convinced that a load of arty New Age fiddling and doodling about was going to be in order. Bloody Hell was I wrong! And I ate my words in these very pages.

This is a gloriously organic record that reaches the heights of musical ecstasy that one hoes for from the best Gospel music, but never quite reaches.

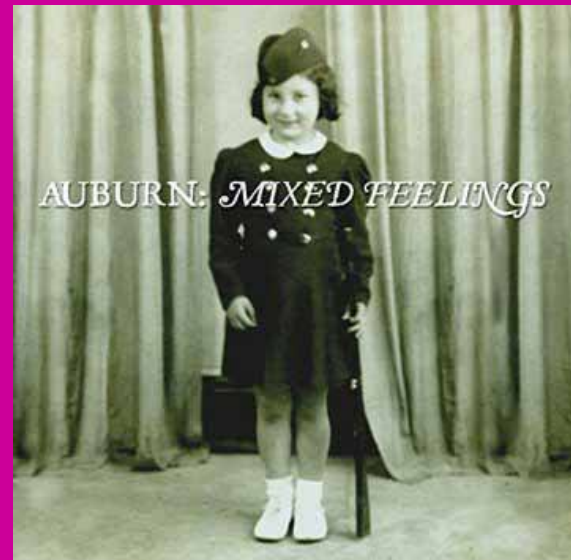
Although the record is very jazzy in parts, (with Ponty on board, how could it not be?) but it is not the McLaughlinesque jazz that I quite openly admit that I was expecting. It harks back to a much earlier, pre-Zappa period in Ponty's career when as a young virtuoso he played alongside such luminaries as as Svend Asmussen, Stéphane Grappelli and Stuff Smith on a 1966 live album called Violin Summit.

Now, I hope that Jean-Luc doesn't read this review, because I am sure that such an acknowledged master of his instrument would be mightily pissed off to be told that he sounds like a gypsy fiddle player sitting around a campfire, but there is a beautiful innocence about this album.

It was apparently recorded on the band's first shows in Aspen, Colorado late last year, and there is such a joyous, emotional innocence about the music, one could almost

believe that they were sitting in a circle - in the round, as it were - maybe around a campfire playing the songs for their own enjoyment.

This is not to say that the music isn't technically brilliant. Of course it is, but that was never in doubt, but the mixture of jazz and progressive rock into a surprisingly rootsy and semi acoustic sounding whole provides moments of joy that I truly wasn't expecting.



8. Auburn: Mixed Feelings

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

Or at least I do know.

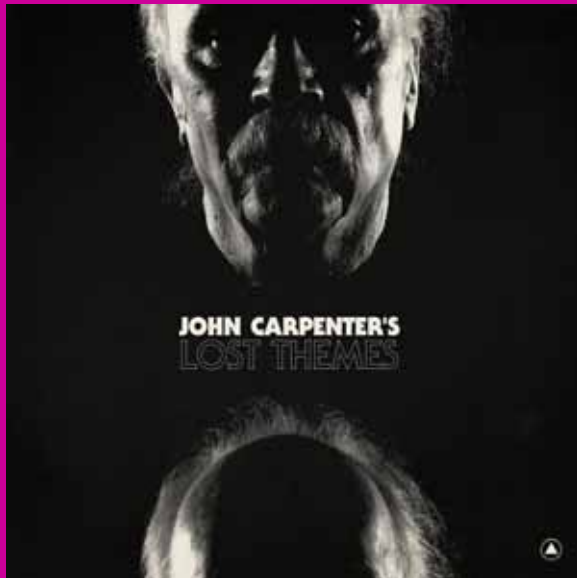
It's because the world is fundamentally completely and utterly unfair. However, the lovely Liz has got a new album out. It is her second collaboration with Nashville producer Thom Jutz, and – like its predecessor – is a bloody stonker!

Like Liz's other records, it's a very organic sounding album. It sounds like they went in and the whole vibe of the album the whole feel of it came together in the studio it was almost like they hadn't pre-planned it, and it just happened, which—having heard the demos a couple of months before the album came out—I know certainly wasn't the case.

Each of her albums seems to improve upon the one that came before, and as they have all

been uniformly excellent this is no small task.

The CD has 12 brand new songs, covering all the usual emotional issues, including love, loss, domestic abuse and manslaughter, confusion, perseverance, trust, friendship and psychotic-stalker-dumped-girlfriends! Enjoy!



9. John Carpenter: Lost Themes

John Carpenter is familiar to everyone as a soundtrack composer, but - surprisingly - for someone whose career has now been going strong for five decades, this is his first standalone album. He says: "Lost Themes was all about having fun. It can be both great and bad to score over images, which is what I'm used to. Here there were no pressures. No actors asking me what they're supposed to do. No crew waiting. No cutting room to go to. No release pending. It's just fun. And I couldn't have a better set-up at my house, where I depended on Cody and Daniel to bring me ideas as we began improvising. The plan was to make my music more complete and fuller, because we had unlimited tracks. I wasn't dealing with just analogue anymore. It's a brand new world. And there was nothing in any of our heads when we started other than to make it moody." This is some of the scariest music I have ever heard - think Throbbing Gristle with tunes. It is certainly not easy listening, but at this time of year when the ghosts of the past are all around you, it is the perfect soundtrack.



10. Downes Braide Association: Suburban Ghosts

One forgets that Geoff Downes, best known for his work with Yes and Asia started his recording career with popsters The Buggles, so - for those not in the know - the fact that this new release from Geoff and songwriter Chris Braide is totally Pet Shop Boys lovely, and one of the great albums of the year. Braide describes the album as being "about isolation and loneliness in small town suburbia", and about on how returning to such a place, "you're haunted by images of those former frost covered school gates and the laughter of children in the park and of the lovers you had once loved.

The alternative life you could have lived. You see a photograph that reminds you how fragile we are. Somebody close to you whom you should have been there for. But it's too late to go back now. It's time to let them go, those suburban ghosts." Downes said: "[Braide] never ceases to amaze with his application to the finest detail. And as on our previous collaboration 'Pictures Of You', I once again provided him with the musical fabric and raw materials, and from that point he has manufactured and polished our latest gem with the precision of a Swiss watchmaker. [...] I find it is quite difficult to describe in words as it's a natural creation that comes from our collective hearts. Sure, some might say: technopop, 80's, electronica etc, but to us it's much more than a label. This music is made with love. It is a true joint project."

Douglas Harr

Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile

The Best of 2015

Once again my wife Artina and I had a wonderful year of travel and concerts, stoking our love of music and performance. It was another year that saw many acts from the 1970's and 80's coming back to town, along with several new bands we've followed over the last 25 years. Here is a list of the eleven best shows (one more than 10!) more or less ordered from best to less best, from where we sat:



Steven Wilson, San Francisco & London

We were privileged to catch Steven on his Hand.Cannot.Erase. tour stop at the Warfield theater in San Francisco, and then again one the second night of his London show at the Royal Albert Hall. Both were spectacular, but the London show was special as Ninet Tayeb was on hand to sing a devastating, beautiful lead vocal for "Routine" and Wilson performed many Porcupine Tree classics including a song I've happily not been

able to get out of my head "She's moved on." Wilson and his concert production team are adept at staging his work live, setting the mood with long dissonant ambient sounds, muted lighting and surrealistic imagery projected on a stunning high definition screen. As with earlier shows in the tour, the lighting techniques were clever and colorful. Sound was crisp and clear, reproduced by the top-notch audio system, which sounded amazing in the acoustic-friendly Royal Albert Hall. Even with all the finery, the primary focus remained on the band members and guest musicians demonstrating their virtuosic skills throughout.



Änglagård, Cruise To The Edge

Not my wife's favorite, as they can be very angular, but I find this band from Sweden to be on the forefront of modern progressive rock. Taking cues from King Crimson, and European peers Shylock, SFF, and Ragnarok, this band manages to hit both beautiful and melancholy sounds in perfect harmony, calling in mind things like "Lark's Tongues in Aspic" while being completely original. Their two sets on the cruise were a rare treat given their infrequent tours. Änglagård incorporated flute and acoustic instruments, putting Anna Holmgren (flute, saxophone, Mellotron, recorder, melodica) at center stage, Tord Lindman on guitar and occasional vocals, and the rest of the talented band all anchored by Johan Brand's confident leads on Rickenbacker bass. Their live performances are more fluid and accessible than on record, as is true of the best bands.

Martin Barre, Cruise To The Edge

This long time Jethro Tull guitarist led his crack band of blues-rockers through a roots-oriented show, focusing on new songs from his latest solo album, the excellent return to form Back To

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



Steel. A follow-up morning gig featured more Tull classics including a very condensed version of a Tull epic they called “Thin As A Brick” after which Martin expressed the desire to carry on indefinitely, threatening to play the 1973 opus A Passion Play backwards! On the new album and in concert, vocalist and second guitarist Dan Crisp shines, bringing his own style to the new tracks, and the older Tull songs. Clearly, all members of the band, which included skilled drummer George Lindsay and veteran bassist Alan Thomson were in fine form. Martin looked happy and relaxed, joking that it was the first gig they played on coffee, and announcing, “Thank you for choosing us over porridge...were going to be the best breakfast you ever had!” Truer words...



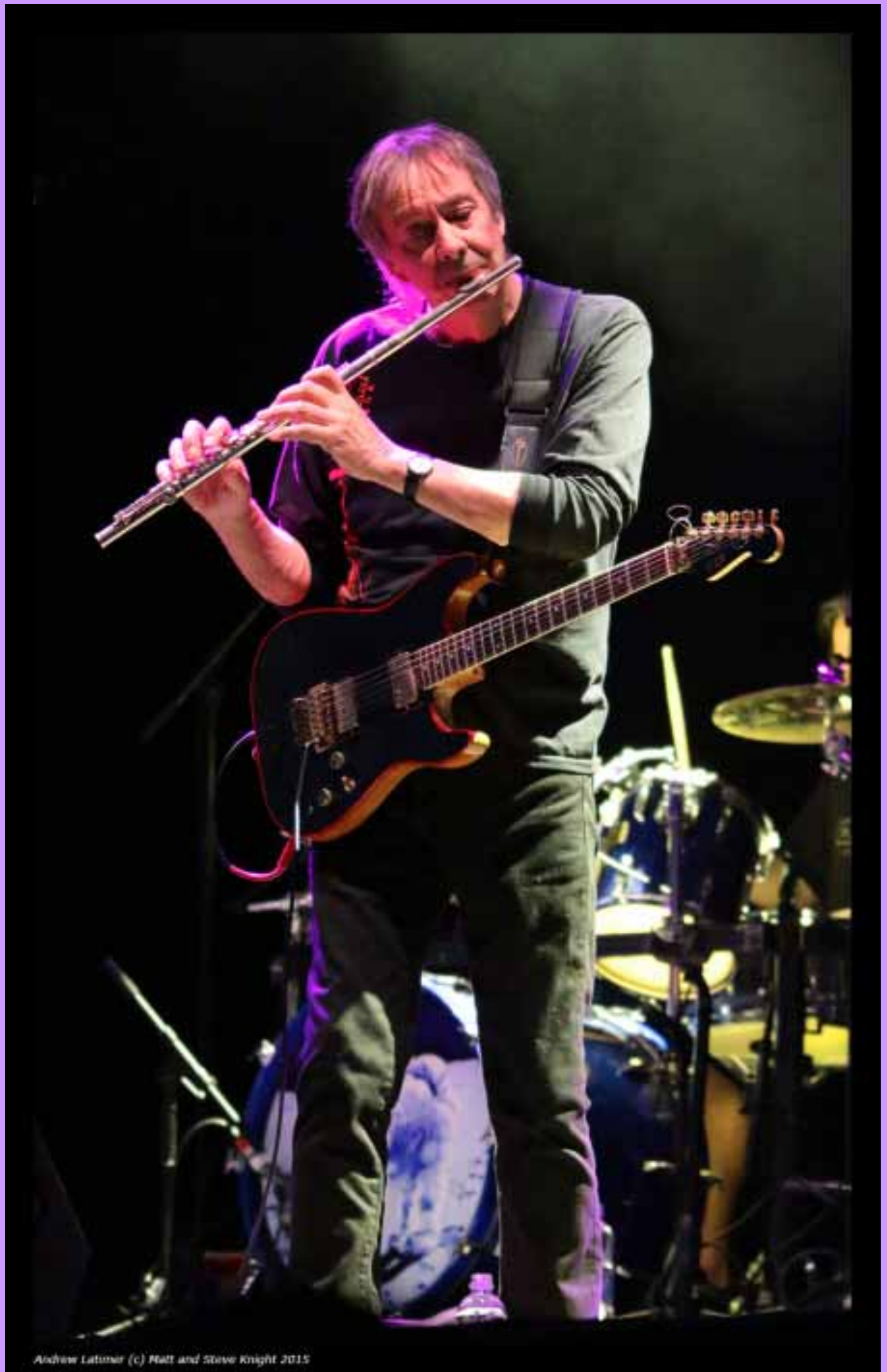
Gryphon Fly Again

Gryphon recorded 5 albums from 1971-1977, each with a slightly different contemporary take on traditional English folk music including medieval and Renaissance era sounds, and original compositions, which blended instruments like bassoon, crumhorn, recorders and mandolin, with modern electric bass, guitar, and keyboards. We had the rare opportunity to see their

reunion show earlier this year, which was a consistent display of virtuosity from each of the skilled multi-instrumentalists. Drummer Dave Oberle and Brian Gulland occasionally sang in rich bass and baritone voices undiminished by their long absence from the stage. Dave’s work on drums and percussion, along with bass player Jon Davie anchored the songs with rumbling toms, and a thick and varied bottom end. Guitarist Graeme Taylor spent the evening seated with his acoustic guitar front and center, adding shimmering rhythms and leads to the music. Relative newcomer Graham Preskett filled in on all sorts of instruments including the only electronic keyboard, along with guitar, violin and winds. Founder Richard Harvey and Brian led with solo and dueling winds and traditional keyboards, each thrilling the audience with their display of talent. Richard’s lightening fast leads on recorders bring honor to a sometimes-maligned instrument. Brian’s skill on the bassoon is a fun listen – certainly something you won’t often hear elsewhere. And, you haven’t seen anything in progressive folk/rock until you witness two expert crumhorn players duel with rapid-fire counterpoint!

Camel’s Long Journey, Rambin’ Man Festival

Founding guitarist Andrew Latimer’s shows a rare restraint, like contemporaries Eric Clapton and David Gilmour, wringing powerful emotion from every note, never crowding the measure. On top of this, he sings and plays flute, and these skills were all on display at the summer festival. He traded leads and harmonies with Colin Bass (who makes everything he does look easy, paired with Denis on drums) and shared solos with keyboard wizard Ton, who was in great form. Although this was a great show, the band was rushed offstage, seeming to be surprised at the shorter time they were allotted. Prior nights on this brief tour included a three track set from Dust and Dreams (1991) a keyboard instrumental, and “Long



Andrew Latimer (c) Matt and Steve Knight 2015



Alan Parsons Live (c) diegospadeproductions 2015

Goodbyes” from Stationary Traveller, (1984), one of our favorites, none of which they were able to play. The rush seemed unnecessary; the stage time allotted to the comparatively pedestrian Scorpions would have fit Camel’s entire set list. It was not an arrangement befitting one of Britain’s most talented musical outfits. Nonetheless Camel packed a punch during their truncated 80 minute set and made the trip to England special for us.

Alan Parsons at Club Nokia

Alan Parsons and his supremely talented band played the Nokia Club in Los Angeles, performing in town for the first time in 6 years on June 11, 2015. The group was at the absolute top of their game, driving through a set list that included many of their hits recorded over the years as The Alan Parsons Project, and in particular highlighting one of their most popular albums, The Turn Of A Friendly Card (1980). Parsons and his musicians were all in a great spirit, reproducing the sound of the studio records with pinpoint accuracy but also with some improvisation, and room to demonstrate virtuosity. The band on this night were: Alastair Greene (guitar), Dan Tracey (guitar), Guy Erez (bass), Danny Thompson (drums), Tom Brooks (keyboards), Todd Cooper (lead vocals, saxophone, cowbell J), and long time vocalist P.J. Olsson who just nails the delicate, emotive vocals of songs like “Time” and “Old and Wise” –truly wonderful.

Robert Plant’s Still Got It!

Robert Plant totally rocked the BottleRock festival in Napa California on May 30, 2015. We brought a dozen friends along for our birthday weekend, and went in with mixed expectations – knowing he would do some of his own material and of course some Led Zeppelin classics and generally just hoping to see this rock n’ roll legend perform at his best. From the start we

were actually a bit shocked at how incredible the show was. Robert opened with “The Wanton Song” an old Zeppelin



Robert Plant (c) diegospadeproductions 2015

classic, performed pretty much as originally recorded. What followed was a mix of his solo work, covers, and Zeppelin songs, including “Black Dog”, “The Lemon Song”, “What Is and What Should Never Be” and others. During Robert’s rendition of “Going To California” a 20 something woman behind me started to cry and I realized what an impact Zeppelin’s music and Robert’s vocal prowess have meant to generations.

Dungen’s Groove

Swedish band Dungen’s sound has softened a bit over the years since the debut in 2001. Since it’s music that’s hard to describe, it’s best to listen to a few tracks. Check out this video for “Akt Dit” which sports an intro and melody reminiscent of French duo Air. Or for an earlier more challenging psychedelic track try “Högdalstoppen” from the album Skit I Allt (2010). While the majority of songs are more pastoral and melodic, each show has at least one long instrumental “freak out” such as “Högdalstoppen.” Best to salve the dissonance with a typical follow up track such as “Satt Att Se” which sports a



nice animated video. As if to confirm the difficulty one has describing their sound, front man Gustav Ejstes explains on their website that the 2010 album *Skit I Allt* “is about a certain feeling: you’re with your friends and mates, all hanging out till 6 in the morning. You’re the last one left at the party and you call this person that you want to be with. They’re asleep, but they still say, ‘Ah, fuck it, come over.’ It’s that feeling.”



Kansas Carry On.... In Valencia, California

Kansas is now touring again, populated with the two original members Ehart and Williams and new members that have joined over many years. Original member Dave Hope (bass) left in 1983 and Billy Greer has played bass with the band since then. Robby Steinhardt (violin, vocals) retired almost 10 years ago in 2006 and David Ragsdale has been their violin player since that time, with Greer covering Steinhardt’s vocal parts. Principal composer Kerry Livgren (guitars, keys) was in and out of the band until his final departure in 2000, and since then both Williams and Ragsdale cover his guitar parts. After Walsh’s retirement last year, the remaining players hired Ronnie Platt primarily to cover his vocal parts, along with some keys, and David Manion to supply primary keyboard parts and add some background vocals. The good news is, as seen carrying on this year, Kansas is definitely back and ready to roll.



Ty Segall’s Glam and Grind

Ty Segall is a 27 year old indie rock wunderkind from San Francisco. Ty has released eight studio albums, beginning with 2008’s *Ty Segall* and continuing thru to 2014’s rocker *Manipulator*, building a solid fan base over these last seven years. In addition, he has released more than two-dozen singles and EP’s and played on as many albums by other indie bands. We caught up with him at the Great American Music Hall last January. From the first note it was clear that Ty’s punk roots remain strong. Hard core fans populated a mosh pit up front, slowing to rapt attention only during some of the new numbers, and building to a fever on the rest. The performance was energetic and unrelenting, as Ty, dressed in workman’s jump suit attacked both guitar and vocal leads with aplomb, recalling an early, angular Pete Townsend, though channeling less anger, more excitement (he is from California after all).



Blancmange Semi-Detached

Blancmange recently completed a two-night live stint at The Red Gallery in London. We were fortunate to be over from San Francisco, to catch the first of these on Friday May 15, 2015. Blancmange last made it to my city by the bay way back in the early 1980’s when I felt similarly fortunate to catch a show at the Old Waldorf. There we witnessed Neil Arthur (vocals, haircut, quirky moves), Stephen Luscombe (keyboards) and David Rhodes (guitar, rhythm) play along with a reel to reel tape, backup singers, and a harried drummer who had occasional trouble keeping up with the pace of Stephen’s drum machine. It was a fantastic show – one of my favorite memories of 80’s era “new wave” concerts we attended in and around San Francisco. Blancmange is now primarily the vehicle for singer Neil Arthur and his current day electronic



music. Founding partner Stephen Luscombe is said to be ill, unable to join on this album and live shows that follow. For the concert, long time guitarist and collaborator David Rhodes, was present once again. It was a fun show from these talented artists.

David Gilmour, Heart, Of Montreal, Yes, Marillion, Three Friends, PFM, Moon Safari, Haken, Steeleye Span, Robin Trower, U.K., Mew, Billy Idol, Paula Frazier, Tempest, Midge Ur, Magma, Blue Oyster Cult, Simon Phillips and David Pack were all excellent as well – we feel blessed to have seen more than three dozen incredible artists perform in concert this year.

Honorable mention must go to Madonna, who brought her stage extravaganza to the bay area this year. Her shows are akin to Las Vegas productions, much like veteran diva Cher, complete with hi-def video, large band, dancers, and lots of props and production value. It was a fantastic show - the only pop oriented band of the year, owing to the fact that I am buried in 1970's history at the moment, finishing a book on that era's defining rock concerts. From here forward, we have a definite plan to put away the AARP card, and get out to hear more new bands. We are already set to include Beach House, Ra Ra Riot, Muse, a

One of Corinna's and my high spots of the year was when Doug came to visit us for a couple of days, introducing us to the delights of Black Russians as he did so. They are, by the way, for the uninitiated, a nice mixture of vodka and Kahlua.

We became very fond of Doug in a very short time, and would like to take this opportunity to publically thank him, not only for everything he does for the magazine, but also for his terribly generous Christmas present to us. He truly is a very nice man.

Jon Meets

PERCY

A couple of months ago I interviewed legendary bassman Percy Jones, late of Brand X about the latest slew of Brand X reissues via Gonzo.

Brand X was another one of those bands who were beloved of other musicians and the more discerning of critics but which despite everything, never had the commercial success that it deserved. They were a jazz fusion band active 1975–1980. Brand X started in 1975 as a 'jam' band signed by Island Records' Richard Williams. Williams A&R man Danny Wilding wrote down the name 'Brand X' to keep track of their activity on the studio calendar and the name stuck. Noted members included Phil Collins (drums), Percy Jones (bass), John Goodsall (guitar) and Robin Lumley (keyboards). Not long after jazz/rock fusion greats Brand X put out their 1980 album, *Do They Hurt?*, the band members went their separate ways until their comeback in 1992. Goodsall and Jones formed a trio version of Brand X with drummer Frank Katz in 1992. To make up for the lack of a keyboard player, Goodsall used a Gibson Max MIDI-guitar system to trigger synths, samples and keyboard sounds along with his guitars. This line-up went on to record *Xcommunication* (1992) and *Manifest Destiny* (1997), and tour Japan and Europe in 1997 with keyboard player Kris Sjobring and ex-Gong drummer Pierre Moerlen replacing Katz. The latest release by Brand X on Gonzo is a live album from Ronnie Scott's in 1976. Sometimes the title of a record is self-

explanatory and – to use the current vernacular – does just what it says on the tin. Here we have the legendary jazz fusion band at the legendary London club, when both were at their commercial zenith. The band played like demons, and the result is extraordinary. Nearly forty years on the sounds are still absolutely mindblowing.

As always we had an entertaining chat, but in passing he told me that he had a new album in the works from his current ensemble. Well, I have always been a fan of Percy's bass playing; in my opinion he is one of the most lyrical fusion bassists, managing to retain his soulful, funky roots rather than getting bogged down in a morass of technically perfect fret-wiggling as so many of his peers do. To me it has always been the emotional impact of a record which is of importance rather than self-indulgent the "look how clever I am", nature, that are important. And Percy has this innate soulfulness by the bucket load.

Percy Jones (born December 3rd, 1947 near Llandrindod Wells, Wales) is a Welsh bass guitarist, and was a member of jazz fusion band Brand X from 1974 to 1980, as well as a reformed version that lasted from 1992 to 1997. Jones is best known for his unique bass sound and his trademark use of the fretless Wal bass. Jones was also a member of the jazz fusion group Soft Machine and the poetry rock group The Liverpool Scene (featuring poet Adrian Henri), and has contributed to



recordings by David Sylvian, Brian Eno, Steve Hackett, Paranoise, Suzanne Vega, Richard Barbieri and Fovea Hex, amongst others.

A couple of weeks ago he sent me some mp3's of this new project, and bloody hell, was I impressed! What surprised me even more, however, was that so was Jessica. Neither of us had heard anything quite like it before. Percy's serpentine bass is quite often the lead instrument, slithers through the music twisting and turning like a snake, and I am very much looking forward to hearing the rest of it.

So, it seems a bloody good idea for me to give Percy a ring and ask him more about this remarkable new project

Listen
Here



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



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

Jon Meets

BRIDGET

For the past few months we have been working with Ian Abrahams and Bridget Wishart on their extraordinary new book—*Festivalized*. 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 and deserves to be seen in the same illustrious light as *Days In The Life: Voices from the English Underground, 1961-71* by Jonathan Green.

Ian and Bridget have done a great service to music lovers and social historians alike. So with publication due next week we sat Bridget down and fired a few questions at her...

How did the project first come about?

Sometime after Ian interviewed me for the Hawkwind book we met up in Bath and once we got chatting realised we both had an interest in working together on a project. The free festivals have always been something close to my heart and Ian was also keen, seeing an area that could provide a really interesting reading. We drew up a list of people we wanted to contact and it built quite quickly into something we felt would make a really good book.

How long have you been working on it?

It seems like forever! But I think it's been around seven years since we started the book...bear in

mind that does includes a break of a few years where nothing much happened to it.

How long have you known Ian?

Ah, another question where the answer feels like forever...but truly, I think he tracked me down via a Hawkwind related website around 2004. We met in person a year or so later. He was a great help in my re appearing in the music scene by helping me with creating and maintaining a MySpace page. Ahhh, I miss those days...when MySpace was really good. I made so many musical and literary links through that site. Now we all use FaceBook.

This is a major piece of oral history. Were all of your interviewees helpful?

We didn't manage to meet all of our interviewees. Some were in other countries so we created a questionnaire, sadly, occasionally that method resulted in run of the mill lacklustre information. The hardest interview to transcribe was the one we organised in Bath where members, friends and roadies of Hawkwind and the Hippy Slags gathered to talk and reminisce. Too many cooks...all talking at once J

Do you think that there could ever be a revival of the Free Festival scene?

I don't see how the free festivals could ever come back. The laws of the country were changed and new ones written to prevent them. Public opinion is still anti traveller. No one wants a park up near them. Most open land is blocked off to vehicles by barriers, rocks, gates etc. What people do manage are small legal festivals that



try to re-create the vibe of a free festival. But they're never the same, they're safe, sanitised, organised events. They have to be because they have to have a myriad of licenses and conform to endless health and safety regulations.

How important was the music to the Free Festival scene?

Very important. It wasn't a festival until you got a band playing...a stage wasn't so necessary...bands played on the grass, in benders or by fires, out the back of a van, playing on the pyramid stage though, that was something to aspire to!

What is your favourite memory of this time?

I remember one day at Stonehenge in 1981 when all the blokes went off wooding and we decided to go gathering for the cauldron so we could cook a big stew that night. It was a long and hilarious journey round the site. We bought bread from a talented and enterprising baker who'd made an amazing earth oven. We were waylaid and distracted many times. The saki we found at one stall was a definite plus, or a minus, depending

on your point of view! Eventually we returned, in high spirits and added everything we'd found to the pot. The lads had fun too, they came back with the whole trunk of a dead tree (you can't make a fire with live wood)

Was there anybody that you would have liked to interview who you couldn't track down? or, indeed, who had died before you started the book?

Tash, he was the main photographer of those times. His photos are great and have graced other publications on free festivals and are seen on many websites. I contacted him a few times but never received a reply.

Are you pleased with the way that this mammoth project has turned out?

Yes. I'm also relieved that it will see the light of day in print. Although it's not quite how I imagined it to be. I wanted it to be a coffee table

sized book with both colour and black and white photos throughout.

What did you take away from your experiences from the Free Festival scene?

A strong sense of my own identity. A love of sitting round a fire. An abiding interest in meeting people and an unshaken belief that great things can happen when likeminded people put their heads and hearts into 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

I also began to appreciate the job for a different reason. We were out there with the punters, loads of impressionable women, all of whom wanted to know what it was like to be on tour with the Stones. One could not afford a T-shirt but wanted me to iron the transfer onto her own shirt. I agreed a price and she promptly took off her shirt and stood there, bare breasted until I had done the job. That night one of these women came back to the camper van and joined me. I had the bed over the driver's compartment, which was lucky because it was a bit bigger than the fold out ones on the sides of the vehicle. The drawback was that it was an enclosed space and we got very hot up there. In the morning, Bill, one of my companions said, 'If I had known the crossing was going to be so rough I would have taken a sea sickness pill'. I had not thought about what effect our night's exertions might have had on the soft suspension of the camper van.

From Dortmund we headed off to Cologne, and then to Paris. Paris, that city which evokes images of chic sophistication in many people's minds, chose to put the Stones in a disused abattoir, which they cunningly disguised by calling it *Pavillon de Paris* (Les Abattoirs). This was a cold building, even in the hot June weather of 1976. It still had the runnels down the floor that would have carried the blood. It was a pretty horrid place that I would come back to a few times in my career as merchandiser – some of which have their own story. It was also the place I met a dodgy Moroccan called Jean. Jean was also one of those loveable crooks. People you shouldn't really like but did anyway. He came along and manned one of the other stalls we set up to make sure we had all the exits covered. Paris was never a city I liked very much, but I did have a couple of adventures there with some interesting women over the years and tours. More of that later.

The Stones tour moved on to Lyon and then down to Barcelona. We had traded our camper van for a standard Transit now and it was just Bill and I doing the selling but, for the Barcelona gig, Bill headed off back to London for more stock and I took a train down to Spain alone. The mysterious

'ill person' had not returned yet, but I was enjoying the gig. Jean came down to meet me in Barcelona to help us out and brought his girlfriend. The gig was being held in a bullring, the *Plaza de Toros Monumental*. This was a classic bullring, like something off a picture postcard – in fact they were selling postcards of it. There was only one entrance to the outer building itself, which is via a smallish courtyard flanked by two towers. The public entered via a series of metal gates set in front of the building. We had set up our stand in the courtyard and were hanging around in the warm Spanish sun as the punters gathered outside. Suddenly there was chaos as a smoke bomb was thrown over the gates and the assembled crowd decided to force their way in. The police responded by closing the gates and standing against them and it looked, for all the world, like some ancient battle was about to take place. I went up into the tower so I could get a better view, and so that I did not choke on the smoke. By this time the police were firing their guns over the heads of the mob and lobbing the odd tear gas canister. They were fighting a small group of would-be freeloaders back along the streets, but the opposition were not giving in easily and, as I watched, I saw people with guns hiding behind cars and firing back at the police. It was all like some mad movie was taking place. Several hours passed before order was restored and the people with tickets were allowed in.

The following day we headed off towards Nice in Jean's car. His driving matched his personality completely. We hurtled round narrow roads at high speed with Jean arguing with his girlfriend in French the whole time. We had two days to make the journey in so we were able to stop in a small hotel along the way to rest. A welcome experience after Jean's driving and the constant jabber of argument, followed by sullen silences. Mind you, after a day of that, they still retired to their room and tried to reduce their bed to wreckage, just as noisily, that night.

Nice was hot and sunny. The Stones crew were mainly travelling in hire cars, most of which were demolished by the time that they had moved on to the next country. I was told, but I could not confirm it, that in Nice the tour manager picked up a new Mercedes from Hertz Car Rental, drove it out of the compound, turned into oncoming traffic and wound up racing up a grass verge. In the middle of the verge was a stone which neatly took off the car's sump. He walked back into the office before the clerk had finished dealing with the rest of the crew and said, 'Can I have another one? I have broken this one'.

The gig itself was in a football stadium, *Parc Des*

Sports De L'Ouest, on 13th June 1976. European football stadiums at the time tended to have high fences around them so the fans could not invade the pitch or hurl objects at the players, and this was no exception. There was a 12ft high chain link fence with only a few small gates set into it to allow the players and officials onto the field. It took the audience a long time to get onto the pitch where the stage was set up along one of the long sides. We set up our stand almost opposite the band, and not far from one of these gates. We had managed to get some crash barriers around us, which was a very good precaution. The sun was out and the crowd were in. There was a space between us and the edge of the crowd which was filled with children playing games, and a few people lying there sunbathing. It was a fairly idyllic setting. I can only recall two of the support bands that were on. Robin Trower's band were directly under the *Meters* (tour support) on the bill and I remember *John Miles Band* playing. Apparently *Little Feat* and *Kokomo* also played. It was John Miles that got the first blow.

During his set, the audience became restive and things began to fly around a bit. Towards the end of the set he launched into his hit 'Music was my First Love'. It clearly was not the first love of the audience there who pelted him with bottles and sandwiches (don't ask me why sandwiches) until he left the stage. At some point during the day there were some screams and shouts, and we were aghast to see the entire audience running away from the stage – straight at us and the tiny door to get out! We gathered as many children as we could onto our side of the crash barrier. They did not quite reach us the first time, but they repeated the stampede a couple more times before things quietened down. We found out later that a woman was assaulted in front of the stage and the Hell's Angels marched in and started hitting people – anxious to do a re-run of Altmont. Scary stuff in anyone's book, and a baptism of fire for me.



THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

PHENOMENA

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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.

So that was that then. 2015. All done and dusted, bar the shouting. What are your plans for the New Year? Are you going to ride The Horror Horse to Funkytown like last year? Or just stay home and get drunk?

Alternatively, you could simply hide in a wardrobe, and send one of these peculiar vintage New Year greetings cards to your friends, loved ones, and optometrists.

!





c.j.stone

Ham and Chris in the Mountains of Harghita, Romania.

I am sitting on the terrace of Stuart's house in Harghita province, Romania.

It's where I have been for the last four days.

There's a small lake in the garden, a sort of pale, limpid green, full of tiny, darting fish, fed by a tinkling stream, and a family of swallows, maybe fifteen of them, who dart and dive over the surface of the lake, wheeling this way and that, looking for insects. They hit the surface with a splash, skimming over it, before plucking themselves from the water and ascending again. Skilful and happy aviators, I believe they express joy in their work.

It feels like a cycle of time has ended, like a new chapter has begun.

The house sits high-up, backed against a hill on the edge of a forest, overlooking a wide, flat upland plain. The village is down below and winds its way towards the plain along a tree-lined dusty street where it ends at the white steeple of the church in the distance, it's destination. Around us the serried hills buck and heave, like slow-motion waves on the ocean of the world.

My nearest neighbours are some woodcutters who live in a wooden caravan in a fold of the hill just along the valley a few hundred yards away. They work it in shifts. Sometimes there's two old guys, sometimes one younger guy with his wife. They have oxen in a shed which they bring out to feed by the verge everyday, and which are used for hauling logs. They also have a huge, oil-smeared tractor

which roars and splutters like some prehistoric creature, more primeval looking than the oxen. Sometimes they build a fire and you see smoke coming from their chimney. I always raise my hand in greeting as I pass, and they always wave back.

And my next nearest neighbour is a snake. On the slope just beyond the boundary of the house lives a large brown and black snake. I came across it one day as I was going for a walk. I think our reaction was mutual. I jumped back maybe three feet while he darted quickly down his hole. He looked to be about four foot long.

The hillside meadows around me are terraced, showing evidence of large-scale human activity some time in the past, and are festooned with flowers. I counted maybe twenty different species in the space of only a few more yards. And one day I saw this spectacular iridescent blue flower that then flapped its wings and flew away. It was a butterfly. And beyond that, rustling quietly in the breathless light, lies the forest, hushed and dark like a cathedral, the all-pervading presence that encircles our lives.

Did I say fifteen swallows? A whole tribe has just flashed by, riding in on the waves of the air like an Indian raiding party, maybe a hundred or more, strimming and scriving across the surface of the lake, weaving water droplet patterns in the sparkling air.

For the last two days I've woken up from a dream in which men and heavy machinery are working out-

side. It's like there's some great construction project going on. Earthmovers are sculpting the landscape, moving the earth about. Only when I wake up and look out it's all quiet. Just the static electric buzz of the crickets. The only construction work going on around here is what is happening inside my head.

There's a family of redstart in the woodshed. They've been here since I first arrived: first of all as eggs in the nest, then as chicks, and now as fully fledged youngsters. I think there may be four or five of them, including the adults. They have the most incredible flight patterns. They swoop and dive, turn and flit, shifting about this way and that, in complete control of their medium. They seem to be able to stop dead in midair. Sometimes the woodshed door is open, sometimes it is closed. In order to enter when the door is closed they have to slip through a one inch gap. So they drop down and position themselves, poised like trapeze artists on the changeover, before, with the faintest twist of a feather, a wriggle and a shimmy, they go swooping and swinging through the gap.

The only reason I know they are redstart is that I've just looked it up in my Kingfisher Field Guide to the Birds of Britain and Europe. They look like such modest, grey little birds, but then there's that sudden impolite flash of red as they fan out their tail, like a smartly-dressed secretary who suddenly

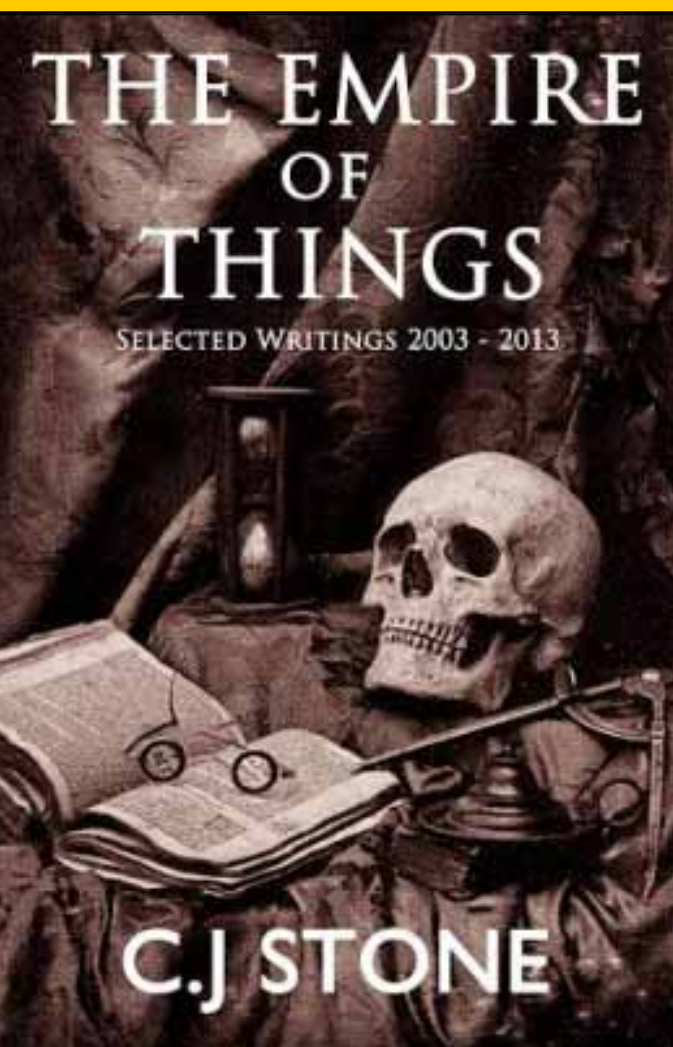
lifts up her skirt to show you her scarlet underwear.

There are also at least three buzzards in the valley who wheel and circle about in the great arc of the sky, riding the waves of the air on muscular wings, and once, while Stuart was here, one of them dropped down next to the car as we were driving and with a flurry of flapping wings and claws, brought up a field mouse.

Well I say they are buzzards and I've looked them up in my Kingfisher Field Guide, but I can't really be sure. I'm a city boy. The most I ever spotted when I was growing up was cigarette packets and buses. I've been sitting here all day and I haven't seen one bus go by yet.

Stuart's dog, Ham, now lives in Harghita with me. He's this great, clumsy, soppy, oversized mountain dog, one-third bear, one-third wolf, one third Scooby-doo on roller-skates.

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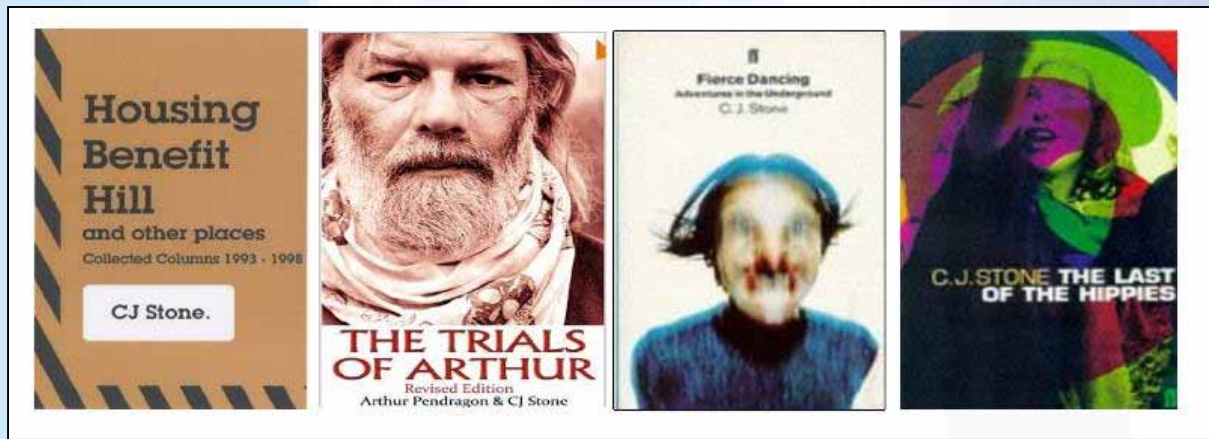
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The Masters of the Universe do seem to have a steady stream of interesting stories featuring them, their various friends and relations, and alumni. Each week Graham Inglis keeps us up to date with the latest news from the Hawkverse..

2015... and in many ways, the Hawkwind year started as it ended... overshadowed by health concerns about ex-Hawkwind member Lemmy.

However, early concerns about Lemmy's health faded as he was a fighter and

Hawkwind and Motorhead fans preferred to regard him as indestructable.

So, health concerns about Hawkwind's name, rather than how any ex-members were bearing up, started to take over the news. Mr. Turner, once a member of Hawkwind, had gone to the Trademark Trial and Appeal Board to try to get the Hawkwind name (or a variant thereof) registered for his own use, and it was announced that the Board were going to chew over the Nik Turner idea of kicking out the record company objections to the case.

'One old man fighting another old man in the



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Includes bonus 8-page comic with artwork by Steve Lines

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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



courts' is the unflattering way it was described by some fans, while others watched and wondered.

Meanwhile, a band that Mr. Turner was deeply involved in forming - The Hawkwind offshoot known as "Hawklords" - were looking to cut loose from their murky past and they announced some tour dates for the autumn. The band, which commenced operations eight years ago, started life as what was regarded by some as a tribute band, and others viewed as an attack on Dave Brock - although the band members themselves emphatically did not accept such labels, and have slowly been gathering respect and acceptance from many Hawkwind fans.

Closely associated with Mr. Turner in their early years, they made a point of 'rubbishing' the mothership band and have only recently started to carve out a valid musical career as ex-Hawks who are still exploring the old-fashioned Hawk Trip, so to speak.

But back to the Mothership: in 2014, Hawkwind did their 'Space Ritual' gig at the

now-currently-closed Shepherd's Bush Empire, and the Rotherham Advertiser took heed of the long delayed release, saying:

"The good news is that the new Space Ritual Live album is a triumph and shows a band very much in form. The Space Ritual is a mesmerising mix of space rock songs, sci-fi poetry and, as those who buy the special edition with DVDs will witness, an impressive stagershow. Nude dancer Stacia from the original line-up may have gone but the new version has plenty to entertain.

"Proceedings kick off with the eerie Earth Calling introduction before blasting into Born To Go which is every bit as powerful as the 1973 original. The same can be said for other classic Hawkwind tracks Brainstorm and Master of the Universe which have been recorded live many times but rarely sounded as good as here."

**

More than one Hawkwind fan would concur with that.




In the summer, Crum (an ex-Hawk) released his "Moonrockin" album and Hawkwind played the now-customary handful of festivals around Northern Europe. And Dave Brock (guitarist) and Kris Tait (manager) passed their 8th wedding anniversary. Motorhead played Glastonbury Festival and it was shown on BBC television, and many fans thought - or hoped - that Lemmy had a few more years

left in him.

Hawkwind's trio of Dave Brock, Mr Dibs and Richard Chadwick appeared on national television singing the Happy Birthday song... on Matthew Wright's show "The Wright Stuff," broadcast on the UK channel known as Channel Five. The occasion was Matthew's 50th birthday - he's a Hawkwind fan and also sometimes a Hawkwind





Good
morning sir ...
so good to
see you

do you have
a moment to talk
about
HAWKWIND?

performer - and was visibly delighted by the tribute.

On more than one regional television program, Dave Brock had expressed concern about saving their local town hall, and Dave Brock said (in a BBC News 2013 interview) "The ladies who run it, they were in dire straits, you know. It was going to be closed down. And because we live locally, we decided to work with them..."

In 2015 it was announced the place was financially viable and could carry on after all, instead of closing its doors. Hawkwind themselves made a few announcements as well, including some albums: a new Dave Brock solo album Brockworld, a Hawkwind Light Orchestra album, a new Hawkwind studio album, and a live album

from the 2013 Warrior on the Edge of Time tour.

In between all this, Hawkwind had been promoting the SBE for months and then the venue tell Hawkwind the roof's falling off... a couple of weeks before the performance. So a hasty rejig across the River Thames to an alternative venue was suddenly needed.

And then, when the dust has settled from all that, of course the shocking news of the demise of Lemmy came through.

It's maybe a salutary reminder that the music may come and maybe it'll even endure for ever, even though the participants may not all be around for many more decades.



HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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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)

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Name

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

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.....
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Full Earth Address:
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Post Code

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

Telephone Number:

Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with Daavid Allen, Gilli Smyth *Mother Gong* are well known and highly regarded. It just felt right to include a daily poem from Thom on our Gonzo blog and when I approached him to do so, he replied with in seconds!!! Thom is a great talent and just wants to spread poetry, light and positive energy across the globe. If we at Gonzo can help him do that - why not? why not indeed!!!"

it has to be in this world

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



YE GONZO ISLAND DISCS

You know the score as well as I do. I'm not even going to try to pretend that this is an original idea of mine; the BBC thought it up decades ago and it was Rob Ayling's idea to apply it to the Gonzo Weekly. The concept is a simple one: one takes a celebrity and plonks them on an un named 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.



...

Another one of the charming young people who congregate around the CFZ and Gonzo Weekly, Nadine “Deanie” Rider (aged fifteen) is our new intern. And what do we do to charming young ladies? We send them to a desert island with only a few songs for company

Nadine's Top Ten

Bring me the horizon (True friends)

Bring me the horizon (Follow you)

Blink 182(All the small things)

We the King's(Check yes juliet)

The all American rejects (Gives you hell)

All time low (Kids in the dark)

Bastille (What would you do)

Eminem (Her song)

Jess Glynne (Take me home)

Lady Gaga (Till it happens to you)



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.



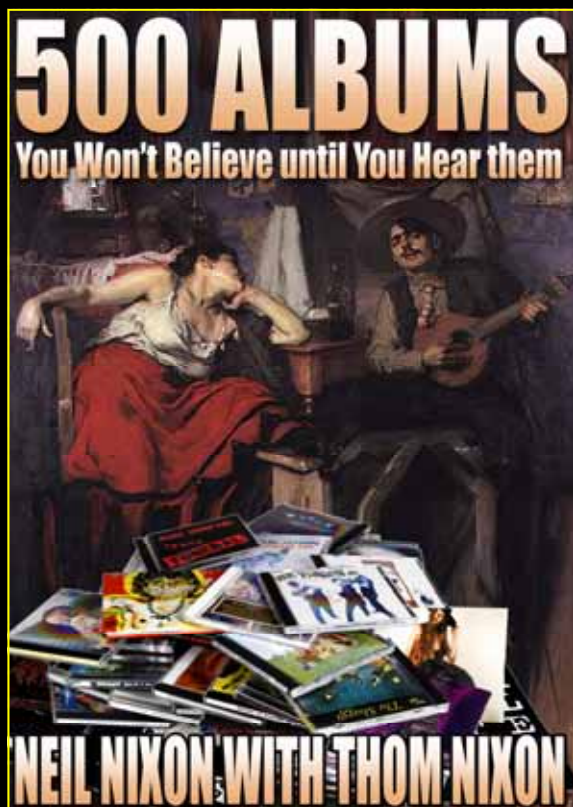
"Ev'rywhere I hear the sound
of marching charging feet, boy"

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AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES



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.

Thomas Bloch:
Music for the Glass Harmonica
Naxos 2001
What? Eighteenth Century Ambient
Techno, with some banging modern
tunes added.

Probably rivalling the Theremin as one of the strangest instruments, ever, the glass harmonica combines a spinning axle with glass bowls of varied sizes. Something like a high-tech version of the music making trick of running your finger round the rim of wineglass. The instrument dates back to the mid-eighteenth century but its fragility has always been its downfall. Easily breakable, possessed of a high-fluting tone rendering it a mixed blessing in the company of other instruments, and quiet enough to give it problems in filling a concert hall with sound; the glass harmonica belongs, if anywhere, in



chamber music.

It's cruel to line the glass harmonica next its main rival, the piano. In comparison few composers penned works specifically for glass harmonica, few performers chained their careers to its fragile ways and few audiences paid good money to see the results. Thomas Bloch (b 1962) is one who set out to change that situation and the results packed onto a CD run well past the one hour mark and present an instrument whose time may, just, have come.

The bulk of the collection shows the glass harmonica skilfully used in chamber pieces with some of the big names – Mozart, Beethoven – packed into the middle of the running order. In some chamber selections repetitive string figures provide a framework as the glass harmonica sings out with the strange high-end beauty of...well, John Hurt speaking in *The Elephant Man* isn't such a facile comparison. Elsewhere the instrument acquits itself well in tackling the shimmering stillness of a classic adagio or two. The tinkling resonance and elegantly muffled tones of the solo glass harmonica interludes evoke everything from a half-remembered fairground organ to the kind of chilling stillness heard in a horror soundtrack just as the poor innocent girl with the wide eyes realises there is nothing but a wall behind her and nothing but pure knife-wielding evil in front. The notion that all but the most dedicated would listen to this collection at a sitting seems fanciful.

Ultimately, the variety of sounds and settings on offer make this a showcase for an instrument with a unique sound. A sound that exists somewhere between distinct melody and full-on soundscape. The notion that everyone from a dance DJ to a documentary maker might take the sounds and run with them, is a lot less fanciful, and the most encouraging aspect of all is that Bloch, when he isn't giving a virtuoso display of his talents, is also an accomplished composer. The closing track is his own "Sancta Maria" a wildly wildly ambitious six minutes and 11 seconds, pitting the glass harmonica against a multi-tracked male soprano vocal.

And so, my friends, we come to the end of another issue, another week, and another year. Tomorrow (as I write this) is New Year's Eve, and we are expecting a visit from the *Gonzo Grande Fromage* and from my adopted nephew Max Blake.

The former is well known to all readers of this magazine as Rob Ayling, the man without whom all this stuff would never have happened, and the latter is well known to people in the esoteric field of insect genetics.

They both like peculiar music, and have both pledged to burglarise my liquor cabinet, so I hypothesise that an interesting time will be had by all.

As I write so often, we are living in very peculiar and



increasingly disturbing times, and as I believe that art exists to throw a window open upon the universe then—as I have said on occasion—this magazine's remit is a clear one.

It is the Confessions of the Windowcleaner.

Thank you all for your support over the past year. Please stick with us as we go into 2016 blissfully unaware of whatever slings and arrows of outrageous fortune have in store for us all.

It may be a bumpy one, but I think that I can guarantee you all an interesting ride.

Hare Bol

Jon



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