

We interview Neil Nixon about **Outsider Music and in** particular Wild Man Fischer, Doug writes about Peter Gabriel. John muses about **Record Fairs and looks** forward to the new Fink Fairies album, whilst Rob sends us exclusive pics of them rehearsing, Jon ruminates on American political TV comedy, amongst other things and reviews a book about Paul McCartney. Corinna examines rock and roll tat, and Billo is stranger than ever...

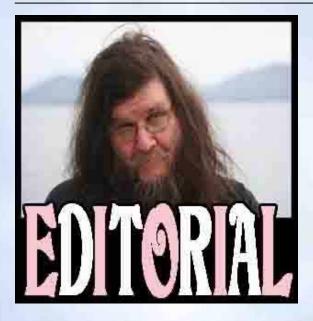


THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKIY:

 Art is as important as science and more important than money

 There is life after (beyond and before) Pop Idol
 Music can and sometimes does change the world

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

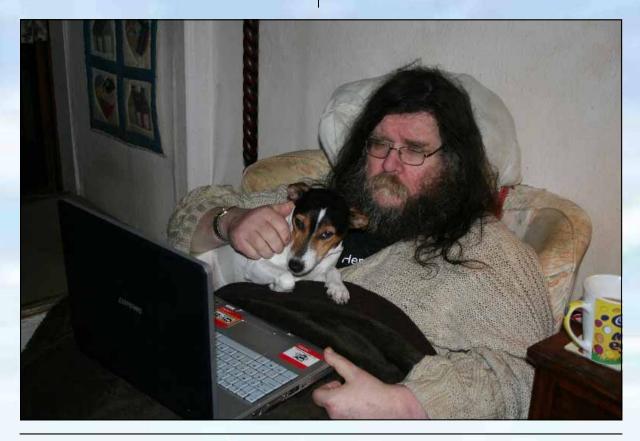


Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of the magazine, which each issue I reiterate that I am not just proud to be the editor of, but that it never ceases to amaze me that it has been going for so many weeks without a break. I mean, that is not quite true. For the past two Christmases we have done special double issues which have meant that the Missus and I have managed to have a week or so off over what is euphemistically known as 'The Festive Season', and there was one week we didn't come out because British Telecom had managed to screw up our internet coverage, but apart from those, we have come out every week now for the past 169 weeks, and that truly does blow my mind somewhat when I think about it.

I have always vaguely been a Dr Who fan, and although I don't think that stylistically or emotionally it has reached the heights that it did with Jon Pertwee, and even Patrick Troughton back in the day, I have followed much of the series since it came back in 2005. I lost interest half way through David Tennant's tenure in the driving seat of the TARDIS and only came back on board half way through whatshisface's seasons, but I have been massively impressed by Peter Capaldi, who has brought back the curmudgeonly element that I feel has been missing from the role in recent years.

I lost interest in Dr Who for some years mainly because I had a lodger who was so irritating about the subject that he put me off completely, but ironically I remember him enthusing about a show called *The Thick of It,;* a political comedy featuring none other than Peter Capaldi, and so,



when I read up about it a few weeks ago, and found it described as *Yes Minister* meets *The Larry Sanders Show*, and furthermore masterminded by the massively talented Armando Iannucci, I invested six quid on a box set of the first three series and some odds and sods, and I am pleased to report back to you, dear readers, that it was six quid well spent.

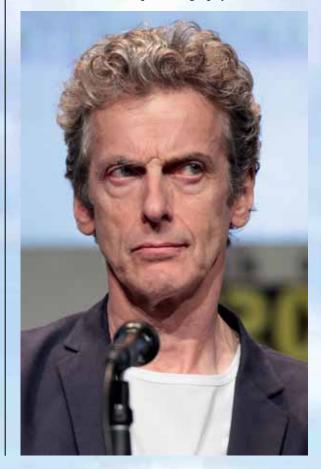
But I am not writing this editorial just to recommend this magnificent show to you all. That is only the start.

Much of my writing in these pages involves following multicultural trails and lexilinks. For those who are not aware of the concept, lexilinking is a peculiar Fortean and surrealchemical word game, involving finding parallels and links between apparently disparate subjects using homophones, puns and the peculiarities of language. It was my old friend, mentor, and sometimes father figure Tony 'Doc' Shiels who first introduced me to the concept through what he called The Case. This involved following a string of phrases with the initials GS. Whatever one thinks of this I found it was a generally suspect use of groovy surrealchemy, but from this I developed a practise of my own which involves drifting upon the ebbing and flowing tides of information which buffet each of us in successive waves, and seeing where the journey takes me.

And *The Thick of It* took me on a very interesting

journey indeed.

Those of you who have been long term readers of my noodlings within these pages will remember that couple of years ago I spent several issues raving about two books by John Higgs. One of these was a sort of quasi-biography of *The KLF*



اللعنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



and it sent me off on a peculiar head expedition of my own into the rarified realms of Chaos Magick. One of the major events in this book was the mammoth staging of a dramatic version of Robert Anton Wilson's elephantine *Illuminatus* trilogy by my old acquaintance Ken Campbell. I didn't know him very well, but we were introduced back in 2004 by, yes you have guessed it, Tony Shiels. What I didn't know was that Ken Campbell's cowriter was Chris Langham, the undoubted star of the first two series.

I had vaguely heard of Chris Langham, but only due to his unfortunate bout of Gary Glitter Syndrome a few years ago. I certainly didn't know that he was also a funny actor and talented writer. That makes his fall from grace all the more unfortunate.

But I digress. Not only did I discover that *The Thick of It* had a direct link to one of my own headtrips, via Ken and Doc, but I discovered something else peculiar. As far as TV situation comedy is concerned, most of my friends seem polarised along geographical lines; they either seem to be fans of British or American sitcoms, and nobody ever seems to be fans of both. That is except for me, cos I have a foot in both camps. American sitcoms on the whole seem to have a lot more money thrown at them, and it is an undoubted fact that whereas most British sitcoms

only have six or seven episodes per series, many American ones have many more episodes. I have often wondered what would happen if one of the particularly anarchic British sitcoms was transferred to the United States. On the whole, British comedy does not translate well to the United States, and so it apparently was with *The Thick of It*.

On 27 October 2006, it was announced that *The Thick of It* would be adapted for American television, focusing on the daily lives of a low-level member of the United States Congress and his staff. *Arrested Development* creator Mitch Hurwitz would be the executive producer, along with Armando Iannucci and Richard Day. The pilot was directed by Christopher Guest, (that's Nigel Tufnel to you and me) and produced by Sony Pictures and BBC Worldwide. The cast included John Michael Higgins, Oliver Platt, Michael McKean, Alex Borstein, and Wayne Wilderson.

ABC did not pick up the show for its 2007 Autumn schedule. Iannucci distanced himself from the pilot stating "It was terrible...they took the idea and chucked out all the style. It was all conventionally shot and there was no improvisation or swearing. It didn't get picked up, thank God." Other networks including HBO, Showtime, and NBC expressed interest in the show, and in April 2009, Iannucci re-entered talks with HBO over the possibility of an American adaptation.

But first there was a movie. And guess what, it wasn't terribly good, and completely lost the lightness of touch and deftly layered rudeness of the original. So I wasn't expecting the US version to be any better. But much to my surprise it was. Although it is not a direct spin-off, Veep shares a similar tone and style with the parent programme. It stars Julia Louis-Dreyfus (Elaine from Seinfeld) in the leading role as vice president of the U.S. And I spent last weekend watching all four seasons back to back, and enjoyed it all massively. But peculiarly, the movie, which as I have said I didn't enjoy that much, is actually a weird stepping stone between the US and UK television shows, with several of the same actors playing very similar characters. But the thing that I found most impressive was the fact that some of the most subversive British writers, including Chris 'Brass Eye' Morris managed to find a niche on American TV without selling out and losing the scabrous wit that they had always exhibited on this side of the pond.

And to my mind at least, this marriage of British and American comedy worked far better than I ever thought that it would, and I am very much looking forward to seeing what happens in season five, when it is broadcast in the spring. But most importantly of all, to my mind, in an American election year, there is a reasonably truthful TV show depicting politicians as conniving scumbags with very little motivation except for power and money. To my mind one of the problems with the American political system is that the general public have too much respect for those who have been placed in authority over them. Anything that redresses that balance, even a little bit, has got to be a good thing. And in the meantime my pursuit of The Case continues much as it has for the last twenty something years.

Good Stuff,

Jon D

Dr Who, KLF, Ken Campbell, Tony Shiels, Kelly Osbourne, Brian Wilson, Bruce Springsteen, David Bowie, Duncan Jones, Paul McCartney, Donovan, Elton John, Frank Zappa, Rick Wakeman, Jon Anderson, Trevor Rabin, Corky Laing, Strange Fruit, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Daniel Ivan Hicks, Joseph Francis "Joe" Alaskey III, Edgar Dean "Ed" Mitchell, Inner City Unit, Brand X, Gregg Kofi Brown, Nucleus, Captain Beefheart, Third Ear Band, The Selecter, Genre Peak, Mick Farren and Jack Lancaster, Neil Nixon, Wild Man Fischer, Peter Gabriel, John-Brodie-Good, Pink Fairies, Richard Muirhead, Roy Weard, A J Smitrovich, My Dad's LPs, Mr Biffo, Hawkwind, Xtul, The Who, Elvis, Rolling Stones, Grateful Dead, Pat Boone, Cultus Ferox

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



THE GONZO WEEKLY all the gonzo news that's fit to print

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes, (Sub Editor, and my lovely wife) Graham Inglis, (Columnist, Staff writer, Hawkwind nut) Bart Lancia. (My favourite roving reporter) Thom the World Poet, (Bard in residence) C.J.Stone, (Columnist, commentator and all round good egg) Kev Rowland. (Kiwi Reviewer) Lesley Madigan, Photographer par excellence **Douglas Harr**, (Staff writer, columnist) Jessica Taylor, (PA and laughing at drunk pop stars)

Richard Freeman, (Scary stuff) Dave McMann, (He ain't nothing but a Newshound-dog) **Orrin Hare**, (Sybarite and literary *bon viveur*) Mark Raines, (Cartoonist) **Davey Curtis**, (tales from the north) Jon Pertwee (Pop Culture memorabilia) **Dean Phillips** (The House Wally) **Rob Ayling** (The Grande Fromage, of whom we are all in awe) and Peter McAdam (McDada in residence)

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

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

Jonathan Downes, Editor: Gonzo Daily (Music and More) Editor: Gonzo Weekly magazine The Centre for Fortean Zoology, Myrtle Cottage, Woolfardisworthy, Bideford, North Devon EX39 5QR

> Telephone 01237 431413 Fax+44 (0)7006-074-925

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

So this is what I have been doing for much of my life. I am also naive enough to think that music and art *can* change the world, and as the world is in desperate need of change, I am gonna do my best to help. You will have certainly noticed that it has all changed. In fact there is no certainly about it. But if you haven't noticed I would like to know what you have been smoking, and can I have a large packet of it please.

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

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

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

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KELLY IS BATSHIT CRAZY: Kelly Osbourne has joked she's paying for father Ozzy's crimes after a bat defecated on her head. Black Sabbath rocker Ozzy achieved worldwide notoriety when he bit the head off an unconscious bat during a performance in Des Moines, Iowa. On Wednesday (10Feb16), Ozzy's 31-year-old daughter Kelly told her Instagram followers she felt she had been targeted L. L. MARON, SIX Main B by one of the creatures...

"#F**kMyLife walked down the street to @harrysfamouspies where a f**king bat attacked me and sh*t on my head!" Kelly fumed. She later took to the photo sharing site to post a comparison picture of herself and Ozzy, and joked she thinks the bat attack was anything but a random incident. "It was a case of mistaken identity @ozzyosbourne however I should not be paying for your crimes Dad!#BatSh*tCrazy," she wrote next to the snap. Read on... Sigraleh, Dec 3

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LOVE AND MERCY: Elizabeth Banks is still in awe of how "mind-blowing" Paul Dano is in Love & Mercy. The blonde actress worked opposite the 31-year-old actor in the biopic about Beach Boys leader Brian Wilson, which was released in 2015. tiy e that to the off of the state While they co-starred in the movie alongside John Cusack as the future version of Brian, Elizabeth and Seote, which low Paul never appeared in any scenes together as he played a younger version of the musician. That didn't stop her from admiring Paul's performance though.

"He's mind-blowing," she gushed to Collider. "The film takes place in the '60s and the '80s, and they shot all of the '60s first, and then they shot the '80s. So, me, John Cusack and Paul Giamatti showed up five weeks into filming. The whole crew had already been there the entire time, and they'd done all of this work in pre-production. We were the last kids to the party for this movie. Read on ...

BOSS BOOK: Bruce Springsteen has written a memoir and plans on releasing it later this year. Born to Run has been acquired by Simon & Schuster who have announced a September 27 release date. The initial release will be in hardback, ebook and audio editions.

According to the press release for the book, Springsteen started writing the book in 2009 after the band played at the Super Bowl Halftime Show and has been working on it for the last seven years. "In Born to Run, Mr. Springsteen describes growing up in Freehold, New Jersey amid the "poetry, danger, and darkness" that fueled his imagination. He vividly recounts his relentless drive to become a musician, his early days as a bar band king in Asbury Park, and the rise of the E Street Band. With disarming candor, he also tells for the first time the story of the personal struggles that inspired his best work, and shows us why the song "Born to Run" reveals more than we previously realized." Read on...

STARMAN **GRANDAD:** David Bowie's filmmaker son Duncan Jones has announced he is preparing to become a father for the first time, on

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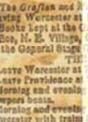
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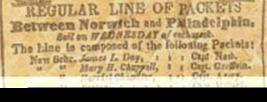
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the one-month anniversary of his dad's death. Moon director Duncan confirmed the happy news on Twitter.com on Wednesday (10Feb16), exactly a month after the passing of his father on 10 January (16).

He shared a hand-drawn illustration of a baby with an umbilical cord protruding from its stomach and a speech bubble with the words 'I'm waiting' coming from its mouth. Jones added the caption, "One month since dad died today. Made this card for him at Christmas. Due in June. Circle of life. Love you, granddad." Duncan's child with his photographer wife Rodene Ronquillo would have been Bowie's first grandchild. **Read on...**

MACCA I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THIS MEANS: A collaboration has been announced between the world's most celebrated living musician and its foremost video chat and online communication platform. Paul McCartney and Skype have partnered to launch a new range of animated love themed Mojis for Valentine's Day featuring exclusive new McCartney music coupled with Skype's animated designs. His new set contains ten specially created Mojis. Paul McCartney's career is unparalleled. His music has reached hundreds of millions of people globally, spanning generations. Be it through live performances, composing pop songs, classical works, electronic music, film themes and scores, and most recently composing for the most anticipated video game of the last decade - Destiny, Paul has continued to explore new ways to reach people. Paul's music brings people together and breaks down language and cultural barriers.

Mojis are short animated clips that you can use during Skype chats when words just aren't enough. These Mojis will be completely unique to hundreds of millions of Skype users and feature sound as well as video, giving the users chat a whole new dimension. This collaboration will allow Skype users to use this medium to convey love through music in a new and original way. **Read on...**

A BIRTHDAY GIFT FROM A FLOWER TO THE GARDEN: Donovan, '60s legend, icon, poet BOOTS and one of our most enduring singer-songwriters, dete. Wes Beold celebrates his 70th birthday with a special concert at he found h The London Palladium on 6th May 2016. Fans will na imiration ci be treated to Donovan's history of all his hits, it equal to the including 'Sunshine Superman', 'Mellow Yellow', Sects, while low 'The Hurdy Gurdy Man' and 'Jenifer Juniper', plus his legendary storytelling and cult songs, all in the s and Blig glorious splendour of the historic London Palladium.

Everybody is invited to come to the party and experience Donovan's early bohemian roots, where he will perform on stage in a theatrical 'Beat Café' with his band, Danny Thompson (bass), John Cameron (Piano) and Gavin Harrison (drums) and a soon-to-be-announced special guest. Donovan says, "I am delighted to be having my party at The London Palladium to thank all who have followed my work from the beginning, and to all who have just discovered me. Come in shades and berets. Be cool, be there!" **Read on...**

ELTON RAGES: Sir Elton John asked a hotel concierge to "do something about the wind" in one of his most of his memorable tantrums. The 68-year-old singer has hit headlines for various diva strops over the years. During a chat with James Corden on his famous Carpool Karaoke segment of his show on Sunday night (07Feb16), Elton admitted there is one incident in particular that sticks for being one of those that showed just how far from reality he was.

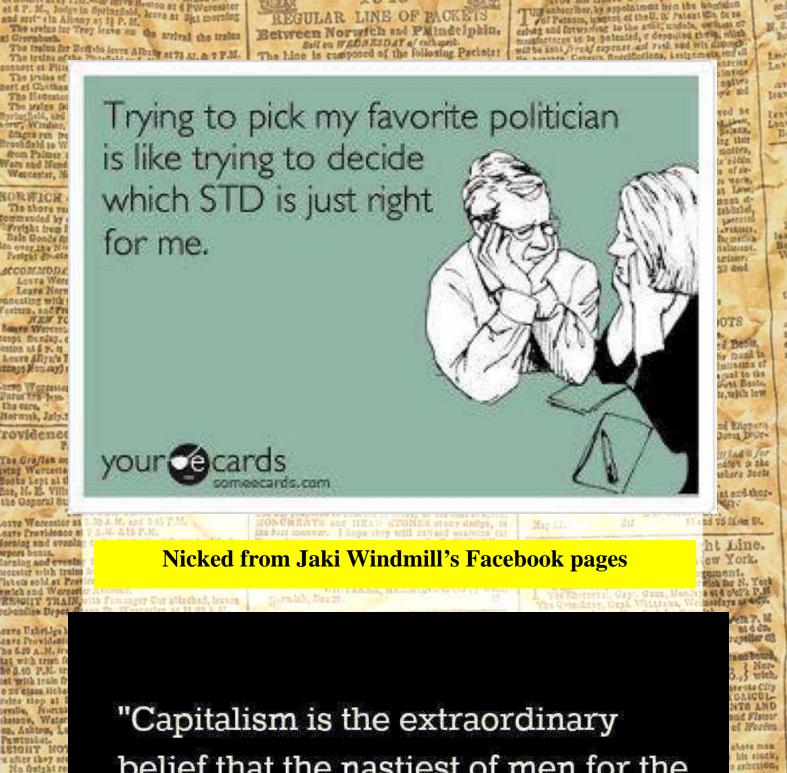
"I'd been up for a couple of days at the Inn on the Park hotel as it was called then, on Park Lane, and I was still up at 11am," he explained. "I rang the office and spoke to a guy called Robert Key and I said, 'Robert, it's far too windy here can you do something about it?' And I can just imagine him putting his hand over the receiver and going, 'God he's finally lost the plot... can you do something about it?' It wasn't a tantrum as such but as reality goes it was pretty far off the chart." **Read on...**

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John Maynard Keynes

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Ikea founder Ingvar Kamprad's Nazi ties 'much deeper than he has admitted'

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http://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-14661582

Ingvar Kamprad's chain of IKEA furniture stores is known practically round the world.

Founder of the Ikea furniture chain Ingvar Kamprad is facing further troubling questions about his Nazi past following claims recently made in a book published in Sweden. Author Elisabeth Asbrink says Mr Kamprad was "an active recruiter" for the Swedish Nazi movement, and remained close to sympathisers well after World War II.

, BRIDI.Sa,

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Oh how they danced the little children of the stones

http://www.theguardian.com/world/2016/jan/14/ sulawesi-find-118000-year-old-stone-tools-point-toarchaic-group-of-humans

Discovery of 311 implements on Indonesian island suggest modern humans settling there 60,000 years ago would have met an 'isolated human lineage' The diminutive prehistoric human species dubbed the "Hobbit" that inhabited the Indonesian island of Flores long before the arrival of Homo sapiens apparently had company on other islands.

Temple discovery

http://www.mnn.com/earth-matters/wildernessresources/stories/6000-year-old-temple-withsacrificial-altars-discovered

The Trypillian temple was burnt down after being abandoned, a practice common to similar sites. Inside the prehistoric temple in the Ukraine archaeologists discovered humanlike figurines A 6,000-year-old temple holding human-like figurines and sacrificed animal remains has been discovered within a massive prehistoric settlement in Ukraine.

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PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

"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...



Viva la France! Country Bans Supermarkets From Tossing Out Food

Here's more proof that petitions really work. In December the French government passed a law banning supermarkets from throwing away unsold food. The law requires stores there to donate unwanted food to charities or food banks.

Last week that law went into effect. Take note, rest of the world.

The Independent reported, "This law was voted unanimously by the French senate after a petition was launched by Courbevoie councillor Arash Derambarsh." Derambarsh described the move as "a historic victory." He told the Guardian, "It's extremely rare for a law to be passed so quickly and with unanimous support."

Apparently before this ruling, dumpster diving was a significant problem for supermarkets in France. Some stores opted to destroy expired food by pouring bleach over it rather than see it reach hungry mouths. But those days are behind France.

http://www.care2.com/causes/viva-lafrance-country-bans-supermarketsfrom-tossing-outfood.html#ixzz3znJcupin at 5 P. M., Jodge in Springfold, Jeave at 5 PW creation and strift ein Albaoy at 15 P. M. The sceins for Troy leave on the arrival the trains at Greenbash.

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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

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS Between Norwich and Paindelphin.

Edit on WEDNESDAY of colligate. The Line is composed of the following Pacials:

> 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





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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

H. E. HU TOMAN SOLU-(Encessior to W.M. LEGGATE.) 100 MAIN ST.Y MANUFAOTURRI and Dealer in HARNESSES, BAD M. DLES, BRIDLES, -Couch, Ghale and Brefs GOL LARS. Also, Frunks, Palizes and Corpit Bags. Coach Bly and Toly Willifs, etc. Br Beelpring dom at there solar and Toly Willifs, etc. Br Beelpring dom at there islins. binder geventiff Dubly allocing and no chains and soling the cure. In property entrust. We Broken and

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PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

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.

IELDRIDGIE CILIEAVIER

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.



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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:

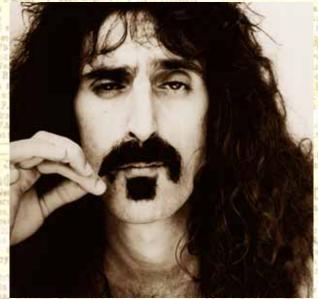
- A potted history of his life and works
- Rob Ayling explains why he called his company 'Gonzo'

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...

"Weird behavior is natural in smart children, like curiosity is to a kitten."

Hunter S. Thompson

the week that's pa



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Frank Zappa's Famous Studio **Opens its Doors for First-Ever Art** Exhibition

The exhibit, "Someplace Else Right Now," features works from local and international artists and continues through March 2. Make no mistake: Frank Zappa's legendary recording facility and residence, the Laurel Canyon enclave known as the Utility Muffin Research Kitchen, hosted a really fun art party Tuesday night. It just so happens that two of the guests got teary just as the doors were about to open for the exhibit, titled after a Zappa original, "Someplace Else Right Now."

It's the first time the Zappas have opened the home to the public and those two guests on the verge of a full-blown cry also happen to be married -Zappa's son Ahmet Zappa and his pregnant wife, Shana. Both got caught in emotional moments within minutes of one another while seated together on a sofa inside the main recording area in Zappa's UMRK space, built in 1979. EW STOR

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REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS

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This issue my favourite roving reporter send us some more details of a very exciting project that we alluded to in the Yes pages recently:

"Rick Wakeman says he, Trevor Rabin and Jon Anderson decided it was the right time to move their collaboration forward following the death of Yes bassist Chris Squire. The project has been in the pipeline since 2011, with Rabin initially telling Prog that the three former Yes members were planning on doing an album together. And last week it was confirmed that work was underway and that they'd tour together.

Now Wakeman has shed further light on the project.

Wakeman says on his website: "Jon, Trevor and I have been talking about this for some time and following the very sad passing of Chris Squire, felt it was the right time to get together and produce both new music and perform some of the classic material as we feel it should be performed. We have no connection with any other former members and indeed intend this to be very fresh in every approach."

He reports that they'll have a selection of "experienced side musicians" working with them and confirms the outfit will be managed by former Yes boss Brian Lane, who also brought Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman, Howe together in the late 80s."

http://prog.teamrock.com/news/2016-01-19/rabin-anderson-wakemantaking-a-fresh-approach



International Tour

ECOTS dete. **Drummer Corky Laing to launch**

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The legendary drummer, Corky Laing, is back on the road with his first solo project since 1977. "Corky Laing plays Mountain" toured the UK in November 2015. Following an enthusiastic response from the UK audiences, he returns to Europe this spring. First up is a nine-day tour of Germany in February and in May he'll be back in the UK. Corky is also locking in US dates starting with a package with Kofi Baker's Cream Experience in Sag Harbor, NY in late February and with further dates for "Corky Laing plays Mountain" being scheduled for late May and early June.

After Mountain stopped touring in 2010, Corky has been busy with his one-man show, "Best Seat in the House" and the critically acclaimed "Playing God: The Rock Opera". The Rock Opera has been performed in Basel, Switzerland, in Helsinki, Finland and last year it made its American debut with a sold out show at the Kaye Playhouse in the heart of Manhattan. This year the opera returns to Finland where, in addition to shows, it will be filmed for a video release. Being back on the road with "Corky Laing plays Mountain" is a thrill for Corky. He loves playing the Mountain material the way it was originally written and says that behind the kit, in front of an audience, he feels like he is 18-year-old again.

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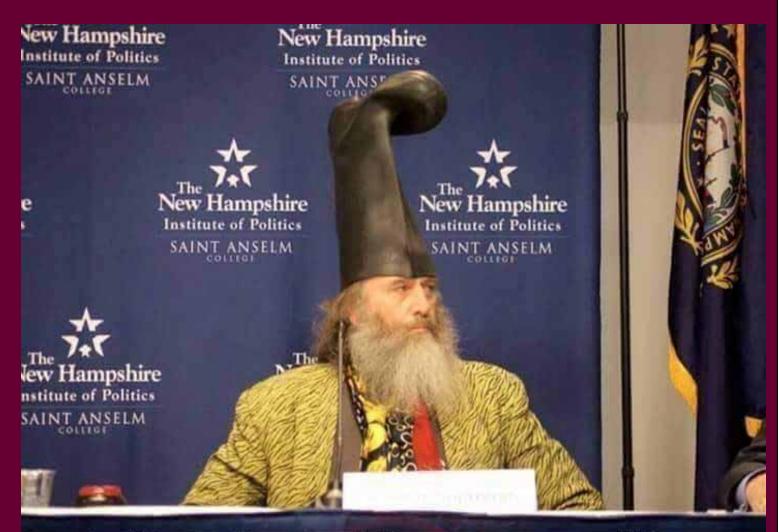
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HARNDEN & CO'E. O OFFICIE -HARNDEN & CORC Peb 85, 1967.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

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In New Hampshire, a man calling himself Vermin Supreme filed for the presidential primary. He said in his administration, every American will receive a pony. He also plans to defeat ISIS by going back in time. at 6 P. M., Index in Springfold, Jeave at 4 PW creekter and sard" the Albaoy at 13 P. M. The areins for Troy leave on the and

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



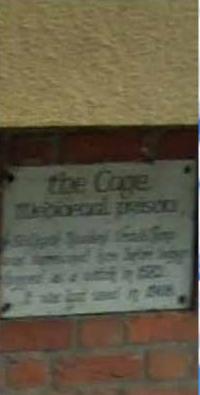
Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price. arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk

MICHAEL DES BARRES ON UTTELESTERENS MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL MINISSIAM - HAM ET CH21 SIRIUS (((XXX)))

FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM







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 however Hennis the Chicken and Wally the Comedy Rhinoceros have taken the helm...

Britain's most haunted house and former medieval prison is up for sale in Essex for £180,000

Read more: http://www.essexchronicle.co.uk/Britain-s-haunted-houseknows-Cage-sale-Essex-180/story-28646852-detail/ story.html#ixzz3zxK601uG



WEB RADIO

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). The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight. Every other week the show is now presented by Jeremy Smith and as the two promotional pictures that he sent consisted as one of him covered in mud and the other of him covered in guinea pigs he is obviously mad as a bagful of cheese, which means he will fit in here just fine!

He writes: I've been a huge music fan ever since my parents bought me a transistor radio and I would listen to the sixties pirate music stations at nights under the covers. This love of live music has stayed with me to this day and I still love standing in a small club like the Borderline in London with some mates and watching a band with a pint in my hand. With the Strange Fruit radio show, I want to continue the trend of doing themed shows and playing the music I love.



Strange Fruit 148 – All Around the World

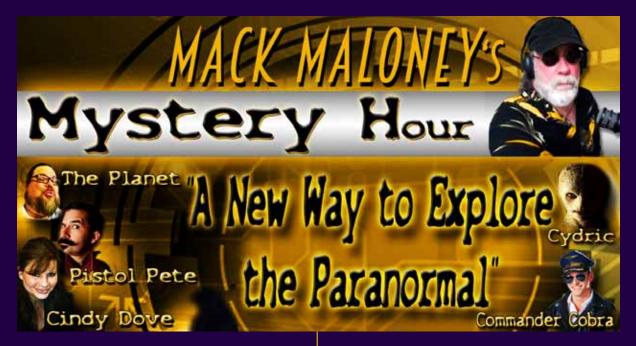
A musical grand tour or songs from as many countries as I can fit into two hours Featured Album: Tamikrest: Adagh

Tracks

1	The Jam: All Around the World
2	Ange: La Route aux Cyprès
3	William Hut: Scarlet
4	Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds: I had a Dream,
Joe	
5	Culture: Get Ready To Ride The Lion To Zion
6	Tamikrest: Outamachek
7	Tamikrest: Tamiditin
8	Plastic Bertrand: Ça plane pour moi
9	PSY: Gangnam Style
10	Kanda Bongo Man: Monie
11	Los Bengala: No Hay Amor sin Dolor
12	Kongos: Come with me Now
13	The Master Musicians of Jajouka: Up to the
Sky, Do	wn to the Earth
14	Sumo: El Ojo Blindado
15	Of Monsters and Men: Crystals
16	John Fogerty: Rockin All Over the World
17	Buena Vista Social Cub: Dos Gardenias
18	The Hives: Here We Go Again
19	Alvaro: Tonteras
20	The Parkinsons: Primitive

- 21 Tamikrest: Adagh
- 22 Tamikrest: Amidini
- 23 The Datsuns: Sittin' Pretty
- 24 Boom Boom Satellites: Drifter
- 25 Neil Young: Walk Like a Giant
- 26 Kashmir: Mom in Love, Daddy in Space
- 27 Khebez Dawle: Tawdeh
- 28 Christy Moore: Cliffs of Doneen

Listen Here



Both yer esteemed editor and yer 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 bestselling "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

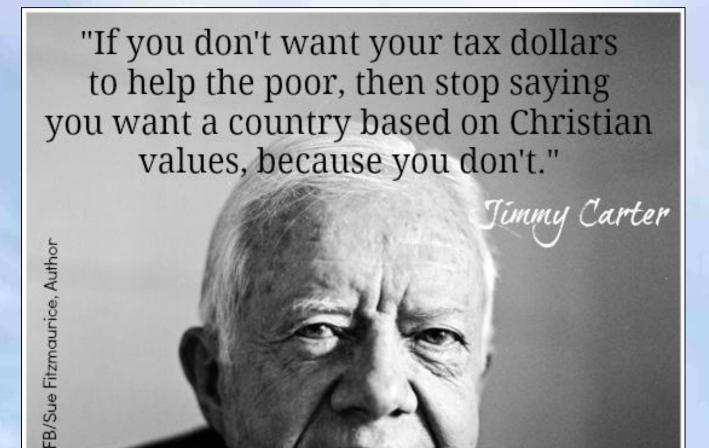
Maury Island, the Men in Black & the NSA

Mack talks to correspondent Steve Ward about the bizarre Maury Island incident. Captain Knapsack explains how the NSA can break into your home computer easypeazy. Rob Beckhusen on the chance of war with Russia in the next five years. Plus, Operation Distant Thunder with Commander Cobra featues less wellknown stories about the Men in Black



Listen Here

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E_





Daniel Ivan Hicks (1941 – 2016)

Hicks was an American singer-songwriter, who combined cowboy folk, jazz, country, swing, bluegrass, pop, and gypsy music in his sound. He led Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks. He is perhaps best known for the songs "I Scare Myself" and "Canned Music." His songs are frequently infused with humour, as evidenced by the title of his tune, "How Can I Miss You When You Won't Go Away?" His latest album, Live at Davies, was released in 2013, capping over forty years of music released under his name.

Hicks was born in Little Rock, Arkansas in 1941. At age five, an only child, Hicks moved with his family to California, eventually settling north of San Francisco in Santa Rosa, where he was a drummer in grade school and played the snare drum in his school marching band. At 14, he was performing with area dance bands. While in high school, he had a rotating spot on Time Out for Teens, a daily 15-minute local radio program, and he went on to study broadcasting at San Francisco State College during the late 1950s and early 1960s.

Taking up the guitar in 1959, he became part of the San Francisco folk music scene, performing at local joined coffeehouses. Hicks the San Francisco band The Charlatans in 1965 as drummer. In 1967, Hicks formed Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks with violinist David LaFlamme. LaFlamme left to form It's a Beautiful Day, and was quickly replaced by jazz violinist "Symphony" Sid Page. Vocalists Sherry Snow and Christine Gancher, guitarist Jon Weber, and bassist Jaime Leopold filled out the band, unusual in having no drummer. The first Hot Licks line-up lasted until 1971 and then disintegrated.

When Hicks reformed the band, Page and Leopold remained, and vocalists Naomi Ruth Eisenberg and Maryann Price joined, followed later by guitarist John Girton. This group recorded three albums, culminating in 1973's Last Train to Hicksville (on which the group first added a drummer). After existing as a critical success only, this last album gained the group wider acclaim, as evidenced by Hicks' appearance on the cover of Rolling Stone. Thus, it was a great surprise to many when he chose that moment to disband the Hot Licks. Asked why in 1974, he said:

"I didn't want to be a bandleader anymore. It was a load and a load I didn't want. I'm basically a loner... I like singing and stuff, but I didn't necessarily want to be a bandleader. The thing had turned into a collective sort of thing – democracy, vote on this, do that. I conceived the thing. They wouldn't be there if it wasn't for me. My role as leader started diminishing, but it was my fault because I let it happen; I cared less as the thing went on."

As time passed, this particular Hot Licks band became Hicks' "classic" band, in part due to Page's passionate fiddling, combining swing and classical training, as well as Price's sultry jazz vocals in the

THOSE HE HAIE LOST

style of Anita O'Day, reflecting her pre-Hicks performing experience. This particular group reunited for a 1991 taping of an hour-long Austin City Limits television broadcast in the 1992 season.

The 1992 reunion program also featured Hicks' new group, The Acoustic Warriors, a combination of folk, swing, jazz and country styles. The Acoustic Warriors band consisted of Dan Hicks, Brian Godchaux on violin and mandolin, Paul "Pazzo" Mehling (founder of the Hot Club of San Francisco) on guitar and Richard Saunders on bass.

Hicks continued to play in bands of other names, and he also began using the Hot Licks name again. Michael Goldberg reviewed Hicks' comeback album, Beatin' the Heat (2000):

"When he first appeared on the scene in the '60s, Hicks was a young guy playing old sounds. But there was something fresh, even original about his approach then, and he hasn't lost his special touch. His voice and his sly, humorous point of view set him apart from any crowd. Now that he's an old-timer, his music seems even more solid and substantial."

Hicks was diagnosed with throat and liver cancer in 2014. He died on February 6, 2016, at his home in Mill Valley, CA.

Joseph Francis "Joe" Alaskey III (1952 – 2016)

Alaskey was an American voice actor and comedian, born in Troy, New York, and was credited as one of the of Mel Blanc at the Warner successors Bros. Animation studio. Alaskey alternated with Jeff impersonating Bergman in the voices of Bugs Duck, Sylvester, Tweety and Bunny, Daffy other characters from Warner Bros. cartoons.

Alaskey was occasionally seen onscreen impersonating Jackie Gleason, with whom he shared a physical resemblance. Alaskey was in several television shows and his first major film was *Who Framed Roger*



Rabbit? as Yosemite Sam.

Alaskey also did voice work for non-Warner Bros. characters.

Alaskey died in Green Island, New York, from cancer on February 3, 2016, aged 63.

Edgar Dean ''Ed'' Mitchell (1930 – 2016)

'You develop an instant global consciousness, a people orientation, an intense dissatisfaction with the state of the world, and a compulsion to do something about it. From out there on the moon, international politics look so petty. You want to grab a politician by the scruff of the neck and drag him a quarter of a million miles out and say, 'Look at that, you son of a bitch.' — Mitchell, describing his experience of seeing the Earth from the Moon.

Mitchell was an American naval officer and aviator, test pilot, aeronautical engineer, Ufologist, and NASA astronaut

THOSE HE HAVE LOST



the Lunar Module pilot of Apollo 14, he spent nine hours working on the lunar surface in the Fra Mauro Highlands region, making him the sixth person to walk on the Moon.

Mitchell was born in Hereford, Texas. His family moved to New Mexico during the Depression and he considered Artesia, New Mexico (near Roswell) as his hometown.

In 1953 he joined the U.S. Navy, and while on active duty, he earned a bachelor's degree in Aeronautical Engineering from the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School in 1961, and a Doctor of Science degree in Aeronautics and Astronautics from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1964.

He completed flight training in July 1954 at Hutchinson, Kansas, and from 1957 to 1958, he transitioned to carrier-based jet aircraft and flew the A3D Skywarrior while assigned to Heavy Attack Squadron Two (VAH-2) deployed aboard aircraft carriers. He qualified as a research pilot and flew with Air Development Squadron Five until 1959. From 1965 to 1966 he attended Aerospace Research Pilot School in preparation for astronaut duties, and certification as a test pilot, graduating first in his class.

Mitchell was selected to be an astronaut in 1966 and was seconded from the Navy to NASA. He was designated as backup Lunar Module Pilot for Apollo 10, and served as Lunar Module Pilot on Apollo 14, landing aboard the Lunar Module "Antares" in the hilly upland Fra Mauro Highlands region. For two days, February 5 and 6, 1971, Mitchell and Alan Shepard deployed and activated scientific equipment and experiments on the lunar surface. They collected almost 100 pounds of lunar samples for return to Earth. Other Apollo 14 achievements include first use of Mobile Equipment Transporter (MET); largest payload placed in lunar orbit; longest distance traversed on foot on the lunar surface; largest payload returned from the lunar surface; longest lunar surface stay time (33 hours); longest lunar surface EVA (9 hours and 23 minutes); first use of shortened lunar orbit rendezvous techniques; first use of color television with new Vidicon tube; and first extensive orbital science period conducted during CSM solo operations. He became the sixth person to walk on the Moon. Apollo 14 was the longest walk performed by astronauts on the lunar surface.

In completing his first space flight, Mitchell logged a total of 216 hours and 42 minutes in space. He was subsequently designated to serve as backup Lunar Module Pilot for Apollo 16. In 1972, Mitchell retired from NASA and the U.S. Navy.

Mitchell publicly expressed his opinions that he was "90 percent sure that many of the thousands of unidentified flying objects, or UFOs, recorded since the 1940s, belong to visitors from other planets".

Mitchell wrote several articles and essays, as well as several books. In *The Way of the Explorer*, Mitchell proposed a dyadic model of reality.

Mitchell died under hospice care in West Palm Beach, Florida, on February 4, 2016, at the age of 85.

THOSE HE HAVE LOST

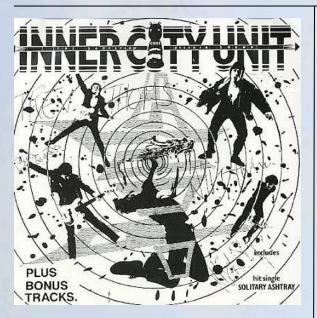


YOU'VE READ THE MAGAZINE YOU'VE MARVELLED AT THE EDITOR'S IMPUDENCE NOW WEAR THE SHIRTS



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/gonzoweekly



ArtistInner City UnitTitlePassoutCat No.RRA106CDLabelGonzo

In April 1979 the first ICU converged at Turners Caddilac Ranch the guilty parties were: Nik Turner (HAWKWIND)- Vox & Sax, Dead Fred -Vox & Keys, Trev (JUDGE) Thoms - Vox & Guitar, Mo Vicarage - Synth Dino Ferrrari (HERE & NOW)- Drums. They played the 1979 Glastonbury Festival as SPHINX this show was filmed by the BBC. After playing Stonehenge and various other festivals Dino In September the band released its 1st single Solitary Ashtray on its own label and begins to rise on the club-dump circuit. December 1980 see's our heros turning down the major label + staying with their own label (Riddle records) to record their 1st Album - PASSOUT at low cost in 3 days. The 3rd and final release on Riddle was the single. PASSOUT is the first ICU album, it was self financed and reached number one in the indie album chart, back in the days when the indie album chart was taken from the sales from one shop "Rock On" in Camden Town, ...The distributor for this disk was ...Rock On, in Camden.



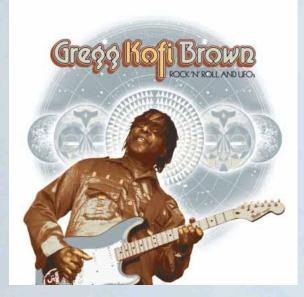
THE OFFICIAL BOOTLEG SERIES VOL X

ArtistBrand XTitleLive in Stockholm 1978Cat No. HST354CDLabelGonzo

Brand X are unfairly best known as Phil Collins's side project when he wasn't singing and playing drums for Genesis. This is of course true but they were so much more than that. The interplay between



bassist Percy Jones and guitar player John Goodsall has seldom been surpassed, which is why the band have become synonymous with the concept of jazz fusion. This record catches them on a Scandinavian tour in 1978, doing what they did best; playing a blistering set in front of a rabidly enthusiastic audience.



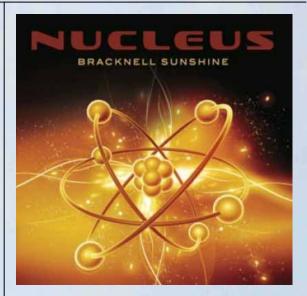
ArtistGregg Kofi BrownTitleRock n Roll & UFOs Gregg Kofi BrownAnthologyCat No.HST321CDLabelGonzo

Gregg Kofi-Brown is, of course best known for his work with seminal African funk rock pioneers Osibisa. they were one of the first, if not THE first African band to achieve popular success in the West.

With conscience laden lyrics and funky afrorhythms Gregg has a created a multi-national musical platform with his guest artists that speaks to many peoples across the world.

Gregg Kofi Brown was executive producer of the 2003 Evening Standard cover-mount CD give away in memory of Damilola Taylor which featured the likes of Robbie Williams, Craig David, Gorillaz, Blue and Ms.Dynamite.

This record anthologises Gregg's career for the first time and is a real treat to his many fans across the world

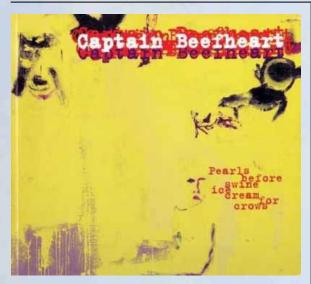


ArtistNucleusTitleBracknell SunshineCat No.HST267CDLabelGonzo

Nucleus were a pioneering jazz-rock band from Britain who continued in different forms from 1969 to 1989. In their first year they won first prize at the Montreux Jazz Festival, released the album Elastic Rock, and performed both at the Newport Jazz Festival and the Village Gate jazz club. They were led by Ian Carr, who had been in the Rendell–Carr Quintet during the mid and late 1960s, and was a respected figure in British jazz for more than forty years. Their jazz-based music evolved from an early sound incorporating elements of progressive and psychedelic rock toward combination with a funkier sound in the mid and late 1970s.



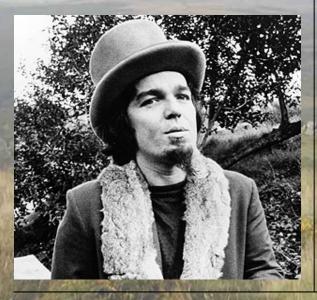
31

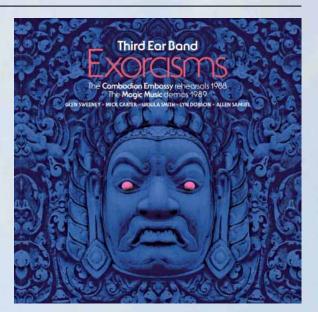


Artist Captain Beefheart Title Pearls Before Swine, Ice Cream For Crows Cat No. GZO108CD Label Gonzo

"Those who, over the last twenty years, have loved the music of Captain Beefheart cannot forget that he decided to abandon the music scene (it would seem definitively) to devote himself full-time to painting. Specialist rock critics, who were left the sad task of a retrospective tribute to his career, each time have boldly tried to establish correlations between yesterday's music and today's painting, acting in a way that is markedly 'reparative' and which, implicitly placing diachronic continuity to his basis, has no logical or cultural justification in the Californian artist's experience."

Italian author Luca Ferrari has curated a fascinating collection of words and sounds dedicated to the man who is possibly the most enigmatic rock and roll artists of all time. Contains a 24page deluxe booklet.





ArtistThird Ear BandTitleExorcismCat No.HST371CDLabelGonzo

Third Ear Band were a British psychedelic folk band that evolved within the London alternative and free-music scene of the mid-1960s.Members came from The Giant Sun Trolley and The People Band to create an improvised music drawing on Eastern raga forms, European folk, experimental and medieval influences. They recorded their first session in 1968 for Ron Geesin which was released under the pseudonym of The National-Balkan Ensemble on one side of a Standard Music Library disc. Their first actual album, Alchemy, was released on the EMI Harvest label in 1969, (featuring John Peel playing jaw harp on one track), followed by Air, Earth, Fire, Water (aka Elements) in 1970.

They recorded two soundtracks, the first in 1970 for an animated film by Herbert Fuchs of Abelard and Heloise (which first saw release as part of Luca Ferrari's Necromancers of the Drifting West Sonic Book in 1997) and then in 1971 for Roman Polanski's film of Macbeth.

After various later incarnations and albums they finally disbanded in 1993 owing to leader and percussionist Glen Sweeney's ongoing health problems. "EXORCISMS", showcases recordings from the 1988-1989 period, when the musicians involved were Glen Sweeney, Mick Carter, Ursula Smith, Lyn Dobson and Allen Samuel.

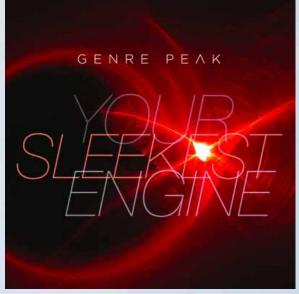
32



ArtistThe SelecterTitleLive at RoskildeCat No.HST397CDLabelGonzo

The Selecter are a 2 Tone ska revival band from Coventry, England, formed in mid-1979. The Selecter featured a racially diverse line-up. Their lyrics featured themes connected to politics.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 record, recorded in 1995 at the Roskilde in Denmark showcases this



glorious ska band at their enigmatic best. Artist Genre Peak Title Your Sleekest Engine Cat No. HST395CD Label Gonzo

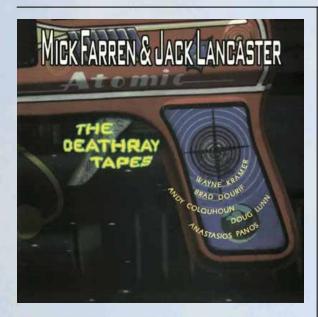
Martin Birke's original compositions began getting nationally published in 1990. His history as a drummer, keyboardist, programmer, songwriter and vocalist is in a current variety of US & European releases. Starting as a drummer in the late 70s, Martin now specializes as an electronic percussionist, composer and performer. While with the Frank Mark Arts label in Germany during the mid- to late-90s, Martin was recording and touring in the bands Casualty Park, Sandbox Trio and studio project Birke/ Leykam/Panasenko.

This latest album once again showcases Martin's extraordinary compositional and performing skills and also features guest performances by members of the



33





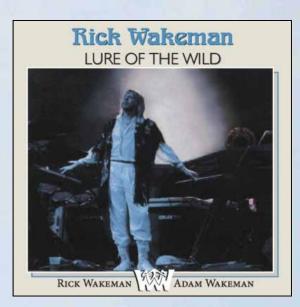
seminal 80's electro band Japan. Absolutely sublime
Artist Mick Farren and Jack Lancaster
Title The Deathray Tapes
Cat No. HST399CD
Label Gonzo

Dave Thompson writes:

"Farren recorded Death Ray Tapes live in Santa Monica in June 1995. Backed by a band featuring ex-Lancaster's Bomber frontman Jack Lancaster, MC5's Wayne Kramer, and latter-day Deviant Andy Colquhoin, Death Ray is a poetry reading in subsonic overdrive, Farren's verse machine-gunning the listener with imagery which is part post-Flower Child disillusion, part urban L.A. psychosis, and part futurism on fire. Its nearest living relative would be a fire-breathing Patti Smith -- there's a similar sense of driven purpose, but more importantly, a similar sense of breaking rules without actually being aware that there were any rules to begin with.

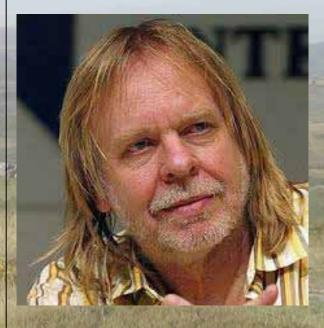
There's also a spark in common with the early angry Dylan, but with one major difference. When he passed this way, it was still called "Desolation Row." Farren's here to see the supermarket they built on the site.

But in truth, it's really the Deviants revisited, older and crankier and taking full advantage of a modern world which makes that which bred their original fury seem benevolent (not to mention naïve, arcane, and horribly idealistic) by comparison. Back then, after all, it was only the Pigs you had to watch out for. Today, if you're paying sufficient attention, everyone's out to"



Rick and Adam Wakeman - Lure of the Wild Format: 1CD Catalogue Number: MFGZ003CD

This 1994 album features two ex-members of Yes; Rick Wakeman and his son Adam. This album is entirely instrumental and includes some extraordinary departures like the jazz interpretation of the Rolling Stones' 'Paint it Black', and an inspired nine minute track 'Ceasarea', with time and mood changes combined with strong melodies. this record has been compared to Rick's first solo album 'Six Wives of Henry VIII' but it is very much its own project. it was recorded on the Isle of Man where Wakeman and his family live at the time. it is an unjustly underrated record, and I, for one am over the moon that it is available to buy once more.





Me and Wild Man Fischer go back a long way.

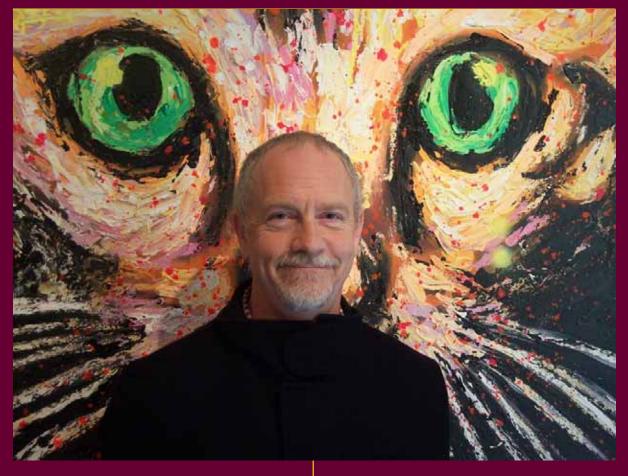
When I was in my late teens I was living in Bracknell, Berkshire, for reasons that I will not go into here, not because they are anything about which I am particularly ashamed, but because they are convoluted and not very interesting. At the time my favourite reading was the first two volumes of a three part encyclopaedia of rock music, the third volume of which never actually came out.

I was a lonely, introverted sort of bloke, and - although I didn't know it at the time - a manic depressive desperately in need of treatment that I wouldn't get for another twenty or so years. I disliked my job, and spent much of my time in a dream world where I wrote and sang songs in my head, because I had no real way to record them, and no prospect of getting one. For reasons that I don't altogether understand, I spent much of my free time sitting on Reading railway station, either daydreaming about becoming a singer in a world where the peculiar songs that populated my head would actually be the sort of thing that people wanted to listen to, or reading Volume Two of my increasingly battered rock music encyclopaedia over and over again.

I was particularly fascinated by the work of Frank Zappa and the peculiar coterie of artists that were associated with him. Artists like Captain Beefheart, the GTOs and Wild Man Fischer. The latter was particularly fascinating to me.

Larry Wayne Fischer was born in Los Angeles, California, United States and attended Fairfax High School. 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, Fischer became an underground concert favourite. Zappa was responsible for Fischer's initial foray into the business of recorded music, an album called An Evening with Wild Man Fischer (1968), which contained 36 tracks, some of which contained minimal musical accompaniment by Frank and members of The Mothers of Invention, while most are simply accurate representations Larry's of street performances (sung and spoken).

Fischer's unhinged behaviour caused Zappa to drop him from Bizarre; during an altercation with Zappa's wife Gail, Fischer threw a glass jar which smashed dangerously close to the couple's baby daughter Moon Unit. "I thought from the first day I met him that somebody should make an album about Wild Man Fischer," Zappa said in 1970. "But when you're working with somebody like him, or people who are out there, the problems that arise after the album is completed sometimes become too much to bear."

I spent much of the next twenty years trying to get hold of this stuff, and finally got the GTOs album in the mid 1990s, but it wasn't until the Internet age that I finally managed to get hold of Fischer's massively unhinged debut album, even though it's signature song had been sampled on 'All you Need is Love?' by The Justified Ancients of MuMu, which was (and is) one of my favourite records.

In the middle of the last decade I discovered a remarkable movie called *Derailroaded*. The following synopsis is from Wikipedia.

"The film chronicles the life of Wild Man Fischer, an outsider artist who went in and out of several mental institutions when he was a child. During the 1960s he was a street singer in L.A., which gave him a cameo appearance in Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In in 1968. The same year Frank Zappa gave him the opportunity to record his first album, An Evening with Wild Man Fischer. Fischer's eccentric personality provided some truly unique music, but his mental problems rapidly ended his career. Fischer suffers from paranoia and schizophrenia and thus became impossible to work with, despite the best efforts of other artists (Barnes & Barnes, Rosemary Clooney,...) to help him. So despite his cult reputation Fischer remained a



poor street musician until the end of his life.

The film makers tell Fischer's tragic story thru archive footage, interviews with people who were once associated with him and also interview Fischer himself. According to the directors they were having dinner in a restaurant when suddenly Fischer started talking about his career and all the amazing things he did. Unimpressed the directors went home and tried to check whether these tall tales were true, only to be shocked that they were! They tracked Fischer down and decided to make this documentary film about him. As it turns out Fischer is a poor street artist who occasionally performs, but lives alone with his psychological problems. He sometimes visits his aunt and the film makers also interview Fischer's brother. Near the end of the film Fischer is hospitalized and put on medication. This makes him less aggressive, but also takes away his energy and willingness to perform."

Fischer died a few years later.

Zappa's widow, Gail, declined to release An Evening with Wild Man Fischer on CD because overall it does not reflect well on her husband. But Gail, Fischer and manager Herb Cohen are now dead, and Gonzo has managed to get the rights to put the album out legally on CD for the first time..

This album is now seen as a classic of Outsider Music, defined by Wikipedia s being: "the term used to describe songs and compositions by musicians not part of the who are commercial music industry who write music that ignores standard musical or lyrical conventions, either because they have no formal training or disagree with because thev conventional rules. This type of music, which often lacks typical structure and may incorporate bizarre lyrics and/or melodies, has few outlets; performers or recordings are often promoted by word of mouth or through fan chat sites, usually among

communities of music collectors and music connoisseurs. Outsider musicians usually have much "greater individual control over the final creative" product either because of a low budget or because of their "inability or unwillingness to cooperate" with modifications by a record label or producer."

So I telephoned Neil Nixon, author of a Gonzo book about peculiar records to talk about Outsider Music in general, Wild Man Fischer in particular, and along the way discovered that I, myself am an Outside Musician. Enjoy....

Listen Here



Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile



Peter Gabriel is going out on tour this year with Sting, and we will be at their date in San Francisco. Apparently Sting will be singing some of Gabriel's songs and vice versa – a sort of live "Scratch My Back." The first thing I imagined was how Sting could nail the vocals on older songs like "No Self Control" and "San Jacinto;" how it might sound if Gabriel were to sing "Russians." The announcement also had me reminiscing about Gabriel's return to form in 1982, out supporting his 4th record, *Security*, the most powerful, expressive solo performance I've seen since his departure from Genesis, so, so, so very long ago.....

The stage darkens. A tribal drumbeat distorted into a machine-like cycle begins an ominous drone. From the rear of the auditorium, five musicians walk slowly through the isles, each beating a strapped-on drum to the beat of "Rhythm of the Heat," the first track on Peter Gabriel's fourth album, his masterpiece Security. The band reaches the stage and stands in line, continuing to pound out the opening meter, before Gabriel slowly ascends a set of risers, and climbs atop a jungle gym structure. Reaching the top of the platform, he begins to breathe in short huffs to the rhythm, then let's out a gut wrenching prolonged Jungian wail, sending a shiver down each and every spine in the audience he faces. So began the return of Peter Gabriel in his most physical, theatrical performance since departing from Genesis seven years prior.

The *Security* tour found Gabriel back in form, completely clad in black gi, donning makeup that resembled a monkey face, using mime and kabuki moves to communicate the emotional highs and lows of his melancholy yet uplifting 3rd and 4th records. It was and remains his most perfect performance, with Gabriel expressing a wide range of themes, from the unwanted voyeur of "Intruder" to the emotionally neglected sniper of "Family Snapshot," the man with "No Self Control," and the lonely, needful soul in "Lay Your Hands On Me." Famously during the latter

song's performance, after the call-response lyrics, "I am ready, I am willing, I believe, lay your hands on me" Gabriel stepped to the edge of the stage, turned his back to the audience, and fell into the sea of waiting arms. It was the most impressive dramatic version of "stage diving" one could imagine. The show ended with a somber performance of the protest anthem "Biko" written about the tragic 1977 death of South African anti-apartheid activist Stephen Biko while in police custody. As the final fade out played, after the words "and the eyes of the world are watching now, watching now" the entire audience joined Gabriel for a fistpumping chant as he left the stage, leaving one and all completely spent and inspired by the event.

The *Security* tour was brilliantly recorded for posterity and released as a double LP *Plays Live* the next year. Despite sonic tinkering that slightly reduces the immediacy of some tracks, the album is an amazing and nearly complete document. The ecstatic first encore



http://diegospadeproductions.com/



"Kiss of Life" appeared as a B-side on the "I Don't Remember" EP, and to date is only available in that format. It is Gabriel's seminal live album set.

Gabriel brought the *Security* tour back through Los Angeles after the release of *Plays Live* with a similar show, but this time wearing white, injecting a few more smiles, and a bit more jubilance into the performance. The "white" shows were similarly brilliant, but lacked just a touch of the mystery menace and power so prevalent on the earlier dates. Nonetheless, these two consecutive tours represent one of the highpoints in Gabriel's career. Seven years prior he had left Genesis, dropping the costumes, films, and props, laying bare his real visage. He went from jeans clad rocker to a crew cut punk rocker and by the third tour, in 1980, a new wave stoic persona. But this fourth tour found the artist back in form, with staging and craft that rivaled his days with his old band.

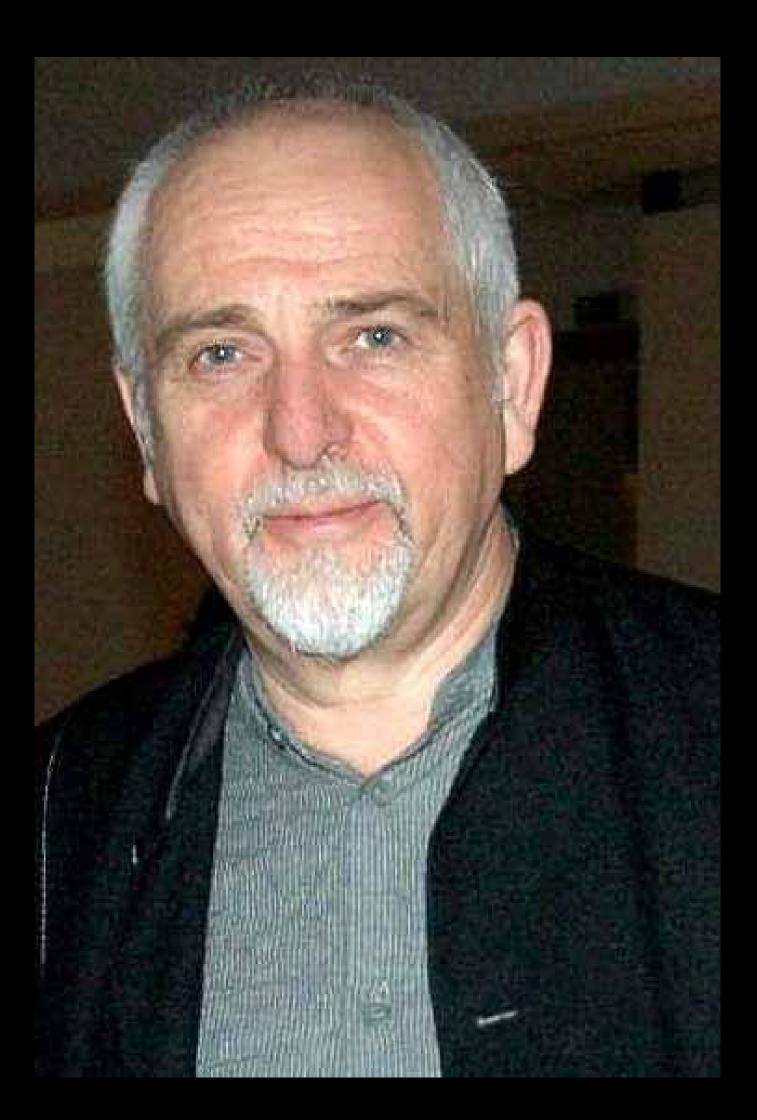
The *Security* album itself is a masterwork with an utterly unique sonic palette at the dawn of the 1980s. Gabriel had been naming each album leading up to and including this 4th effort as *Peter Gabriel*, which have since been referred to as I, II, and III or as "Rain," "Scratch," and "Melt," based on images adorning the cover of the LPs. For the fourth albums release in the

U.S. the title the label adopted the title "Security". As with his 3rd album "Melt" the 4th effort again features Jerry Moratta on drums, avoiding any use of cymbals, and paired with master bassist Tony Levin anchoring the music in deep tribal rhythms. This approach left more room in the treble tones above for the artful sonic coloring of guitarist David Rhodes and keyboardist Larry Fast. Above it all Gabriel's gravely vocals ring clearly, expressing the wide emotional range of his subjects. In addition, a new type of keyboard at that time, the Fairlight was used extensively, bathing the entire album with indescribable noises. distorted percussion, and additional mysterious sounds. "We took the Fairlight into factories, scrapyards and universities. You'll find a solo on paving stones and scraped exhaust pipe somewhere and lots of distorted instrumentation. I tried to build up unusual rhythms, from unexpected places and incorporate them into soundscapes which would lead the music in a specific direction," said Gabriel during taped interviews. It's a masterpiece.

ON FILM

While there are bootleg film clips of Gabriel during his 2^{nd} and 3^{rd} tours, tragically there is no known footage of the *Security* or *Plays Live* tours. It's a

http://diegospadeproductions.com/





shame, as the *Security* tour was a landmark occasion for this enduring artist. Having said that, every album tour after *Security* was filmed professionally and is available for viewing in your home theater.

The film most closely paired to 1982 is Gabriel's 1985 concert film, directed by Martin Scorsese, a perfect document of the So tour, originally released on VHS tape as POV, currently titled So Live in Athens. Recently remastered and rereleased, this film is available as part of the So deluxe box set, or separately on Blu-ray disc, paired with a collection of Gabriel's videos called Play. The film contains the complete concert performance, with high definition sound, and professionally shot widescreen format. This latest release also includes the opening act on that tour, the South African world music artist Youssou N'Dour. N'Dour brings a light and joyful presence to his opening six-song set, later joining Gabriel with his band at the end of his set for a heartfelt, jubilant version of "In Your Eyes." Though the makeup had been put away, never to return, there is at least a bit of Kabuki remaining in Gabriel's performance, along with a reprise of the previous tours stage dive during "Lay Your Hands On Me." About the impact of this stage diving, Gabriel said "What happens when you come off the stage, people know that you're in reach. It's not just a programmed event that they are witnessing. They can in very real terms affect what's happening and so I think it makes it a little more electric." Truer words. In addition to this feat, three tracks in particular rival the Security tour performances, namely "Shock The Monkey," which finds the man traversing the stage in various chimplike moves, poses, and airborne leaps, "No Self Control," during which Gabriel is threatened by mobile light riggings that descend over him, appearing to attack his tortured protagonist. Finally, "Family Snapshot" and "Family and the Fishing Net" highlight his enduring ability to deliver stirring, somber recitals that have the ability to reach deep emotions in attentive listeners. The rest of the proceedings highlight the more popular appeal of Gabriel's So album. Instead of the somber mysterious opening three years prior, the band has fun at stage front for the opener "This is the Picture (Excellent Birds)" originally recorded with art rock veteran Laurie Anderson. Songs like "Sledgehammer," "Don't Give Up" (featuring Paula Cole standing in for original collaborator Kate Bush) and "Mercy Street" drew in larger audiences with their relatable themes. The long tour was a massive success, and the film is the first official live document of this important artist.

http://diegospadeproductions.com/



The Vinyl Revival – where to score in the 21st century

The demand for new vinyl records is so strong again, that the world's current press's hit full capacity last spring, there is actually a backlog of albums waiting to be pressed in 2016! New presses are now being built, most of the current ones are 'old' ones, which have been brought back to life. Why? In a word, analogue, records and tapes to you and me, rather then the late 20th century miracle of 'pure sound forever', CDs and digital computer files (iTunes, MP3s, WAV. FLAC etc.) Tapes are pretty much history in consumer terms, cassettes and eight-track, even reel to reels are rare even in hifi circles. At the end of the day, records ultimately sound much more natural to most human ears, than digitally reproduced music.

So, great, brill, lots of records to buy again, it's all good. Well, no it isn't actually, especially if your interest in music lies more in the past. Many of the current releases are expensive (eg Bowie's Blackstar £10 CD £24 LP), and in the case of most re-releases, not the best in sound quality. There is also a tendency, due to modern-day marketing bollocks, to press everything in 180 gram 'audiophile' vinyl. Some of them are so thick and heavy you think your gramophone is going to go through the floor. No, if it's from the past, you are far better off buying second hand, from one of our few remaining record shops, online, or at record fairs, which are frequently held up and down the country.

S/H records are usually graded, and often both the media (record or CD) and sleeve are given separate ratings. I've never been too fussed about the state





of the cover, it's the music I'm after. In reality, a good condition record usually has a decent cover too. In simple terms, the ones worth buying come into the upper categories:

Mint : Effectively in new condition, and unplayed. (may or may not be still shrink-wrapped).

Near Mint : Played a few times but otherwise as new.

Very Good Plus : Clearly played, but well looked after by previous owner, still plays very well.

Very Good : The visible marks on the record's surface will be heard from time to time during playback. Hopefully not during the quiet bits!

Below these grades you are starting to really chance it, you may well get a record with a lot of scratches, pops and clicks, or that even that the stylus gets stuck on occasion. Mind you, prices of records at these lower levels should be low.

For those of us that never gave up on vinyl, a definite benefit is the continued development and support of some of the best turntables on which to enjoy your records on. The importance of the turntable in the music reproduction chain was not really twigged until the early 1970s. Away from the chain-store retailers selling Japanese and other imported audio gear for many decades, is a small, but remarkably successful British HiFi industry. A number of these companies (in particular Rega,







Linn and Naim Audio) spend a lot of time and effort on getting their kit to reproduce the real essence of music. I don't mean 'higher' highs and 'lower' lows, but to actually attempt to reproduce the P.R.A.T. of music, the reason we emotionally react to it. Pace, rhythm and timing. The way the different musicians interact with each other and any vocalist/s who might be performing too. It may not measure perfectly on a sound engineers 'scope, but it sure can make your feet tap and give you the feeling that musicians are actually present in the room! One of the famous strap-lines of Linn, in respect of their wonderful LP12 turntable is, 'do you use yours every night?' You don't need to know anything about engineering to realise that the best source you can afford (turntable or CD player) will give you the best sound quality. 'Garbage in, garbage out' is the maxim. The 'best' amps and speakers will sound shite if the incoming SQ is poor, the best turntable with a 'cheap' amp and speakers will sound much, much better, every time.

A taste of how good records can sound in the home (read music for records of course) is available for far less than the top-flight systems however. If you need a new record player you could do worse than consider the Rega RP1, which retails new for £229, ready to rock. (the 'performance pack' for an additional £69 is well worth it). Simply site it on a level surface, connect it to your amp/sound system and away you go. A really excellent record player, which excels in the all important mid-range frequencies, which are the ones we listen to the most. The RP1 combo is good enough to really start to reveal what is on your records. For less than £200 you can pick up a 'factory second' on ebay from time to time, mine cost £179 from Lintone Audio, one of their dealers who are occasionally given stock to clear by Rega online. Rega have been making excellent budget turntables for many years, their older Planer 2 & Planer 3 models are always excellent buys, and always available on ebay. If you do buy one of the older ones secondhand, I would pop it over to your nearest Rega dealer who will give it a quick, and cheap, once over for you. Or check with your nearest Rega dealer to see if they have s/h stock themselves. (Rega now also make amps, CD players and speakers, all of which are very good new and second hand, all designed to reproduce music rather than for having lots of buttons and meaningless specs). The 'USB' turntables you often see in shops for around £100 or so are not even worth the cardboard box they come in. If you

want to digitalise your vinyl, buy a Rega Fono Mini A2D for \pounds 89 and use free software from the web such as Audacity.

Record Shops

New vinyl is now available at most branches of HMV and most of our remaining record shops, dotted around the country. This year's Record Store Day is April 16th, when 100s of LPs and Singles will be specially released again. This is run by the independents only though, Record Collector Magazine is one of the best single sources of where to find vinyl. They host adverts from shops, private sellers and listings for record fairs. If I'm travelling around the country, I also always check online for local record shops in the area and try and visit them. Most indies sell second-hand stock and some sell only second hand. Shops are great for the atmosphere, stock, and in the case of s/h, you can of course visually inspect the goods before making your purchase decision. Many charity shops also have boxes of records to flick through.

Online

My few experiences of Amazon's resellers s/h offerings has been poor, most of the records being in far worse condition than described, a double turning up with a single record only. However I can highly recommend www.discogs.com; an online buyer and seller's marketplace (records and cds). The site has similar condition gradings to Record Collector and I've only had one problem in about 50 purchases so far, with records arriving here from all over Europe, Australia and the U.S. The site is self-policing, buyers and sellers get ratings. It seems to work very well. A useful resource of recordings too, just punch in any artist or album title into it's search facility. You can also list your wants. If you are buying new, a modern day alternative is to buy directly from the band's or their record company's website (Gonzo!) where applicable, they in theory get maximum financial benefits, and not all the usual 'middle people' along the way.

Bristol Colston Hall Record Fair 6/2/2016

I strolled through the city centre in the wind and pissing rain and rolled through the doors just after 1030, the free entry event having started half an hour before. Boxes of mainly records were there to be searched through, on all three floors of the auditorium's foyers, and there were already plenty of punters, with money frequently changing hands.



Mainly men it has to be said, but of a fairly wide range of ages, studenty hipsters to 'older' folk like me. Most of the stands sub-divide their stock, and whilst usually not in alphabetical order within a section, it means you can just look through the genres that are of interest to you and then move on to the next stall. The atmosphere is relaxed and very friendly, and most of the stall holders seem to know their stuff too. Record Fairs are great for bargains and also rarities although 'record collectors' are annoyingly responsible for pushing prices sky high in some cases, for music from the 60s and 70s. One stall had two copies of the Glastonbury Fayre triple-lp set from 1971, £150, apparently in mint condition with all the goodies in the fold-out gatefold sleeve. The 'Fairies 'Sweeties for £50 was definitely taking the piss though. Especially as all three 'Fairies LPs were available repressed on import from the US a year or so ago, Rise in Bristol were selling them for a tenner each. Many though have bargain boxes of albums for £1,£2 or £3 each. As always, check the condition of the record before parting with your cash. Always hold it up, at an angle, in natural light, and inspect the surface. Dust, human hair on the surface and light marks or scratches should not impact that much on playback, but avoid anything warped, and anything with obvious deep scratches or cuts, heavy fingerprints and/or liquid stains/food remains etc. There are record-cleaning machines, some are very good indeed (if a tad expensive), which can really revitalise a 'dirty' record, but even they cannot do anything about physical damage to the record surface. (Many independent record shops and specialist hifi dealers offer a record cleaning service.).

So after a couple of hours I came home with four LPs, four CDs and two music magazines. A perfect copy of Zappa's 'Zoot Allures' was £8, a clean copy of Little Feat's 'Time Loves a Hero' was only a fiver, and a very playable copy of Jefferson Airplane's 'Volunteers' was a tenner. The last album a perfect case in point. I looked at about four different copies before purchasing the one I took home. The one marked 'excellent' on the cover was the worst looking, it looked like the stylus had taken a trip right across the whole of side 2! The fourth LP was High Tide's 'Sea Shanties' but this is a new copy of a recent reissue, for £15. The CDs were four for £21, I'm not sure three of them are er um, official releases but hey, grey imports is the polite expression. The Doobie Brothers Live from 1973, and Kapt Kopter and the Twirly Birds

(Spirit) Live from 1972, both from FM Stereo broadcasts transmitted by US Radio stations ('Historic Radio Recording'). For fun I also picked up Motorhead's set from Glastonbury 2015 (clearly a bootleg), and the fourth was Chilli Willi's 'Kings of the Robot Rhythm' album from 1972, which I've just noticed has Revalation on the spine, the same label as 'Glastonbury Fayre'. The Motorhead CD turns out to be excellent, really good SQ, the Doobies are also on fire, although mainly a mid to high frequency recording, possibly from a cassette tape of the radio broadcast, but the enthusiasm of the playing shines through. I also picked up two copies of Relix magazine, 'music for the mind', for £3 each. Both issues are from 1997, clearly a Deadheads publication, although out of New York, with coverage of the Airplane and offshoots and other 'West Coast' greats. The second copy I choose from the words Randy California on the cover. Slightly disappointingly it turned out to be an obit! There were a few piles of Rolling Stones and NMEs from the 1970s for sale too. Some stalls were very specialist, jazz only, one for soul and funk, but most had a rock or prog section plus folk etc. Whatever your taste in popular music, there was something for everybody. I saw a lot of the records in my own collection, that was for sure.

Record Fairs are held in most major, and many smaller cities and towns throughout the year. Record Collector magazine (browse for free in WH Smith if you don't buy it) is full of adverts for them, or just search online. Many are free or just a few quid to get in. Some charge a premium entrance fee for the first hour, for those that 'need' first dibs.

However you source them, enjoy playing your albums, it's where real music lives.

www.recordcollectormag.com

www.rega.co.uk

Why Vinyl? (A short 10 minute film on You Tube)

https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=CUIMbwvYVOI&feature=youtu.be

www.discogs.com

John Brodie-Good



With a new Pink Fairies album, on its way, John Brodie-Good takes a look at what we might be expecting, whilst Rob Ayling goes backstage as the band rehearse...

Pink Fairies – Skeleton Army

I still cannot really believe that in the second decade of the 21st century we are facing the 5th studio album from the 'Fairies, it seemed impossible just two years ago. The untimely demise of Mick Farren clearly figures in all of this and at least something very positive has resulted. A more final repeat of the infamous West Coast tour of the Deviants back in the day. It's a pretty big deal this one, but I'm trying to personally play it down a bit, just in case it doesn't deliver, but ultimately, I've a feeling it might just be a bit of a cracker.

Having produced three of the finest studio albums in the early to mid '70s, the much later fourth, Kill 'Em and Eat 'Em had all the real pressure in theory. It's got some good songs on it, but to be honest, it doesn't get played much. The later live CD, Chinese Cowboys 1987, whilst suffering from rather 'thin' SQ, has much better versions of the some of the better songs from 'Eat Em.

2014 saw the first gigs from the current line up, with the more than capable Andy Colquhoun taking up the lead guitar slot, the addition of second thunder drummer George Butler, and of course, the unique and wonderful Jaki Windmill on vocals & various instruments. I suspect the album will give us a much better insight into Jaki's contribution, her voice was somewhat back in the mix live the two times I've seen 'em so far. The 100 Club was the setting of their return to the capital, followed by gigs up and down the country, including the odd festival or two. The band that plugged in and played at the Borderline in London, on October 30th 2015, was a very serious sounding entity indeed, and pleasingly, I have a decent recording to remind me.

The band's website, pinkfairies.net, suggest 12 tracks have been recorded for the forthcoming long-player (please, please Gonzo Records, can we have a vinyl version too?, pink if you like, but not compulsory). A number of them have been previewed live on stage, or are updated versions of songs that have appeared on the three 'Hams' series of CDs (UHCK), that I believe are still available from Tim Rundall, and are <u>essential</u> if you a serious fan of the band.



So the new album is produced by Russ and Andy, with a promised accompanying DVD, with footage from some of the recent gigs. Like I said, this sounds good......

The track listing, recorded last year, according to the website, goes like this...

The Hills are Burning

Runnin' Outa Road

Stopped at the Border

When the Movies's all Thru

Spellbound

I Walk Away

Skeleton Army

You Lied to Me

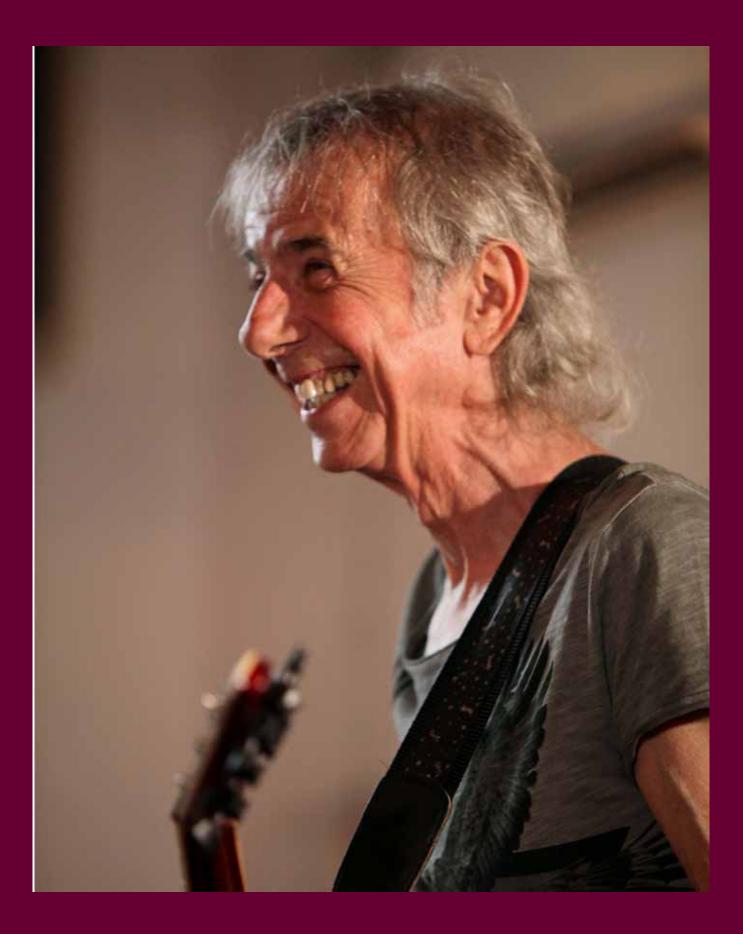
Naked Radio

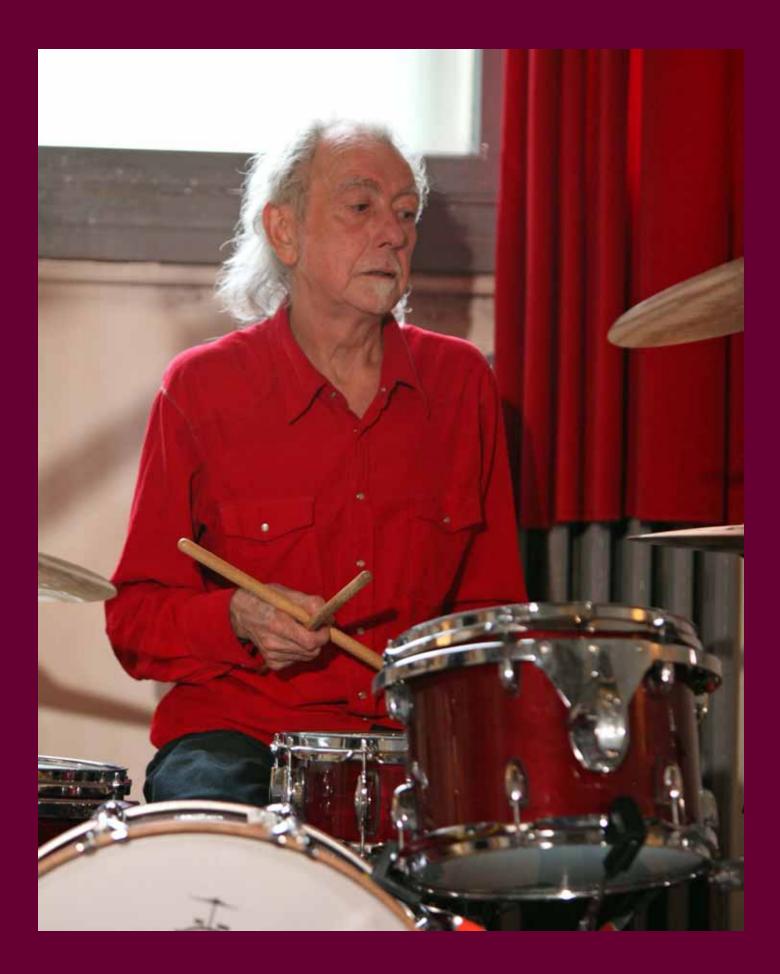
Golden Bud

Down to the Wire

Deal Deal

You Lied to Me is a slightly quirky Russ tune, a home recording of it can be found on Son of Hams (Vol 2), which grows on you after a few playings, different, but I suspect the forthcoming version may be different again. Some of the other tracks were certainly played in London last autumn. I've revisited my review from Gonzo 155 and lifted the new ones out....







'The set kicks off with the 'tribal drums' of a new song, Golden Bud, which appears to be a homage to a certain herb......Andy's guitar quickly heads off to the outer realms of Space and he takes lead vocal duties for this one. California and Hawaii are mentioned lyrically, in between Andy's orgasmic sounding soloing. The chorus is very hooky, I keep singing it to myself.....Next up is one of my more 'recent' favourite songs, Runnin' Outta Road, which is on the first Ham's CD as performed by Flying Colours. I've always regarded it as the last real PF song, it's a fast rocker fired along by Andy and with great 'rock vocals' delivered by Sandy. A real new classic, a sure to be favourite from the new album too I bet.The Hills are Burning, another new number about global warming was up next. A fast tune, with Andy taking lead vocals again, the others backing him up with a fast and furious guitar solo in the middle. It sounds just like the PFs should! Lazza-type riffs were flying around towards the end of it too. Yet another new one follows, Stopped at the Border, a slower bluesy number, with Jaki providing short sharp vocal support to Andy which works really well. Low down and dirty stuff, brilliant!Naked Radio was the penultimate new tune, a slow piece to start with, it suddenly picks up pace and Andy and

George go nuts, with Andy taking an extended solo. The last new song was Skeleton Army, a mid-paced rocker with great lyrics, Andy back in snake grunge guitar mode. What is in little doubt throughout the set is Andy's skills are more than sufficient to make him a true Fairies guitarist, this really is the MkIII version of the one of the greatest rock n rolls bands!"

Hopefully, it's not too long to wait now, it could well be the album of the year, and in 2016, that is a very bright prospect indeed.

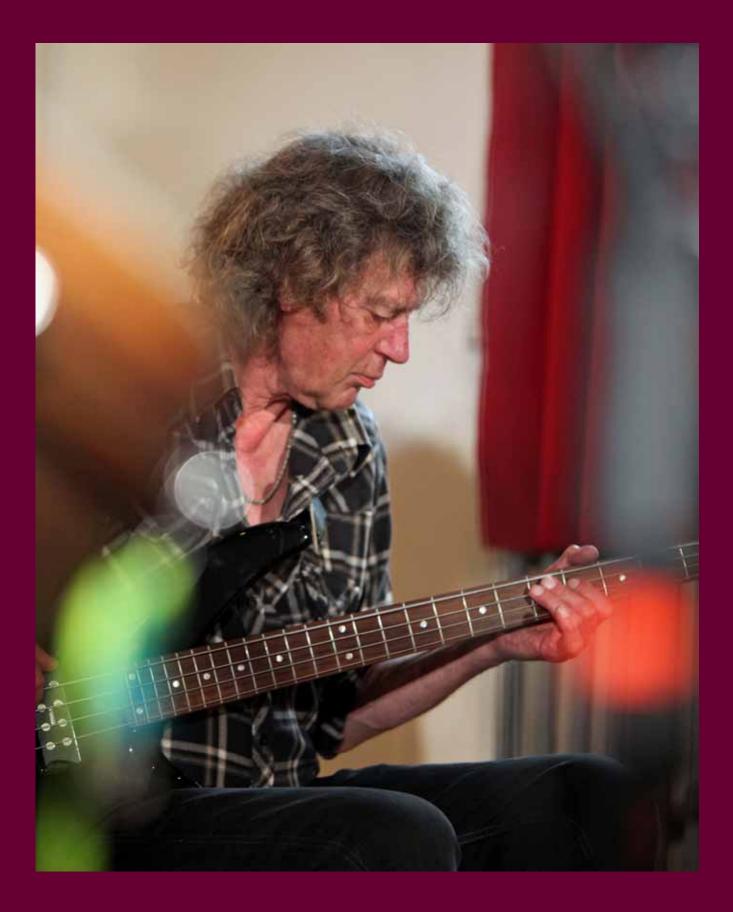
Up The Pinks!











YP GONLO Band DSES

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

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



Richard Muirhead aka Dr Devo is probably my oldest friend. I have known him since he was six and I was eleven. He is editor of a massively eccentric magazine called *Flying Sbake* and over the years he and I have done all sorts of odd things together

Richard's Top Ten albums

Devo - Uncontrollable Urge Devo - Gates of Steel B52s - Planet Claire Talking Heads - Once in A Lifetime The Vapors - Turning Japanese Goldfrapp - Ride A White Horse Martha and The Muffins - Echo Beach

Cocteau Twins - Iceblink Luck U2 - A Day without You Fleetwood Mac - Rhiannon

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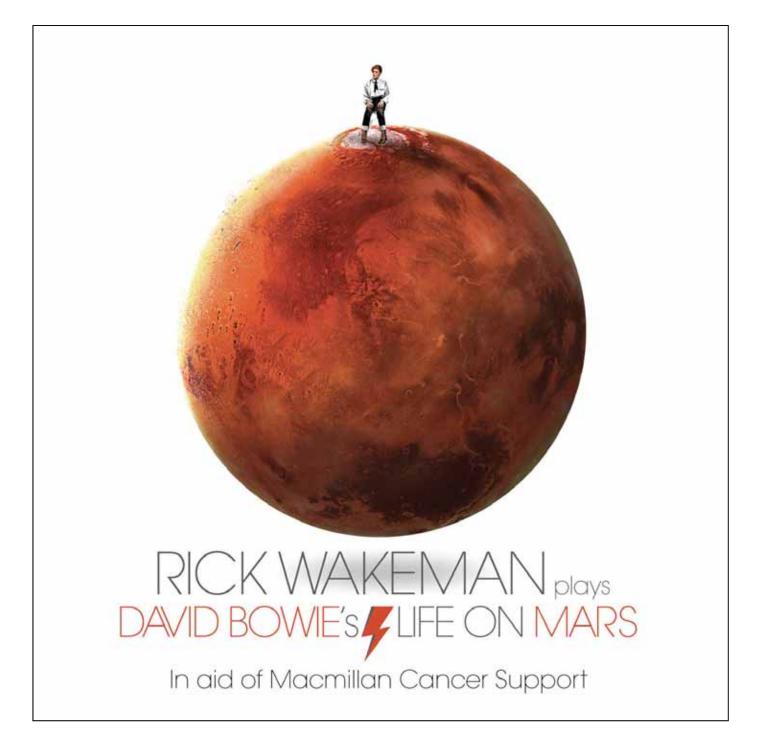


Cancer can be the loneliest place, and can leave you with many questions. Our cancer information specialists are here for you or a loved one.

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This is the most important moment in history to do something for African elephants. Because it's the worst time in history to be an elephant.

In 1980 there were 1.2 million elephants in Africa. Now there are just 430,000 and 20,000 were killed last year alone to fuel soaring demand for ivory. About one every 20 minutes.

That's why The Nature Conservancy has teamed up with music industry icon Martin Guitar on #SaveElephants -- a movement to provide people with simple actions to help elephants that will add up to make a difference.

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks Director, Africa Region The Nature Conservancy

p.s. Start helping elephants today at nature.org/elephants and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.



DOGLEG



Weekly Acoustic Jam Session Hosted by Dogleg

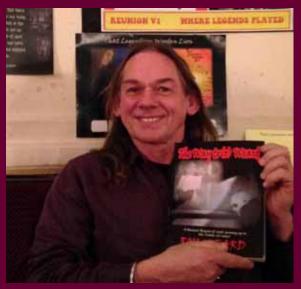
@The Village Inn, Westward Ho! Every Tuesday from 7.30pm

All styles, levels and listeners welcome

facebook - dogleg Musician/Band

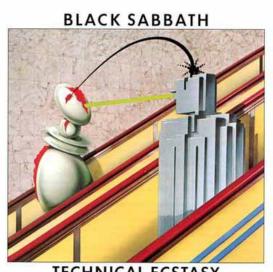


WORDS FROM THE WEARD



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 ion this august publication..



TECHNICAL ECSTASY

fter the Floyd shows were over I went out again. This time it was Black Sabbath's 'Technical Ecstasy Tour'. This was a completely different kind of tour, but one with lasting consequences. Jacko had started working for Brockum by this time and we went out on tour together. I was thinking at the time that, given his 'previous', this could be a liability but we navigated the first shows in Paris and Colmar and it all seemed to be going very well. AC/ DC were the support act for the tour and they were in serious danger of blowing Black Sabbath offstage every night; Bon Scott and Angus Young had a raw energy that Sabbath's bluster could not quite match. AC/DC were unknown at the time and they were a very sociable bunch of guys. They hung out with the crew a lot and that was always a good thing for a support act to do. Gets them a lot of co-operation and shows they don't think they are starsyet.

The first few shows in Germany were mini festivals, some of which had very odd bills. The first one, with Ian Gillan's Band and the Doctors of Madness added to the line up was OK, but for some odd reason they also put the Commodores on as well. A case of Once, Twice, Three Times a Whatever For? I recall them not going down too well with an audience of rockers. The next one, in Cologne, featured krautrock band Jane and that was OK but, in Nuremburg they added Caravan and John Mclaughlin's Shakti, along with the Commodores and The Doctors of Madness. Talk about throwing all the styles up in the air and seeing what falls out. Caravan got by on sheer whimsy and happy beats, but John Mclaughlin, sitting cross-legged on a riser with tabla and tambora players got canned off. They repeated the same bill in Ludwigshafen the next day with a similar result. German festivals did tend to do this kind of genre shifting thing.

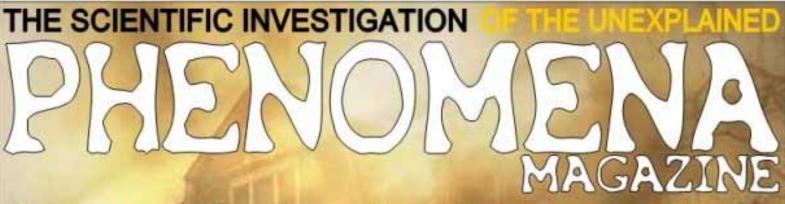
When we got to Brussels the gig was in the Cirque Royale and back to being just the two bands. The Belgian promoter had a bit of a reputation for being a bit tricky with the rider. He would provide all sorts of good stuff and bill the production for it. As soon as the bands left the building he would lock the dressing rooms and take all the leftover goodies home with him later. At the end of this show we had packed the shirts down and come into the hall to lend the crew a hand packing up. Ozzy appeared onstage with his tour manager and a couple of others bearing boxes of stuff, drink, food fruit; all sorts. 'There you are boys, put this on your bus.' They had cleared the dressing rooms themselves and the promoter was furious.

Then we came to Hamburg. We were staying in the hotel with was part of the Congress Centrum Hamburg. Unfortunately the gig was in the Ernst Merck Halle on the other side of the park. Since the T-shirts and other merchandise were on the truck, we left the van parked at the hotel and walked to the gig. As the load in and set up progressed we sorted out the shirts and began to get the stall together. Late in the afternoon a couple of young ladies arrived. Both of them looked pretty good and drew a bit of attention from those members of the crew that were not actively working. I took a great liking to one of the girls. She was dressed in a leather jacket and looked quite lovely. One of the guys from the lighting crew was also drawn towards this girl and we went into that kind of male competition area. This developed into a bit of rivalry and eventually into a 'beer fight'. A 'beer fight' an extension of a game called 'the beer hunter'. You get six cans of beer, shake one up and then face away as someone shuffles the cans. Each person takes turns in holding a can to his head and cracking the tab. If it does not explode all over him he puts it down. When the shaken can shoots its contents over one of the players, that player has to drink all of the opened cans and play is resumed. This is usually a short messy game. In a beer fight you arm yourself with two cans of beer and try to soak your opponent in a similar way. During the course of this exchange my adversary was a bit premature in spraying his cans and did not get me at all. As he ducked under a table, to get more beer, I jumped up on the table and soaked him with both cans. This had me winning the fight - and the lady.

Andrea was her name and, when she came back to the show that night, we got to know each other better - mostly in the course of a lot of kissing and cuddling on a pile of T-shirts. I did not notice it at the time, but that whole episode was illuminated by the follow spot operator – the one I had defeated in the beer fight. This was to be the start of a long, and often very intense, relationship. I did not realise it at the time, but this woman was to be at the centre of several pivotal moments in my life. At the end of the gig I started packing down and offered to take Andrea home. Jacko was nowhere to be seen. How unusual. After I had got everything done and wheeled the trunk onto the truck we went off to find Jacko. He had spent the entire gig up on the follow spot tower drinking and smoking hash, and was completely wasted. We walked him back to the hotel with him complaining all the time and asking why I had not got the van. I left Andrea in the van while I went to the foyer and took him up to the room. We got into the lift at the same time as a rotund American businessman. The CCH is a tall hotel and the first few floors are just the Congress Centre and halls so the lift took off - so did Jacko's stomach. He looked around for somewhere to throw up and spied a receptacle on the wall. He leaned on it and threw up, and the contents went straight through and onto his legs and feet. The receptacle was only a wire mesh waste paper basket. The American tried to blend himself into the wall.

Having got Jacko into the room, and his stinking jeans and shoes into a bag hanging out of the window, I returned and took Andrea back to her home. After a bit more embracing and such like I had to say goodnight. She was still living with her parents so we had to part. We exchanged addresses – no internet back then – and I had to find my way back across Hamburg to the hotel with the feel and smell of her still clouding my head. She told me that I ate a banana as I drove her home that night (strange, the things we remember) - and added, 'you might say that you met someone that night who was going to love you from then on until forever – now how many people can say that?'





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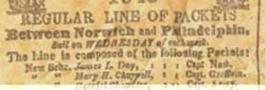
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LORING THE COSMOS OF ROCK 'N' ROLI

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

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

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

We hit the internet airwayes 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!

B. E. HUTOMUNSUR

A BRIDI.E. Conch.

Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 188 MAIN ST.7

ANUFACTURAL and Dealer in HARNESSES, SAD DLES, BEIDI.53,-Conch, Ghains and Deali GOL

A Car

Welcome back to My Dad's LPs, I'm your host, A.J. Smitrovich. This week on the show we have our first-ever interview with L.A. band, Sawtelle. A very talented group of musicians, they blend Rock, Reggae, Blues, Jazz and Funk to create a unique Los Angeles sound that is big, loud and happy. The group consists of Kevin Katich (drums), Mike Walston (guitar/vocals), Carlos Flores (guitar), Justin Salmons (bass) and Sonny Harrison (saxophone), who has played with Bob Marley, Earth, Wind and Fire and many others. On this week's show we'll talk to Katich and Walston about their influences, the band's upcoming debut record and play their single, "Metronome", which takes from their Reggae and Soul sounds to create a beautiful, upbeat tapestry of sound. These guys are the real deal. Don't miss out.

My Dad's LPs airs Saturdays and Sundays 4pm and Monday 12am Pacific Standard Time on the KONG Monster Rock Radio Network. Also on FM radio on 93.3 KRHV in Mammoth, CA Sunday nights at 11pm, PST.

We also just launched a brand NEW WEBSITE called MyDadsLPs.com. There you can listen to Streaming Episodes from past weeks, even view the record collection for yourself and make requests for the LP of the Month. We'll play that record off the wax on the last show of each month, beginning this month! So head on over and join the conversation on Facebook and @mydadslps as we...

Explore the Cosmos of Rock 'n' Roll...



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VIDEO GAMES! FUNNY STUFF! OTHER STUFF!

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.



What time do you call this? Didn't you hear the dongs? It's practically the witching hour, and I have to be up early for my jaunt around the lake.

I do believe that the early bird catches the worm - and you wouldn't believe the worms I've seen among

the bullrushes at dawn.

Never mind, my dear. Now that you're here there's something I simply must show you. No need to flinch: I know it's large, but it's merely a portfolio.

That's right - it contains the project I've been working on this past week: a gallery of the 13 finest cosplays of the character Blanka, from the Street Fighter gaming series. You might want to hold onto something - you're about to go green.

tinyurl.com/juxr62y

GLASGAE

It starts with a whiskey. Well it would do, wouldn't it, this being Glasgow. And not a single whiskey: doubles at half the normal price.

There's me and Kodan and Daniel interlocking arms and saying, "here's to the Celts" and then chucking back these monstrous double-doubles (a Scottish single being an English double) and following these with lager chasers. Whoosh. Like fire in your belly, and then an eruption in your chest, and then a mini nuclear explosion in your brain, a kind of psychic mushroom cloud radiating with a hiss and a splutter through your brain cells. So I'm an honorary Celtic supporter for the night, and an honorary Scot too, being a poet and a revolutionary and a bum and an all-round bull-shitting philosopher like the rest of them. And after two or three or more of these nuclear brain-holocausts (I lose count) well we were just talking gibberish of course. I forget what. Revolutionary clap-trap, no doubt. Or maybe nuclear physics, cookery and transcendental meditation. Or macramé. Or knitting. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. By this time our brains had mutated into some kind of amoebic slime. They should make whiskey illegal. It's too good.

I was up here for the Castlemilk Writer's Festival. Castlemilk is a huge council estate somewhere in Glasgow. It consists of x thousand people, one shop, one pub and a

library. I have no idea why they want to hold a writer's festival here, especially as no one from Castlemilk actually turned up. There were the library staff, and the organisers of the festival, and my friends: Kodan, Danny, Carol-Anne and Woody. And that's it.

I didn't recognise Woody at first. I'd written about him in my book. I'd described him as "the very picture of the furtive pornography addict, with eyes that slopped round like wet oysters behind his thick glasses." Danny told me: "Woody says he's going to nut you one when he sees you." Apparently everyone liked the "wet oysters" description so much they were now calling him "oyster eyes". When I finally did recognise him I was worried. I was waiting for him to nut me one. But he didn't. He said, "oh hi. I didn't recognise you at first. It must be these oyster eyes of mine."

In the end Danny tottered off. I mean: he stumbled off. He was rolling like an ocean liner in a tumbling gale, the sea-sick captain. The Earth itself had turned to liquid. He couldn't even see straight any more. I have no idea what happened to Woody. He probably transmuted into an oyster. And me and Kodan and Carol-Anne - who's been far more intelligent than the rest of us, drinking normal sized drinks at a normal pace - well we were heading off for the clubs. They've got this curfew in Glasgow, so we'd got barely ten minutes to make it indoors

before we were nicked. And the bouncer at the first club took exception to Kodan. "You're drunk," he said.

"Of course we're drunk. What do you expect? We've been drinking. Which is why we want to come in here."

"No, sorry. You're not allowed in if you're drunk."

So that was that. The only half-decent club within a five-mile radius, and they wouldn't let us in because Kodan looked drunk. On top of that, we were a motley crew. Me with my Harris Tweed jacket and grey hair, looking like an anthropologist (which is what I am really). Carol-Anne looking like a Librarian. And Kodan with his hip-hop hat with "No Fear" written across the front, and his trousers around his hips showing his boxer shorts, looking like Nothing on Earth. It's no wonder they wouldn't let us in really. I wouldn't have let us in either.

So we jumped into another taxi and headed off for another club, the seconds ticking by, that terrible curfew bearing down on us relentlessly like some dark fate, like a Divine Punishment

IE EMPIRE

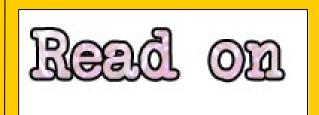
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inflicted upon us by an unmerciful God for the sin, merely, of being in Scotland. I'm not used to this. I'm not used to the idea of having to be somewhere at a certain time, especially when I'm drunk. I mean: what if we didn't make it? What would happen to us then? Would it be like Cinderella at the Ball? Were we all going to turn into pumpkins?

But we made it to the next club anyway, with barely seconds to spare. And Kodan tripped over getting out of the taxi. Carol-Anne and I were about to go in, when the door man said to Kodan, "you can't come in here, you're drunk."

Oh no, not again! Just what was going on here? It made no sense. What else are Friday night's for, if not to get drunk and go to clubs? And anyway, everyone else was drunk, or off their heads on some concoction or another.



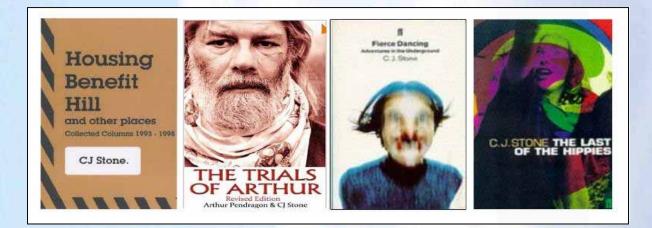
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OTHER BOOKS BY C.J.STONE



10-21 August 2016 Three Bays of Honsters, Ghosts and UFCs

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

HAWKWIND ANNOUNCE INTIMATE SHOW AT ISLINGTON ASSEMBLY HALL To launch their new album 'The Machine Stops' including Meet & Greet & signing session

22nd APRIL 2016

Hawkened are to play a rare, intimate London show at Jillington Assembly Hall on 22⁴⁴ April 2016, including a fair next and greet, spring sessors and playlack of their brand new allows. The Alsohen Blood: "Thefait stilling on exclusive prior and playlack of their brand new allows". The February, and on general safe an Friday 12th February.



Since this magazine last carried a report on the spring Hawkwind tour, several more dates have been added: Seaton and Eastbourne on the south coast, Islington in London, and Preston.

The Seaton date, as is becoming customary, is the annual Hawkeaster event, that basically has replaced the old outdoor Hawkfest.

The current shape of the spring tour now looks like this:

Sat 26 & Sun 27 March - Hawkeaster, Seaton (Devon), Gateway

Mon 04 April - Eastbourne, Winter Gardens Thu 14 April - Cardiff, Tramshed Fri 15 April - Glasgow, O2 ABC Main Room Sat 16 April - Holmfirth, Picturedrome Sun 17 April - Wrexham, William Aston Hall Mon 18 April - Gateshead, The Sage Tue 19 April - Nottingham, Rock City Wed 20 April - Leamington Spa, Assembly Fri 22 April - Islington, Assembly Hall Sat 23 April - Norwich, UEA Sun 24 April - Stamford, Corn Exchange Mon 25 April - Preston, Guildhall

Spirits Burning

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

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

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



Multimedia spiritsburning.com

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 We Move You
 Tripping With The Royal Family
 Xara's Poem
 For Those Who Are Searching 10. 12. For those and are see 13. Rolling Out 14. Angel Full Of Pity 15. Right On The Mark 15. This Time. This Space 17. So Strong Is Desire

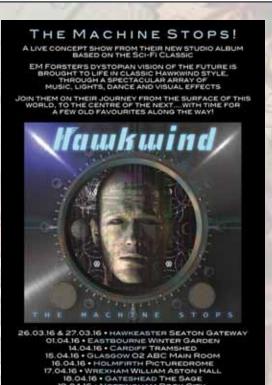




Details are still emerging of the Hawkeaster event, but Hawkwind's alter-ego bands TOSH (Technicians of Spaceship Hawkwind) and the Elves of Silbury Hill are slated to be playing.

The London Islington gig is rather an unusual one, as it's advertised as a fan's 'meet and greet' and signing session, and the newly-released album gets a spin as well.

And, as a precursor to all of this, the Dave Brock album 'Brockworld' is scheduled for release in a few weeks, on 4th March.



STAMFORD CORN EXCH TICKET DETAILS AT WWW.HAWKWIND.COM

HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION

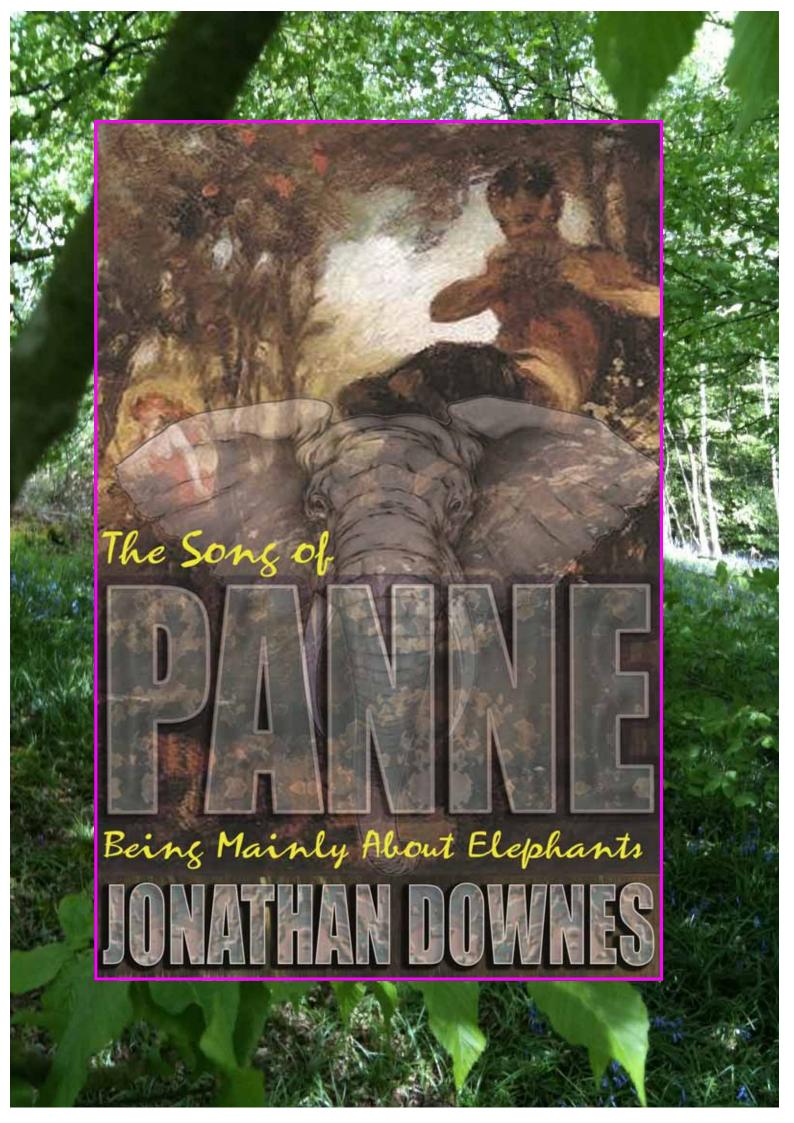
Greetings space travellers! This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

XV

I stared at Lysistrata in shock. It was three in the morning on a Sunday in September. I hadn't been expecting to do more than stare at the moon for a few minutes, sing a few bars of *Selene* by *Gong*, drink a swift toast to Daevid Allen, and go back to bed. And now this had happened!

From the first moment I saw her I knew there was something very different about this weird, semi-feral, subservient little servant girl that I had known - on and off - for most of my life, or



HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK

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at least all but the first eleven or twelve years of it. Even before she opened her mouth I could see that somehow she had acquired a self-assuredness and a dignity that I had never known before. And bathed in the pus red light of the blood moon she looked ethereally beautiful.

"Hello Jon", she said in well modulated tones. It took quite a few milliseconds for me to realise that something was very different about her. And then it clicked. Ever since I had known her, she had spoken with an ill-tempered speech impediment. I had always found her strangely sexually attractive, but now the surly downtrodden little peasant girl with the hare lip, was walking and talking like a lady. And it was completely doing my head in.

She walked slowly towards me, her arms outstretched before her, ready to clasp my hands in hers. I am far too old to be having moonlit assignations with strange women, and I am also a happily and stably married man. So I stood stock still in the red moonlight like a small creature mesmerised by the lights of an oncoming car.

"What the fuck has happened to you?" I wanted to say but didn't. But she answered me anyway. "On nights like this, which occur only very rarely, Our Lady smiles on those of us who are her servants, and lets us walk free of our fetters for a time".

I stared at her uncomprehending.

"Do you remember when The Master was still alive?"

I nodded.

"And when you and your little brother came to tea?"

I had been about twelve and my brother nine. I nodded again.

And I was just a little girl. And your brother, you and I sat at The Master's feet and he read us the stories of the boy who lived with wolves?

I remembered. I had always loved those stories since my Mother had read them to me seven or eight years before.

I nodded.



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"And you remember The Night that Fear Came?"

I nodded, as she began to recite:

"Then the First of the Tigers came back, and his pride was broken in him, and, beating his head upon the ground, he tore up the earth with all his feet and said: 'Remember that I was once the Master of the Jungle. Do not forget me, O Tha! Let my children remember that I was once without shame or fear!' And Tha said: 'This much I will do, because thou and I together saw the Jungle made. For one night in each year it shall be as it was before the buck was killed—for thee and for thy children. In that one night, if ye meet the Hairless One-and his name is Man-ye shall not be afraid of him, but he shall be afraid of you, as though ye were judges of the Jungle and masters of all things. Show him mercy in that night of his fear, for thou hast known what Fear is."

And by the time she had finished the first sentence, I was reciting it along with her. For I, too, know the stories of the Jungle off by heart, and as I have grown older and more infirm I have revisited them more and more. "Tonight is my night", she said, and suddenly I understood. At the top of the hill I could still hear the uneasy chanting, and on the other side of the tall hedge I could hear Panne and the cats playing riotously in the moonlight. Like the tiger in Kipling's story, on one night, the night of the blood moon, this beautiful, enigmatic, and totally frightening woman was free from her chains, and able to walk unfettered amongst the world of men.

And she had chosen to spend this night in my company! The realisation of what this entailed both humbled and terrified me, as I looked into her obsidian black eyes.

"You have been kind to the little goatfooted one, I think"...

I spluttered some attempt at an answer, but it faded away as she continued.

"So, like The Master did when we were all children, I shall tell you a story. In a way it is also about a child in a jungle. For it is *my* story."

Again I tried to speak. I don't know what I was trying to say because no words came out. I was desperately trying to stifle the need for a pee, and although every pore in my body wanted to take another swig from the bottle of stupidly expensive brandy that was in my pocket, I did nothing of the sort.

I gave up my faltering attempts at speech. I had only the vaguest idea of what I wanted to say, and I had no idea how to even attempt to put it into words. So I decided not even to try.

This wasn't my night. This night belonged to the girl who a long dead cleric had called Lysistrata. The long dead cleric whom everyone had branded a pederast, but whom I suspected was not only nothing of the kind but something brave and noble. The long dead cleric who, I realised as I stood in the pale red moonlight, had been one of the formative influences that had made me whatever I had become today.

It was Lysistrata's night, not mine, and if she wanted to tell me her story, then I was going to listen.

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 Daevid 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!!"

EVERY DAY IS A "NEW"DAY

EVEN SECOND-HAND DAYS

Even ennui.Even existential angst.We project emotions on a black and spinning space.Make Mars movies.Film moon landings Then watch our replication as if it were the truth.Theory a skeleton Dress it up with "facts"-it becomes a mannequin.Capable of articulation/SIRI /ROBOT We are in the middle of adjusting adaptations.Come in Darwin.Meet Einstein! You too have been causing controversy ever since that atomic bombing. Sentient four legged creatures have been suggesting retrograde devolutionwars,starvation,collective punishment-while you stare at stars and make new theories. It is true we live in data overload-but more is suppressed into X-Files/ science fiction, so scientists can Asimov,Clarke,Bradbury their Heinlein manoevures, while secretly accessing Wikileaks Assange,Manning,Snowden revelations. We are all in this stone soup.Add another pebble to the avalanche..



The Songs He Was Singing

McCartney

Vol.1 The Seventies John Blaney

Paperback: 260 pages Publisher: Paper Jukebox; Revised edition edition (11 Nov. 2013) Language: English ISBN-10: 0954452828 ISBN-13: 978-0954452827

A few weeks ago in these pages I introduced you to the work of John Blaney, a Devon born (which is always a good thing) author and *Beatles* historian who has recently published an awesome illustrated discography of George Harrison.

In passing, I mentioned that Blaney had also been responsible for a similar book on John Lennon, and no less than four such volumes on Paul McCartney. I pledged that I would do my best to get around to reviewing more books by Blaney in the near future. I emailed him the review and we struck up a conversation which ended up in him agreeing to be interviewed, and sending me pdfs of the first two of the McCartney books. Then Paul Kantner died, and all

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ALBRIGHT

10

sorts of other things got in the way, but - finally - last weekend, I got around to reading the first of the McCartney pdfs. And what a corker it is.

OK, here I must admit, that I never emotionally engaged with McCartney, at least during that all important decade between *The Beatles* going their separate ways and John Lennon's murder. At least not to the extent that I did with Lennon and Harrison, so whilst I either own, or have owned, all of the albums McCartney issued during this all important decade, they were never as important to me as some of the other post-*Beatles* output. This may, possibly, mean that I am less critical about this book as I was with the Harrison volume. But it certainly doesn't stop me admiring the book very much indeed.

One of the things that I always try to do when reading books like this is to listen to the music alongside the words. And, to my blushes I found myself reevaluating quite a lot. Wild Life was considerably better than I remembered it being, and Ram was considerably worse, for example. Embarrassingly I have to admit that I preferred the *Thrillington* version. The thing that has always pissed me off most about McCartney is the way that whereas he has undoubtedly written some of the greatest tunes in the whole canon of popular music, tune wise he is up there with Irving Berlin, but so many of his lyrics are complete tosh. At least when he was in The Beatles he had Lennon to needle him every time he came up with bollocks like Ob La Di Ob La Da or Maxwell's Silver Hammer, but solo he had nobody to give him a kick up the arse whenever he got too self-indulgently twee or allowed himself to degenerate into near meaninglessness.

CAS

OF A SCHENTHIEC

MEADASH

Something that has always puzzled me is why George Harrison has always been touted as the man who produced the first Beatles solo album with *Wonderwall*, when McCartney's soundtrack to the movie *The Family Way* had come out several years before. Until now, what I had never realised was that McCartney had actually only composed two themes, which George Martin had taken away and embellished, rearranged etc, and so the album would have been more accurately called a George Martin album based on a couple of half thought out themes by Macca. This explains a lot, and solves one of the perennial *Beatles* mysteries that has been mildly bugging me for years. 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

Whilst the departure of everyone apart from the two McCartneys and Denny Laine on the eve of their trip to Lagos to record Band on the Run has been covered in great depth elsewhere, I don't think I have ever read such an in-depth account of the personnel comings and goings during the sessions for Venus and Mars as is given in this book. One thing that has never been explained is the peculiar lexilinking that took place within the band. There was a McCulloch and a McCullough. A Britton and an English. There was a Steve Holley, whereas McCartney was an enormous fan of Buddy Holly, and Laine recorded an album called Holly Days. There are so many lexilinks that if I was a paranoid person (wash your mind out with soap) I would have imagined that someone within the Wings camp was as obsessed with the magic potency of words as Yoko Ono was, and as far as I know still is, with the magic potency of numbers.

I agree with the vast majority of what Blaney has to say about McCartney's music during these years, as well. I would possibly have been a little kinder about *Venus and Mars.* The worst thing about that album is the fact that its ending is such a damp squib; the song about two OAPs, followed by the theme from a late and totally unlamented British soap opera. If it had only had a more tumultuous ending then, in my humble opinion, at least, it would have gone down in history as a far more impressive piece of work than it has.

I agree totally with what Blaney says about *London Town*, but I always thought that the final *Wings* album was irritating in the extreme. Rockestra eh? It is rock musicians but like an orchestra! How fucking droll! He is less irritated with *Back to the Egg* than I have been, but then again those are the swings and roundabouts of outrageous fortune.

ove You Want

If I have a criticism of this book it is only that unlike the Harrison volume, Blaney doesn't go into any detail about McCartney's production work for other people. There is a fine, and - as far as I can tell - totally inclusive discography of such projects at the end if the book, but I would have liked to see these projects examined in more detail. The author is a master at unearthing amusing and informative vignettes about the recording process of all the other albums, that I would have liked to have read some of the same about his side projects.

But I am nit picking. When dealing with a decade during which McCartney was under more scrutiny than he was at any other time in his solo career, and arguably even more than he was during the height if Beatlemania, Blaney consistently manages to find and present stuff that is new to even such a died in the wool Beatleoholic as myself. And that is no mean feat.

I am so looking forward to sitting down with Volume Two, and to cadging the other volumes from the long suffering and mightily generous author.

Long and winding road indeed.

82



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... Just for a delightful change, I thought we would have an impromptu table-top sale of second-hand clothing this week, to see if there was anything we might be tempted to open our wallets for, to stuff into the corners of the cabinet. There was a plethora of t-shirts with various slogans, band names and so on and so forth, but that is sooooo yesterday, darlings.

But I did find a cornucopia, albeit a small one, of what one may refer to as more peculiar/awful items that not many would be seen dead in, let alone sashaying along the pavement whilst wearing.

There is also one that, to my mind at least, would be a right passion-killer if one was to see one's partner exiting the bathroom after a luxurious bath/shower (can you have a luxurious shower?) wrapped within it's murky confines.

And so - without any further ado - first on the catwalk are a pair of humdingers (and don't all rush at once, let us at least observe a smidgeon of decorum in the proceedings):

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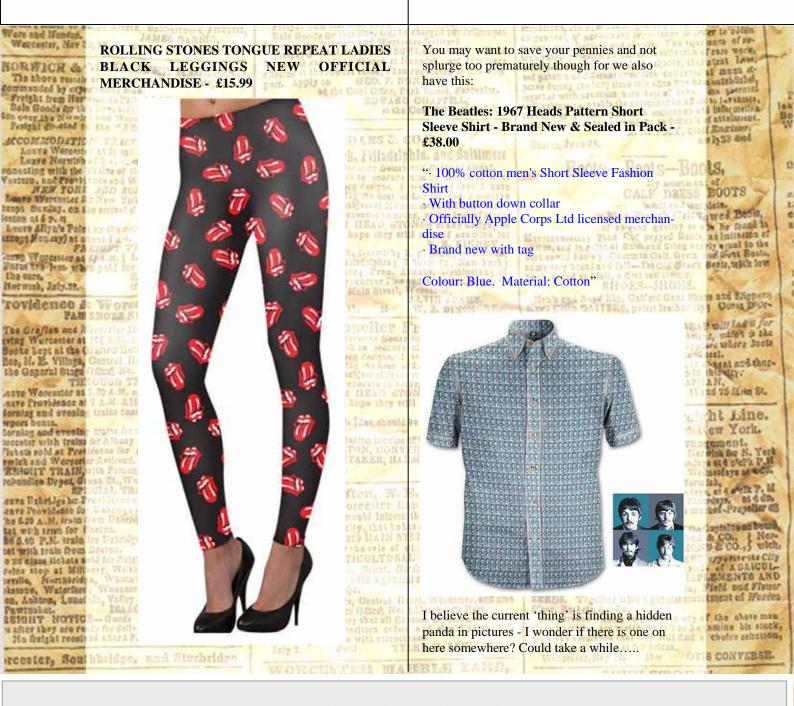
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PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

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SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



Check it out now...

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Next up is a flattering onesie that you could put on while shuffling around the local supermarket on a Sunday morning whilst doing that essential trolley dash of shopping:

The Who: Quadrophenia Onesie / Jumpsuit With Fur Lined Hood - New & Official - £34.00

". Hooded Onesie / Jumpsuit

- · Printed chest and arm logos
- · Printed back artwork
- · Fur lined hood · Front pouch and side zipped pockets with Q logo
- zip pulls · Officially licensed merchandise
- · Brand new with tag in original packaging

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" Way marieza to takt

7 & C. A. M. S. C. S. & M. H. M.

Colour: Green. Material: 80% Cotton / Polyester"

Isn't it the bee's knees? I think Mr Ed should get one of these - the colour is so erm flattering.

And I think it would be safe to say that at least Mr Ed's expression may well be one denoting a more happier disposition than the guy modelling above. He looks more than a little pissed off eh?

Gown

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS

Between Norwich and Paindelphin.

The Line is composed of the following Pacials:

Soil en WADNESDAY a/ e

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N. E. HUTURLINGUR

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and Tuby WIII's, &c.

Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 180 MAIN ST.7

Couch, Ghales and De lines and Carpit Bags.

And here is the passion-killer:



". Luxury Cotton Towelling Bathrobe / Dressing

- · Detailed front and back embroidered artwork · Embroidered logos on the sleeve
- Two large lower pockets and two chest pockets
- · Fur lined hood and sash belt
- Complete with set of 4 Badges
- Officially licensed merchandise
- Brand new in original packaging with tag"

Material: Cotton. Colour: Green. Neck to Hem Length: approx 125 cm"

Now, let's talk baked beans shall we? Whilst I cannot say by any stretch of the imagination that sitting in a bathtub full of baked beans would be pleasant, it may have been made more sufferable if one of these natty bathrobes had been available afterwards especially considering that poor Mr Daltrey (according to good old Wikipedia) "claims to have caught pneumonia after sitting for a prolonged period in the bathtub, as the beans had been frozen."

Just something to consider if you were intending to sit in a bathtub full of frozen baked beans - passion aside that is.

ATTY SECTOR

-HARNDEN & Approxim ston J. H. ENIGHT'S DAT 5 LEONAR Pob 85, 1967.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

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The Who: Quadrophenia Hooded Parka Bathrobe / Dressing Gown - New & Official -





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MIKE DAVIS

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?



Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

Dead bandana 2009 - US \$4.99



"2009 Dead bandana great condition"

Apart from reading the auction as 'dead banana' on first looking, this is absolutely stunning. And yes, Mr Ed I would like one of these PLEASE.

That is enough clothing for this week. I may bring out of the table-top again in a few weeks though so keep your eyes peeled. In the meantime, how about an addition to your home, perhaps one that you can

FLOURI Ta-ra

B. E. MUTUMMAN -HARNDEN & CO'E. Of OFFICIA -HARNDEN & COR. Buccessor to WM. LEGGATE.) 180 MAIN ST.S ANUPACTURBU and Dealer in HARNISTERS, BAD M DURA DEULSB - Coach, Ginho and Dyril GOL LARS. Also, Frunks, Palines and Carpit Rags. Coach Gig and Tuby Willips, ac. Br Bealpring dona at hour Pob 85, 1967. pring donn at short

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT, P. BAROROFT.

walk though in an alluring manner whilst wearing **THAT** bathrobe?

Elvis Presley wooden door curtain - £5 "Elvis Presley wooden beaded door curtain, size 90 x 200 this has never been used, it was put in the loft and forgot about till now as u can see from the pic I have it the wrong way round"

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North Devon Éirethy Éacry Éagre & Ball 2016 All Proceeds to The Small School, Hartland Saturday 23rd July

Clovelly Parish Hall ,North Devon,EX39 5SU Faery Fayre 11am ~4pm Tel: 01237 441999 Faery Ball 5pm ~ Midnight Bar from 7pm STALLS,WORKSHOPS,LIVE BANDS,FOOD ALL DAY



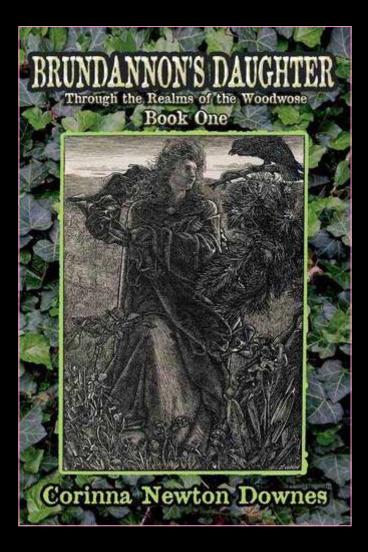
We need to raise as much money as possible for The Small School in Hartland, which is not state funded like a Free School or Academy, and relies on parental contributions and donations. Money is needed from proceeds from the faery fayre and ball for Creative Education and essential spending on such things as a new boiler, so we are hoping to cover all expenses so that even more proceeds are directed towards the school than from the last two years' events.

Many people are expending vast amounts of time, money and creative energy to enable this third annual faery fayre and ball to be even more amazing, and raise even more money for the school. All of the many entertainers are unpaid, although we are feeding them, and some are travelling very large distances (eg from Yorkshire) to make the day wonderful for everyone and support the school. If none of the money raised is sucked into expenses, then we should be able to double proceeds for the school.

£150 is needed for the soundman, and £50 towards food and drinks for sale at the event to increase proceeds for the school, the remainder coming from sponsors who have promised to donate bread, cheese, tea, salads etc for sale at the faery fayre and ball.

A few days after the event, we will publicly announce all proceeds from ticket sales, food sales and profits from The Small School table at the event for Creative Education and General Funds at the school.

https://crowdfunding.justgiving.com/northdevonfirefly



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 be-tween? 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 highborn 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 cease completely.

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

http://www.zazzle.co. uk/streetfightingshirts



RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

THE NINE HENRYS





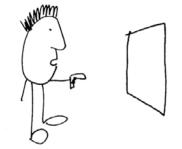
The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

mcdada@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...



"You talking to me? I'm the only one here"



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.

Pat Boone:

In a Metal Mood – No More Mr Nice Guy (Hip-O, 1997) What? Squeaky clean songster swings on Satan's tunes, rock elite drop by.

The jury is likely to remain out on permanent vacation in the debate over whether this stupendous car-crash of a musical concoction is a serious attempt to realign a moribund musical career, or a thinly disguised novelty cash-in. Either way, the facts themselves beggar belief, and the music manages to keep jaws slack and brains befuddled for most of the 53 minutes or so it takes to digest this strange delight.

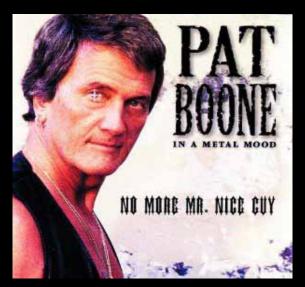
The facts are; by 1997 Boone had become a byword for exemplary moral conduct and a poster-boy for middle of the road Christian values. His involvement with organisations like the Parents Music Resource Centre, a pro-God anti degeneracy pressure group campaigning against the social ills perpetrated by rock music, was typical of the man. He could pull a crowd but hadn't troubled the album charts since his White Christmas collection nudged the top 40 at the end of 1961. Having railed against ungodly elements in music for years, Boone stunned friends and enemies with In a Metal Mood.

Almost beyond satire, and years ahead of similar outings by the likes of Richard Cheese, Metal Mood collides stone-gone RAWK classics with the sounds of a big band and Boone crooning/intoning and almost talking his way through a catalogue of edgy delights. And he doesn't skimp on the scale of the standards tackled here. "Stairway to Heaven," "Smoke on the Water," "It's a Long Way to the Top (If you Wanna Rock 'n' Roll)" are all in attendance.

The newer (for the time) heroes are represented with a spirited take on "Enter Sandman" and Boone fearlessly tackles songs renowned for original versions fronted by manic metal frontmen. Ozzy Osbourne's "Crazy Train" and Ronnie James Dio's "Holy Diver" get the full treatment, the latter – incredibly – with the leather-lunged elf Dio helping old Pat out in the vocal department.

Speaking of high-profile guests; the session crew compiled bring this caper to completion boasts studio legends like Shelia E and Tom Scott. Dweezil Zappa is also on hand. But, the prize for sheer "WTF!!" unbelievability must go to Purple axeman Ritchie Blackmore spanking the plank one more time on a version= of "Smoke on the Water" he - surely - never thought he'd hear. Boone got a level of attention he hadn't enjoyed in years and his first placing on the Billboard album chart since that 1961 Christmas album. Cynics might suggest his people had taken a quick glance across the Atlantic and seen Rolf Harris wowing Glastonbury and Top of the Pops with his demolition of "Stairway to Heaven." However, the lengthy sleevenotes present a detailed argument of why Boone felt the need to produce this album and suggest - despite the cringeworthy cover shot of a macho looking Pat in a leather waistcoat – he meant it.

He certainly didn't make a habit of it, returning to more familiar ground, and lower sales, with his work over the ensuing decade. His next US chart album: We Are Family (2006) was a run through of a series of R&B classics!



Cultus Ferox

Cultus Ferox

Cultus Ferox (Latin: "wild life") is a German medieval rock band from Berlin, formed in 2001. Their music consists of many traditional pieces adapted with some modern styling. The songs of Cultus Ferox are partly instrumental, some with vocals. The lyrics deal with topics from medieval life, from legends and myths of pagan religion and recently reinforced with piracy and related topics.

Members:

Der heilige St. Brandanarius, Donar von Avignon, Strahli der Animator, El Böslinger, Feuerteufel, Klauz Klaason, Yangens, Rooky, Rudi Rudell, Barbara von Bogenstreich



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HINNA HORAMM

Wikipedia

Website



You Tube

Wolfsballade

Eröffnungskonzert MPS Dortmund1 5 2015



This is a time of the year that always resonates with me because it is Chinese New Year, which was a public holiday in Hong Kong, and one of the annual highlights of my childhood. I was brought up in Hong Kong, as many of you know, and even now - 45 years after I lived there - I still dream in Cantonese, which was (as they say) my milk language. I was largely brought up by Chinese servants, and spoke Cantonese with them as much, if not before, I spoke English with my parents.

My dear nephew, David Braund-Phillips is working on a Chinese Lantern Festival in Chiswick House, London. He writes: "The level of craftsmanship put in by the 32 strong Chinese team is out of this world. They have shaped, welded, covered, lit and painted everything from very life like, full size giraffes to a 66m long 10m high



traditional Dragon."

And so the circle has gone fully around as it so often does.

It is the Year of the Monkey, and the world can apparently expect some particularly dynamic times. I look forward to them, depending on one's definition of the word "dynamic"...

Kung Hey Fat Choy dudes.



THE BEST LAID PLANS

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BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST Live on stage







www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk