We say goodbye to Garry Shandling, creator and star of the Larry Sanders show. John goes to see The Soft Machine Experience and Larry Carlton, Doug muses on the history of rock music movies, we send Dani from Marbin to a desert island, we look at Paul McCartney in the 1980s, and Biffo takes us to a lavatory themed chain of restaurants.

#175 FLIP!
The Three Commandments of Gonzo Weekly:

1. Art is as important as science and more important than money

2. There is life after (beyond and before) Pop Idol

3. Music can and sometimes does change the world

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

Welcome to another issue of the magazine which I started on a whim, and which continues to astonish me by going from strength to strength when I truly never expected it to. The fact it is put together on a wing and a prayer each week, with some issues pushing a hundred pages, never ceases to amaze me, but I think this is testament to the spirit behind the magazine. As most of you know I am also the director of the Centre for Fortean Zoology, and we have as our motto the Latin phrase *Pro Bona Causa*.
Facimus (we do it for good reason) which I pinched many years ago from a children’s book called The Case of the Silver Egg by the late Desmond Skirrow. It has always been a watchword of mine that when one does things for the right reason they work out far better than when one does things for purely mercenary considerations. It has always been this way during my lifetime as a cryptozoologist, and it also seems to be this way during the production if this magazine.

This week has seen another terrible terrorist atrocity, this time in Brussels, where - as I write this on Wednesday night - 34 people were killed and hundreds wounded by attacks led by a pair of fraternal suicide bombers. This year is shaping up to be one of the nastiest in my memory, and I have a horrible feeling that things are not going to get easier any time soon.

Although I suspect that I am going to attract more than a modicum of criticism for this, I am beginning to wonder whether at least some of the bad vibes which surround us are...
due to the ubiquity of mass communication. Every half-baked statement from the highest down to the lowest in all the societies of the world can be flashed across the globe in a couple of clicks of a mouse, and when a twat like Donald Trump says (for example) that torture is a good thing, it gets proliferated across the internet in a swarm of rabid electrons, and like a snowball it gets bigger and bigger as it gathers comments, opinions, and just general vitriol.

Even sitting in my battered old armchair writing that Donald Trump is a twat is adding to the general bad vibes which surround us in this most disastrous of years. All one has to do is go into Facebook for a few moments and the plague of hideous news which has in recent weeks outnumbered the idiotic photographs of cuddly cats eating pizza, bombards you with images and prose that really does nothing but to make one’s day worse.

And I think that strategists both within legitimate governments and within the terrorist community understand this only too well. It is only too easy now to find video footage of horrific acts of barbarism, and exhortations to whatever insane belief system you want within minutes of going online, and everybody knows and understands this.

And this miasma of horror is overflowing into our personal lives. Within the last few days, one friend and member of my ever expanding and very loose knit household, has been diagnosed with cancer, another has split up with her husband and the father of her baby, and the mother of another has been committed to a psychiatric hospital after being sectioned under the Mental Health Act. And I am not even going to attempt to list all the people I know who are working far longer hours than is legally allowed just in order to keep both ends of the wolf from meeting at the door (as Sir John Verney put it) or the ones who are on life affecting levels of medication, those under psychiatric treatment, or a dozen other things.

We truly live in very peculiar and disturbing times. The other morning, when I heard about yet another family crisis and the bombing atrocities in Brussels within about twenty minutes of each other, I wrote:

“I have all sorts of stuff on my mind at the moment: good, bad and indifferent, but today's events in Brussels knock it all into a
cocked hat. We are living in very dark and disturbing times, and they are getting worse. The only way that we shall survive this is by working together and building defences of trust and love. But as the human race is basically selfish and anti social... God help us all.”

…and much to my surprise various people picked up on that and reposted it. Not as many people as who reposted (and jumped to all sorts of spurious and stupid conclusions) about the resignation statements of Iain Duncan Smith, but enough to make me feel humbled and slightly embarrassed.

Embarrassed? Why?

Because the other morning when I wrote it, and again now, I truly am not sure what I am trying to say. We are all in an increasingly horrible situation, and I truly feel that it is all going to burst open like a rancid sebaceous cyst sooner rather than later. This vile energy that is surrounding us all is going to reach a disgusting climax, and then God alone knows what is going to happen.

I am doing my best to avoid self-aggrandisement, but it is at times like this that I think that what I try to do with this magazine, with the other publications which I produce, and with events like the annual Weird Weekend, is to bring people together, and to foster a sense of community. Because in a world where everyone seems to be doing their damndest to push us all apart under a ceaseless tide of horror and misery, our only hope as individuals, as a society and even as a species, is to find the things we have in common and embrace them, in order to bring us all together.

And if we cannot do that we truly are damned.

Hari Bol

JD


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
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

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.
MADDIE MADER: Madonna has been ordered to remove 'no parking signs' from the public car space outside her New York City home. The Material Girl singer allegedly erected a metal sign outside her property stating: "Tenant parking only... unauthorized vehicles will be towed away at vehicle owner's expense", while the words "No Parking" had been embossed in cement on the sidewalk, and the nearby curb had been painted yellow. Madonna's neighbour reported the signage and the singer's attempt to reserve her own parking spot to the New York Department of Transportation. An official visited Madonna's $40 million (£28 million) Upper East Side townhouse on Wednesday (23Mar16) and ordered her team to remove the signage immediately, according to TMZ.com. This is the latest blow for Madonna after a troubling few months. She has been locked in a custody battle with her ex-husband Guy Ritchie over their 15-year-old son Rocco. The teenager refused to return back to New York after visiting his father in London in December (15). Read on...

MUTTON DRESSED AS THUG: Rock icon Sir Elton John has posed with rapper Young Thug amid rumours of an unlikely collaboration. The odd couple met up in the hip-hop star's native Atlanta, Georgia on Wednesday (23Mar16), and Young Thug wasted no time in sharing the snaps he took with his idol online. In one image, posted on Instagram, the veteran singer is pictured wearing a black Adidas tracksuit and sporting a piece of his new pal's merchandise, a cap with the word "Thugger" emblazoned across the front, as Young Thug smiles widely with his arm draped across Sir Elton's shoulders. A second picture features the 68-year-old holding up a Young Thug-branded hooded sweatshirt, which the rapper simply captioned, "Legendary... @eltonjohn". Read on...

GOOD ON GROHL: Rocker Dave Grohl has written a support letter urging British officials to lift a ban against a loud teen metal band. Black Leaves of Envy were recently ordered by city council officials in Cornwall, England to keep their garage band practices around 30 or 40 decibels. However, after receiving noise complaints, the council banned the group from playing completely and they have subsequently not been able to practice for the past three months, according to local newspaper the Plymouth Herald. One of the young rockers' fathers, Andrew Plenty - a lead singer in his own rock band - tells the publication he launched a campaign to help garner community support in hopes of overturning the ban. Read on...

EASY INCUBUS: Real-life Ghostbuster Kesha has signed on to go spook hunting for a new TV show. The pop star, who sang about a ghost lover on the track Supernatural, returned to the guest house where she claims she came across the apparition who inspired the song to shoot an episode of U.S. show The Haunting Of..., which will air next week (28Mar16). This time, the Tik Tok hitmaker, who is currently battling to free herself from a record contract at Sony after accusing her longtime mentor and producer, Lukasz 'Dr. Luke' Gottwald of sexual assault and battery, will visit the Texas bed-and-breakfast with psychic and medium Kim Russo. Talking about her ghostly encounter with a randy spirit, Kesha previously told radio host Ryan Seacrest, "I don't know his name! He was a ghost! I'm very open to it." Kesha revealed the spook gently caressed her and made her feel sexy without having "ghost sex" with her. Read on...

GUNS AND...: The Whiskey a Go Go is either announcing a big show or laying the groundwork for the first April Fools joke of 2016. Former Guns N' Roses drummer Steven Adler was scheduled to play a gig at the venue on April 1 but, on Monday, the venue announced that the show had been cancelled and hinted a big announcement, tagging it with the Guns N' Roses name. Speculation is that the reunited Guns N'
Roses will play a warm-up show at the 500 seat club; however, there are two big questions. The first is, obviously, it’s an April Fools Day show. Now, unless Adler outright cancelled the date, it’s doubtful that the venue is going to make a cancellation announcement and risk revenue just for a joke. Read on...

GOOD LORDE SAID BOWIE: David Bowie considered teenage pop star Lorde the “future of music”, according to the rocker’s longtime pianist. The Royals star earned praise for her tribute to the late icon at last month’s (Feb 16) BRIT Awards, where she took the stage to cover his track Life on Mars? She was joined by Bowie’s touring band, which included the legend’s longtime collaborator Mike Garson, who recently revealed in a question-and-answer session on live video app Periscope that Bowie adored the 19-year-old New Zealand native. “David really liked Lorde, and he felt like she was the future of music, and they had a few wonderful moments together,” Garson said in the video. “She was the perfect choice (for the BRITs tribute). Some of David’s family members and David’s management had some suggestions she’d be the right one. They wanted to bring the next generation in. It was an amazing, momentous experience, and she really did justice to him.” Garson added that Lorde was especially frightened of the performance because she wanted to honour Bowie in the right way. Read on...

NAKID IGGY: Iggy Pop stripping off in the name of art had nothing to do with his “winkle”. The 68-year-old rocker has never been shy about getting his lithe body out on stage, and despite has advancing years still appears sans his shirt at gigs. Iggy took things one step further by stripping off for a group of artists at the New York Academy of Art recently, something the Lust for Life singer reveals was about laying himself on the line, and had nothing to do with showing off his manhood. “It was not about anything silly.” Iggy explained to Entertainment Weekly. “It wasn’t about my winkle, or anything. It was just a documentation of what’s left of me. I thought it was a good idea the artist had and I enjoyed so much the company of the 21 drawing students and working artists. It was a very nice vibe in the room. Read on...

JUMPING MICK FLASH: Rocker Mick Jagger feels comforted by wearing clothes designed by his late partner L’Wren Scott following her tragic death. The fashion designer, 49, committed suicide on 17 March, 2014 in New York City while Jagger, her boyfriend of 13 years, was on the road touring with his band the Rolling Stones. The 72-year-old admits coming to terms with Scott’s passing remains difficult and he finds himself observing her memory constantly by donning the outfits she designed for him. “I don’t find it difficult emotionally to wear her clothes,” he tells U.K. newspaper The Mirror. “In fact, it’s quite nice for me. I’ve got a big selection of her stuff and the wardrobe mistress goes nuts because I always want to bring them all on tour. "At the end of the day I just pick them up and go: ‘Ah, that’s one of L’Wren’s... I like this one’.” Read on...
"Capitalism is the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men for the nastiest of motives will somehow work for the benefit of all."

John Maynard Keynes
A 17th century alchemy manuscript handwritten by Isaac Newton has been bought by the US’s Chemical Heritage Foundation (CHF) after being kept in a private collection for decades. The document is a copy of a known text authored by another alchemist, written in Latin, as was common practice at the time. Its title translates as ‘Preparation of the [Sophick] Mercury for the [Philosophers’] Stone by the Antimonial Stellate Regulus of Mars and Luna from the Manuscripts of the American Philosopher’.

It describes a process for making ‘sophick’ – short for ‘philosophic’ – mercury. ‘Philosophic mercury was [thought to be] a substance that could be used to break down metals into their constituent parts,’ explains James Voelkel, the CHF’s curator of rare books.

A long-lost manuscript by HP Lovecraft, an investigation of superstition through the ages that the author was commissioned to write by Harry Houdini, has been found in a collection of magic memorabilia. The Cancer of Superstition was previously known only in outline and through its first chapter.

Houdini had asked Lovecraft in 1926 to ghostwrite the treatise exploring superstition, but the magician’s death later that year halted the project, as his wife did not wish to pursue it. According to Potter & Potter Auctions of Chicago, the 31-page typewritten manuscript was discovered in a large collection of memorabilia from a now-defunct magic shop. Part of the collection consisted of papers kept by Houdini’s widow, Beatrice, and her manager, Edward Saint.

Author Alan Stafford has secured himself a place in literary history for his triumph in the 38th Diagram Prize for Oddest Book Title of the Year with his masterwork Too Naked for the Nazis. Stafford was up against stiff competition for the crown, placed annually on the laureate’s head by The Bookseller, following a public vote. With 24.8 per cent of the ballots, Too Naked for the Nazis - which examines "the career of vaudevillian troupe Wilson, Keppel & Betty" - narrowly beat Dr Jonathan Allan’s 24.3 per cent for Reading from Behind: A Cultural History of the Anus.
"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...

### FEELING CRABBY

The new Secretary of State for Work & Pensions Stephen Crabb says people with Quadriplegia, Brain Haemorrhage, Brain Tumours, Motor Neurone Disease, Parkinsons Disease and scores of other conditions are ‘able to work!’ He said so on his own Facebook page as he believes those placed in the Employment and Support Allowance Work Related Activities Group, or ESA WRAG are all fit and able for work!

Note well if they were fit for work it would mean they would be unable to claim and receive ESA in the first place!!

He wants to take away £29.05 per week from the quadriplegic and 42 other incapacitating conditions or £1514.75 per year ESA WRAG benefit and pay them the same amount as those without any incapacitating condition — the princely sum of £73.10 per week!

Stephen Crabb believes that a quadriplegic does not have any additional costs each week than the able bodied person seeking work even though (a) the benefit they receive is called Employment AND SUPPORT Allowance, and (b) if they are fit for work they are unable to claim ESA and would receive Job Seekers Allowance.
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
THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

IF YOU ARE NOT A PART OF THE SOLUTION YOU ARE A PART OF THE PROBLEM.

ELDRIDGE CLEAVIER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous take a camera
The weak and cowardly take a gun

What sort of person are you?

Celebrate wildlife on World Wildlife Day don't shoot it.
WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

What? You don't know who Hunter Thompson is/was/might have been/will be? Without Hunter Thompson there would be no Gonzo Multimedia. It would have been completely different and that would have been an unforgivable pity. So here is:

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

C.J. Stone suggested that as well as explaining Gonzo to those wot don't understand, we should do a weekly quote from the man himself…

“There was an awful suspicion in my mind that I'd finally gone over the hump, and the worst thing about it was that I didn't feel tragic at all, but only weary, and sort of comfortably detached.”

Hunter S. Thompson

BARBARA MAKES HEADWAY

Headway Fife, the charity set up in 1989 to help people who have suffered a brain injury, their family and friends, was relaunched in Kirkcaldy last week, with the help of popular singer Barbara Dickson. Barbara, who hails from Dunfermline, joined special guests, health professionals and other organisations and charities at a special event at the Victoria Hotel.

Over the years, membership has grown and waned and there are now around 12 regulars who attend either on their own or with their carers or family.

http://tinyurl.com/hd8fl77a
Earlier this month, British actor and filmmaker Alex Winter took to crowdfunding platform Kickstarter with a mission to raise $500,000 for the new documentary, *Who the Fuck is Frank Zappa*.

While revealing why he has decided to do a documentary on the late rocker, Winters stated:

“Frank Zappa is one of the strangest, most amazing and influential figures of our era, but his definitive story has never been told. Now, for the first time ever, the Zappas have given us complete, unrestricted access to the contents of Frank’s private vault and their full blessing and support to tell his story.

But before we can finish telling Frank’s story, we have to catalog, save, digitize and preserve a vast archive of unreleased audio, video, images, documents and more. Together, we can save Frank’s vault.

And when we do, we’ll have everything we need to finally answer the question: Who the fuck is Frank Zappa?”

[http://tinyurl.com/jtx9ne](http://tinyurl.com/jtx9ne)

This week my favourite roving reporter sent me this note from Steve Rothery of Marillion:

“Just back from a fantastic week at Real World studios working on tracks for the new Marillion album. It really is a stunning and inspirational place. Simon and Toward Infinity have filmed a lot of the recording process which should give some fascinating insights into our creative process. After ten or eleven hours of recording, it would be time to relax and the big screen would come down in the control room, so it would turn into the coolest home cinema you can imagine being in to watch a movie (Blazing Saddles & Young Frankenstein amongst others).

The only real downside to recording at Real World is the fact that it’s next to the Bristol to London intercity line so the 6 am train would wake me most days! We felt like we filled in a lot of the missing pieces of the jigsaw over the last week with some stunning performances from everyone. Mike was overjoyed with the progress we made so now it’s back to Chateau Racket to finish what promises to be one of our best albums.”

http://tinyurl.com/jtx9ne
I always promised that this magazine would never endorse a political candidate. I am afraid that, as a person of integrity, that I have no option but to rescind that promise...

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.
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
"If you don't want your tax dollars to help the poor, then stop saying you want a country based on Christian values, because you don't."

Jimmy Carter
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.

A huge dragon has just appeared on the banks of a Welsh castle
http://tinyurl.com/jynv3ze
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!
MICK ABRAHAMS
50 years of music

9th MAY
LIVE AT THE BORDERLINE, LONDON
www.theborderlinelondon.com
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.
Friday Night Progressive is on hiatus after this week. M Destiny’s wife is in hospital, and he will not be broadcasting until she is better. Our love and healing vibes go out to them both.
We at Gonzo Web Radio are very proud to bring you Canterbury Sans Frontières - a podcast dedicated to the music of the 'Canterbury Scene' and more. Creator Matthew Watkins writes:

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

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

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


Spiritual jazz from Sun Ra, Alice Coltrane and Lonnie Liston Smith, plus an extraordinary mashup of John Coltrane and Terry Riley, Canterbury-esque sounds from two Italian bands and one Japanese ensemble, and, from the current local music scene, tracks from Arlet, Bison Bonasus and Syd Arthur (acoustic).

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

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

Listen to This Show or We'll Shoot the Puppy
Mack, Pistol Pete and Juan-Juan talk to Rob Beckhusen about an Army pistol designed to shoot dogs, Steve Ward on the wild Adamski UFO Case, Commander Cobra on Special Forces troops dressing in burkas, and a new segment: "Ten Minutes of Joy" during which psychic Deana Joy tells Juan-Juan things he never knew about himself.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
Garry Emmanuel Shandling
(1949 – 2016)

Shandling was an American comedian, actor, writer, producer and director. He was best known for his work in It's Garry Shandling's Show and The Larry Sanders Show.

Shandling began his career writing for sitcoms such as Sanford and Son and Welcome Back, Kotter. He made a successful stand-up performance on The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson and became a frequent guest-host on the show. Shandling was for a time considered the leading contender to replace Carson (other hopefuls were Joan Rivers, David Letterman and David Brenner). In 1986 he created It's Garry Shandling's Show, for the pay cable channel Showtime. It was nominated for four Emmy Awards (including one for Shandling) and lasted until 1990.

His second show, The Larry Sanders Show, which began airing on HBO in 1992, was even more successful. Shandling was nominated for 18 Emmy Awards for the show and won the Primetime Emmy Award for Outstanding Writing for a Comedy Series in 1998, along with Peter Tolan, for writing the series finale.

During his three-decade career, Shandling was nominated for 19 Primetime Emmy Awards and two Golden Globe Awards, along with many other awards and nominations. He served as host of the Grammy Awards four times and as host of the Emmy Awards three times.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST
Reuben David Egan
(1954 – 2016)

Egan was an American singer, songwriter, and pianist based in Lafayette, Louisiana, who composed, recorded, and performed rock, Cajun-rock, soul, and blues. He died Friday afternoon at his home in Lafayette after a second battle with cancer. Todd Mouton, a close friend of the musician, confirmed Egan's death. The ex-Shreveporter was best known to local fans for his time with classic band A-Train. Egan comes from a musical family, including his singer/songwriter sister Beverly Egan Houston and their mother, Jasmine Egan, a nationally acclaimed opera singer.

Egan was an awarding winning artist who recorded two albums, "You Don't Know Your Mind" and "Twenty Years of Trouble." Egan, who would have turned 62 on Sunday, wrote songs covered by the likes of Joe Cocker, Percy Sledge, Irma Thomas and others.

Adnan Abu Hassan
(1959 – 2016)

Hassan was a Kedah-born Malaysian composer and musician, considered to be among the top notch individuals developing the Malaysian music industry. Soon after the graduation, he became the A&R Director (CBS Records), Managing Director of Happy Records and Suria Records. Soon he became the Director of A&R BMG Music and Delima Records. And then, he was appointed as the Principal and Director of Jam Music Centre, Album Producer and Composer, who is also the Creative Director for Jam/Treeman Corporation. Malaysian popular singers such as Siti Nurhaliza, Fauziah Latiff, Liza Hanim, Dayang Nurfaizah and Misha Omar were once his apprentice before pursuing their career as professional singers. As for today, he is the Managing Director of SRD Villa Record. He is also known for his guidance in the Akademi Fantasia reality singing contest as the Vocal Teacher for the first three Akademi Fantasia series.
Melvin Barry Hines, FRSL
(1939 – 2016)

Hines was an English author who wrote several popular novels and television scripts. He is best known for the novel "A Kestrel for a Knave" (1968), which he helped adapt for Ken Loach's film "Kes" (1969). It tells the story of a troubled schoolboy living in a mining village near Barnsley, who finds comfort in tending a kestrel that he named 'Kes'. Hines also wrote the script for the BAFTA award winning TV film "Threads" (1984), a speculative television drama examining the effects of nuclear war on Sheffield Loach's film "Looks and Smiles" (1981), based on a novel by Hines and adapted for the screen by the author, won the Best Contemporary Screenplay prize at the Cannes Film Festival. Hines was awarded an Honorary Doctorate (Doctor of Letters) at the University of Sheffield on 14 January 2010.

Malik Isaac Taylor
(1970 – 2016)

Taylor, better known by his stage name Phife Dawg (or simply Phife), was an American rapper of Trinidadian descent, and a member of the group A Tribe Called Quest with high school classmates Q-Tip and Ali Shaheed Muhammad (and for a short time Jarobi White). He was also known as the "Five Foot Assassin" and "The Five Footer", because he stood at 5 feet 3 inches (1.60 m). Phife has been described as having a "self-deprecating swagger", and his work with A Tribe Called Quest helped to challenge the "macho posturing" of rap and hip-hop music during the late 1980s and early 1990s. Phife's work has been cited as an influence on Kanye West, Jill Scott, The Roots and Common, while the 1991 album "The Low End Theory" is considered one of the greatest hip-hop albums released.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST
Riley, better known as Jimmy Riley, was a Jamaican singer who in addition to recording solo was also a member of the Sensations and The Uniques and was the father of Tarrus Riley. Martin James Norman Riley also known as Jimmy Riley was born in Jonestown, Kingston, Jamaica, he grew up in the city's Waterhouse district and attended Kingston Senior School along with Slim Smith. When Smith had success in The Techniques, Riley hung around with the group hoping to join, but was limited to carrying things for them and helping out with harmonies. He decided to form his own group, The Sensations, along with Cornell Campbell, Buster Riley (brother of The Techniques' Winston Riley), and Aaron "Dego" Davis.

The Sensations had a successful audition for producer Arthur "Duke" Reid, and the group had mid-1960s success with "Everyday is Just a Holiday" and "Those Guys". On leaving the group in 1967, Riley joined Smith and Lloyd Charmers in the re-formed Uniques, having huge success with songs such as "Watch This Sound" and "My Conversation". When the Uniques split up, Riley initially recorded as a solo artist for Bunny Lee before moving away to record independently. He began producing his own recordings and others by artists such as Slim Smith and Delroy Wilson. He had several hits in the 1970s, including "Tell The Youths The Truth", "Nyah Bingi", and "Clean up the Streets", and continued to be successful in the 1980s, working with Sly & Robbie's Taxi productions. In 1983, Riley topped the UK reggae chart with his version of Marvin Gaye's "Sexual Healing". In the late 1980s, Riley moved to Miami, and put his career on hold, but returned to Jamaica in the early 1990s.

He died on the morning of 23 March 2016 in New York after suffering for some time from cancer.
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
William Emanuel "Billy" Cobham (born May 16, 1944, Panama) is a Panamanian American jazz drummer, composer and bandleader, who permanently relocated to Switzerland during the late 1970s. Coming to prominence in the late 1960s and early 1970s with trumpeter Miles Davis and then with Mahavishnu Orchestra, and on countless CTI releases, Cobham has been a member of the world class African pioneers OSIBISA for over 22 years and has travelled all over the world promoting the music of Ghana. ‘Together as One’ is Gregg Kofi Brown’s first solo album and features the likes of STING, STANLEY JORDAN, GABRIELLE, DES’REE & BILLY COBHAM. This album is a combination of the African & jazz music that have driven Gregg’s career. With conscience laden lyrics and funky afro-rhythms Gregg has created a multi-national musical platform with his guest artists that speaks to many peoples across the world.
In 1963, Somerset Records released “Hits Made Famous by Country Queens,” a compilation album featuring Dolly Parton and Faye Tucker. Dolly sang six songs including one of her own original tunes. The list included Kitty Wells’ breakthrough song, “It Wasn’t God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels.” Wells’ original 1952 release sold more than 800,000 copies and became the first single by a female artist to top the country music charts. When asked about Kitty, Dolly said, “Kitty was the first and only Queen of Country Music, no matter what they call the rest of us.”

When Kevin Ayres died a few years ago many of us mourned. John Peel wrote in his autobiography that "Kevin Ayres' talent is so acute you could perform major eye surgery with it. He was an amazing songwriter with a gloriously expressive voice. But he never received the acclaim that he so richly deserved. On this 1986 album he is teamed up with Peter John 'Ollie' Halsall (d.1992) an English guitarist and vibraphone player, and best known for his role in The Rutles, and the bands Timebox, Patto and Boxer. Halsall was also notable as one of the few players of the vibraphone in rock music. He was known as Ollie because of his distinctive way of pronouncing his surname with a dropped 'h'. This is truly an album that is not be missed!
The Flying Burrito Brothers was an American country rock band, best known for their influential 1969 debut album, The Gilded Palace of Sin. Although the group is perhaps best known for its connection to band founders Gram Parsons and Chris Hillman, the group underwent many personnel changes and has existed in various incarnations to the present day. One of the most important members has been multi-instrumentalist Greg Harris. Gene Humphrey and Dale Davis were impressed by Greg’s guitar playing on the Sneaky Pete Kleinow solo album for Shiloh records and offered him a solo record deal. Gene Humphrey remembers: “I first heard Greg at one of Sneaky’s sessions for his solo album. Greg was playing acoustic guitar that night and when I heard him pick, I told Dale that this was the guy to do an acoustic album for Shiloh. We gave him a budget and let him pick the songs and musicians. His first album was fabulous.” Greg’s first solo album "Acoustic" was released 1979 with David Vaught, Chet McCracken, Doug Atwell, Peter Washer and Larry McNeely.

Robert Calvert, born in South Africa, was best known as the resident poet of Hawkwind co-wrote Hawkwind’s hit single "Silver Machine", which reached No. 3 in the UK singles chart. Although Lemmy sings on the single version, this is an overdub of a live recording taken at the Roundhouse in London, with Calvert on vocals. Calvert suffered from bipolar disorder, which often caused a fractious relationship with his fellow musicians. At one point he was sectioned under the Mental Health Act. Despite his sometimes debilitating mental health, Calvert remained a fiercely creative, driven and multi-talented artist. During periods away from Hawkwind duties, he worked on his solo career; his creative output including albums, stage plays, poetry, and a novel. His first solo album, Captain Lockheed and the Starfighters, was released in 1974.

An anonymous describes this show from 1986 as: “Originally released on vinyl, but in very limited quantities, this CD allows us a chance to hear the Captain at his best - banter with the audience, some of his favourite songs and a few oddities as well. The performance isn’t the finest ever, but even as Calvert and Krankshaft struggle through ‘Catch a Falling Starfighter’, you will find yourself reminded of happier times. Thanks Bob, heading for the Gods alone know where.”

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The TV show, 'On Second Thought' claims to: 'challenge the cult of the Omnipotent Government And seek to expose Government Corrupt practices, especially in the current Exceedingly corrupt, for Lawyer [LawLiars] profits.' They continue: 'If you are seeking Truth and not big media hype, you have come to the correct place'. Here they shine the spotlight upon music legend Michael Jackson's murky affairs.

The Kentucky Colonels were a popular bluegrass band in the 1960s. They included Clarence White, later with The Byrds. The White brothers started out as the Country Boys in 1954, with their brother Eric. With the addition of Latham, Mack and Sloane, and Roger Bush replacing Eric, they changed their name to the Kentucky Colonels in 1961. They soon became well-known on the bluegrass scene, performing at folk and country festivals. They appeared on Andy Griffith's television show twice. In 1964, they released their most popular album to date, Appalachian Swing!. The band's last performance was in the Fall of 1965. They reunited with Clarence White and performed a number of shows in 1973 as the New Kentucky Colonels, also known as the White Brothers. Clarence was killed by a drunk driver in July 1973. Before Clarence was killed, the White Brothers recorded an album called "Live in Sweden 1973." This excellent album came out a few years later.
Vivian Stanshall, widely acknowledged as one of the most influential recording artists of the 20th Century may sadly no longer be with us but the incredible words he created live on via the celebrated rave-reviewed recreation of his meisterwerk ‘Sir Henry at Rawlinson End’ by actor, singer and comedian Michael Livesley accompanied by his trusted Brainwashing House band.

Originally created for John Peel’s Radio 1 show in the 1970s, ‘Sir Henry at Rawlinson End’ – the meandering gin-soaked saga of a crumbling English stately home and the grotesques who inhabit it headed by the heroically drunk Sir Henry - perfectly distilled and encapsulated Viv’s absurdly hilarious wordplay and songwriting which first hit the public consciousness during the 1960s via his work helming the cult Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band.

The show, now in its 6th year and with the full blessing of the Stanshall family, has earned the praise of Viv’s fans, friends and celebrity fans alike including keyboard wizard Rick Wakeman who, due to his admiration for this unique piece, has joined the show on piano as a

Artist Michael Livesley and Brainwashing House feat Rick Wakeman, Neil Innes and Susie Honeyman
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guest many times. This has led to RRAW Records, the exciting new label from Rick and music industry veteran Robin Ayling, proudly presenting this brand new original cast recording of this critically acclaimed stage show as their debut release.

The recording features Rick guesting on piano, and also Viv’s Bonzo bandmate and sometime Rutle and Monty Python member Neil Innes plus Viv’s favourite violinist Susie Honeyman of The Mekons. For more information please visit www.sirhenrylives.com

‘Michael Livesley embodies to perfection the spirit and brilliance of Vivian Stanshall and adds his own measure of outrageous talent too’ – Stephen Fry

‘A tour-de-force and a work of Art’ Neil Innes

‘Sir Henry’s bluster and his epic lack of drawing room manners are still winning fun. All very odd, all very Stanshall!’ Clive Davis, The Times

‘A work of lyrical genius and poetry, on a different plane to the rest of the world’ Rick Wakeman

‘Mike is absolutely remarkable. I’m thankful that Mike keeps the memory of Viv well and truly alive for all of us’ Danny Thompson

‘What a night, an ensemble of madmen at their best, smashing!’ Rupert Stanshall, Vivian’s son

‘Brilliant! Berserk! Simply wonderful!’ Suzanne Moore, The Guardian

‘Rare facility and nimble erudition, as powerful an experience as one could wish for outside Hallucinogens!’ Danny Baker

‘Livesley’s performance gives weight and truth to that old theatrical cliché - a comic tour-de-force’ Andrew Male, MOJO

‘A distorted-mirror celebration of English eccentricity rooted in a riot of linguistic lasciviousness’ Andy Gill, The Independent
So why am I making such a fuss about the death of an American comedian that I never even met?

Many of you know that twenty years ago this summer my first wife left me and sued for divorce. It was the worst time of my life, and after a relationship that had lasted fourteen years I found myself in the peculiar position of having to rewrite my life, and establish new patterns by which I could exist.

I will be the first to admit that a lot of these patterns involved substance abuse, but one night—drunk to hell and on the edge of being suicidal—I was lying in bed flipping through the channels on the TV at the end of my bed. On came a remarkable TV show. It revolved around the production of a fictional late night talk show, also called The Larry Sanders Show. It chronicles the daily life of Larry (Garry Shandling) the host, Arthur "Artie" (Rip Torn) his producer, Hank Kingsley (Jeffrey Tambor) Larry’s sidekick, the production staff and their interaction with celebrity guests, the network and everything in between. Episodes focus on the professional and personal lives of the principal characters, with most focusing on Larry. Ancillary characters are also prominently featured, among them the writers Phil and Jerry, talent bookers Paula and Mary Lou, and the personal assistants Beverly, Darlene and Brian. Larry’s wife, ex-wife and girlfriends are frequent sources of conflict, and his home is a secondary location for the show.

And it made me laugh more than any sitcom since Sgt Bilko, and it still makes me laugh today. I have the box set of all 89 episodes teetering on top of a pile of odds and sods in the corner of my sitting room. Peculiarly my very elderly Mother-in-law has also watched the show with me and finds it almost as funny as I do.

And yesterday Garry Shandling died, and with him went Larry Sanders, and a surprisingly big part of my life. This truly is not shaping up to be a very nice year at all!
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With the recent passing of Lemmy, Keith, Glen, David and other rock heroes, I’ve been thinking about how important rock concert films are to the preservation of their music and performances. The notes below illuminate the history of rock music movies, with a particular focus on concert film, rather than the use of rock music within a film. Concert films capture our rock heroes in their best moments, on the lighted stage, entertaining and amazing us with their showmanship, virtuosity, and aplomb. With some of them leaving this mortal coil, it’s a good time to reflect on these celluloid documents.

The relationship between popular music and the movies has been challenging, and while there are plenty of examples of opportunistic, awkward marriages, there are many others where the power of the movies and rock music combined have been magic. At the dawn of the form, Bill Haley’s 1954 single “Rock Around the Clock,” his “novelty foxtrot” did not dent the charts until it was included in the soundtrack for the Richard Brooks film The Blackboard Jungle, which itself became a sell out, pushing the single to number one. Two years later Elvis Presley burst on the scene and built his career on combining popular music and film, reaching audiences worldwide with his charismatic performances. Some felt these performances were a
tad embarrassing, but they accomplished the goal of both entertaining fans, and expanding audiences. Across the pond in Britain, a similar evolution was taking place, with Tommy Steele starring in his own movie The Tommy Steele Story (1957) after releasing just a few hit singles. Billy Fury, Adam Faith, Jeff Conrad, Cliff Richard and many others followed suit, either on early rock music television shows, or on the big screen. But it was The Beatles who became a global phenomenon in part due to the strength of their appearances on television specials and variety shows in Britain, America and beyond. They were also a key part of establishing the bond between storytelling and rock music, as seen in their 1965 classic Help!

As the 1960s came to a close, rock and roll stars were beginning to literally take center stage, making records without hired studio musicians, and selling their wares based on the strength of their musicianship and performances alone. Rock festivals became cultural phenomena, and several of these were captured on film at the close of the decade, setting the scene for the advent of concert films throughout the 1970s. Monterey Pop (1969) caught Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and a host of rockers in defining moments on stage. In the United Kingdom, The Isle of Wight festival in 1970 was filmed and led to a host of complete performances on film, including legendary videos of The Who and Jethro Tull. Arguably, the biggest, most important rock movie to start the decade was Woodstock (1970). Documenting the festival that took place on the 600-acre farm in upper New York State, the “celebration of love and peace” offered the screen up to The Who, Santana, Crosby, Stills and Nash, and a host of other 60s rock acts, many of whom went on to major stardom. The film captured the spirit of the 60s, placing emphasis on the best sentiments of the hippie culture, and the heroes who spoke for them through music and performance. In stark contrast, Gimme Shelter (1970) graphically captured the dark side of the movement, as members of the Hell’s Angels, who were policing the Rolling Stones free concert at Altamount Speedway east of San Francisco, beat a young black concertgoer to death in front of the band, symbolically ending the youth movement of the decade passed. As if to drive the point home, The Beatles’ Let It Be (1970), released theatrically in May 1970, depicted the sweet and sour dissolution of their union, capturing the band recording what would become their last albums Abbey Road and Let It Be. It is an important and rare document of the band in the studio, and on rooftop of the Apple building where they performed a short set live together for the last time, before being interrupted by the police.

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
It was during this tumultuous time that concert films took center stage in theaters, illuminating the live concert experience for posterity, favoring bands playing live on stage over scripted storytelling. While rock music was heard in countless soundtracks of the era, only a handful of movies featuring rock stars fronting their own story, or a fictional tale were funded and released. The first truly notable example of this form was Phantom of the Paradise (1974). Directed by Brian De Palma, this cult classic is about a record producer who claims as his own the music of a brilliant composer. The composer exacts his revenge in the thrilling climax. Paul Williams received Academic Award and Gold Globe nominations for his musical score. This epic was followed the next year by the film, Rocky Horror Picture Show (1975). This cult classic is an homage to science fiction and B horror films, boasting a soundtrack with almost two dozen unforgettable songs that have become classics in their own right such as “Sweet Transvestite,” “Science Fiction/Double Feature,” and “The Time Warp.”

Next up was The Who’s Tommy (1975). Widely acknowledged as one of the greatest rock albums ever made, Tommy is a tale in music of a deaf, dumb and blind boy who inspires others to transcend their everyday circumstances. The film adaptation stars lead singer Roger Daltrey and features Tina Turner, Eric Clapton, Jack Nicholson and Elton John. The Who would be back at the end of the decade with Quadrophenia (1979). A battle between two rival gangs, the Mods and the Rockers, this movie uses the music of the Who to explore the dark side of growing up in London in the mid-1960s. Some of the Who’s greatest songs are featured, such as “The Real Me” and “Love Reign O’er Me.”

Other than these examples of storytelling, the decade would instead give favor to actual live concert films. One of the first filmed performances was also by The Who in December 1969 when the band began touring Tommy with a set list including nearly the entire rock opera. Tucked away as an extra on The Who film Live at Kilburn: 1977 (1977) is a film of that concert at the London Coliseum in December 1969. It’s not the best film, as the 16mm cameras could barely capture the show, which was not lit properly for film, an issue that plagues many movies from the decade. But it’s a key document of this legendary band delivering one of the first rock concept albums on stage. A much more watchable set was released as Live at the Isle of Wight (1970) which catches the band delivering an amazing concert at the Isle of Wight Festival. Taking the stage at 2 am in the morning, they played several songs, then most of the Tommy album to 600,000 people. These shows kicked off the decade, setting the stage for a wealth of films to come.

Many of these best concert films of the 1970s will be reviewed within the pages of my upcoming book. Some were released to theaters during the decade, such as ELP’s Pictures at an Exhibition (1970), Pink Floyd’s Live at Pompeii (1972), Yes’ Yessongs (1973), Led Zeppelin’s The Song Remains the Same (1976), Alice Cooper’s Welcome to my Nightmare (1976), Genesis’ in Concert (1977), The Band’s The Last Waltz (1978), but many more have been unearthed, restored and released on home video long after the end of the era. The decade closed with the release of one of the best-filmed concerts from that time, Paul McCartney and Wings Rock Show (1980). This concert, from the 1975-1976 “Wings Over the World” tour shows McCartney and Wings at their absolute best. The band play many of McCartney solo hits as well as some Beatles songs such as “Lady Madonna,” “The Long and Winding Road,” and “Blackbird.” It’s an exceptional film that will take any viewer right into the concert experience. It’s absolutely one of the best concert films of all time.

With the sad passing of David Bowie, Glen Frey, and Keith Emerson, here are a few titles worth consideration (apologies to Lemmy, I did not find any films of Motorhead from the 70s):
David Bowie

Ozzy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars - The Motion Picture

The best official film of David Bowie’s career in the 1970s is the 1973 movie Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars - The Motion Picture. Directed by D.A. Pennebaker, this is a rare chance to see Bowie during his glam period, taking the stage wrapped in his most influential alter ego. Fifteen songs from the set list are presented, along with a few behind the scenes shots of Bowie back stage and yhr fans out front. It’s not a polished product; the sound is flawed, sometimes brash, and lots of shots are blurry. But the 1.33:1 framing and source material that exposes extra grain and grit seems somehow representative of the early years of the glam movement. The film played in movie theaters in the early 1970s for a brief time, and was later screened frequently as a cult classic.

David Bowie: Live at NHK Hall in Budokan Japan on December 12, 1978

The next official Bowie film would not be released until the Serious Moonlight tour of 1983. It means that there is no officially released video to document several key concert tours in the intervening years from 1974 to 1982. Possibly the best film that was made captured a jubilant, well-groomed Bowie performing at the NHK Hall in Budokan Japan on December 12, 1978 on the last night of the Low and “Heroes” tour. Bowie himself is a revelation, leading his all-star band while surrounded by pulsating fluorescent light tubes through a show that clearly influenced a host of new wave artists who followed. An hour of this fabulous concert was broadcast on Japanese television including a thirteen-minute rendition of the title track from Station to Station. The film is well preserved and available on YouTube or via an unofficial DVD release from heavymetalweb.net. Recordings from the same tour were assembled for the double live album Stage, released in 1978.
Eagles

Eagles Live at the Capital Centre March 1977. Jigsaw Productions, DVD

This concert is on the third disc of the 2013 documentary History of the Eagles. It captures the band in Washington D.C. on the Hotel California tour playing many of their most popular songs. The dual guitar jam during the title track alone is worth the price of the set.

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

Pictures at an Exhibition (1970) Eagle Rock, 144 min., DVD

This DVD shows ELP playing their version of Mussorgsky’s masterpiece and other songs at the Lyceum in London. An excess of psychedelic effects mar the footage, but ELP’s musicianship is magnificent.

Beyond the Beginning [2 DVD set] Sanctuary Records, 250 min., DVD

A variety of clips of varying quality from the band’s early career are presented here. Although some of the video is out of synch with the audio,

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MAY 29, HALF MOON, PUTNEY.

DOORS OPEN 4PM.
You know the score as well as I do. I’m not even going to try to pretend that this is an original idea of mine; the BBC thought it up decades ago and it was Rob Ayling’s idea to apply it to the Gonzo Weekly. The concept is a simple one: one takes a celebrity and plonks them on an unnamed desert island with a bible and the complete works of Shakespeare. Although any of our celebrities would be welcome to take a copy of the Bible and the complete works of Shakespeare with them, this being Gonzo, we can think of other, more appropriate accoutrements – what was it the good Doctor took with him on his most well known expedition? “We had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers and also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls.”

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

Marbin is a progressive jazz-rock band based in Chicago, Illinois. Marbin first started in 2007 as an improvised music duo consisting of Israeli guitarist Dani Rabin and Israeli saxophonist Danny Markovitch Slor. Markovitch and Rabin met shortly after Markovitch had completed his military service as an infantry sergeant and Rabin had graduated from Berklee College of Music. Since 2008, Marbin has been living in Chicago and performing all over the United States, playing over 300 shows a year with the accompaniment of local drummers and bassists from Chicago, making Marbin one of the busiest bands in the states.

But what happened when I sent Dani to a desert island? Therein lies a tale...
Dani’s Top Ten albums

Johnny Cash: American Recordings 1 - 6
(that's six right there)

Leonard Cohen: The songs of Leonard Cohen
Leonard Cohen: Recent songs
Kris Kristofferson: The Silver Tongued Devil and I
Astor Piazzolla: Tango Zero Hour
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RICK WAKEMAN plays DAVID BOWIE’s LIFE ON MARS
In aid of Macmillan Cancer Support
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.
Weekly Acoustic Jam Session Hosted by Dogleg

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Every Tuesday from 7.30pm

All styles, levels and listeners welcome

facebook - dogleg Musician/Band
I can’t quite remember Wooden Lion’s first gig. John was not a natural singer by any means but we did have a bunch of full-on songs, all written by the band, and Gareth Kiddier and John Lyons were pretty good musicians, so we began to get more gigs. There were the inevitable line up changes – firstly when Gareth left the band, and later when John Lyons also left, to be replaced by Rob Dee. Shortly after this Alan Essex (later re-christened ‘Cardinal Biggles’), a friend of Rob’s, joined on synth. We played all over London at that time and had a regular spot at The Cafe Des Artistes in Chelsea. This was a bit of a disco haunt, given to renditions of the long version of ‘Gimme Some Lovin’ by Traffic, ‘Haitian Divorce’ by Steely Dan and ‘Superstition’ by Stevie Wonder. God knows what the patrons made of our brand of music, but we kept getting rebooked. We also played around the East End of London. Havering College, The Growling Budgie in Ilford (where the DJ said of the support act – ‘Sounds like that guitarist got Bert Weedon’s ‘Play in a Day’ book, and he only got it this afternoon.’).

We also had a regular spot at The Greyhound in the Fulham Palace Road, West London. Grope had played there in its later days and we carried that forward, having developed a friendship with Duncan, the landlord. This was a cavern of a gig. At some point in its history someone had taken an enormous bite out of the first floor and that allowed...
people on that floor to look down onto the stage. The stage was a good size and there was a balcony that ran around the back so, not only could you look at the band from the front on ground and first floor levels, you could also look straight down on them from behind. The other interesting part was the two large sloping pillars that went from the side of the stage all the way up to the balcony. I would often climb these and jump up and surprise the punters up there. I had a poster – now sadly lost, which showed the gigs for one week. Thursday night they had Roxy Music, Friday was Be-Bop Deluxe (Bill Nelson’s amazing band), Sunday was Status Quo and on the Saturday – Wooden Lion! I often wondered why we kept getting the Saturday night slot. It was only later that I realised that the pub was always packed on a Saturday, no matter who played. Why book a band to pull when you can book one that was quite cheap?

This was all in the height of the early ‘70s and the place was heaving most weekends, lots of interesting women and odd punters. My old friend Lemmy, by then playing bass for Hawkwind, was often there, as were many other well known musicians.

Music still lived in small clubs at that time, as can be seen from The Greyhound poster, and many posters from other venues of the time. I used to go to The Railway Tavern in Stratford to see various bands like Free play to a small audience, all sitting on the floor of an upstairs function room in a dilapidated pub. Sam Apple Pie were the resident band and they seemed to run things. They were a great blues based band with a strong singer and a great guitarist in ‘Snakehips’ Johnson. It was there that I met Patsy.

I met Patricia Carr one night at a gig there and we stayed together for quite a while. She was a beautiful woman who had been born and raised in Canning Town and had a real East End down to earthiness about her. A great woman to be with - and she painted the original Wooden Lion logo which wound up emblazoned on the back of our van, a vehicle which, sadly, wound up as a hay store in a field in Sheerness. Patsy moved into the house in Romford Road with me for a while. It all got wilder and wilder there, and pretty soon we found we were being asked to move on.

One thing occurs to me as I write this. Back in the ‘70s there were very few young homeless people. Yes, there were squatters and sometimes there were people who needed a place to stay for a while but, on the whole, flats were cheap and the deposit was low. These days, if you find yourself with nowhere to live and little money, the chances of getting any kind of accommodation are slender. A lack of housing stock, and the way that we treat property as an investment, rather than a place to live, means that those at the bottom end of society don’t get a look in.

Anyhow, I moved out of the rooms in Romford Road and into a small flat over a takeaway fast food outlet not far away. Patricia and I split up then and she moved back home with her parents in New Barn Street. I shared this new flat with Alan Grey, the Stranger Than Yesterday guitarist.
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A little bit of Jazz, man.....

**Bristol 20th March 2016**

With us losing a number of major musical heroes in such a short space of time recently, I’m going for it. Nothing beats live so I am going spend my spare pennies on seeing as many people as possible in the time I have left, and whilst they are still around too.

Bristol’s Colston Hall just hosted an artist-jammed International Jazz & Blues Festival at the weekend and we popped down on Sunday night to see a couple of the shows. When we arrived the downstairs and upstairs foyers were packed, free gigs downstairs being one of the attractions. We had tickets however for the legend that is Larry Carlton in the main hall at 6PM, and then different tickets for The Soft Machine Experience, upstairs in the much cosier Lantern at 730PM. Just enough time for a roll-up and a slash in-between.

One thing common to both acts was the dreaded drum solo (!), I’d forgotten about them…..they really should stay in the last century. The only good ones I recall was dear Ed Cassidy from Spirit, who knocked out a tremendous solo on his huge drum kit, with his bare hands all those sweet years ago. I remember seeing an outfit called Magma years ago too, I think the whole set was a drum solo! I think I might have seen Stomu’s Yamashta’s East Wind too but I could be dreaming that.

**Larry Carlton**

My interest in LC was primarily for his work with Steely Dan, and to a lesser extent, the Crusaders, and of course the hundreds of records he has played on. He must be one of the most recorded living guitarists. I own a couple of his solo efforts, Larry Carlton from 1978, and recently bought a copy of Alone / But never
the Doobie Brothers. I’m not entirely sure they worked though, ‘muzak’ sprung to mind, the lack of vocals took the real dynamics of the songs away. Interestingly, my other half afterwards said she felt overall it sounded like a U.S. “smooth jazz” internet radio station at times. LC made a comment part way through about what was coming next, he had a choice of playing what ‘we’ wanted to hear, and what he wanted to play. He did play one entirely solo tune, but the highlight for me being a kinda traditional blues piece, which the bassist and the drummer picked up on. On parts of this tune he applied a little bit of a wah wah type effect which was totally delicious. In fact his occasional light frills were the highlights for me throughout, subtly displaying his mastery of the instrument. Being sandwiched in amongst so many acts, timekeeping was essential and all too soon it was over. It could have better but it was damn fine nonetheless.

An old boy with a stick was sitting next to me, when the lights went up he asked me if it was the intermission. He was waiting for a trombonist to come on. I had to gently explain to him that that was it, if he wanted to see someone else he would have to buy another ticket. Bless, I hope I don’t get that old!

For a little taster, here’s Mr C doing the business a few years back…..proving yet again, old guys just rock!

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AnZjhc3005k

The Soft Machine
Exercising to have to stand for this one, the seats were welcome. I took a chance and went for the back, it was ‘un-reserved seating’, just in front of the soundboard, it paid off. This smaller room was sonically perfect and the guy doing the sound knew his job. Roy Babbington’s bass was a little far back to start with but he soon had that balanced.

Another interesting outfit name-wise, the original ‘Softs are mostly all gone, Daevid Allen and Kevin Ayers to name two. The tickets were sold as the Soft Machine Legacy but the guy who introduced them insisted it was the Soft Machine we going to see and hear. Again, I didn’t really know what to expect, and presumed it may have been a little too far out and avant garde. What we got though was a really tight set, only one of the numbers beginning to sound a little OTT. John Etheridge

John Brodie-Good

60
They were really good and I could have listened to them for a lot longer than they played. I’m not sure my other half was so enamoured of them, frequent comments about ‘look, it’s all men’ in here, although that wasn’t strictly true……..

A taster of the current Softs from late last year……

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=31RmXZ50aAo

Common to both acts, it was just really good to see two groups of musicians just really enjoying themselves and grooving to their own sounds, with audiences who were totally along for the ride. And that, in many ways, is what live music is all about.
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.

If you’re anything like us, you’ve probably dreamed of eating brown food out of a toilet bowl, surrounded by other like-minded diners.

Fortunately, if you’re heading to Asia for the Easter holidays, you will at last be able to make your coprophagic fantasy come true, for Asia is the only continent - or should that be in-continent?!?!!!? - to have its own toilet-themed restaurant chain.

Read on for full details.

Modern Toilet is a chain of Asian toilet-themed restaurants, based out of Taiwan. There are more than 10 Modern Toilets in Taiwan alone, with further branches in Hong Kong and Japan... or should that be "Big PONG" and "Poo-pan"?!?!!!!! Good one.

http://tinyurl.com/za7gazu
Riots
It was Margaret Thatcher who said there was no such thing as society. “There are individual men and women, and there are families… It’s our duty to look after ourselves and then… to look after our neighbour,” she said. “People have got the entitlements too much in mind, without the obligations. There's no such thing as entitlement, unless someone has first met an obligation.”

She said this in an interview with Women’s Own magazine published in October 1987. Six years before that, in 1981, riots had ripped through Britain’s inner cities. There were riots in Brixton in London, in Toxteth in Liverpool, in Handsworth in Birmingham and Chapeltown in Leeds. There were further riots throughout the 80s, including Broadwater Farm in 1985, and Peckham that same year.

On coming to power in 1979, on the steps of Downing Street, Margaret Thatcher had quoted from St Francis of Assisi: “Where there is discord, may we bring harmony. Where there is error, may we bring truth. Where there is doubt, may we bring faith. And where there is despair, may we bring hope.”

Never have a set of words proved to be less appropriate, or more vain, or less honest, or more ignorant of the truth.

The central idea behind Thatcherite policy was an economic theory known as Monetarism. The aim of Monetarism was to break the post war consensus which had given working people unprecedented wealth - a welfare state, a national health service, free education, participatory democracy - and to redistribute that wealth to where its proponents believed it should go: back to the very rich. It did this by deregulating the banks, by breaking the trade unions, by selling off public assets, and by a form of social engineering in which traditional Labour voters were lured into property ownership by selling their council houses to them at drastically reduced rates, and in this way, getting them into debt. Debt became the driving force of the new economy.

Within one year of this we had the first riot: in St Pauls in Bristol.

The Enemy Within
In 1984 Thatcher took on and defeated the Miners. She called the Miners “The Enemy Within”. They were the bastion of working class solidarity in the United Kingdom, fiercely socialist in their outlook. This came directly from their work. Mining is a dangerous job. People who work underground have to watch each other’s backs. This creates a form of solidarity which they then bring back to the surface with them, into the over ground world.*

It is out of adversity that socialism arises. It is out of love. Solidarity is another word for love.

The National Union of Mineworkers was an organisation of love. You listen to any old Miner talking about their union, and you will hear it. You will hear it in the tone of their voice and in the words they use. It was their organisation, forged out of their solidarity, out of the bonds created in the terrible conditions they encountered in their work,
out of their history of struggle, out of loyalty to their class and their fierce independence. The NUM actively stood against the kind of world that Thatcher was promoting. It had to be destroyed.

We had love, and they had greed, and greed won. The defeat of the Miners lead directly to the kind of world we live in now.

There was an irony here. Thatcher appealed to a form of cod patriotism. She promoted patriotic values, waving her rhetorical flag for the assembled audience. And yet she helped destroy this most British of institutions, the National Union of Mineworkers, and to undermine trade unionism as a whole – a British invention – while encouraging an invasion of international corporations in the service industry, such as McDonalds, in which trade unionism was actively banned. Waving the patriotic flag while inviting a foreign invasion. There's a word we normally use for this. Under other circumstances we would call it "treason".

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YOU’VE NEVER HAD IT SO WEIRD

WWW.WEIRDWEEKEND.ORG
single on vinyl format, in a picture sleeve. “Solitary Man”, the A-side of the release, is a different version of one of the lead tracks of their forthcoming new conceptual album “The Machine Stops”, whilst the B-side, “Tunnels of Darkness” is exclusive to the release.

The single was mastered and cut at Abbey Road studios.

A promotional video was shown on Hawkwind’s Facebook page, with suitably psychedelic imagery, but it’s not yet known if the two tracks are going to be released in any electronic formats such as on YouTube or in MP3 downloadable form.

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.

This weekend, Hawkwind are releasing a limited edition 45 rpm
This Easter weekend sees Hawkwind's Devon get-together at Seaton, Hawkeaster at the town hall. It's swiftly followed by their UK tour, which geographically is actually England and also Glasgow. During the tour, the new album is set for release.
Greetings space travellers!
This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

Name ...........................................................................................................

Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty
roster (optional)
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www.hawkwind.com
Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com
The Song of PANNE
Being Mainly About Elephants
JONATHAN DOWNES
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.

XXIII

And so it came to pass.

Stevie pushed his ‘sister’ away, and laughed unkindly in her face. “I’ll do what I fucking well like”, he said.

“I already do everything and anything I want to with you, you worthless little cunt”, he snarled.

And then Hazel had the idea which would change her life forever. She summoned up the courage and spluttered…

“If you don’t leave the Reverend and his sister alone,
I will never have sex with you again”, sobbed the frightened little girl emboldened by grief.

“Fuck off”, snarled Stevie Wingford, pushing her to the ground, and stamping on her face with what in my day were known as his size ten bovver boots. He continued to stamp on her face until she was unconscious, which was probably a merciful act in its own way so that she never knew what happened next.

And truthfully she would never be the same again, because when the fire brigade broke the door of the little house down two days later, she was naked in a pool of urine. There was congealed blood on her face and her body, was covered in bruises and cuts, one arm had multiple fractures, and both her wrists and several ribs were broken and she was tied to the legs of the kitchen table. She had been repeatedly raped and violated by three or four different assailants, who had then urinated on her and set the house on fire. She suffered permanent brain damage, and her face was battered beyond recognition. What I always thought was a congenital hair lip was actually the result of being kicked in the face again and again by one of her ‘brother’s’ coterie of vile friends, who also slashed her face with what had once been one of her mother’s kitchen knives.

Sometime between Hazel losing consciousness and the Fire Brigade being called two days later, Stevie Wingford went into the main Police Station on Bideford’s riverside, and made an official complaint against the Rev Cymbaline Potts and his sister, alleging that for years the elderly clergyman had sexually abused him with the tacit approval of his sister.

He then went to the offices of the Bideford newspaper which in those days we still in Bideford High Street, and told the whole story (none of which was true) to their cub reporter Kevin, who coincidentally I had been at school with, but that is another story. Before the newspaper had a chance to print the story, the Fire Brigade went into the main Police Station on Bideford’s riverside, and made an official complaint against the Rev Cymbaline Potts and his sister, alleging that for years the elderly clergyman had sexually abused him with the tacit approval of his sister.

However, it turned out (and a couple of days later, after Lysistrata told me her story, I made it my business to find out, and I have friends in low places) that at the time some work was being done in the newspaper offices by a local plumber, who again I had been at school with, and - worse - had actually bought dope from back in the day, and it was he who had overheard Stevie’s spurious testimonial, and he told his mother, who told her sister, and before anyone could have said Jack Robinson (and by the way, does anyone have any idea who Jack Robinson is or was) half of North Devon believed that the Rev Cymbaline Potts was a pervert of the foulest kind, and the local gentry (including my Mum and Dad) expunged the Potts’ from their Christmas card list.

Hazel Wingford spent the next six months in hospital, but whilst the bruises and fractures and burns were treatable, the brain damage wasn’t. And what was worse, as she was now suffering from incurable brain damage, which by the standards of the 1980s meant that she was never going to be anything but an inhabitant of one of the NHS residential units for such people, and had no living relatives, there was no point in carrying out expensive reconstructive surgery to her face, and so she was damned to spending the rest of the world as a shambling, massively deformed, mental patient.

But that was not the way that things worked out.

The early 1980s were turbulent ones in Britain. For about fifteen years Britain had been governed by a succession of remarkably progressive governments. We had seen the end of capital punishment, the legalisation of homosexuality, and great strides forwards in the fields of sexual and racial equality. But then came Mrs Thatcher, and a war in the South Atlantic and the culmination of another war which had existed ever since the General Strike of 1926; the ruling Conservative Party declared war on the miners, and a long and vicious dispute took place which tore the country apart. At the same time, the political situation in Northern Ireland was quite possibly the worst that it had ever been.

The second hunger strike in two years took place in 1981 and was a showdown between the prisoners and the Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher. One hunger striker, Bobby Sands, was elected as a Member of Parliament during the strike, prompting media interest from around the world. The strike was called off after ten prisoners had starved themselves to death— including Sands, whose funeral was attended by 100,000 people. The strike radicalised Irish nationalist politics, and was the driving force that enabled Sinn Féin to become a mainstream political party.

Against all this turmoil nobody really cared when one little brain damaged girl called Hazel, still only fourteen, but unable now to talk in more than the most disjointed of sentences absconded from hospital and basically disappeared. And smalltown gossip being the pernicious beast that it is, nobody who was anybody in
the county was talking to The Rev Potts and his spinster sister anymore, so nobody either knew, nor cared, when a few days after her disappearance young Hazel turned up at the Potts’ cottage in the middle of a thundersstorm on the night that most right thinking people in the area were toasting the surrender of Brigade General Mario Menéndez, when the British forces retook Port Stanley.

Now that her parents were both dead, and her elder ‘brother’ was on remand awaiting the trial that would eventually lead to his spending fifteen years in prison for a string of crimes including the multiple rapes and brutalizations if his underage ‘sister’ Hazel had no relatives left in the world, and nobody apart from the Potts siblings who actually cared whether she lived or died. And so she stayed in the little cottage as the two elderly gentlefolk did their best to look after her.

The elderly couple soon realised that there was actually very little that they could do. She was not going to recover, and with half the county believing that they were guilty of some of the most heinous crimes that a clergyman can ever be accused of, nobody was going to help them look after her. But they were decent people, and furthermore – having pieced together Hazel’s pathetic story, and, most importantly, the account of her final valiant stand against her ogre of a brother - they realised that it was up to them to look after the pathetic child that they were already referring to as an orphan of the storm.

Gentlefolk of their ilk, however, were Conservatives of the old school, rather than the neoliberal Visigoths who travelled in Mrs Thatcher’s wake, and they did not believe in charity. So they never applied for state assistance in looking after Hazel, but instead trained her up into the only social role that they thought that she could ever fulfil; that of a lowly housemaid (and that in a world where nobody had housemaids any more).

The Potts siblings were unworldly in the extreme, especially by the standards of the decade that taste and decency forgot, but even they realised that they should probably not advertise the fact that they had a refugee from the Mental Health system living under their roof. So they decided that Hazel Wingford should change her name. Britannia suggested just changing her surname, and claiming that Hazel Potts was a long lost niece, but the Rev Potts was a student of Aristophanes, and having heard Hazel describe what happened immediately before the attack which crippled her, decided there was only one name for her.

Lysistrata is a comedy by Aristophanes. Originally performed in classical Athens in 411 BC, it is a comic account of one woman’s extraordinary mission to end the Peloponnesian War. Lysistrata persuades the women of Greece to withhold sexual privileges from their husbands and lovers as a means of forcing the men to negotiate peace—a strategy, however, that inflames the battle between the sexes.

And so Hazel Wingford became Lysistrata Potts and, once again, the world was never the same again.
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!!"

ONCE

and once only.so i sharpen my eyes
to watch.Be vigilant.for by the roadside-
Buddha stands/asking only to be human
So eye listen(deeper)-for air holds birdsong signals
often buried by the traffic.So i move/Tai Chi-
towards a dance of trust and rhythm
involving more than one/and once
is all we have as lessons.Whether Bible or Eminem-
"One mike,one line,one night,one life"
Nothing repeats.Nothing repeats
And when you see simula/Doppelgangers
imitation never DNA originals.Painted,perfect?
We are pockmarked,rainsoaked.Image is not truth.
Words are boats that sink.Silence is a bird
extinct.
This is another fine book from John Blaney, and I truthfully don’t think that the man is capable of bad work. But what is extraordinary about this book is the way that - just like the other books of his that I have reviewed - Blaney has once again forced me to re-evaluate the music that he describes in the book. And once again I disagree with John Blaney, but (again, once again) this is the utter joy of Blaney’s extremely detailed discographies.

I married my first wife in 1985 at the height of my Beatle record collection. About a year after we got spliced, Paul McCartney released an album called Press to Play. The day it was released, Alison and I went to the record department of Boots the chemist in Exeter High Street and bought it. Hoping for a rerun of Band on the Run we rushed home to play it. And it was fucking diabolical, and I don’t think I ever listened to it again.

A few months ago I was in one of my more OCD moods and I spent a week during which the soundtrack to my week’s travails was listening to all of Paul McCartney’s albums in chronological order and I found myself re-evaluating them. Some, like Band on the Run and Venus and Mars remained perennial favourites, but others went up, and sometimes down, in my esteem.

A few weeks ago when I read and reviewed the first of Blaney’s four volumes about Paul McCartney, I found myself listening to the records he described again, and I was quite surprised by how not very good so many of them were. I finally understood why John Lennon and various music journos were so scathing about it. About the only thing that you can say about it is that it is better than the first couple of Wings albums.

So, when we came to volume two of Blaney’s investigations into McCartney’s recorded legacy I did the same thing again.

Basically I agree with what he has to say about McCartney II and the follow up Tug of War. The first is basically a failed experiment with a few good tunes on. A bit like the first McCartney solo album from a decade earlier really. Both albums have one great showcase track that was actually written in a different time and place; on the first album it is Maybe I’m Amazed and on the second album it is Waterfalls.

The 1980s were a very strange time for music fans who had lived through the previous decade. In almost an exact opposite to more recent decades, whilst there was some great music being made, it was being made by new artists, because something mightily peculiar had happened to the crop of rock and rollers who slithered to the top of the heap during the sixties and seventies. Almost to a man they got haircuts, started wearing ties, and exchanged wild guitars and attitude, for synthesisers and blandness. Most of my favourite bands split up, either because a pivotal member was dead, or because of arguments over money. Not nice.

Now, before we go any further, this is supposed to be a book review, so let’s get the reviewing bit out of the way. This is another fine book from John Blaney, and I truthfully don’t think that the man is capable of bad work. But what is extraordinary about this book is the way that - just like the other books of his that I have reviewed - Blaney has once again forced me to re-evaluate the music that he describes in the book.

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Tag of War is great. McCartney actually works hard on this one, and I think we can forgive him for the utterly cringeworthy Ebony and Ivory which is enough to turn President Obama into a member of the Klu Klux Klan. The follow up Pipes of Peace is actually, I think, a little better than John Blaney describes it, but it is a judgement call.

Give my Regards to Broad Street is ultimately completely pointless, and the movie is even worse. But the real surprise is Press to Play.

Nobody liked it at the time.

"Press", a slick up-tempo pop song, was released in July 1986 and went on to become the album's sole top 30 hit. "Press to Play" itself appeared on 25 August in the United States and 1 September in the United Kingdom. It received lukewarm reviews and proved to be McCartney's weakest-selling studio album up to that point. Peaking at number 8 in the UK, its chart life was brief; while in the US, "Press to Play" failed to go gold, peaking at number 30 and selling only 250,000 copies. The follow-up singles, "Pretty Little Head" and "Only Love Remains", performed poorly on the charts.

As a result of this disappointing commercial reception, author Howard Sounes writes, McCartney appointed a former Polydor Records executive, Richard Ogden, as his manager, "to help revive his career".

Listening to it now it is - in my humble opinion - a minor masterpiece. Bristling with ideas, it is quite possibly the most peculiar of his albums. And unlike his various forays into avant garde, experimental and classical music, there isn't an ounce of pretension here. Continually inventive, somehow - unlike so many of his peers who were seduced by the new technology - McCartney and producer Hugh Padgham worked some minor miracles. But the input of Padgham has been balanced out by the input of 10cc muso Eric Stewart. So this album is the result of a collision between two completely different craftsmen.

Bizarrely it is not just me who has re-evaluated this album in recent years. AllMusic editor Stephen Thomas Erlewine admired the track "Press", but gave the album a star rating of 2.5 out of 5, saying: "McCartney is dabbling in each of his strengths, just to see what works. It doesn't wind up as one of his stronger albums, but it's more interesting than some of his more consistent ones, and these aforementioned cuts demonstrate that he could still cut effective pop records when he put his mind to it."

Kit O'Toole of Blogcritics has contended that much of the album belongs among McCartney's "most ambitious work" and that the adventurousness of the project is unfairly overlooked. O'Toole adds: "Press to Play, along with McCartney II, arguably laid the foundation for his future musical experiments under the name The Fireman (particularly the first two albums, Strawberries Oceans Ships Forest and Rushes)."

And I would not have gone through this journey if it hadn't have been for John Blaney. And you know what? I cannot wait until Volume Three.
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…

Not much for the cabinet this week folks, but hopefully what there is will satisfy any curiosity you may have.

So…

And Now… ON WITH THE SHOW
**FRETBOARD**: Birdseye's Maple.

**TUNERS**: Grover Gold.

**BRIDGE**: "Hardtail strat style"

**FRETS**: Jumbo

**SWITCH**: 3 Way Blade.

**Cavity copper shielded.**

**Comes with hard shell case.**

**Finish shows some signs of checking.**

**Sound is more jazz like than usual Strat.**

**THIS IS A HISTORIC AMERICAN GUITAR.**

Bill Gruggett started building guitars in Bakersfield, California in the early 60s. By 1961 about 35 of these and early models had been completed and today are known as ELVIS PRESLEY 1956 Vintage Original White Vinyl Purse - US $850.00 (Approximately £602.41)

"1956 11" x 5.5" white vinyl purse. Two tiny tears on either side of the fold (as is typical of these). Beautiful Condition!"

**GRUGGETT CUSTOM STRAT GUITAR.** Built by Bill Gruggett of MOSRITE. MINT 1998. RARE - US $4,995.00 (Approximately £3,540.04)

**ABOUT THE INSTRUMENT:** This guitar is in mint condition. IT IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GUITARS IN THE WORLD.

Here are some details:

**PICKUPS**: PAF Humbuckers.

**HARDWARE**: Gold plate.

**BODY**: One piece Quilted Maple

**SCALE**: 25 1/2"

**RADIUS**: 15"

**NUT WIDTH**: 1 3/4"

**POTS**: CTS

**NECK**: Quilted Maple

**FRETBOARD**: Birdseye's Maple.

**TUNERS**: Grover Gold.

**BRIDGE**: "Hardtail strat style"

**FRETS**: Jumbo

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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...
His prototype guitars.
In 1962 he hooked up with another local guitar builder by the name of Semie Moseley. Moseley called his fledging guitar company Mosrite of California, and together they produced the first “Ventures” model guitars. For the next several years company grew as many changes took place in the guitar world.

I know nothing about the selling points of guitars, but the colour of the is stunning - unless you are suffering from a bad headache that is.

ELVIS PRESLEY 1956 Original Vintage Boat Neck T-Shirt 1st EVER Rock Shirt (?) - US $999.99 (Approximately £708.71)

“1956 boat-neck t-shirt with large Elvis graphic at center surrounded by song titles. Allison tag states size Large 16. Back collar to hem measures 22”. Pit-to-pit measures15.5”. Looks unused! This may be the first rock ’n’ roll t-shirt ever produced.”

Just the thing to top off the aforementioned bag perhaps? Although there is something about this T-shirt that is reminiscent of early Star Trek uniforms. Or is that just my weird brain working overtime?

ROBBIE WILLIAMS TROUSERS - THE REAL DEAL!!! - US $4,995.00 (Approximately £3,540.04)

“This auction is for a pair of trousers owned by the world famous Robbie Williams. There is no reserve and will be sold to the highest bidder. The story of the trousers will prove authenticity, but should anyone be skeptical I am sure Rob would have no hesitation in confirming the story behind the trousers and the authenticity of their origins and how they came to be in my possession.

The Story – Around 29 years ago a teenager named Rob Williams from Tunstall, Stoke on Trent lived opposite a pub called The Mill Hill Tavern, he spent a lot of time at the pub with his friend who’s parents managed the establishment. It has been well documented that in his younger days Rob collected car badges, it was on the pub car park that his collection was started and it was on the same car park that he and his friend were caught whilst adding to the collection.

During Rob’s time with his friend at the pub they would play basketball in the pubs garden and ride their BMX bikes around the car park and gardens, the two friends were around that age where they would sit in the bedroom and watch TV, all sorts of TV!!! One day the brother of the friend invited Rob and a couple of mates to the cinema to watch a movie at Tunstall cinema (we used to call it ‘The Pictures’), it wasn’t a large cinema and was only a short 10 minute walk away, however on this occasion the method of transport was a silver Ford Escort XR3; after the movie the trip back was one Rob will never forget, but this is a story for another day.

Rob was clearing out his bedroom and came across a number of items that he no longer required, so he gave them to his friends brother. This is how the trousers came into my possession and I have had them for the past 29 years, waiting for a time that they could help. The friend and friend’s brother lost contact with Rob over the years but have some good memories from those days back in Tunstall and are sure that when they meet up again it will be a blast.”

My cup doth runneth over with news of this fine auction.

Beatles Wing Ding Sneakers - White - Size 10 memorabilia USA W-7078-B - £806.50

“THE BEATLES Wing Ding Sneakers (Wonderful 1964 US size 10 white sneakers issued under licence from NEMS & still in the original picture box. This pair has obviously been worn and the box shows a few creases and scuffs but it is still very rare to find the two still together after fifty years)”
Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy man - the wildman of the woods. Is he a man? Is he a beast? Is he something in between? Whatever he is, he is spoken about by humans in hushed voices. They are scared of him and they tell tales of him to their children to scare them from entering the hushed darkness of the tree kingdoms. They call him many names; the woodwose, the wudawasa, the wodwos amongst them. The bane of a high-born daughter takes her unintentionally through such a forest on her last journey as a single woman to wed the man of her father’s choice. Imposters from another land tramp through such a forest on a mission of their own, killing everything that comes across their path. The lives of some of the creatures that dwell in this place become unavoidably entwined with both these trespassers. The lives of some will change. Some will cease completely.
Shame there is only a photo of the box, considering the auction is for the pair of sneakers that presumably reside inside. Damn poor show if you ask me. And even if you don’t ask me, it is still a damn poor show.

**Beatles Dress - Blue Stripes/Brown Logo - Framed memorabilia Dutch - £812.35**

“THE BEATLES Dress (Incredibly rare original 1964 official Dutch sleeveless dress in white with the classic Beatles logo printed in light brown across the left breast with blue horizontal stripes below and a striking crossed guitars design in brown and black incorporating portraits of the boys facsimile signatures and musical notation for Hold Me Tight All My Loving and I Want To Hold Your Hand.”

Another fashion faux pas, although it probably wouldn’t be so bad if those crossed guitars weren’t there.
Raines Explains

Auld Man's Baccie
Resonating With The Blues
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...
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.

**Broadcast:**

**Ha Ha Sound**  
(Warp, 2003)

**What? Innovative act’s finest release**

Broadcast never really sold in, so to note anything in a career focussed on being an alternative act as a “finest release” is probably against the spirit of everything they tried to do. Basically, Ha Ha Sound is a perfect start point for anyone unfamiliar with Broadcast. A pop group with an artful sensibility and a love of creativity for its own sake, Broadcast made the creation of pop songs their main medium of communication. Their resulting albums, and a few stop-gaps like the Pendulum EP, show a mixture of hugely effective pop and occasional experimental meanders. At worst, which is very rare, Broadcast could knock out an interesting but inconsequential instrumental diversion, showcasing production skills and some lovely ideas. Pendulum has a couple of those. It also has the track “Pendulum” which features on this album. Ha Ha Sound makes a feature of different mixes for each track and different vibes for each piece. The band manage to play loosely, not something noted on their debut album The Noise Made by People. They also craft delicate melodies and Trish Keenan’s vocals present different moods and characters to suit the variety. She is almost child-like, albeit with the kind of depths you might encounter in child from a horror movie, on “Colour me In.” “Valerie” and “The Little Bell” also see Keenan presenting an innocent/waif-life quality but elsewhere her vocals are mixed back and given an android quality. Occasionally everything, including the lyric, is sacrificed to allow Broadcast simply to explore a sound. In this realm they belong with the eccentric production genius types – Spector, Meek, Brian Wilson, Saint Etienne – for whom a mash of symphonic ideas and pop structures is a one way ticket to another realm. To Broadcast’s credit, they live comfortably in this company. Like a large number of its companions in this book Ha Ha Sound’s main shortcoming is its ability to accomplish so much on one album. True appreciation of the work demands end to end listening repeated a few times, of all 14 tracks. This gradually brings the deft instrumental touches, inspired mixes and Keenan’s brilliant performance into focus.
Gregg Kofi Brown has transcended many genres of music...

Rock ‘n’ Roll and UFOs is an anthology of music from Gregg Kofi Brown’s career and contains previous unreleased songs, remixes and demos, with many guest musicians and artists such as Sting guitarist Dominic Miller, Bomb da Bass, Osibisa, the cast of the Who’s Tommy, The Chimes’ Pauline Henry, the Who’s former keyboard guru John Rabbit Bundrick and Seal guitarist Gus Isidore.

The CD is a companion to Gregg Kofi Brown’s autobiography of the same name which covers his early career in Los Angeles and London. From his first pro tour with Joe Cocker and Eric Burdon to close encounters of a third kind in a California desert and his adventures touring the world with African rock pioneers Osibisa. His journey includes starring in hit west end productions in London, recording and touring with infamous rock bands like Hanoi Rocks and the Members.

His first tour in Gambia and Senegal West Africa supporting African superstar Youssou N’Dour is well documented, as is his work in the African and West Indian music scene in the UK.

The last few years has seen Kofi perform with Damon Albarn’s African Express and collaborate live with Amadou & Mariam featuring Beth Orton.

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia
Silent Stream of Godless Elegy

Silent Stream of Godless Elegy is an ethno folk doom metal band from Ostrava Moravia in the Czech Republic. The band was formed in 1995, and tradition permeates the music of the Moravians by their use of violin, cello, and dulcimer; it also shows in the vocals and choral parts.

Current members are:

Hanele (vocal)
Hrnec (vocal)
Siki (violoncello)
Karlos (violin)
Radúz (guitar)
Chmelič (guitar)
Miška (drums) as guest
And so we come to the end of another week, and—once again—I have been overtaken by events. I had planned a completely different layout for this issue, but then the news broke late last night as I was preparing to stagger bedwards, that Garry Shandling had died.

And so I sat up in bed with a bottle of red wine and some saffron buns, and plotted out the changes that I wanted to make, and this morning went ahead and made them.

But as I was doing so I was trying to make up my mind whether I was mourning Garry or Larry. Was there a difference?

Apparently so.

During a series reunion thingy in 2012 Shandling is quoted as saying:

“I was always playing Larry. There was no confusion. Once I stepped onto the set and the cameras were going, I was in Larry’s shoes and heart. The best way I can describe it is that Larry was consumed with being a talk show host and the ratings and how he was being accepted. I was writing a show about that guy and the other people on the show, Larry is more narcissistic. He’s not concerned with what the other characters are going through. That’s a big difference. “

And so—and I feel mildly embarrassed to be admitting this—I think that I am actually mourning Larry Sanders, the narcissistic and completely neurotic talk show host who suavely came through the blue curtains, onto the stage and into my life for half an hour at a time.

The whole issue of what is real and what is not is something which actually inhabits most of my writing; certainly the Fortean stuff, and to a certain extent even the musical stuff. Because as a performer myself I know that the Jon Downes who swaggers around on stage wearing a white jacket, and the Jon Downes who hides under a blanket in the sitting room are truly too different people.

So what is TRUTH? Even Pontius Pilate couldn’t answer that one on another Good Friday two thousand years ago.

Peace and Love

J
BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST
Live on stage

ADMIT ONE $5.50

Somewhere Over Detroit
11 Dec 1980
From Harpos Concert Theatre, Detroit
11 Dec 1980
Onstage 20:30

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART
& The Magic Band

Eric Drew Feldman * Robert Williams * Richard Snyder * Jeff TAPIR WHITE * Jeff Morris Tepper

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