

GONZO

Weekly #164

EXCLUSIVE:

We talk to Ian Abrahams about the history of Free Festivals

In this issue we celebrate the launch of **Ian Abrahams and Bridget Wishart's Festivalised** by interviewing **Ian** and printing an exclusive extract. Doug waxes lyrical about **Fleetwood Mac**, Jon moans about **Austerity**, and **Twink** goes to a desert island. There is also another visit to **Canterbury Sans Frontières** and lots of other stuff. This picture, by the way, was taken by Jon at **Treworkey Tree Fayre** back in the days when the world was young.



MEMORIES OF A FREE FESTIVAL



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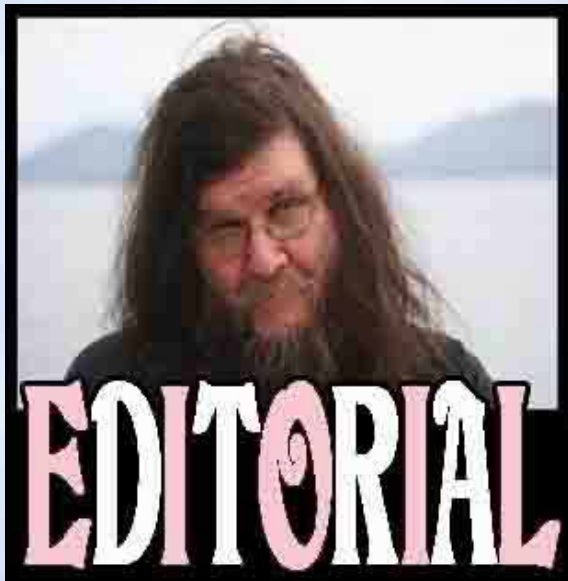
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear Friends,

Welcome to the first proper issue of 2016, a new year and a whole vista of 'stuff' lies before us all. Schrödinger's cat is still in her carry case, and my Jack Russell, Archie is probably sniffing her bottom. Unusually I am putting this issue together after having taken small but regular doses of a named chemical, and generally being off my tits. The chemical is Lemsip, and I am more than slightly woozy this week 'cos of an unprovoked attack by a virulent strain of

rhinovirus. As I wrote on Monday:

I know that it's only the Common Cold
the virus that I've got
but if anyone mentions 'Man Flu'
I'll have the bastard shot!!!

My ears are all bunged up, and - for some sonic reason that I don't even want to attempt to guess - the only music that cuts through the general yuckiness is electronica, and so I am listening to mid and late period music by The Shamen, which - when combined with my general trippedoutedness - is producing a generally pleasant neopsychedelic effect.

But it is telling that my headcold is one of the better things to be coming out of 2016. The year may be only a week or so old so far, but now the tinsel and paper chains have all come down the world looks just as dismal a place as it did last year. I remember talking to Jaki Windmill at the Weird Weekend, and the gist of our conversation was that we didn't know anyone who had had anything other than a horrid 2015. It seems that the year in which we lost Daevid Allen, Chris Squire and Lemmy amongst so many others, sent out bad vibes throughout the Omniverse.

The big question on everyone's mind, therefore, is what are the implications for the Year of Our



“A BAD MOON RISING”

Lord 2016?

The United Nations has launched an investigation into whether welfare cuts have disproportionately hit marginalised groups in Britain such as single parents, ethnic minorities and children.

It follows a separate confidential human rights inquiry by the UN into alleged violations of disability rights following welfare reforms, though this second investigation will be held in public and is more akin to a routine checkup rather than a response to an emergency situation.

Jamie Burton, the chair of Just Fair, said: “The decision of the committee to investigate these issues is timely and welcome. We and many others are concerned about the adverse impact austerity policies have had on the least well-off and already marginalised in society, including those in work. In one of the richest countries in the world, people do not have enough food to eat or decent housing to live in. Worst of all, the measures have hit children, single mothers and people with disabilities the hardest. As the tax credits scandal shows, the public is turning against these policies precisely because they are so unfair.”



اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة

But there are other grave knock-on effects to the swingeing austerity measures of the current UK government. In these degenerate days, after years of having been fed a diet of Benefits Porn by the Reality TV Industry, and the best part of a decade of newspaper stories claiming that Benefits Claimants, single mothers, immigrants and the unemployed are responsible for all of society's ills, from the Balance of Payments Deficit down to our crappy weather, what I am about to write is going to be seen as massively inappropriate in some quarters. The current austerity measures are aimed at pushing everyone into full-time employment, and this is wreaking havoc across the board on organisations and enterprises that are reliant on voluntary support. You will notice that all the unctuous bullshit about The Big Society has gone out of the window, as organisation after organisation goes to the wall.

I am involved with a small independent school here in the Westcountry. When it was founded three and a half decades ago it was set up so that the parents of the pupils would have direct day-to-day influence upon the running of the establishment. This worked very well whilst the families who attended the school had one parent free to do such things, but as the current economic system worsens such families are few and far between. Even my own situation has been affected. Ten years ago there were seven or eight people working part time hours or more to grease the wheels that keep The Centre for Fortean Zoology whirring along. Now there is a fraction

of that. Even my wife Corinna, sub editor of this very magazine, has been forced to take a part time job, and - as a certain Mancunian curly haired twat once cribbed from *The Valentine Brothers* - money's too tight to wassname.

Once upon a time the vast majority of aspiring rock musicians had paid their dues with a spell on Unemployment Benefit. I remember back in 1977, when punkers *Chelsea* were promoting their particularly egregious single 'Right to Work' with an interview with an Exeter fanzine edited by a friend of mine. The singer, Gene October, was holding forth on the subject at some length when my ma e whispered in my ear that the main reason that anyone joined a rock and roll band was to avoid having to work rather than to bemoan the fact that they weren't in conventional employment.

I don't think that I am spilling the beans on a particularly well-kept secret when I reveal that - along with being an art student - the dole queue provided a very useful training ground for more than one generation of rock and rollers. And I don't know whether I am just being a grumpy old git, but I doubt whether the comfortable, not to say bourgeoisie nature of the performing arts academies, provide such a useful milieu for creativity as did the Unemployment Benefit Office back in the day.

Recently various economists have claimed that the current austerity measures, and swinging cut



down on state benefits, especially for the young, is counter productive. Mark Blyth wrote in 2013 that "The European experience has shown [...] why joining the austerity club is exactly the wrong thing for a struggling economy to do". A Spanish economist called Pablo García Sánchez writes that austerity is indeed counter productive and the website bruegel.org wrote only a few months ago:

"It gets worse. When, in 2003, Germany was freed of the shackles of fiscal austerity, world trade also zoomed up. For the four years, 2004-7, world trade growth averaged 9% a year. The claim to a German "miracle" is based on two years of 3.5% annual growth in 2006-7 amidst that buoyant world economy. Today, Greece is embarking on another round of austerity with world trade growth under 3% a year. The U.S. Federal Reserve, in its decision to not raise interest rates last week, emphasised how fragile the global economy is. The IMF has lowered its forecasts of world GDP growth and trade three times since the start of the year."

Although in the current political climate expressing this view is tantamount to inviting Gary Glitter over to your Christmas party I would go even further. We are losing so much because our society no longer has space for people to work outside the market forces-led culture of wage slavery, that pretty soon we will be left with a world where all art is angled either towards the very rich or towards the lowest common denominator we have already seen, over the past 40 years, how three or four quality terrestrial TV channels have been replaced by literally hundreds of smaller broadcasters each providing a 21st century analogue of 'bread and circuses' to satiate the base desires of the 'mob'.

Soon there will be no room for any alternative to the mainstream and, as a society, we will all have fulfilled our part in the Thatcherite dream while becoming good little consumers who buy what we are told to, and don't live too long, so as we don't become a drain on society resources. And it will be all very Aldous Huxley. And that is a terrifying thought.

Let's hope that, after all, I am nothing but a paranoid fat hippy with nothing but a heavy head cold and a bad case of the post Christmas blues.

Hari Bol



Steely Dan, Donald Fagen, Syd Barrett, Jack White, The Edge, Bono, Keith Richards, Lemmy, Damon Albarn, Barbara Dickson, The Beatles, Galahad, Strange Harvest, Canterbury Sans Frontieres, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Pierre Boulez, John Thurman Hunter Jr., Robert Colin Stigwood, Hyman Paul Bley, CM, Mark Barnes, Natalie Maria Cole, Marion James, William Wayne McMillan Rogers III, The Pirates, Freddie King, Denny Laine, The Selecter, Wild Man Fischer, Rick Wakeman, Ian Abrahams, Fleetwood Mac, Bridget Wishart, Twink, Roy Weard, A J Smitrovich, Mr Dad's LPs, Mr Biff, Hawkwind, Motorhead, XtuL, Bernard Sumner, Eric Clapton, Bjork, Grateful Dead, David Bowie, Elvis, John Lennon, Yes, Jon Anderson, Micky Dolenz, Chris Squire, Steve Howe, Jean-Luc Ponty, Neil Nixon, Blowfly, Stary Olsa

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



THE GONZO WEEKLY

all the gonzo news that's fit to print

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,

(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)

Graham Inglis,

(Columnist, Staff writer, *Hawkwind* nut)

Bart Lancia,

(My favourite roving reporter)

Thom the World Poet,

(Bard in residence)

C.J.Stone,

(Columnist, commentator and all round good egg)

Kev Rowland,

(Kiwi Reviewer)

Lesley Madigan,

Photographer *par excellence*

Douglas Harr,

(Staff writer, columnist)

Jessica Taylor,

(PA and laughing at drunk pop stars)

Richard Freeman,

(Scary stuff)

Dave McMann,

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

Orrin Hare,

(Sybarite and literary *bon viveur*)

Mark Raines,

(Cartoonist)

Davey Curtis,

(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee

(Pop Culture memorabilia)

Dean Phillips

(The House Wally)

Rob Ayling

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

and **Peter McAdam**

(McDada in residence)

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

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

Contact us with bribes and free stuff:

Jonathan Downes,

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Editor: *Gonzo Weekly* magazine

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so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

HAITIAN DIVORCE: Steely Dan main man Donald Fagen has been arrested on Monday in New York after allegedly assaulting his wife, Libby Titus, in their apartment. According to multiple sources, Fagen pushed his wife into a marble window pane, injuring her right arm. Specifically, the criminal complaint reads that he placed "his hands on her arms and rapidly extending his arms in the direction of said frame, causing her to fall onto the frame and suffer bruising and swelling to her right arm, as well as substantial pain."

Fagen was arraigned on Tuesday morning in Manhattan criminal court and charged with one count of assault and one count of harassment. He was released on his own recognizance. Titus has received an order of protection from Fagen and told the New York Post that she would be divorcing her husband. **Read on...**

THE MADCAP LAUGHS: The family and estate managers of Syd Barrett are to mark what would have been his 70th birthday with the launch of a new website. The family of the iconic musician who died ten years ago will be unveiling a new official website at 12 noon on Wednesday 6th January, offering a wealth of previously unseen family photographs documenting Syd from early childhood until the early 1980s.

There are plans to reveal more unseen material at regular intervals throughout the year, as well as publishing a range of articles about Syd and his music from celebrity guest writers. **Read on...**



WHITE POWER: Jack White's Third Man Records is releasing early and very rare music from Jack White, before the White Stripes came into existence. White's subscription service The Vault, at Third Man Records, is sampling music from White's teen punk band Two Star Tabernacle and from this other early band The Bricks. The Bricks had a very short life, about half a dozen shows. **Read on...**



ZOOROPA'S EDGE: The Edge has partially lifted the lid on U2's new album referencing their 1993 album 'Zooropa' as an inspiration. The forthcoming record 'Songs of Experience' looks likely to be released in 2016, and is a companion record to 2014's 'Songs of Innocence'.

Speaking to Q Magazine, The Edge revealed that they have finished parts inbetween world tour dates.

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

Bono also recently revealed that he wrote a song about the Paris attacks during the band's recent tour. The Edge compared the record to Zooropa, and then added that producer Brian Eno would like a similar path to the eighth album to be followed in the future. **Read on...**



SMIFF AND THEW TEARS: Keith Richards snorted his dad's ashes because his father always knew he liked cocaine. The snorting story has become part of rock and roll history, and Keith doesn't shy away from it when asked to recount the tale. As a youngster The Rolling Stones legend had a strained relationship with his father Herbert, and the pair didn't talk for nearly 20 years. However, by the time Herbert passed they'd grown close.

"I had him in a box in England," he told America's GQ magazine. "I bought this little oak sapling, my idea being that he was gonna fertilise the tree, but when I pulled the top off of the box, wafts of Dad landed on the table. And my dad knows I'd always liked my cocaine, a snort here and there. So I just (mimes snorting) and had a line of dad." His own paternal relationship may have been tough at times,

but 72-year-old Keith has made sure he's always been there for his children. His oldest offspring, son Marlon, 46, had to deal with a lot as a youngster though, growing up on the road with his rocker dad. "Of course it was hard on him, growing up like Gypsies, outlaws, nomads," Keith sighed. "No education. On the road. **Read on...**

LEMMY'S MAD WORLD: Rock legend Lemmy could show up in spirit at a gig in 2016 if his eerie warning in a final interview is realised. The Motorhead frontman lost a brief battle with cancer on Monday (28Dec15) - four days after turning 70 years old. One of his last interviews with a German TV network has surfaced and the information he shared during the discussion is more than a little jarring for people who believe in the paranormal.

The Ace of Spades singer acknowledged he had lived a busy, lucky life, and insisted only death would prevent him from hitting the stage. "I'll have to stop then, I think," he joked, before adding, "But you never know, I could haunt somewhere, mess up somebody else's gig." He then singled out 80s act Tears For Fears as the band he'd most like to haunt onstage after death. **Read on...**

BLURRY HONOURS: Blur and Gorillaz star Damon Albarn has been awarded the Order of the British Empire (OBE) medal for services to music. The singer/songwriter joins the likes of hip-hop star Goldie and actors James Nesbitt, Idris Elba, David Oyelowo, Barbara Windsor and Imelda Staunton among the celebrities saluted by Queen Elizabeth II as part of her annual Honours List. **Read on...**



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



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someecards.com

Nicked from Jaki Windmill's Facebook pages

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

John Maynard Keynes

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

— Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

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

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

HUNTING PRODIGY:

Keith Flint, frontman of electronic group the Prodigy, has started the new year defending reports that he was spotted on a fox hunt. Flint has responded to reports that alleged he had invested in several hunting horses and that "his enthusiasm for the sport is the talk of Essex hunting circles", clarifying that he has been on a trail hunt but did not kill any animals.

In a Facebook post, he explains:

"In regards to a story going around about me right now - yes I live in Essex and have a couple of horses. I went riding with the local trail hunt, it was a ride out and NO ANIMALS WERE HUNTED OR KILLED, so my conscience is clear, it wasn't my thing and I won't be going again."

Flint has been criticised on social media for joining a hunt, and the Essex musician



has also been targeted by a group purporting to be part of the hacking group Anonymous. In a video, posted by a user named AnonIntelGroup, Flint is lambasted for his allegiance with "Tory criminals".

Read on...



Democracy Watch

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%

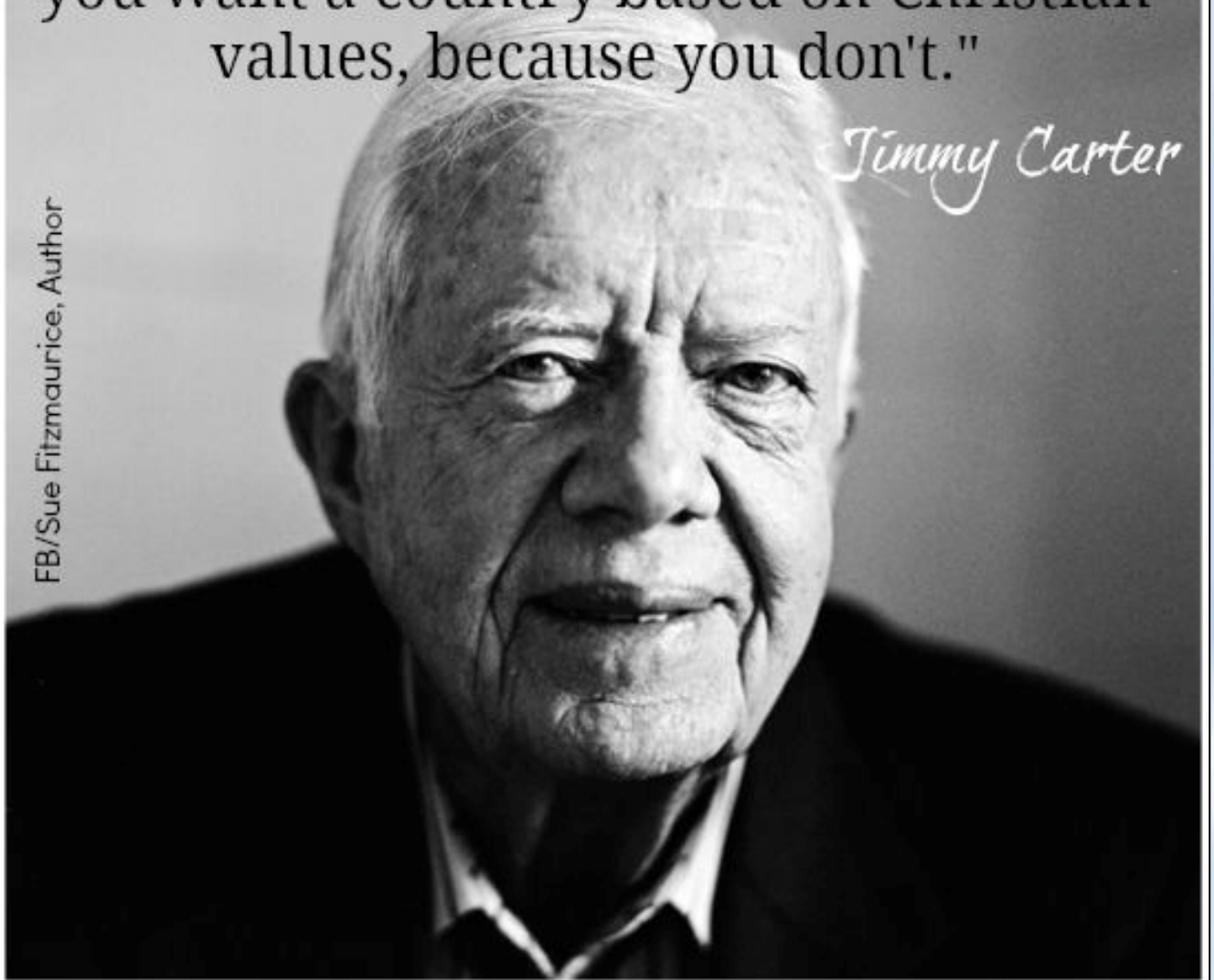
Right On Chris

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

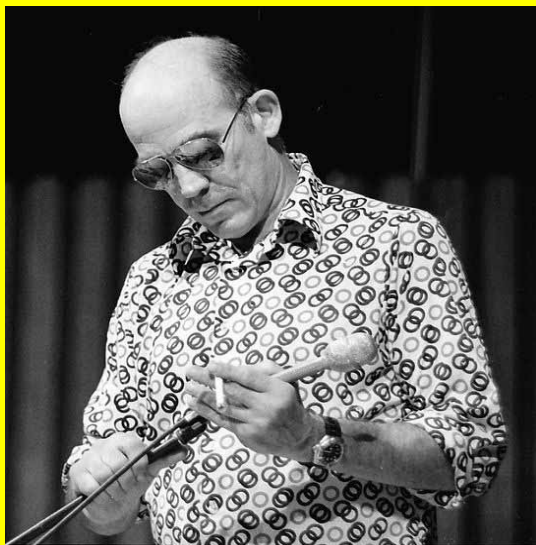
The strong and courageous
take a camera

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...

““Breakfast is the only meal of the day that I tend to view with the same kind of traditionalized reverence that most people associate with Lunch and Dinner. I like to eat breakfast alone, and almost never before noon; anybody with a terminally jangled lifestyle needs at least one psychic anchor every twenty-four hours, and mine is breakfast. In Hong Kong, Dallas or at home — and regardless of whether or not I have been to bed — breakfast is a personal ritual that can only be properly observed alone, and in a spirit of genuine excess. The food factor should always be massive: four Bloody Marys, two grapefruits, a pot of coffee, Rangoon crepes, a half-pound of either sausage, bacon, or corned beef hash with diced chiles, a Spanish omelette or eggs Benedict, a quart of milk, a chopped lemon for random seasoning, and something like a slice of Key lime pie, two margaritas, and six lines of the best cocaine for dessert... Right, and there should also be two or three newspapers, all mail and messages, a telephone, a notebook for planning the next twenty-four hours and at least one source of good music... All of which should be dealt with outside, in the warmth of a hot sun, and preferably stone naked.”



HAPPY NEW BARBARA

Barbara Dickson posted this New Year message on her Facebook page:

Happy New Year! Hope you all had a lovely time. I have been down in Bristol seeing 'Sleeping Beauty', Sally Cookson's latest at the Old Vic. 2016 is already shaping up well for me. Nick and I have some shows already in the diary. I am planning my US trip in the Autumn and hope to go back to Ireland, both in the latter part of the year. I don't think I will be playing live much otherwise in the second half of 2016 as we have my 'big' concert tour coming up in early 2017! Hoping 2016 brings peace, health and happiness!

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)

GONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)

the week that's past

The Gospel According to *BART*

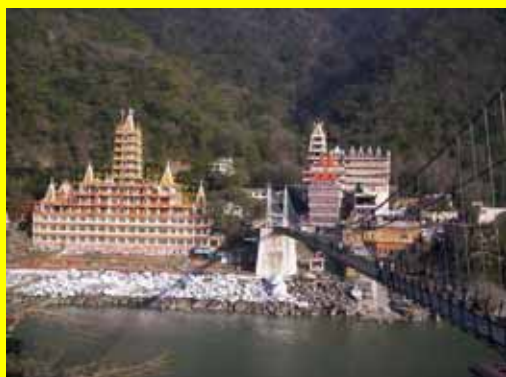
The Beatles have been on my mind recently, as my Christmas presents included a fascinating new book about them that I will be reviewing next week, but this isn't all. My favourite riving reported Bart Lancia sent me the following story just before Christmas.

The time in early 1968 when all four Beatles flew to India to study meditation was quite possibly the last time that they functioned together as a proper unit.

Now tourists can revisit this experience for themselves...

"The Indian retreat where [the Beatles](#) wrote many of the songs that would end up *The White Album* has officially been reopened to the public, nearly 50 years after the Fab Four journeyed to the Rishikesh, India ashram to learn meditation under Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Although the retreat was abandoned and considered derelict since the Seventies, Beatles fanatics continued to sojourn to the Rishikesh site, which was taken over in 2003 by the local forestry department. Department officials have since revitalized the retreat's grounds and opened it back up to tourists."

<http://www.rollingstone.com/music/news/beatles-indian-retreat-officially-reopens-to-tourists-20151209#ixzz3wa9B4lvU>



GALAHAD



WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

At last... 'When Worlds Collide' Galahad's 30th anniversary retrospective collection is now available from our merchandise page, just in time for Christmas!

The press release is as follows:

In order to celebrate the band's 30th anniversary Galahad will be releasing a historical double CD retrospective with a twist, the twist being that ten of the tracks included are brand new re-recorded versions of old Galahad songs, some dating back to 1985, the year the band formed, including one thirty year old track (City of Freedom) which has never been recorded properly before!

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

As this is a rather special as well as an epic album, clocking in at approximately 2 hours and 36 minutes, we have also included a few strategically placed 'tributes' to a few of our original influences within some of the newly recorded 'old' tracks, so it'll be interesting to see if they'll get spotted! Hopefully, this collection is a fair representation of the Galahad cannon and will appeal to existing fans of the band and will also, perhaps, act as a taster to those yet to dip their toes in the world of Galahad music.

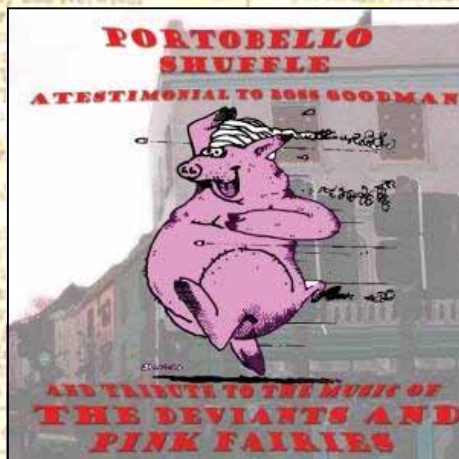
CONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT CONZO (UK)

CONZO CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT CONZO (USA)



I'M ON BOARD!

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



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

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:

Novato Couple Recount Terrifying Squirrel Attack

<http://sanfrancisco.cbslocal.com/2015/12/04/novato-couple-recount-terrifying-squirrel-attack/>





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 # 9 17-01-15

The Graham Bond Organization:

Initiation

Drop Nineteens:	Winona
The Honeypot:	Butterfly Ride
Spirits Burning and Bridget Wishart:	
No One Cries in Space	
Dennis Bovell:	Top Level Dub
Operation Midnight Climax:	
The Legacy of Operation Paperclip	
Smoke Fairies:	So Much Wine
Orchestre Laye Thiam:	Kokorico
Dragged into Sunlight and Gnaw Their	
Tongues:	Alchemy in the Subyear
Apple Rabbits:	I Could Not Care Less
Personable:	Cris Rose

**Listen
Here**



CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES: Episode Twenty Nine

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

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

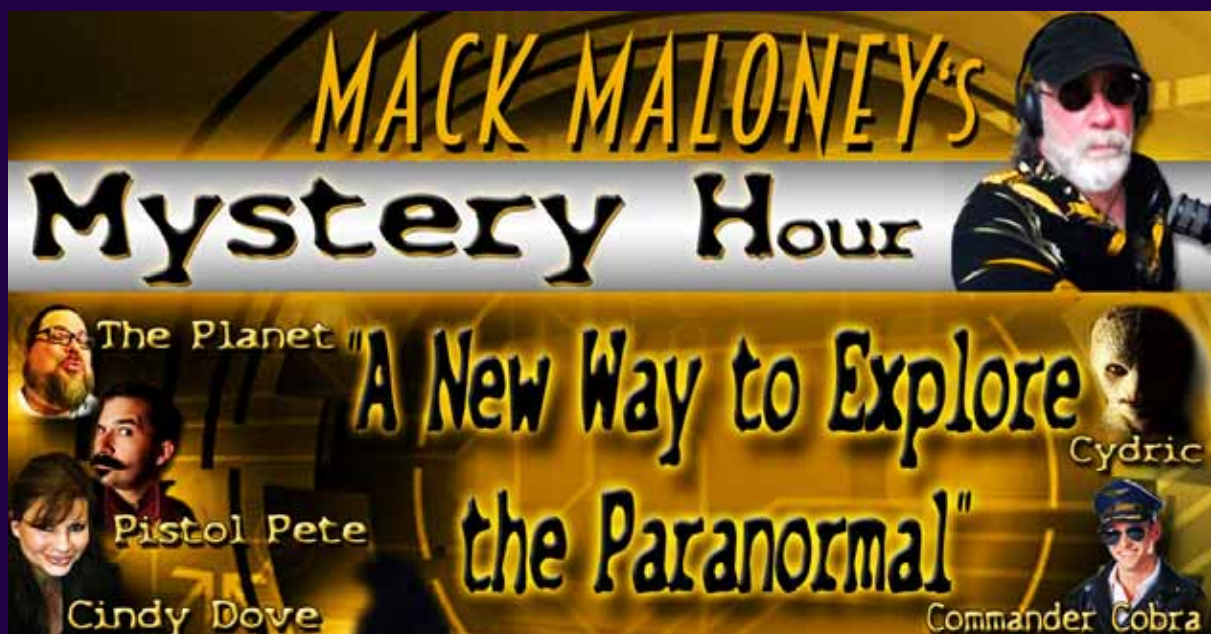
- (i) repeating myself,
- (ii) scraping the bottom of the Canterbury barrel, or
- (iii) becoming increasingly tangential.

This new podcast broadens the musical remit, so it'll be about one-third 'Canterbury sound', together with progressive/psychedelic/experimental music from the Canterbury of today, the remainder being a mix of music from various times and places which I feel to be in a similar spirit of creative adventurousness. I'll be doing a lot less talking, and the programme will be less expository – so no interviews, barely listenable bootlegs, etc. I also plan to include guest one-hour mixes from various musicians from the current music scene in Canterbury (Episode 2 features a mix from Neil Sullivan from Lapis Lazuli).

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

The hidden origins of a Matching Mole classic, a ridiculous organ solo by Mike Ratledge (Soft Machine live '67), profound silliness from Gong in '73, one of Hugh Hopper's last projects (featuring Lol Coxhill and Robert Wyatt), some Beefheart and Kevin Ayers, various works involving drummer/visionary Charles Hayward (Quiet Sun, This Heat, Fred Frith's Massacre trio, etc.), Canterbury-sounding pieces from Toronto and Texas, and an hour of diverse instrumental music which has emerged from the Cathedral City in recent times.

**Listen
Here**



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

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

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo

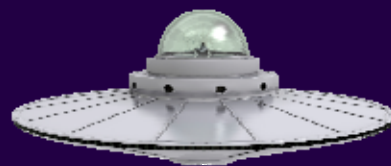


recording artists. He's been a radio host since

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

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK?

Did the Vietnam War start because of a lie? Mack & Pistol Pete talk to Commander Cobra about five of today's top conspiracy theories, including whether the Vietnam War began because of lies told intentionally by the Pentagon. Also, Charles "Don't Call Me Chuck" Stansberge and Cindy Bailey Dove's Drone Report.



**Listen
Here**

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



Pierre Boulez
(1925 – 2016)

Boulez was a French composer, conductor, writer and pianist. He was also the founder and director of the Paris based Institut de Recherche et Coordination Acoustique/Musique (IRCAM). In his early career, Boulez played a key role in the development of integral serialism, controlled chance and electronic music. This, coupled with his highly polemical views on the evolution of music, gained him the reputation as an enfant terrible.

As a conductor, Boulez was known mainly for his performances of Béla Bartók, Alban Berg, Anton Bruckner, Claude Debussy, Gustav Mahler, Maurice Ravel, Arnold Schoenberg, Igor Stravinsky, Edgard Varèse, Richard Wagner and

Anton Webern. He received a total of 26 Grammy Awards during his career.



John Thurman Hunter Jr.
(1931 – 2016)

Hunter, known by the stage name Long John Hunter, was an American Texas blues and electric blues guitarist, singer and songwriter. He released seven albums in his own name, and in his later years found critical acknowledgement outside of his homeland. Hunter's best known tracks are "El Paso Rock" and "Alligators Around My Door", the latter of which Hunter co-wrote with Bruce Iglauer.

Hunter was born in Ringgold, Louisiana. He was raised on a farm in Magnolia, Arkansas, but by his early twenties was working in a box factory in Beaumont, Texas. He bought his first guitar after attending a B. B. King concert, and then adopted the stage name of Long John Hunter in 1953. In 1999, Hunter teamed up with Lonnie Brooks and Phillip

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Walker to release Lone Star Shootout. Hunter appeared at the Long Beach Blues Festival in both 1996 and 2000. His last album release was Looking for a Party (2009) He died on January 4, 2016, at his home in Phoenix, Arizona.



Robert Colin Stigwood
(1934 – 2016)

Stigwood was an Australian music entrepreneur and impresario, best known for managing Cream and the Bee Gees. From Australia, he relocated to England in 1954. In the 1960s and 1970s he was one of the most successful figures in the entertainment world, through his management of music groups, theatrical productions like Hair and Jesus Christ Superstar and film productions including the hugely successful Saturday Night Fever.

Stigwood's companies expanded into almost every entertainment field. Over the years, the Robert Stigwood Organisation promoted artists such as Mick Jagger, Rod Stewart, David Bowie and Rick Davis (a former member of the Bay City Rollers),

and managed and developed the careers of acts including Blind Faith and Eric Clapton. On his RSO Records label Stigwood recorded artists including Clapton, Yvonne Elliman, Player and soundtrack albums for the motion pictures The Empire Strikes Back and Fame (both 1980) in addition to the films produced by his company RSO Films. Robert Stigwood remained active in his later years, primarily in the theatrical musical industry. He recently sold his Barton Manor Estate on the Isle of Wight, off the south coast of England. Stigwood died in London on 4 January 2016. He was 81.



Hyman Paul Bley, CM
(1932 – 2016)

Bley was a Canadian pianist known for his contributions to the free jazz movement of the 1960s as well as his innovations and influence on trio

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

playing. Bley was a long-time resident of the United States. His music characteristically featured strong senses both of melodic voicing and space. In the 1950s Bley founded the Jazz Workshop in Montreal, performing on piano and recording with be-bop alto saxophonist and composer Charlie Parker. He also performed with tenor saxophonists Lester Young and Ben Webster at that time. In 1953 he conducted for bassist Charles Mingus on the Charles Mingus and His Orchestra album. That same year Mingus produced the Introducing Paul Bley album with Mingus and drummer Art Blakey. In 1960 Bley recorded on piano with the Charles Mingus Group.

In 1964 Bley was instrumental in the formation of the Jazz Composers Guild, a co-operative organization which brought together many free jazz musicians in New York: Roswell Rudd, Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp, Carla Bley, Michael Mantler, Sun Ra, and others. The guild organized weekly concerts and created a forum for the "jazz revolution" of 1964. Bley continued to tour internationally and record profusely, releasing almost a hundred recordings. He also published several books, such as two autobiographies in 1999 (Stopping Time) and 2003 (Time Will Tell). In 2008, he was made a Member of the Order of Canada. He died on January 3, 2016 at home in Stuart, Florida at the age of 83.

Mark Barnes

(1970 – 2016)

Barnes known professionally as Mark B, was a British hip-hop record producer. He was most active in the 1990s and early 2000s, associating with Task Force and Blade on many of his records. He was a DJ for Jazz Fudge Recordings for much of his career. Mark B first signed with Jazz Fudge in 1995. He produced some tracks for DJ Vadim's U.S.S.R. Repertoire. His first individual album was

Underworld Connection, released in 1997. He died in January 2016.



Natalie Maria Cole

(1950 – 2015)

Cole was an American singer, songwriter, and performer. The daughter of Nat King Cole, Natalie rose to musical success in the mid-1970s as an R&B artist with the hits "This Will Be", "Inseparable", and "Our Love". After a period of failing sales and performances due to a heavy drug addiction, Cole re-emerged as a pop artist with the 1987 album Everlasting and her cover of Bruce Springsteen's "Pink Cadillac". In the 1990s, she re-recorded standards by her father, resulting in her biggest success, Unforgettable... with Love, which sold over seven million copies and also won Cole numerous Grammy Awards. She sold over 30 million records worldwide. On December 31, 2015, Cole died at the age of 65 at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles, California, due to congestive heart failure.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Marion James (1934 – 2015)

James was an American blues singer and songwriter. She was considered Nashville's "Queen of the Blues." Her career spanned sixty years, and she had a hit with her self-penned song, "That's My Man".

A flamboyant character, James was known to sign her name adding "The Blues Queen" and often wore a tiara at her live performances. In 2015, she was officially designated Nashville's "Queen of the Blues", by the office of the mayor.

James helped retired musicians in need, by founding the Marion James Aid Society. In addition, for more than 30 years, James organized a Musicians Reunion Benefit. She led a campaign to erect two statues on Jefferson Street of Jimi Hendrix and Little Richard. Her career was highlighted in a "Night Train to Nashville: Music City Rhythm & Blues 1945-1970" exhibit at the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum.

She died at the age of 81 in her hometown, from the effects of a stroke on December 31, 2015.



William Wayne McMillan Rogers III (1933 – 2015)

Rogers was an American film and television actor, best known for playing the role of Captain "Trapper" John McIntyre in the CBS television series, M*A*S*H. He was a regular panel member on the Fox News Channel stock investment television program Cashin' In, as a result of having built a career as an investor, investment strategist and advisor, and money manager. As a young actor, Rogers met actress Mitzi McWhorter in New York City in the late 1950s. They married in 1960, had two children, and divorced in 1983. They had been separated for almost four years prior to the divorce. Rogers was married to his second wife, Amy Hirsh in 1988.

Rogers died on December 31, 2015 from complications from pneumonia in Los Angeles, California, at the age of 82.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



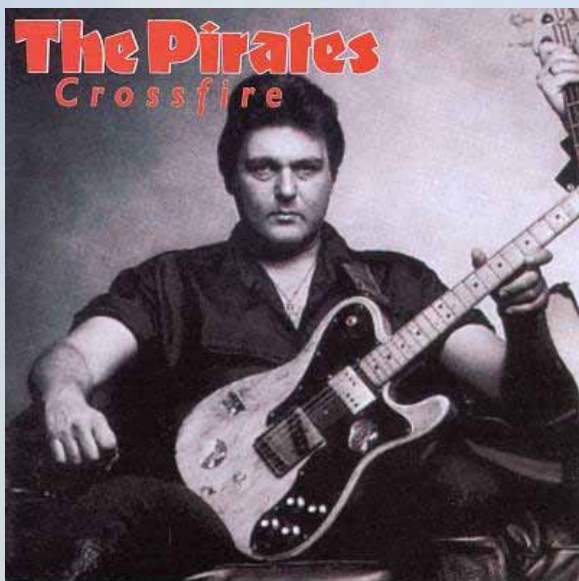
Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

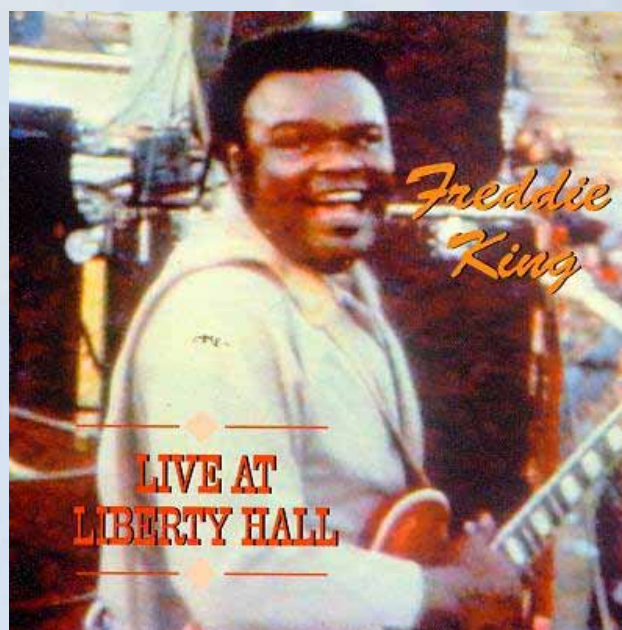
<http://www.zazzle.co.uk/gonzowekly>



Artist The Pirates
Title Crossfire
Cat No. HST333CD
Label Gonzo

The Pirates started off as the backing band to Johnny Kid, one of the greatest of the first generation of British rock and rollers. They introduced a level of theatricality previously unseen in British beat music. They influenced bands like the Led Zeppelin and The Who, and would of gone on to greater things had Kid not been killed in a car crash in 1966. Ten years later the band reformed, and versions of The Pirates have recorded and played live ever since. This album from 1999 includes versions of some of there most blistering hit record. Even a casual listen will reveal why this band, and especially guitarist Mick Green are so highly regarded amongst rock music, cognoscenti

Twangy Guy notes: "If you have none of "The Pirates" tracks this would be a good buy. For me being a big fan this was good to fill in a few blank spaces of tracks I did not have."



Artist Freddie King
Title Live at Liberty Hall
Cat No. HST364CD
Label Gonzo

Like so many of the classic blues men his magic worked most keenly when he was on stage and this classic album which was recorded in the early 1970's contains a mix of classic blues tunes and a few more contemporary numbers. It was first released in 1995 through the good offices' of an organisation of Texas blues aficionados. Just one listen shows why such



legendary musicians such as Leon Russell were such big fans. King became an influential guitarist with hits for Federal Records in the early 1960s. He inspired musicians such as Jerry Garcia, Dickey Betts, Stevie Ray Vaughan and his brother Jimmie Vaughan. His influence was also felt in Britain through recordings by blues artists such as Eric Clapton, Peter Green, and Chicken Shack. He was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 2012.

Track Listing:

- 1 Hey Baby
- 2 Feeling Alright
- 3 Ain't No Sunshine
- 4 Going Down
- 5 Have You Ever Loved A Woman
- 6 My Feeling For The Blues
- 7 I Love You So
- 8 Let The Good Times Roll
- 9 Kansas City



Artist Denny Laine
Title Master Suite
Cat No. HST366CD
Label Gonzo

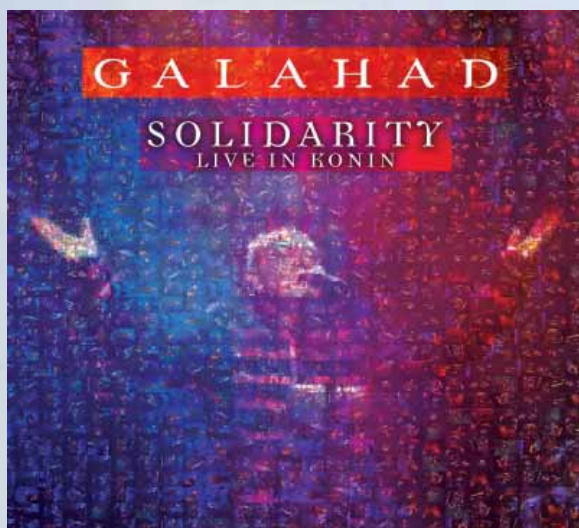
Denny Laine was for many years one of the most highly regarded British rock musicians. An early stint in The Moody Blues, and then two albums with Ginger Bakers air force who were one of the most critically acclaimed bands of their time, was followed in 1971 by a ten year stretch as Paul McCartney's chosen guitarist in his post Beatles band Wings. After Wings rather messily fell apart both McCartney and Laine embarked in solo careers. Master Suite, one of Denny Laine's many obscure solo releases, is an album devoted entirely to his virtuoso guitar skills. Denny is a great (and underrated) guitarist. Many Laine aficionados

believe that the best song, by far, is the wonderfully oceanic "The Blue Musician." This album reveals a whole new side to Denny Laine; in which he almost enters Gordon Giltrap territory with a collection of intricately composed and sensitively delivered slices of guitar music. A real gem.



Artist The Selecter
Title Live Injection
Cat No. HST363CD
Label Gonzo

In the late 70's after punk's year zero approach to music had done much to reset everybody's odometers one of the most exciting musical movements was Two Tone whose political and musical manifestos set a template for much of the music that was to happen in the 1980's. The Selecter featured a racially diverse line-up. Their lyrics featured themes connected to politics. 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. The Selecter reformed in 1991 and vocalist Black continued to perform and release music under The Selecter name until 2006. Some confusion emerged over two competing lineups for the Selecter in 2011, between that featuring Davies and that featuring Black and Arthur 'Gaps' Hendrickson. In June 2011 Black applied for, and won, The Selecter trademark and the right to use the name herself. This live album proves, as if any proof was needed what a killer live band they really are!



Artist Galahad
Title Solidarity - Live in Konin
Cat No. OSKAR10642CD
Label Avalon

In 2013 Galahad embarked on a few selected live in shows the UK, Europe and Central America to promote their recent 'Battle Scars' and 'Beyond the Realms of Euphoria' album releases.

One of the venues the band played was a rather lovely modern theatre called the Oskard at Konin in Poland.

Galahad are pleased to announce that this particular show was recorded in both audio and film format which has subsequently been released in its entirety as a double CD and DVD triple disc set.

The audio was mixed by regular Galahad cohort Karl Groom at Thin Ice Studios in Surrey whilst the visuals were edited by our good friends at Oskar Productions in Poland.

The DVD also includes several extras including a photo gallery and, an at times, rather amusing band documentary/interview.

Artist Galahad
Title Sleepers - 20th Anniversary Edition
Cat No. OSKAR1065CD
Label Avalon

Twenty years ago in September 2005 Galahad released 'Sleepers', their 'very difficult' third album. The album was recorded, engineered and mixed by Tony Arnold a cohort of Robert Fripp/King Crimson at the time and therein was the difficulty. Tony was recommended to the band in 1991 because of his work with Robert, however, unbeknown to Galahad and because of Tony's commitments to other projects including the King



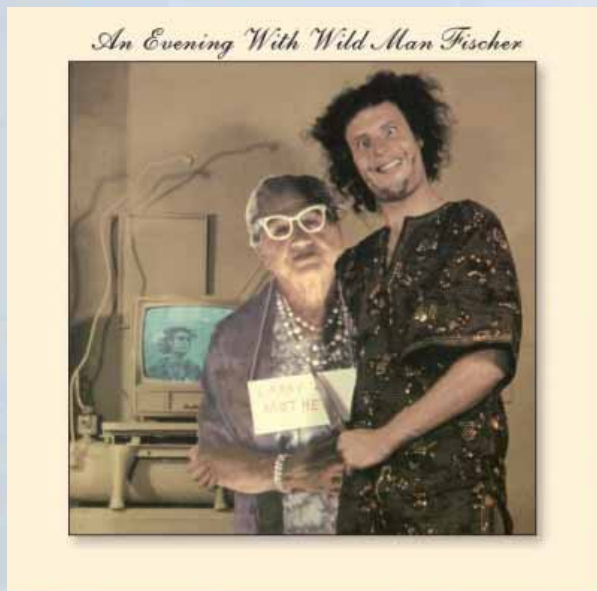
Crimson 'Frame by Frame' boxed set the whole 'Sleepers' project became an extremely long and arduous journey culminating in Wild West style stand off when the final 'tranche' of money was exchanged for the album master and master tapes in Spring 1995!

The album took over four years to come to fruition, which crippled the band's momentum which had been built up following their BBC Radio One Rock War win and release of their 'Nothing Is Written' album in 1991. It also caused considerable stress amongst the members and even their respective partners and also became the most expensive album to this day that the band have ever recorded, which was difficult as the band had no record deal at this point and were totally self-funded. Funds were borrowed from family and friends to pay for the ongoing recording sessions with no product to sell until its eventual release, which seemed like an eternity at the time.

However, Galahad remained bloody minded and resolute as usual and despite all the problems associated with the album's gestation it was released and all loans were repaid in less than twelve months after it hit shelves. Rob Ayling, head honcho at Voiceprint Records, helped the band massively by organising pressing and distribution resulting in Galahad achieving their best selling album to that point, one which still sells consistently to this day.

Fast forward to 2015, Galahad are still here, as bloody minded as ever, our good friends at Oskar have kindly agreed to release a 20th anniversary re-mastered version, including a couple of extra tracks. The band were never happy with the original production but there was little that could be done and the band were, frankly, mentally and

emotionally worn out! However, after having tweaked various aspects of the original recording, courtesy of Karl Groom, listening back to it now it actually sounds fine, very different to Karl's modern production of but then again the band were a very different beast in 1995, although there are certain trademarks which still and will always remain.



Artist Wild Man Fischer
Title An Evening With Wild Man Fischer
Cat No. HST398CD
Label Gonzo



Wild Man Fischer was institutionalized at age 16 for attacking his mother with a knife. He was later diagnosed with two mental disorders, severe paranoid schizophrenia and bipolar disorder. Following his escape from the hospital (he said no one ever bothered to take him back there), Fischer wandered Los Angeles singing his songs a capella for 10¢US each to passers-by. Discovered on the street by Frank Zappa, with whom he recorded his first album, Fischer became an underground concert favorite. Zappa was responsible for Fischer's initial foray into the business of recorded music, an album called An Evening with Wild Man Fischer, which contained 36 tracks, some of which contained minimal musical accompaniment, and others which were more or less shouted rants.



Artist Rick Wakeman
Title The Stage Collection
Cat No. MFGZ004CD
Label RRAW

Rick Wakeman needs no introduction; a musician, composer, and raconteur without parallel, he is responsible for some of the most extraordinary British music for the past 50 years this album collects together some of his best loved songs in one unforgettable collection. If you are going to buy a Rick Wakeman record this year, buy this one.

Jon Meets

IAN

One of my favourite authors working within this field that they call rock and roll is Ian Abrahams who is not only an extraordinarily good writer and researcher, but a damned nice bloke as well. I first came across him by accident when I was laying out a new edition of his entertaining and informative book about The Waterboys, who are – by the way – a band of whose music I am rather fond.

Working with him on this project was a great pleasure, and I remember telling him at the end of it that I hope we do something together in the future.

Then, some months after, I was talking to the ever talented Don Falcone about his work with one-time Hawkwind chanteuse Bridget Wishart, and somehow Ian's name came up in the conversation. I then interviewed the lovely Bridget who – in passing – told me that she had been working on a book about the

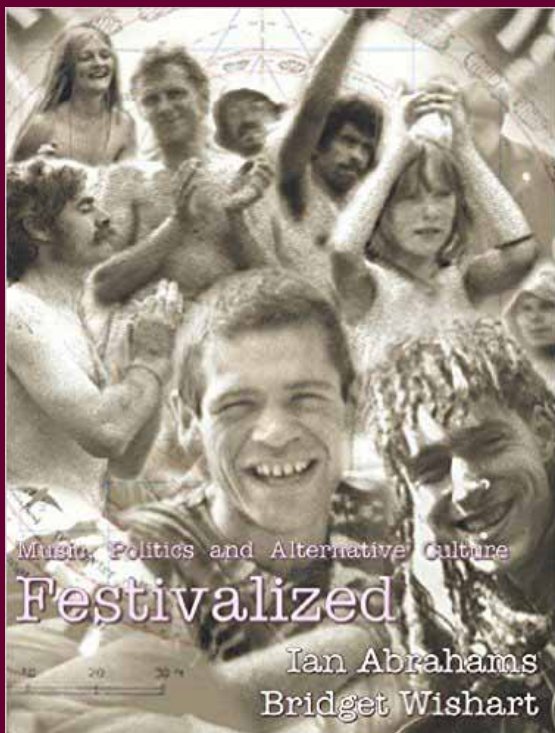


history of the British Free Festival movements alongside – you've guessed it – Ian Abrahams.

Fast forward a few more months, past all the business deals and things that I neither understand nor have anything to do with, and I found myself working with Ian again.

The idea of an oral history of the British Free Festival movement is such a good one, that I wonder why nobody had thought of it before. Jonathon Green was responsible for two excellent books of oral history covering the early days of the British 'Underground', but this was nearly all set in the 1960's and mostly in London whereas the whole concept of the Free Festival movement was that it was a rural rather than an urban exercise, and in many cases was the only time that many of the revellers ever went into the countryside.

When I started to read an early version of Ian and Bridget's book for the first time I was mildly surprised to see how many of the main protagonists I knew





personally or at least had met. Some were, or had been, friends of mine. And several still were.

Although I was too young to have attended the legendary events in the 1970's I was at quite a few of the most notable events, such as the Treworrey Tree



Fayre which was held in Southern Cornwall in 1989 and which was one of the most anarchic events of its time. I enjoyed it massively, and thought it was splendid. But with the benefit of hindsight, if I am truthful, I can see why the powers that be would not let events like that continue.

So, with the book complete and its appearance for sale in the shops imminent, I decided that it would be great fun to have a chat with Ian about this enormous project.

So I did.

**Listen
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GONZO

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AT GONZO (UK)**

GONZO

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

Douglas Harr *Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile*

Fleetwood Mac's Public Rumours

Fleetwood Mac is one of the most popular and successful bands of the last four decades. Their mega-hit albums *Fleetwood Mac* (1975) and *Rumours* (1977) were staples of the FM airwaves in Southern California where I grew up. Each member of the band came with a public persona that seemed real, not something manufactured by the music press, where they appeared frequently. Many of my friends hung their posters, and followed their exploits closely, particularly due to their very personal, confessional lyrics and their appeal as representatives of who we were at that point in the 70's. Recently the band re-released these albums in deluxe collector's editions,

and they each have considerable merit.

While the band began life as a British blues act in 1967, numerous personnel changes resulted in a cross-pond partnership of both British and American musicians that together had global appeal. The breakthrough came when core members Mick Fleetwood (drums), John McVie (bass) and his wife Christine McVie (keyboards, vocals) recruited Lindsey Buckingham (guitar, vocals) and his then girlfriend Stevie Nicks (vocals) to join the already well-honed trio.

As if to underscore a fresh start, the newly constituted



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FLEETWOOD MAC

LIVE



band titled their breakthrough album *Fleetwood Mac* released in 1975. After extensive touring to back the record, it reached #1 on the U.S. charts. It's a brilliant collection of enchanting stories, rockers and ballads, led by the defining Stevie Nicks composition "Rhiannon" along with Christine's "Say You Love Me" and "Over My Head." Lindsey Buckingham's brooding rocker "I'm So Afraid" became a concert staple featuring an extended guitar solo highlighting his unique fingerpicking style. Everyone I knew had that record, whether they were into freak music, prog, or just good rock n' roll, such was the breadth of their appeal.

From the moments just before and after their new union, each band member went through tumultuous events in their romantic relationships, and these were covered extensively at the time, and to this day in the media. The lyrics reflected this well, as so many of their songs were about love and relationships, and were or seemed to be autobiographical. Fans knew the stanzas by heart; they read the stories and followed the band partly due to these dramas, cheering the musicians on and sometimes watching for a stray glance between Stevie and Lindsey, or other signs of emotional import. This became a poignant kind of theater, illuminating life's triumphs and travails, starring a cast of rock heroes. It became well known that drummer Mick Fleetwood's wife had an affair as the old band disintegrated, leading to their divorce

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



and that John and Christine McVie ended their marriage. In addition Buckingham and Nicks broke off their romantic relationship. Mick summed it up himself during interviews saying “the whole band’s gone through a complete emotional trauma,” adding that being in Fleetwood Mac was “more like being in group therapy!” All of this transpired between 1974 and 1976, and the drama was captured in perfect prose and harmony on their next album *Rumours* released in 1977.

It’s a testament to the determination of these artists that they were able to pull it together and record an album like *Rumours* with everything that was apparently going on in their personal lives. The lyrics Stevie and Lindsey wrote often directly referenced their romantic crisis, ruminating on the reasons for failed relationships in the upbeat “Go Your Own Way” and ethereal “Dreams,” and offering stark commentary on cocaine addiction in “Gold Dust Woman.” Christine McVie’s relatively cheerful songs “Don’t Stop” and “You Make Loving Fun” the latter featuring her skills on the funky clavinet lift the mood, along with Buckingham’s “Never Going Back Again.” Concert staple and band composition “The Chain” summed up their collective romantic travails – “*Run in the shadows, damn your love, damn your lies.*” The music was a spectacular demonstration of the classic rock form, tinged by the California sound featuring the lovely three-part harmonies of Buckingham, Nicks and McVie, all backed by Mick Fleetwood’s steady laid back beat, and John McVie’s resonant warm bass. The album was their first #1 in the UK while lasting most of the year on the U.S. charts, reaching over 40 million sales over time, becoming one of the most successful rock albums of our era.

The next album *Tusk* took a more adventurous direction, and could be compared to The Beatles *White Album* in the breadth of its music and composition, and the difficulty the band had getting through the long period of tinkering and recording in the studio. Anything was bound to sell less than *Rumours*, particularly a double album, but that is not a reflection on the contents, which are startling, and arguably represent their greatest work. This version of the band recorded their first live album on the tour to support *Tusk*. Appropriately titled *Live*, the double album is a sprawling, nearly complete set list from that time, along with an additional studio recording of “The Farmer’s Daughter.” While it’s a fitting document of the band’s live performances, the newly uncovered *Rumours* concert recordings caught the band on the upswing, and are superior for the energy and verve on display.

That audio recording, simply titled *Fleetwood Mac Live - 1977 Rumours World Tour*, is part of the multi-disc re-

release of the *Rumours* album completed in 2015. Coming directly on the heels of the album’s recording, the songs are culled from multiple shows on the tour, including Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Nashville and Columbia, South Carolina. The live renditions are much tighter than the *Tusk* tour *Live* album, containing aggressive, true to studio versions of “Monday Morning,” “Gold Dust Woman,” and a nearly eight minute version of Nicks’ classic “Rhiannon,” introduced by Stevie simply, “This is a song about a witch,” and ending with some of her most gravelly rock n’ roll vocals on record. Hard, driven versions of “The Chain” and “World Turning” are also highlights of the set, along with a straight-ahead rendition of “Never Going Back Again,” a song that Lindsey expanded into an acoustic jam on later tours.

ON FILM

For years, the only officially available footage of this era’s lineup was part of a one-hour documentary made during the time of *Tusk*. Released by Warner Home Video on videotape, *Fleetwood Mac Documentary and Live Concert* captured the band in studio and on tour supporting their artistic masterpiece *Tusk*. Ten songs are presented in whole or in part highlighting Stevie’s songs “Sisters of the Moon,” “Angel,” and “Sara,” the latter clip used to make a video that found heavy rotation at MTV. Lindsey belts out his vocals for “Go Your Own Way,” and “Not That Funny,” a clip also used on MTV, and usually credited as being a response to the punk movement. A rousing rendition of “The Chain” captures the band as a whole, and Christine’s “Songbird” ends the show nicely, though marred by rolling end-credits.

Much of the “behind the scenes footage” is worthwhile, though some of it is superfluous, for instance we see Mick taking oxygen, Stevie fluffing her hair, and John taking a smoke backstage before an encore. Mick mugs for the camera when presented with a type of voodoo doll, before explaining how he ended up becoming the band’s manager. The in-studio clips are interesting, the best by far being Stevie working side by side with Lindsey, recording the actual vocal track for “Angel.” She then explains that though she usually writes “intense, serious, dark songs,” it was meant to be an “up” song that ended up having an eeriness to it. Fans cheer as Lindsey hugs her during the live performance. In one segment, Lindsey says his real value to the band is not as a guitar player or writer, but “as someone who can take x amount energy flowing through different people and somehow formulate to some degree how things should sound in studio.” Stevie is shown doing ballet, opining that it’s important that she have interests



outside rock n' roll, as a true Gemini. Christine is shown sailing and shares her origin as a bass player in a blues band prior to her college years and time as a window dresser, concluding with "I paid my dues." But the real treat is the live performances, which are electrifying, and these remain the best official footage of the band in concert.

More recently, the *Rosebud Film* by Michael Collins was released as part of the aforementioned *Rumours* box set. Clocking in at just thirty minutes, it is a long sought 1977 documentary film created to promote the European leg of that tour. It includes interviews, rehearsal clips, and live performances of six songs. The opener "World Turning," and closer "I'm So Afraid" document the band live at an outdoor festival. "Rhiannon," "Say You Love Me," "Go Your Own Way," and "You Make Loving Fun" are very effectively captured indoors with an eerie moonlit tree-lined backdrop, which graced many a poster and promotional photo of the band at that time. These clips were also shown on late night TV music shows like *The Midnight Special*. As with the live disc, these performances are defining, energetic renditions of the selected tracks, while the band was truly in top form. In the best quote of the back stage interviews, Stevie comments on the band's diverse wardrobe, "I know sometimes we look like Lindsey's all Chinese guy in his Kimono, and I look like I'm going to a Halloween

party, Christine looks like she's going to be confirmed in the Catholic church, and Mick's going to a Renaissance fair and John's going to the beach!" While the *Rosebud* film and 1977 live audio are key for any fan or collector, in the case of video, the *Tusk* documentary is superior. Fans await an official release on more current media, as this gem is not yet officially available on DVD or streaming services.

The Mac continues to tour to this day, now back with the complete lineup after Christine McVie's short retirement. Amazingly they sound as good in concert today as ever, another testament to this enduring ensemble.



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FLEETWOOD MAC

In Concert



John McVie Lindsey Buckingham Stevie Nicks Mick Fleetwood Christine McVie

with special guest

Kenny Rogers

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 7:30 pm

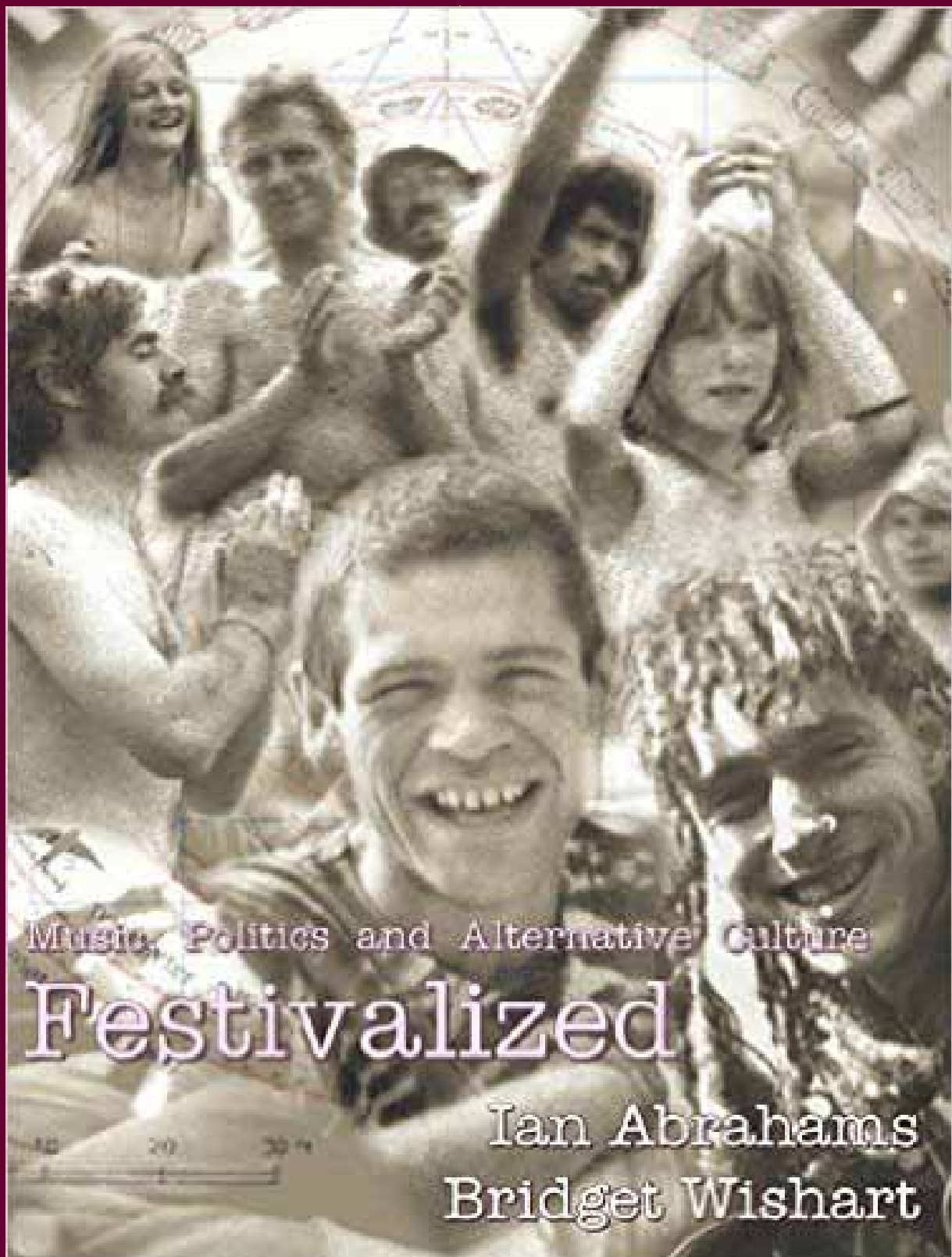
Nashville Municipal Auditorium

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Here's the first proper extract from the forthcoming *Festivalized: Music, Politics, Alternative Culture*. In this section we discuss the Aktivator '88 festival, which, while not strictly being a free festival, is very much of the free festival vive and ilk, and is notable in Hawkwind legend for being

Richard Chadwick's first gig with the band – probably in that summer's 'Hawkdog' or 'Agents of Chaos' by-line..

Aktivator – 1988

AN EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT



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Dancers. Sheila Wynter.

“The doctor’s wife went around and told all the old people to get their relatives to come and stay with them and lock up their garden sheds.”

Aktivator '88, named after a Steve Hillage track, took place over the weekend of 12th – 14th August, 1988 and featured a collection of West Country bands, many hailing from the Bath scene. Nik Turner’s All-Stars, Rhythmites, Jonah and the Wail, Ozric Tentacles, Childe Roland, and the Hippy Slags were all listed on the flyers for this festival, whilst it also passed into Hawkwind folklore as the first appearance with the band of drummer Richard Chadwick, who would go on to become their second-longest serving member.

Not a free festival per se, it had a gate charge of £5 to raise funds for the travellers’ ‘Skool Bus’, a mobile educational establishment intended to follow the travelling community across the country, the



Hippy Slags at Aktivator '88 (Bridget Wishart Collection)



Stage at Aktivator. Sheila Wynter

and wonderful food in their kitchens and it was lovely.

"The Rainbow Circle is primarily dedicated to planetary healing, personal awareness and inner growth. Our aim is to provide a beautiful and protected village atmosphere for people who seek genuine human communication. The camp provides a focused space for experimental learning, knowledge sharing and ceremony."

Quote from Rainbow Camp information flyer

Nigel Mazlyn Jones: At the last Stonehenge I remember a meeting of the people that had 'organised' it saying that its mayhem gave the authorities the excuse to dump on it big time. That 'spiritually' it was indicating these events had become too huge. That was the core issue. It was suffocating the beauty, the mystique and the atmosphere that

Stonehenge could give to a smaller gathering. It had become out of hand, thus creating the reaction it got from the establishment. What came out of the meeting was that those who cared about having a gathering that was sacred and mystical should go and celebrate the other sacred sites in Britain in small gatherings. I was astonished that it worked, because out of it came the Rainbow Circle camps which were always paid for by a hat gathering and deliberately not advertised and avoided getting the druggies from London coming to deal and people abusing it. It very much spawned lots of little festivals that took on various cloaks of what they were trying to achieve.

So whilst it appeared to all blow up, it actually created a whole other thing. Rainbow Camps were acoustically based and there were no generators allowed, no electric music, no star names, and no huge



Bender being established, Sheila Wynter

expenditure. No massive drug use – some of them were very specific: no drug use at all. I know lots of people who helped run these things and had children, and I've seen them grow up and become fine people, education professionals out there in the world doing all sorts of things. Children of those, if you like, wandering, searching adults.

Sheila Wynter: My husband was an alcoholic and had got himself into a really bad state and had taken himself off to a treatment centre, where he was for a very long time. [My son] Adrian talked about hosting a little music festival; I suppose I said 'Okay,' but I didn't think much about it. Adrian had been saying, 'We're doing this for the Skool Bus' and he kept talking about this young couple who were organising this collection to keep it running. Aktivator took over nearly the whole farm, we estimated about seven thousand attendees. We heard there were great queues of travellers coming down from

Wales, which is when the police got interested – they were very worried. As the travellers came into the village, we got them in at a gate before the farm and we'd put a fence so that we could get lots of vehicles in all the way down. Then we got the caravans with horses into the paddock at the end. They were lovely because they brought with them their chickens and goats, and all their horses were having foals. Bridget Wishart: [On travelling with horses]. You were, at that point, still able to do it. You needed the support of the people around you but you could just take to the road. Because of the animals' needs they tended to park in one place, they weren't part of the Brew Crew types because they had responsibilities to their animals. Yet they partied like other people but they had responsibilities that other people didn't have. Some [normal travellers] would steal a vehicle to get to festivals and then abandon them and move on.

Sheila Wynter: The travellers didn't pay on the way in, but they paid on the way out because they'd had such a good time. The weather was good, there were no accidents - but there was one case of sheep-worrying and the villagers were terrified. The village didn't really like us anyway and they were furious. They'd had the Rainbow Camp, which didn't do any harm at all, but then all this lot came and the doctor's wife went around and told all the old people to get their relatives to come and stay with them and lock up their garden sheds. All sorts of things, winding them up and saying it was dangerous – these people with earrings and coloured hair! They didn't phone up or come around much, but there were a few threats.

Bridget Wishart: There was that whole thing... it would be portrayed on the news as 'travellers are coming to your area' and they'd have kind of, 'Farmers, lock up your daughters and protect your land.' Farmers and other landowners were blocking access to their land with huge stones so that travellers couldn't pull onto it.

Keith Bailey: At Megan's Fayre, up in the mountains of Wales, a small festival with maybe five or ten thousand people, the local farmers got together and drove around spraying everybody with pig shit, which got rid of us for sure and we ended up on some barren hillside with no water or anything. The people who'd put it together had spent weeks and weeks on the site putting up these amazing facilities. Everything was made from wood and the people who set it up were just such nice people and the whole vibe was excellent. And that got turned over by the local authorities because the farmers around it hated us doing it. You'd get the progressive thinking people in any area who'd welcome it with open arms and say 'look, it's good for local businesses,' because the shops would sell out of everything nearly overnight, but then you'd get the Colonel Blimps who were dyed-in-the-wool nimbies.

Sheila Wynter: There was a strong police presence; they took over a barn just up the

hill, and there were helicopters as well. It was really feared that 'things' were going to happen. We sat around the kitchen table and a lot of the police chiefs came and Adrian explained what we'd done, and what we were doing. They said that they were going to keep an eye on it and it all seemed very solemn but there wasn't any trouble, apart from the one sheep-worrying incident. The dogs were the worst thing, a lot of the travellers had dogs and they fought a bit and then they'd run off and there was one sheep killed, which was a bad thing and caused terrible anger. But nobody was defecating on the village green, which was what the villagers had all been warned they were going to do!

Sheila Wynter: We thought that if we fed and watered and rested the people who were in charge of those coming in, and made sure they all had wood for their fires and the loos worked and laid on water... if we serviced them really well, the thing was much more likely to work. Adrian hired a digger and made two really big pits and had eighteen-hole loos. And he'd managed to find a timber yard that was selling up and said 'I'll buy all the wood' and found some lorries to bring it all up to the farm, because otherwise they'd have taken down all our precious trees to make fires to cook with. So this wood was brought in, and Adrian arranged to have skips brought in each day to take all the rubbish away. He was only twenty at the time, but he was a brilliant organiser. There was a chap that did a morning and an afternoon newsletter letting people know what was happening. We had the Aga and we made bread constantly, and as soon as it was made we cut it into vegetarian and vegan sandwiches and took them up to the people who were dealing with things and taking the money. And we took all the money and put the cash in margarine containers

in the fridge and then someone else took the cartons up to Tewkesbury and hid them under a bed! So when Adrian needed to pay the bands, someone else went and got the cash – and in the end there was about three



Tractor lads watching the Hippy Slags. Sheila Wynter

thousand pounds left over for the Skool Bus. At the end he went up to the barn and said to the police, 'Well, you've had a great time while we've had the festival. You've sat here the whole time playing cards, you haven't had to do anything. Could you give us a donation for the Travellers' Skool Bus?' I don't know whether they did, but they were fine and were really surprised. I liked the travellers and met a lot of them; there were bad ones of course and a lot of druggies. But you know, when people were really down and out and they got below the social services [radar] and they didn't have an address, they were advised to go to the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army couldn't really help them, because it had rules, quite reasonable rules but some of them couldn't take that either, so the Salvation Army suggested they join the travellers. There was one woman who had a London bus with forests painted all over it and she had her own children but she'd also taken in some

very sad cases and helped them. I thought she was a wonderful person. Some of the kids she'd taken in were from middle-class families, who'd got chucked out because of their behaviour. The travellers had their own First Aid unit, who were a lovely lot because you couldn't get the Red Cross or St. Johns to come in. I had some old sheets and they wanted those to make bandages and stuff, not that there was much trouble... and there wasn't too much trouble with drugs though we did have one chap who came into the farmhouse and said he'd been spiked and was very ill. He was all right, he got through, but that was a bit frightening.

Bridget Wishart: Jock, who was a healer and a homeopath, he and his wife Sally used to help people out; there were people who you knew, like you could say 'Go and see her on the red bus, she's got some herbal teas.' But there were a slow but steady stream of people who would go and visit Sally and Jock to have

various injuries and traumas tended. Sally always had her homeopathies with her. And she cooked the most amazing pea fritters!

Steve Bemand: Many times people off their heads or drunk would cause a rumpus of one kind or other. But it usually got chilled by people around them before a mass brawl could erupt, and the trouble-makers were always in the minority.

Jerry Richards: People would look out for one another. Someone came to our tent at one festival and said, 'I've got this Timothy Leary acid here,' and we said, 'Yeah, sure, sure you have mate.' But he said 'No, seriously, I'm a chemist and I've got the formula together and made this stuff up.' He got this blotter out that looked really professional, some sort of holographic paper and Steve Mills, the Tubilah Dog singer, and I, said we'd have some to try and it was really powerful stuff. Anyway, this guy at the same festival had tried it and was really off his head and going around hitting children because he was so far gone he said that they were 'like demons, small demons.' Of course, people spotted what was going on and grabbed hold of him, sat him down and tried to calm him, gave him a pipe and something to drink. But he was raving, and so someone put him on a flatbed truck and took him out of the festival site and into the nearest town and dropped him off. He wasn't abandoned, because he was somewhere he could get some help. He was just beyond our help.

Sheila Wynter: Afterwards we got some of the travellers and went up to the top fields and we had about twenty people in a line and we went over the whole lot in case there were any needles. I don't think we found anything. We had a few travellers who didn't leave at the end and that caused a lot of trouble. I think it was difficult for some of them to move on for one reason or another, they should have done but didn't.

They all did go away eventually.

One sinister lot had a big black hearse, there were about six of them and they weren't very popular. But it was a very difficult time for me; the farmer who'd lost a sheep came over and there was a terrible row in the kitchen. I had neighbours coming down and shouting at me, and that was very unpleasant. The village never forgave me, but then quite soon afterwards I had to sell the

farm anyway – and they were very glad to get rid of me. I was one of the oldest inhabitants of the village by the time I left, but I'd say hello and people who I'd known for years, I was there for thirty-odd years, would just turn away from me in the street or shout at me. At one time I had a letter from Malvern Hills District Council saying that they were prosecuting me for making a noise after midnight for four nights running and they were charging me something like seven thousand pounds. Someone said to me 'What about this letter, this prosecution? What are you going to do about it?' Well, I didn't know what I was going to do about it because I didn't have seven thousand pounds so I said, 'Well, I suppose I'll have to go to prison.'

I didn't realise it, but someone from the press was listening to this and they put it on Radio Gloucester, and Malvern Hills Council had farmers' wives from all over the place phoning up saying, 'What are you doing? You're going to put a farmer's wife in prison just because the children have been having a music festival!'

They couldn't prosecute me because I didn't own the land, my husband did. I did take exception to [being prosecuted] though because we were [in those days] having planes coming zooming over the farm making a noise, but this was music... and noise and making music are very different things. It took about ten days to get everyone off the farm, and then we had to dispose of the abandoned cars.

There was a scam with the AA, because they did a deal that guaranteed to get you from A to B if you broke down, no matter what condition your car was in. So a whole lot of cars arrived that were total wrecks – some were towed in because they didn't have any engines at all. The AA came in and took some of them to the next festival but others were just abandoned. Of course, the AA put that loophole right very quickly but the travellers caught this thing where they paid up at the beginning of the year and the AA towed them from festival to festival!



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Martin Guitar has been a leader in elephant protection since the 1970s when the company made the decision to stop using ivory on its guitars and started to phase the material from its supply chain. As the founding sponsor of #SaveElephants, Martin has donated five custom elephant-themed guitars for raising funds.

#SaveElephants is part of a partnership between the Conservancy's programs in Africa and China to increase wildlife security, expand habitat, reduce demand, and reduce poverty and instability in places where elephants range -- the root cause of poaching.

Ultimately, this is bigger than elephants. Poaching spreads crime and instability, threatening lives and tourism-based income that's desperately needed by the people who live among elephants.

We have to do more. That's why we're thrilled to be working with Martin Guitar -- and with you. Together, we're powerful.

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

p.s. Start helping elephants today at [nature.org/elephants](https://www.nature.org/elephants) and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.





YE GONZO ISLAND DISCS

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

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



How do you describe a living legend? It is simple/
You nick his entry from Wikipedia:

"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 have you ever wondered what records a living legend would take to a desert island?

Twink's Top Ten

The Byrds - Younger Than Yesterday

Bob Dylan - Blonde On Blonde

The Moody Blues - Days Of Future Passed

The Doors - LA Woman

Country Joe & The Fish - Music For The Mind & Body

George Harrison - All Things Must Pass

The Beatles - Revolver

The Beatles - Magical Mystery Tour

Frank Sinatra - Songs For Swinging Lovers

Vince Taylor's Greatest Hits

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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..

came back from the Stones tour and felt pretty good about the whole thing. I thought I had coped well with the new world I had found myself in and I was ready for the next challenge.

I did a bit of work for Brockum at some festivals and the band had a few stabs at doing some gigs, but it seemed to have pretty much run its course and I was hungry to get back out on the road. During the course of the Stones tour I had slipped back into having a spliff every now and then. Having been away for a few weeks I had dropped behind the Tai Chi class although I was still doing yoga. I decided not to attend the Tai Chi classes anymore.

Mick had an office in London on the Finchley Road, and I would go up there a lot to help get tour merchandise together. Although we were still preparing T-shirts using the iron-on transfers, at times a lot of the shirts were being silkscreened instead. This was a good thing because during one of the Stones festivals I had been preparing some shirts when the trestle table, that had the press on, collapsed. I caught the press on the way down, but it was still switched on and very hot. By the time I had found a place to put it down I had two severe burns, one on each arm. The scars are still faintly visible now – 37 years later. I had no wish to repeat this. Silkscreen was much easier.

The next tour I was sent out on was with *Richie Blackmore's Rainbow* at the end of August 1976.. The first show was at the *Bristol Hippodrome* and I seem to recall that there was one of those 'something or other 'On Ice'' spectacles on the day before our get in. They were melting down a huge block of ice, which was on a rink which covered the stage. Everything was wet and there were pipes and stuff all over the place. Richie's tour featured a large rainbow which needed to be set up on the stage. It was in several sections, all of which had to be flown in the air and bolted, then wired together. Back in the '70s the technology for this kind of thing was 'hammer and nail' primitive. The rainbow itself consumed so much power that there were times on the European leg when it drew the power from the stage and the guitar amps would falter.

This was also a much more hard core crew than others I had worked with previously, and I was to find out just how hard core a bit later. For the UK shows we travelled by van with the merchandise in the back.

This was OK and no real problem, and it also gave us a chance to relax since we did not have to be at the shows until the middle of the afternoon.

For the crew it was much, much harder. The rainbow took a while to rig so, what with the trusses for the lighting, the get-ins became very early and the get-outs very late. No sound or backline could be rigged until all the lights and the rainbow were in, up and running.

The *Bristol Hippodrome* is a magnificent old building, all balustrades and boxes, plush but faded velvet seats and a marble edge that runs around the front of the stage. At the end of the set Richie Blackmore whipped off his guitar and began flailing away at the front of the stage. The Fender Strat obstinately refused to break. It took several blows before he managed to separate the neck from the body and throw the detritus into the crowd. He later got fined for breaking some lumps from the marble, and had to pay to have the stage repaired.

When the tour moved to Europe I realised how hard it was for the crew, and came a cropper. They had a very strict protocol. Lights in first and when they are rigged the sound goes in. After the gig the sound and backline come out and the respective crews get taken to the hotel. When the lighting is out the lighting crew go back to the hotel. One hour later everyone gets on the bus, and we head off to the next gig. The process for the crew was exhausting so they decided to cope with it sensibly, like all road crews did. They partied all night.

This was an ordinary coach, not a modern tour sleeper bus. We slept upright in our seats – or didn't, if the party really went for it. It was OK for us and the sound guys because they got to go to the hotel when we arrived, but the lighting crew went straight to work. The guy who rigged the show was a superhuman. I saw him climb girders to put in the flying points for the rainbow and the trusses, and all of that after a night of partying. Two shows into the tour I made my first mistake. I packed down the merchandise and went to the bus to write up the evening's sales and count the money. I stood the two merchandise trunks by the back of the truck meaning to go out and load them in, and I fell asleep. I was woken by the sound crew complaining to me that they had to load my trunks and I should have been there. A few nights later I made a bigger error. I went back to the hotel with the crew having helped with all the loading as a penance. I had just about got back into their good books. I took a shower and fell asleep and was woken by a pounding on the door. They did not know what room I was in because I was booking my own hotel rooms, and had been waiting for me to come out. More penance and more loading, but I never quite got back in with that crew. On one journey, after a particularly hard load out they laced a bottle of water with several acid tabs and

passed it around. Everyone on the coach was tripping for the whole journey. The rigger, whose name I forget, fell asleep with his head resting on his hand. When he awoke he found he could not feel or move his hand. After seeing a doctor he was told he had shut off the blood supply to the nerves and it would take a while to come back to life. So he carried on climbing the walls and rafters with one hand until it did come back. I think Mick finally lost that contract when Richie grabbed Mick's sister's tit in a lift and he floored him. Oh well, Rock and Roll.

I came off that tour and went straight out with *The Sensational Alex Harvey Band*. I was quite happy about this. They were a great band and I was determined not to mess up on this one. I went out to meet the crew at the load out, after a rehearsal in London. They seemed a much easier bunch to get on with. The lighting designer was Bill Duffield and we got on immediately.

Once we were out on the road it was clear there was some tension in Alex Harvey's band and management. Alex's long time manager Bill Fehilly had been killed in a plane crash just before the tour, and Alex was drinking a little more than usual. He was touring the same stage set he had when he did the *Yes* festivals in the summer. The backdrop of a house with the scaffolding in front of it was a big thing to put up each day (although not as bad as the rainbow had been). Every night Alex would walk through part of the wall, a section made of polystyrene bricks, and announce 'I was framed'. Every day, when it was put up, the guy who did it carefully replaced the bricks and repainted it back to being a wall.

In Hamburg, Alex came through the wall dressed, not in his usual striped jumper, but in a full Hitler outfit with a stick on moustache. This did not go down too well, but Alex was determined to carry on doing it at the next shows in Dortmund and Frankfurt. When we got to Berlin he did the same thing but was a bit the worse for wear with drink and crawled through the wall rather than walking. The promoter from Berlin was absolutely livid about it and was shouting, 'He will never work in Germany again'.



THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

PHENOMENA

MAGAZINE

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MY DAD'S LPS

EXPLORING THE COSMOS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

www.mydadslps.com





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

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

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

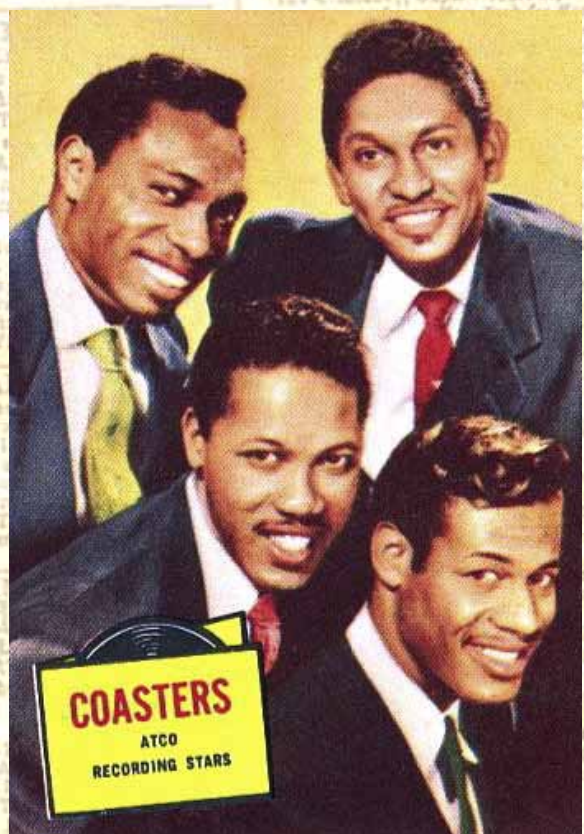
We hit the internet airwaves Saturdays and Sundays at 4pm, Monday 12am PST on KONG Monster Rock at rdsn.net/kong. If you're all about FM radio, catch us Sundays at 11pm on 93.3 KRHV-FM out of Mammoth, California or on TuneIn Radio here.

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

Welcome to another edition of My Dad's LPs Weekly. I'm your host A.J. Smitrovich. On this week's show we span a great deal of time in terms of rock history: 1959-1972. We'll be excavating some old doo-wop and rock 'n' roll gems from Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran and other 50s icons, some entries from folks like The Everly Brothers from their 1970s TV show, and even getting into some extended (and not so extended) jams with Manfred Mann and The Allman Brothers. Let's dive.

We'll start with the fact that we have a brand new intro for the show that you won't wanna miss. Retooled for 2016 and will most certainly put you in the right head-space.

First up on this week's show are The Coasters, because when I think doo-wop these guys are never far from my head. This track, "Along Came Jones" was one of my first exposures to doo-wop. In fact, when I got into rock 'n' roll, The Coasters were my entre into the genre, so this song carries special meaning for me. We bop right into Buddy Holly and a rare take of "Oh Boy", without the recognizable backing vocals. Buddy is on point and





MY DAD'S LPS

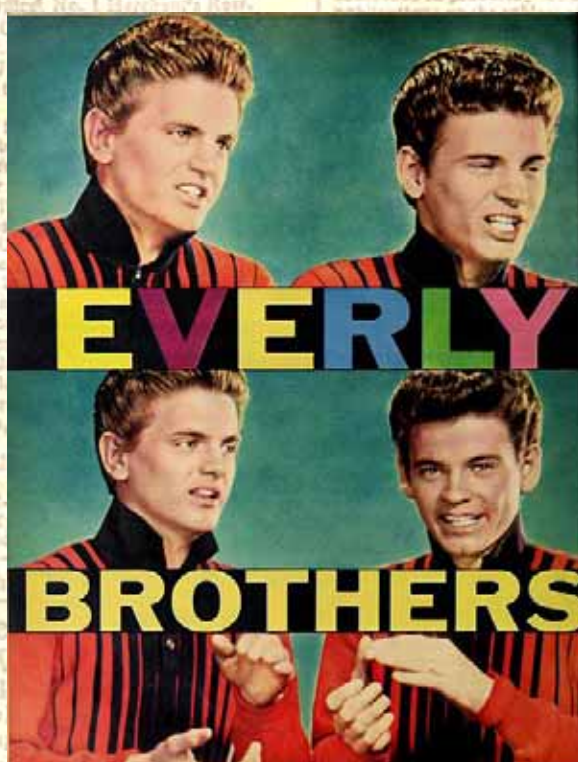
EXPLORING THE COSMOS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

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this version has more of an edge, which for Buddy was a rare thing on his polished releases. Nice to hear him wail a bit here.

We've also got The Fabulous Four (and no, that's not Fab) who give us the doo-wop classic "Silhouettes". The Rays and The Diamonds would go on to cover this tune but this is where it's at. The real deal. The sound may suffer a bit, but you must remember this was recorded in the late 50s, over 50 years ago. These recordings also deteriorated much faster, being put on tape and vinyl as opposed to directly into a computer. For me, it adds a level of authenticity unmatched by any modern recording I've heard. We've also got the song that coined the phrase "doo-wop", that was recorded in the basement of a Catholic School in Connecticut in 1956.



From there we move into the late 60s and 70s with The Everly Brothers and a rendition of "Bird Dog" from 1970 that'll curl your hair. Breaking through into the 1970s we've also got The Band and cut from Rock of Ages, their live concert recordings during their three shows at the Academy of Music in New York City in late 1971. At this point in the show we'll hover around the late 1960s and early



1970s with tracks from The Byrds, The Lovin' Spoonful, The James Gang and a track from The Woodstock Music and Art Fair of 1969.

I won't go too much further if only to say if you love doo-wop, rock 'n' roll and psychedelia, this is your week. You can catch My Dad's LPS on the KONG Monster Rock radio network Saturdays and Sundays at 4pm and Mondays at 12am PST at rdsn.net/kong and if you're in the Mammoth, CA area you can catch the show on Sundays at 11pm on 93.3 KRHV-FM, Sierra's Best Classic Rock.

mydadslps.com is ALMOST UP and will have streaming shows, a new blog and will give you the ability to request records for LP OF THE MONTH, to be played straight off the vinyl on the last show of the month. This month's record, chosen by Dad himself, is one of his prize records, The Allman Brother's "Eat a Peach" out of 1972. We'll be playing sides one and two of this amazing double album. Catch it January 30th and 31st on My Dad's LPS.

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.

PLEASE... WHAT ARE THE "NOSE GASKETS"?

Due to go on sale in April, the HTC Vive is one of three high-end virtual reality headsets due to hit the market this year.

Though it was originally scheduled for release at the end of 2015, the Vive was held back due to "a very, very big technological breakthrough", which the company wanted to incorporate into the technology.

What is this breakthrough? We cannot be certain, but it may have something to do with the adjustable "nose gaskets" that have been announced as an important feature of the HTC Vive. But what exactly are these "nose gaskets", and what are they for? Digitiser2000 investigates...





c.j.stone

There Is Something About Stonehenge

A Midsummer Night's Awakening

There's something about Stonehenge. It's buried in the soil around here. It's carved into the stones. It's marked out in the landscape. It's in the air you breathe.

You look at it from some angles and it's just a jumble of useless old stones littering the earth, but from another – from behind one of the triathlons, say, looking out over the sunrise above the heel stone on solstice morning – it is grand, it is epic, it is iconic, it is unique. It is cosmic, in fact. You take a photograph of that and you show it to any one, anywhere in the world, and they will know where it is.

But it's not just the stones: the whole landscape is scattered with forms: with burial mounds and processional avenues, and standing stones, and other great circles. Durrington Walls is nearby, as is Woodhenge. They are all part of the same grand complex. There were houses here too, thousands of them. And every year, maybe two times a year, people would descend upon this place from all over the country and from abroad, bringing their animals with them, their whole families, from every direction, to hold some kind of a celebration.

You can sense this in the landscape. You can feel that this was once a thriving community, full of life, full of action. The humps of the burial mounds lined up in rows, the shapes carved into the landscape, the wide, high plain stretching out all around, all speak of a sacredness and a presence, a purpose. And one

thing is clear. One thing we can be sure of. Whatever other purpose this structure in stone is designed for, whatever other activities might have gone on around here, its main purpose was time.

Stonehenge is a clock. It's a great calendrical-clock. It measures out the days. It tells you what part of the year you are in. It is very precise. It tells you the exact moment of the Summer Solstice, and the exact moment of the Winter Solstice, the longest day and the shortest day. It tells you the exact moment of the Equinoxes, the days when night and day are of equal length. The people who built it were very sophisticated. This monument, this temple, this timekeeper, this clock, was raised here, at this specific point on the Earth's crust, to give you a precise reading. Nowhere else would do.

It is an observatory. From here you can view the stars and take a measure of them. You can see the movement of the stars across the night sky, but you can also measure the movement between the stones. This gives you a reading of time. Time is space. It is movement. It is distance. As time moves, so the Earth moves, so the stars move, and by sitting in the centre of the circle here at Stonehenge, you can take an exact measure of all of this. From here, perhaps, in this centre of time, came the standardisation of measure which brought the world together.

The University of Time and Mind

The houses they have found around here conform to a type which existed throughout the British Isles. They had built in beds and cupboards, a hearth in the centre, a pounded chalk floor. They were built of

wood and thatch here in Stonehenge, but of stone in the Orkneys, where wood was unavailable, but they are clearly the same design. Thus you can say that the civilisation which built this great monument to time was one which stretched throughout these Isles. The stone circles which litter the landscape of Britain are evidence of a unified culture. The pigs they brought to the great pig-feast which took place at the winter solstice in Durrington walls came from many miles away. Thus we can see people travelling across the land, using the ancient trackways and trade routes, to gather together in this place, to celebrate a common time and a common purpose recognised by all the people of their time.

People gathered here. All of the ancient track ways point towards it. It is too great an enterprise to have been undertaken by only one tribe. All of the tribes must have taken part. Perhaps they sent their brightest and best here to learn the art of the stars and the meaning of time. Their artists, their poets, their priests, and their magicians. Their scientists. Their musicians. Their engineers. Their workers in stone and wood.

Perhaps it was the University of Time and Mind for a great civilisation which embraced the whole known world.

There was a city nearby. The city housed the

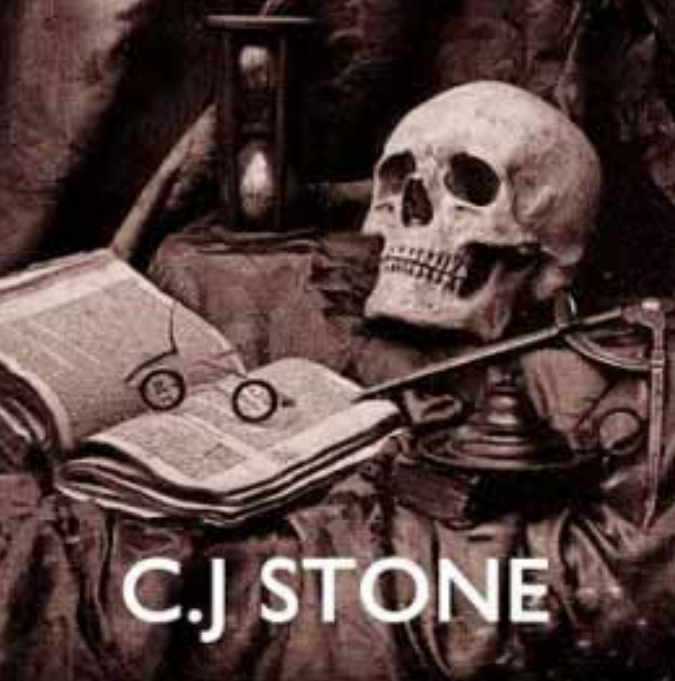
workers. Perhaps, too, it housed the magicians and the intellectuals, the ones who had devised this great scheme, who had worked out in precise detail how the whole thing was to be done. The bluestones came from 150 miles away, from the Preceli Mountains in West Wales. They must have been dragged overland, or brought by rafts along the coast and up the rivers. Why the bluestones were chosen and how they were brought here isn't known. Perhaps it will never be known. But it is a feat of engineering, of organisation, of almost unimaginable grandeur and, once more, it links the country together into a whole.

Later the sarsen stones were brought. These are much larger, though the distances are less. They were probably brought from Salisbury Plain itself, or from the Marlborough Downs. They are a type of sandstone, created by sand bound with silica cement, very hard, very dense. It was a huge undertaking to move them.

Read on

THE EMPIRE OF THINGS

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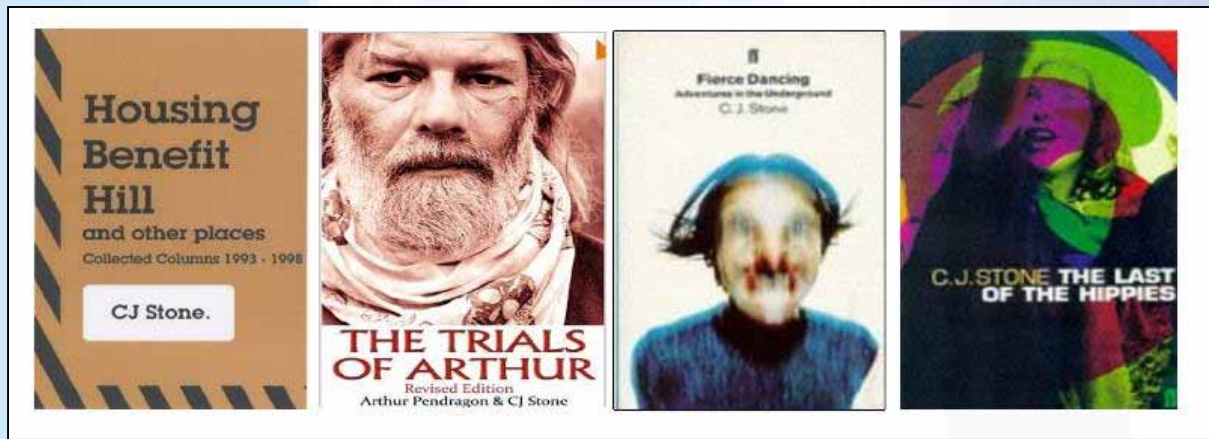
Times Literary Supplement

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

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Independent on Sunday



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

The Trials of Arthur:

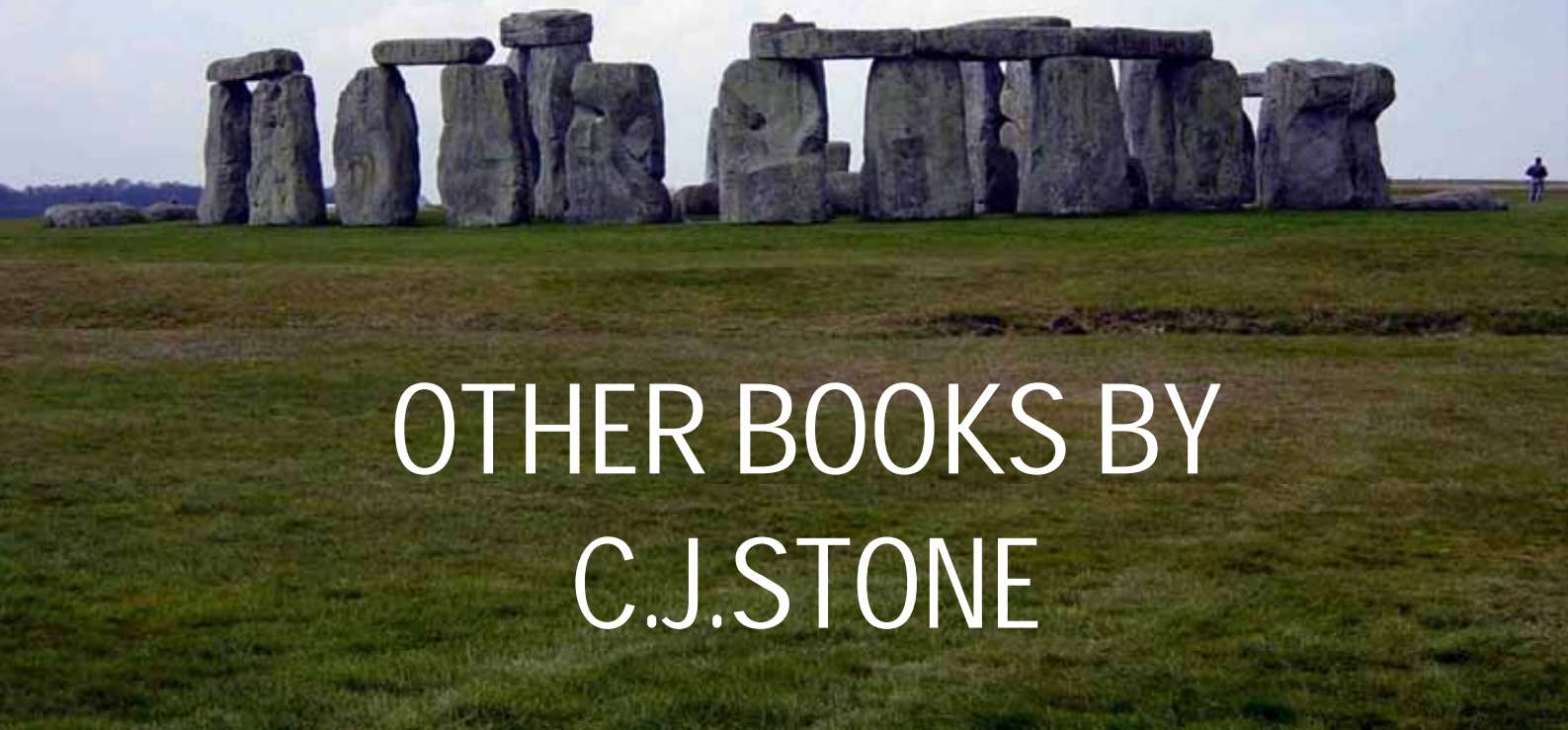
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Trials-Arthur-Revised-Ronald-Hutton/dp/0956416314/>

Fierce Dancing:

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

The Last of the Hippies:

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



OTHER BOOKS BY
C.J.STONE

Weird weekend 2016

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

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www.weirdweekend.org



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

Following the death of Motorhead's Lemmy Kilmister at the end of 2015, it was announced on Facebook that the memorial service will be broadcast live on YouTube on Saturday January 9th. The post said:

On Saturday January 9th, the world will come together and celebrate the life of our friend, and legend, Ian 'Lemmy' Kilmister.

Family and close friends will observe a service at Forest Lawn Memorial Cemetery, Hollywood, commencing at 3pm PST and ending at 4.30pm. With such limited space available on-site, we respectfully ask that you don't attend the cemetery... but we want you ALL to be a part of this, so we are setting up a live feed of the service via the internet on Motörhead's official You Tube channel: <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCbPCDmtTU-W4SdA8abZtWpA>

So wherever you are, PLEASE get together and watch the service with fellow Motörheadbangers and friends. GO to your favorite bar, or your favorite club, make sure

they have access to an internet connection and toast along with us.

Or simply invite your pals around and celebrate Lemm's life at home.

Whatever your venue, and however you can, let's be sure to gather globally on Saturday 9th and celebrate the life of our dear friend and irreplaceable icon.

~~~~~

This week also saw the announcement that confirmation of four new elements completes the seventh row of Chemistry's periodic table. All four are highly unstable superheavy metals that exist for only a fraction of a second, and none have received permanent names yet. A petition was swiftly set up to name one of the newly classified elements 'Lemmium' as a tribute to Lemmy.

This is a bit of a discussion point among Motorhead fans, as the band were not heavy metal and were actually rock & roll, with many recalling to a comment Lemmy himself made some years ago:

"We were not heavy metal. We were a rock'n'roll band. Still are. Everyone always describes us as heavy metal even when I tell them otherwise. Why won't people listen?"



# Spirits Burning

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

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

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



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



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Motörhead Official

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# HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name .....

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

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

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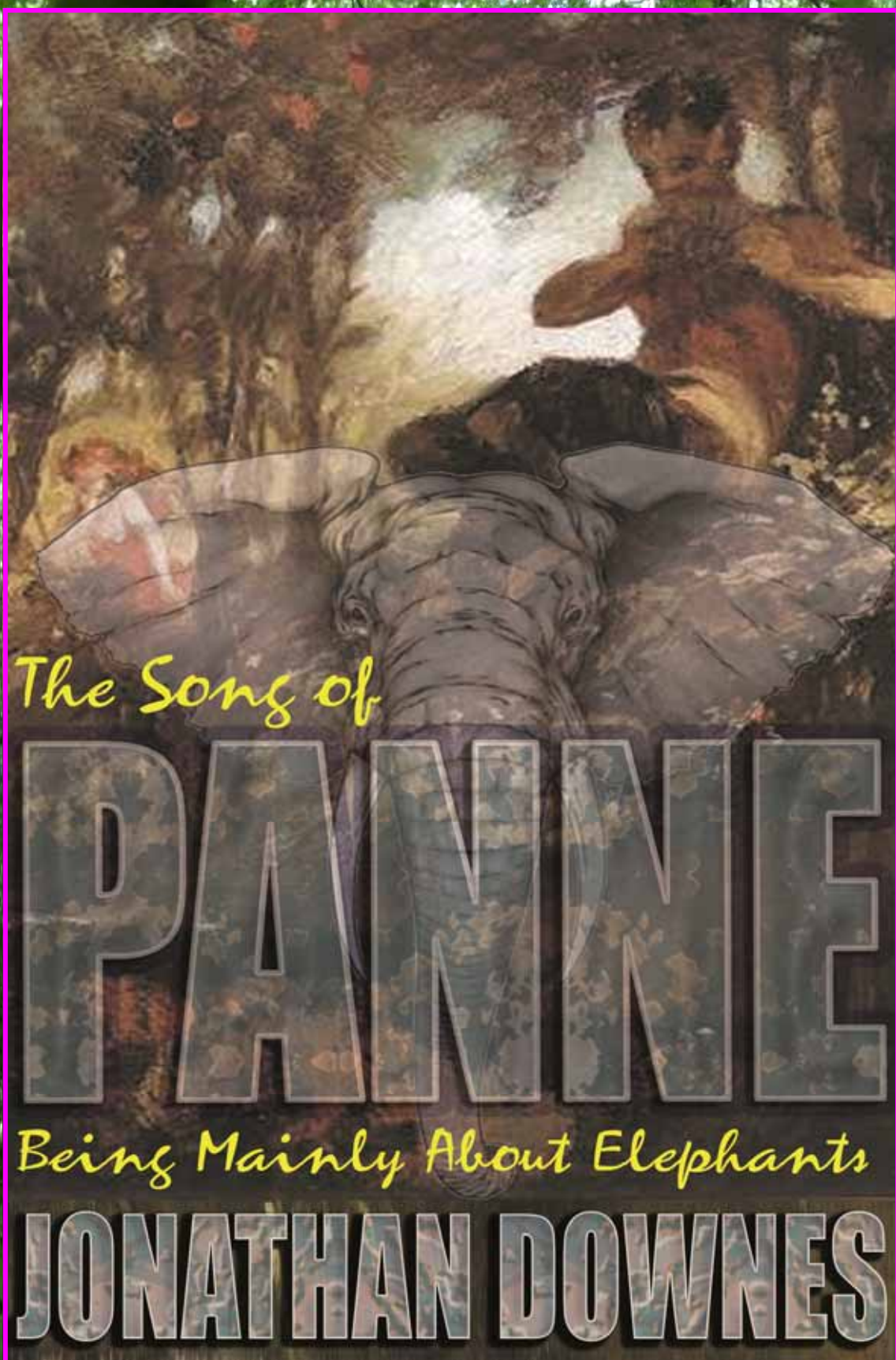
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# XtUL II

## IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

### VIII

I don't consider that I am racist, sexist, classist or any of the other '-ist' thought crimes that are so prevalent across the board in the canon of 21st Century thought crimes. But the Malcky-Emmz nuptials involved two groups of people that I find most abhorrent in the universe; ill bred Chavs and inbred Tories. And the idea of an alchemical wedding between two such unlovely social subgroupings was something that I found most disturbing.

I have been a journalist for long enough to be able to know how to make my excuses and leave fairly discreetly, so as soon as we could possibly do so



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



without completely compromising the bounds of good taste, and so as the bride and groom went off to honeymoon in a North African country that should probably remain nameless. Corinna and I went home; Corinna to play Lord of the Rings Online, and me to get drunk, both of us doing our best to expunge the unpleasant vibes of the day from our collective psyche.

We weren't to see the happy couple again for several months. It turned out that the honeymoon in Tunisia had been less than idyllic. On the first morning Emmilee had come down with diarrhoea which eventually turned out to be dysentery, and two days later, as they were on their way to the free clinic (they had, of course not bothered with holiday sickness insurance) they were kidnapped by a band of Arab brigands intent on securing a handsome ransom (if I may quote *Fury in the Slaughterhouse*). The fact that one of them was a lanky streak of piss with red hair and clothes which it was pretty obvious had come from the bargain bins at Primark, whilst his companion was a grossly fat woman with the galloping trots and big purple blotches all over her skin, really does cast doubt upon the perspicacity of the North African criminal fraternity. One would have thought that the fact that when the

raiders searched the hotel room in which the unhappy couple had been staying, and found two hundred bucks in US Traveller's Cheques, and a stash of rather unpleasant S&M pornography that Malcky had bought from a seedy looking bloke in the Gents toilets at the airport, together with some extra large underwear complete with embarrassing stains, might have insinuated that their new captives were unlikely to make them even slightly wealthy.

Now, I shall make no attempt to drop any hints by which the more perspicacious reader could identify the crappy little resort town where this all took place, but it is located not too far from the border with a far less stable country where the rule of law has largely become non-existent, largely because there are huge swathes of country, that since the ignominious exit of the quondam Colonial Power several decades ago, nobody really knows who owns. In fact, this is not quite true. Three different countries (one of which is only recognised as a nation by a couple of its tiny neighbours, and one if which is basically the Human Resources Department of one of the nastier and less ethical oil companies) lay claim to the region, but for the last thirty years a fairly laid back guerrilla war has been going on





between the three claimants, and no-one outside the region cares.

In the meantime (and it doesn't realistically look like the matter is going to be settled any time soon) the region is like a geographical analogue to the areas of the Internet accessible by the Onion Router; a haven for criminal activities of all sorts where - basically - anything goes.

Malcky and Emmz were taken to a very grotty little house on the outskirts of a small town a few kilometres across the border, where they were locked in the cellar, and there they stayed for the next three weeks wallowing in their own feculence, and being fed one rather nasty meal of rancid couscous each day. Ironically this was probably the best thing to happen to Emmileee, because as a result of this she was not only cured of dysentery, but lost a considerable amount of weight and was now - although hardly sylph like - lighter than she had been since puberty.

Then on Day 21 of their ordeal Malcky had a remarkably good idea, and managed to persuade their captors that it would be in their interest to allow them to send a message to Malcky's Father (who, diligent readers will remember, was last seen bribing me with a tenner to keep him out of his son's wedding video) entreating him to ask his employer (a shadowy one-time Tory Cabinet Minister whose friendship with Jimmy Savile had precluded his elevation to the Upper House) to pay the ransom necessary to ensure the unhappy couple's safe return to Blighty.

Although the impression that I had got from the wedding was that his Father would have been unlikely to part with the coupons from the back of a packet of cornflakes to ensure their safe return, somehow this stratagem worked. However on the day that the ransom money arrived, so did the militia, which was owned and operated by the Tourist Board of the country to which the young marrieds had gone on honeymoon, and after a spectacular shootout that left most the un-named brigands dead in a colander-like state.

Things were looking up for Malcky and Emmz, but not for long. They travelled back to the hotel in the certain knowledge that Sir Peter's money would be waiting for them, and that they would be able to snaffle some or all of it secure in the knowledge that Sir Peter regarded Johnny Foreigner as a rum cove and wouldn't expect anything less. However, things were not going to work out so easily for them.

No sooner did they go back to their hotel room they were immediately arrested. It turned out that the

authorities were not impressed with Malcky's collection of S&M pornography, which was - apparently, for I have no knowledge of such things - illegal in that particular corner of North Africa. They also found some smutty Polaroids taken (one sincerely hopes) before Emmz had come down with dysentery, and these were also impounded. Bizarrely, the fine for being in possession of an offensive wife was worse than the fine for being in possession of some rather nasty locally produced pornography, and coincidentally the cumulative costs of both fines, the court administration fee and various other sundries was exactly covered by Sir Peter's largesse.

The British Consul managed to negotiate a compromise whereby they avoided the public flogging usually meted out to those convicted of crimes of moral turpitude by the powers that be in that morally enlightened slice of the Northern Sahara, and - after several more weeks in an Arabic chokey - the two unhappy honeymooners were shipped home in disgrace.

As the British Government stopped paying for 'Distressed British Citizens' to return home many decades ago, and Sir Peter, having discovered what had happened to his first slice of largesse, via arcane diplomatic channels of his own, flatly refused to send any more money, Malcky and Emmz had only one option open to them; they sold their stories to one of the grubbier British lifestyle magazines, together with some shudderingly revolting pictures of Emmz topless on a North African beach whilst Malcky dressed like Laurence of Arabia towered over her leering disturbingly.

This paid for them to get back to North Devon, but when they got back they had a further shock awaiting them. Despite having told the reporters - in great detail - about their ordeal at the hands of the kidnappers, the scions of Her Majesty's Press chose to ignore most of it, and instead focus on the more prurient aspects of the case. So instead of returning as heroes who had been kidnapped by terrorist brigands, the newlyweds returned having been lampooned as pornographers who had been justly punished by the morally upright authorities in one of Britain's oldest allies, after trying unsuccessfully to market a lewd and depraved piece of home-made smut to the local chubby chaser community.

Poor Malcky and Emmz. When I had stopped laughing I actually felt sorry for them, and that was my first big mistake!





# Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

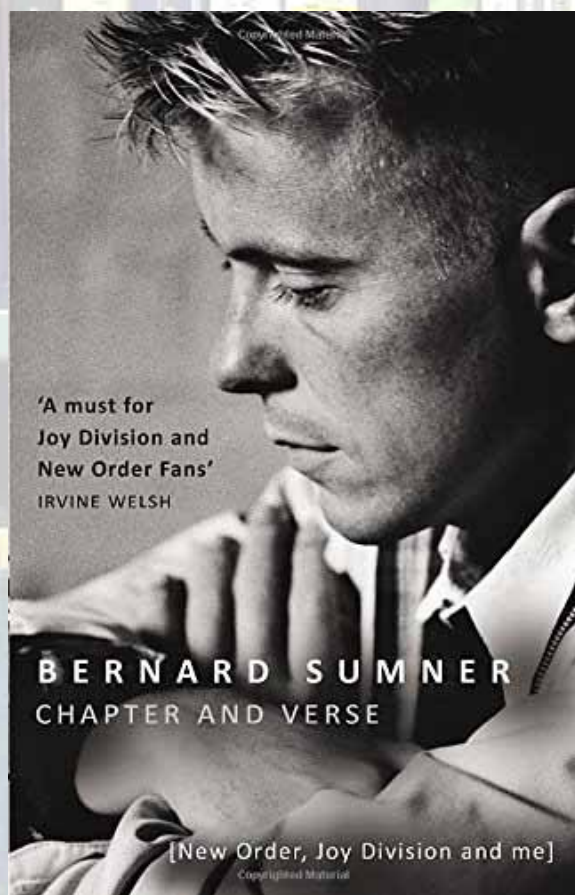
"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with Daavid Allen, Gilli Smyth *Mother Gong* are well known and highly regarded. It just felt right to include a daily poem 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!!!"

## SPACES BETWEEN DEFINE

LIKE DISTANCE,& TIME  
Products of mind confine  
Taste in music?Sublime/refined!  
World is too fast for slow  
Give me distracting shows!  
Excitement in memes and emojis  
(Emotion in an emoticon)  
To express requires access  
FRIENDS on Fakebook are not "friends"  
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An open and enquiring mind.  
RELEASE all pasts behind.  
Live this moment as if it were your first  
One day(surely)this may be your last  
HAVE A BLAST!



# Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



Paperback: 352 pages  
Publisher: Corgi (10 Sept. 2015)  
Language: English  
ISBN-10: 0552170496  
ISBN-13: 978-0552170499

One of my Christmas presents this year has only confounded my feelings of perplexion about two of the most famous bands of the past 40 years; Joy Division and New Order. Of course, it could well be argued that they were the same entity! After all, the first New Order album was recorded by Joy Division sans Ian Curtis who topped himself on the eve of the bands first American tour, thus cutting short the career of the most promising new band for many years.

As anybody who reads my scribblings here and elsewhere will know, I am a very big fan of Joy Division, and quite like New Order. Of course, the first band only lasted a couple of years whereas New Order have been going for well over three decades and

yes, at various times in my misspent life they have provided a more or less enjoyable soundtrack to whatever I was doing at the time.

Like everybody else, I bought the 12 inch version of 'Blue Monday', and I remember how – at Christmas 1984 – I was in a disco in Minehead with my soon-to-be first wife and half a dozen mentally handicapped adults that we were taking on holiday. Above the dance floor was a complex array of steel aluminium tubing bristling with little nozzles out of which came puffs of smoke which blew out in time with the double bass drum pattern (which of course is nothing of the sort) which punctuates the song. It looked just like a slightly tacky version of something from Fritz Lang's 1927 movie *Metropolis*.

I was half cut. "Wow man, this is what the future looks like" I muttered to nobody in particular, which was quite good because nobody heard.

I was right, of course the future did turn out to be about great artistic ideas, shamelessly copied, and executed in the cheapest and tackiest way imaginable, in order to provide a cheap sop for the marching morons.

The cover art by Peter Saville was impressive, but – for some reason, the reason possibly being that I am an idiot – I didn't realise that the complex die-cut sleeve was meant to symbolise a floppy disc, because at that time I only had the vaguest idea what a floppy disc was. And by the time that I did, not only did I not care, but I was more impressed, and amused, by the knowledge that the sleeve had been so complex that factory records actually lost money on each one sold.

I've read quite a lot about Joy Division/New Order and the rise and fall of Factory records. In fact, in some ways I am quite surprised how many books have been written on the subject after all a part from Joy Division/New Order the label only had one other band that sold in appreciable quantities. Most of their catalogue, like Crispy Ambulance, The Durutti Column and A Certain Ratio sold no more than respectably, and such conceits as Linder Sterling's Menstrual Eggtimer were just a self-indulgent waste of money.

The saga has even been the subject of two major feature films, the funniest of which shows a lot of the loss-making activity in excruciating detail. At the heart



# North Devon Firefly Faery Fayre & Ball 2016

## Saturday 23rd July

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

Faery Fayre 12 noon - 4pm Tel: 01237 441999

Faery Ball 5pm - Midnight Bar from 7pm

STALLS, WORKSHOPS, LIVE BANDS, FOOD ALL DAY

of the Factory story is the irrepressible and completely irreplaceable Tony Wilson. It was he who promulgated most of the stupidly expensive projects like – for example the designer table for the board room which cost thousands of pounds just as the company was facing bankruptcy. And it is interesting to see how the different authors approach him. One of the things which distinguishes Bernard Sumner's autobiography is that he has avoided the hagiogrifying process that practically everybody else has indulged in. Sumner's makes no attempt to portray Wilson as a visionary or a saint, although he probably was the former even though he certainly wasn't the latter. Sumner remembers him fondly but mostly portrays him as a caricature who would breeze in and out of their lives in an amusingly camp manor, whilst costing them a fortune that – it is obvious – that Sumner, at least, should be rightfully there.

And this is where it gets interesting. In the last issue of this magazine, I included the latest New Order album in my top ten records of 2015. In fact, together with Belle and Sebastian's latest album, it was #1. in my review I wrote that the person I felt most sorry for was Peter Hook. He had been he bass player with New Order since the beginning, and after a world publicised split a few years ago this was the first studio album with him. His bass player was iconic, and it was hard to imagine the band without him. When most major bands lose an important member (think Queen, think The Rolling Stones) they replaced the missing member with a sound-alike. (in both cases here, I am talking about bass players). New Order have done nothing of the sort. Their new bass player sounds great, but he is not a Peter Hook mimic, far from it.

So, it is both gratifying, and ever-so-slightly

inexplicable that the new album sounds more like New Order than anything they have done for years, and – in my opinion, at least – it is their best album since the late 1980's.

Both Hook and Sumner have written autobiography's (Hook has written two). Hooks is by far the most entertaining with the volume he wrote about the Hacienda being particularly entertaining. In both books he dwells on the rift between him and Sumner, and recently he has described Sumner's history of events as fictional.

"It is a shame, not just for us and the fans, but maybe also for the book stores who won't know whether to file this novel under fantasy or tragedy. Doing my New Order book as I am now, I have come to realise that in the early days we did achieve a hell of a lot together, we started New Order from nothing and made it successful against all the odds. We had a really good time doing it, loads of daft adventures. It's a real pity that it's ended like this. Realising how good we were, when the two of us argued, for the sake of mankind, maybe we should carry on arguing." said Hook a few years ago.

Of the books, Sumner's is by the most soberly written. He does not have Hook's way with words, nor his 'cheeky chappy' persona however, everybody involved with Factory who has gone on the record has admitted that enormous amounts of stimulants were consumed, and so it is difficult to know what version of events to believe.

Maybe we shall have to wait for 'The Other Two' to write down their version of events before we can formulate some degree of consensus reality. In the meantime, remember that love *does* tear us apart again.





ROCK and ROLL

# a cabinet of curiosities

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

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

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

Don't tell Mr Ed, but I tried to sell the cabinet, and its contents, over Christmas. There was a geezer down near Marble Arch who seemed interested for a while, but changed his mind at the last minute. So the long and short of it is, I couldn't even give it away let alone swap it for cash, so it looks like I am stuck with it. This is a bloody nuisance because apart from my being fed up with having to dust the bloomin' thing, it means I still have to look for rubbish to put in it.

And so it is with extreme prejudice that I am chucking the first item in it for 2016. And for most of them, unless I am being just plain sarcastic, I am presenting with no additional words from me.

**Life size soild oak Eric Clapton bust – £489.00**

“Hand carved soild (light) oak life size Eric Clapton bust was made in 1986 in the era of cream. Ideal for collector's.”



# THE BITCH IS BACK



So we have a soiled oak Eric Clapton bust do we?  
Nice. Is that pigeon shit?

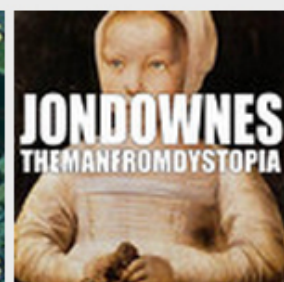
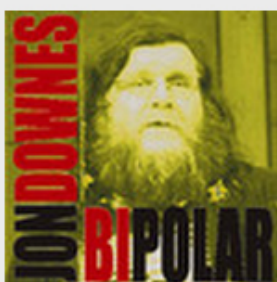
**Bjork Greatest Hits Russian Nesting Dolls memorabilia UK promo RUSSIAN DOLLS - £417.35**

“BJORK Greatest Hits Russian Nesting Dolls (Rare 2002 UK official One Little Indian promotional only set of five Russian nesting dolls. Each wooden doll is beautifully hand painted with an image from one of the last five albums - Vespertine Homogenic Post Selmasongs and Debut. All housed in a 4" diameter x 9" tall cylindrical card tube custom printed with the Greatest Hits sleeve artwork. Issued in very limited quantities making this item a much sought after collectable!)”



## SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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



**Vintage Grateful Dead Steal Your Face Bone  
Necklace Pendant - US \$5,200.00  
(Approximately £3,549.61)**

“Vintage Grateful Dead Steal Your Face Bone  
Necklace Pendant. 1" X 1 3/4"  
Has some wear and very authentic”



**David Bowie Overall Tracksuit Collectors -  
£3,200.00**

“David Bowie's  
overall . He  
trowed to the  
crowd in a  
wembley  
concert ; never  
washed...”

????????  
Trowed?????



**1968 Beatles Collectable Coin Banks – US \$  
995.00 (Approximately £679.20)**

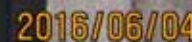
“This listing is for a set of 4 original Beatles coin banks. Made in 1968 by Pride Creations, King Features, Suba Films Ltd. Product of Japan. Over all very nice condition considering they are 47 years old. Paul took a fall and has a puncture on his top of head, I believe you can possibly pop it out some fill it and paint accordingly. Ringo has a ding on his nose, Paul is missing his rubber stopper, all may have flea bites or stress cracks, Look at all pics and bid accordingly. Ask for all pics you may need before bidding or purchasing, I believe John and George are super condition. All sales are final, no returns on these, all will be packed extremely well fully insured. I know there are unscrupulous buyers who would exchange for their broken and return. I pack like fort knox, so purchase with confidence. If you need a hands on description you can call 203-788-0654 9-9 eastern time or just email. Shipping is 25.00 insured in the 48 states, check out all my other listings for more Beatles collectables.”



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(Successors to T.W. & O.P. Buxton.)



This subscriber, by appointment from the Commission  
of Patents, is sent of the U. S. Patent Office, in re-  
ceiving and forwarding to the said models, sketches or  
manuscripts to be patented, & deposited things, which  
will be sent free of expense and risk and will disburse  
the proper Certificates, Specifications, Assignments, and all  
the necessary Papers and Drawings; will mail certificates  
into American and foreign mails, to the said parties, and  
will also receive and forward the same.



Nothing like a bit of meorabilia eh?

[illegible]



**WOW - RARE JOHN LENNON THE LEG'IC  
IN 23 KARAT GOLD – 20.00**

“WHERE DO I START ? THIS WAS A GIFT TO ME MANY YEARS AGO. ISSUED BY MOVIE MINT 1981..IN 23 KARAT GOLD. PROBABLY USA. I HAVE TRIED TO FIND SOME INFO, I HAVE READ IT IS LEATHER BOUND, BUT I DON'T KNOW. NO IDEA OF VALUE, THE ONLY WAY IS TO SEE WHAT SOMEONE IS WILLING TO PAY FOR IT. A MUST HAVE FOR ANY JOHN LENNON FAN / COLLECTOR. A GREAT CHRISTMAS PRESENT. IT IS NOW TIME FOR ME TO SELL MY COLLECTION, - NOT EASY. GOOD LUCK !”



Yet another load of balls. Still at least he only wants £20 for it.

**WOW! James Brown WORN Signature BOW  
TIE Good Vibrations Festival-MELBOURNE  
2006 - AU \$950.00 Approximately £458.00**

“I was lucky enough to catch JAMES BROWN'S Bow Tie in 2006 at the Good Vibrations Festival held at the Sidney Myer Music Bowl MELBOURNE at the end of his show. I was in the right spot at the right time and it was saturated with his sweat and smelled of vintage after shave, I stored it in the inner zipper pocket of my handbag until I got home and from there it has lived in a zip lock bag until now, along side with my ticket stub. I of course showed many friends, but it wasn't handled, it still has some light scent after all these years. As much as I loved JAMES BROWN, I think it deserves to go to a much more dedicated fan than myself!”

Oh how exquisite! Sweat and all. Such a must have sell it all enticement.



**Barbra Streisand Worn Wig From Early Career  
Julien's Auction - US \$1,799.00**

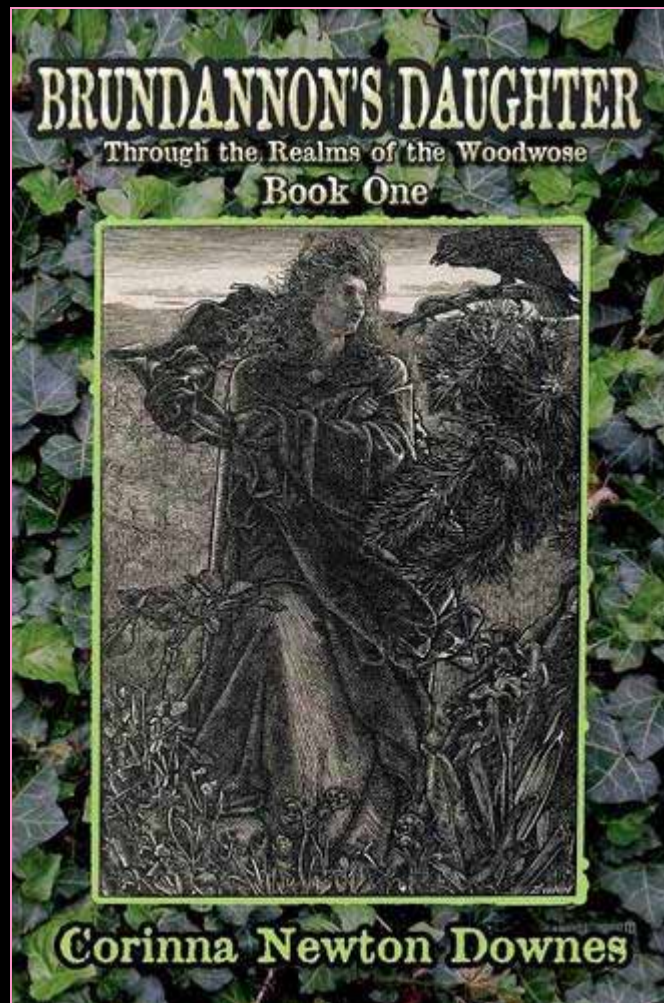


“Wig for Early Television and Live Appearances  
Hand sewn medium brown wig of human hair with lace front. An iconic and unique look worn by Barbra during the early years of her career.

This item was auctioned by Barbra herself via Julien's Auctions. Includes certificate of authenticity hand signed by Barbra and Darren Julien.”

Hair today, gone tomorrow and that's me for this week.





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





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

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



AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES



# THE



# CIRCULAR

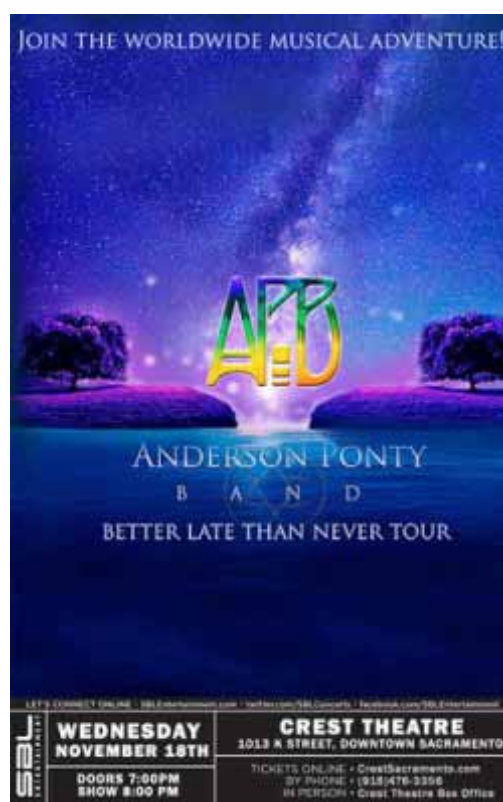
***The Court Circular*** tells interested readers about the comings and goings of members of The Royal Family.

However, readers of this periodical seem interested in the comings and goings of Yes and of various alumni of this magnificent and long-standing band.

This is the first roundup of Yes related stories for three issues, but as I am sure you are all aware, the end of the year, and the beginning of the new one is not a time bands are on the road, or releasing new material that doesn't have sleigh bells or a red nosed reindeer on it.

However, there have been some interesting stories even though they are not exactly the heaviest weight that we have ever cited although we will admit that it was rather poignant to see that Jon Anderson was looking forward, with excitement to the launch of the new Star Wars movie when the late Chris Squire used to describe Anderson "Obi-Wan to his Darth Vader".

- **Yes members could be individual inductees in the Rock Hall (poll)**
- **DBA LAUNCH VANITY PROMO**
- **JON ANDERSON: Micky Dolenz & Other Music Stars Share Their Excitement About the**



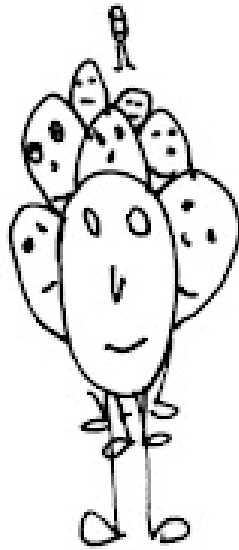
## **New "Star Wars" Movie**

- **Chris Squire Steve Howe of Yes 1976 cover Bob Dylan "Positively 4th Street"**
- **Jon Anderson And Jean-Luc Ponty On World Cafe**

I am probably getting a bit OCD about all of this, but I find the Yes soap opera of sound to be absolutely enthralling, and I for one can't wait to see what happens next!



# THE NINE HENRYS



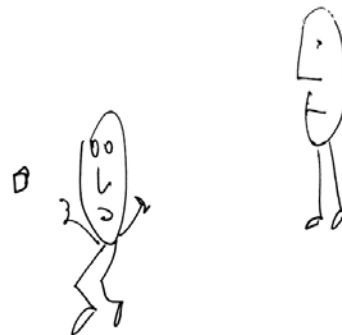
The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks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

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

THE WORLD'S FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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



The Pineapple Cube Incident





This book, which was released by Gonzo last 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.

**Blowfly:**  
**The Weird World of Blowfly**  
 (Weird World/Hot Productions, 1971)  
 What? Full-on filth storm; years ahead of gangsta rap.

Clarence Reid (aka Blowfly) enjoyed a 21st century rediscovery when the 2010 movie *The Weird World of Blowfly* hit cinema screens. Named after his first album; and celebrating a career in which Blowfly became best known for fiercely filthy parodies of soul and pop hits.

*The Weird World of Blowfly* (as in the debut album) is – pretty much – the manifesto for a career that saw Blowfly place recordings in the lower reaches of the US charts and achieve cult status despite being virtually ignored by radio stations with any sense of propriety. Blowfly's genius included an impressive set of production skills and a habit – as used here – of recording his tracks live in the



studio, or in front of a small audience in a venue; allowing a audience reaction to dictate some of the musical turns and ad libs. Blowfly is also a talented stand-up comedian with the stage presence to work off an audience, take the joke – just about – as far as it will go, and return without leaving his audience behind.

For all that, *The Weird World of Blowfly* isn't recommended for anyone of a prudish disposition or anyone for whom issues of political correctness are guiding principles. None of those notions appear to have troubled the audience who shriek and howl with laughter throughout *The Weird World of Blowfly*. Some of the things amusing them can be guessed at with titles like "My Baby Keeps Farting in my Face," "Shitting on the Dock of the Bay" and "It's a Faggots World." Those titles – near enough – give away the songs parodied; but those less obvious like "The Eating Song" (Blowfly's take on "Too Busy Thinking 'Bout my Baby") soon deliver a line like: "I'm saving my tongue for my baby" and the gags are obvious enough. On cuts like "Spermy Night in Georgia" it certainly sounds like the audience are gaining extra delight from hearing a portentous and upright ballad shredded and turned to filth; and the scatological humour of "Shitting on the Dock of the Bay" – wherein Blowfly watches turds rather than ships floating back and forth – is another complete reimagining of a classic. Elsewhere, the point appears to be to explore the intent of originals that restrained their sexual content in search of radio play. Blowfly's band are tight though this isn't about virtuoso playing or high-end production, and the segueing from one song to another during the performance hasn't done the collection too many favours as mix-tape or YouTube material.

Blowfly had several good recordings of R 'n' B originals under his belt when this – his first album as his own alter ego – was released. So, vocally he has the chops and stagecraft to deliver. Both of which also transfer to the original packaging, a major part of the experience for seventies audiences. Blowfly stands resplendent atop a trash can, attended by two – clearly naked – females and bedecked in a bizarre combo of monster mask, low-budget homemade Blowfly wings, a sweater with the "BF" legend clearly in sight and a tights/socks combi mocking superhero costumes. Somehow, the rubber chicken in one hand makes perfect sense in this context.

Blowfly cut enough decent material to warrant a CD retrospective and gain the patronage and collaboration of 2 Live Crew and Flea of the Red Hot Chili Peppers. A fair tonnage of his material sits out there on the internet. Lots of which – like his Christmas single "Jingle Fucking Bells" – will either connect with you, or convince you he's not to your taste, within seconds. When Jello Biafra's Alternative Tentacles label issued *Fahrenheit 69* (2005) Blowfly's rediscovery was complete. But this 1971 album is where it all started.





## STARY OLSA

STARY OLSA is a mediaeval Belarusian music band. It was founded in 1999 by its present leader Zmicier Sasnoŭski, and takes its name from a brook in the west part of Mahilioŭ Region (Belarus).

The band's music makes it possible to restore sounds of many forgotten instruments. STARY OLSA uses for its performances maximal exact (in appearance, technology and materials) copies of old aged Belarusian instruments such as Belarusian bagpipe, lyre, gusli (Baltic psaltery), svirel (reed pipe), jew's-harp, ocarina, Belarusian trumpet, birch bark trumpet, hudok (Belarusian rebec), tromba marina and drums.

The purpose is to completely reconstruct (whenever possible) musical traditions of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania where Belarus was the main cultural and geopolitical part in the 13th –18th centuries, and where there was a unique combination of Belarusian folk and aulic music with European musical achievements of that time. In order to revive this cultural peculiarity the band's members mix early Belarusian instruments sound with all-European mediaeval instruments such as lute, rebec, cister, flute, Arabic drum.

### Members

Žmicier Sasnoŭski: bagpipes, lyre, mandoline, gusli, percussion, vocals

Illa Kublicki: organ

Aleś Čumakoŭ: lyre, mandoline, gusli

Andrej Apanovič: drums

Aksana Kaścian: flute



Pink Floyd - Another Brick in the Wall (Part II)  
(medieval cover by Stary Olsa)



Website

Wikipedia

Facebook



And so, we come to the end of another week and – indeed – to the end of the first week of 2016. And what have we learnt?

As always, it is somewhat of a wrench coming back into some semblance of normality (whatever that means) after the joy of Yuletide. I am writing this (or more accurately) dictating this to Jessica earlier on Thursday evening. To confound the problem we both have colds, and to make things even worse, for personal reasons I want to wrap this weeks issue up as soon as I can so I can spend some time with my family who are staying, therefore we will not have a proper chance to digest the full implications of the first major artistic event of the year; David Bowie's 26th studio album Blackstar.

As I have written on occasion on these pages, it is gratifying to see the man whose music defines so much of my childhood making a serious artistic renaissance as he approaches the age of 70.

Another of my favourite bands – Suede - have also got an album due out imminently, and everyone who has heard it describes it as being a real return to form.

I am pleased that as I approach the age of 57 that I can still get excited about the imminent release of records by my favourite artists, and I am sure that I am not the only one. I know that my generation has a different relationship with music than do most of the current one. And there is no point in railing about it or complaining because we – after all – had a different relationship to all sorts of things than did our parents. It is just the way that the human race works, and I



suspect that it is the way that it has always worked. I find it sad when Jessica tells me that she and her friends don't read books, but it is stupid of me to be so. The human race progresses from generation to generation. If it did not we would have soon died out.

I don't know why I am feeling so in perspective this week; it is something which one would have expected to have happened last week as we said good bye to the old year, rather than this week while we are facing up to the challenges of the new one, but if I had always worked in such a logical manner, I would probably have never become editor of this magazine, instead taking the career path that would have pleased my parents, and becoming a bank manager.

Toodle Pip



# THE BEST LAID PLANS



# BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST

## Live on stage

ADMIT • ONE | \$5.50 | STALLS

*Somewhere Over Detroit*

11 DEC 1980  
ON STAGE 20.30

FROM HARPOS CONCERT THEATRE, DETROIT

11 DEC 1980  
ON STAGE 20.30

# CAPTAIN BEEFHEART



& The

## Magic Band

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