The legendary Joey Molland, last man standing from Badfinger, talks about his work with The Raz Band, Doug gets enthusiastic about Happy the Man, John gets all existential about the future of live music, Alan remembers Daevid Allen the poet, and there is lots more, however no more room on the cover

coc

LO

JOEY MOLLAND

... LISTEN

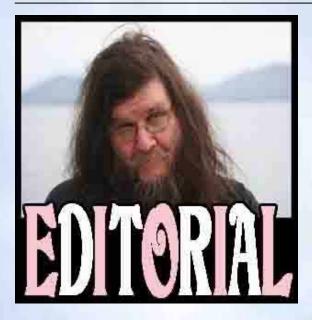


THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKIY:

 Art is as important as science and more important than money

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

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



Dear Friends,

Welcome to another edition of this peculiar little magazine. Before we go any further I have some apologies to make.

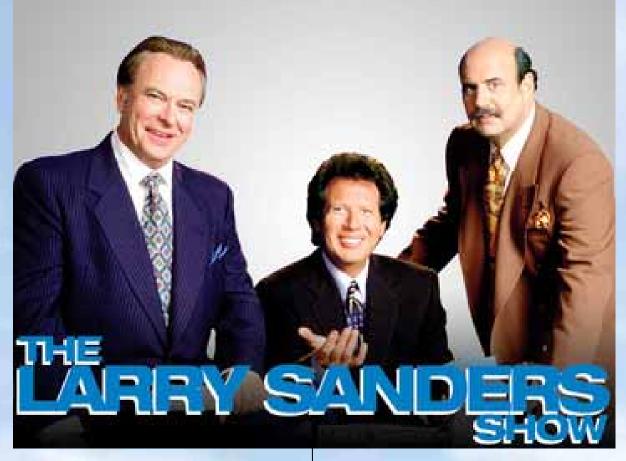
First of all, a big apology to all of you subscribers who wait diligently for their copy of this magazine to arrive in their inbox each week, and who - last week - waited diligently for something that didn't arrive. Truthfully, and I always endeavour to be truthful in this magazine, I really don't know what happened. I was in a pretty peculiar place last week following the full moon, and I must have done something stupid. But peculiarly I actually remember keying up MailChimp, which is the server that we use for the weekly and daily Gonzo Notifications. In fact I had no idea that anything was wrong until I got a sweet little email from John Brodie-Good. Anyway it has been fixed now, but it opens up all sorts of interesting cans of very wriggly worms, about the nature of false memories. And these are actually quite relevant to what I write about both in my quest for unknown animals, and the rock and roll archaeology sections of this particular magazine.

I will, I trust, read, mark and inwardly digest.

My second apology goes out to Michael Raz and Joey Molland. The two of you should have had the front page last week, but Larry Sanders, whoops I mean Garry Shandling, died. This opens yet another can or two of little vermiform critters. Because as I was typing this I actually typed Larry Sanders' name by mistake. And he, of course, was a fictional character invented by



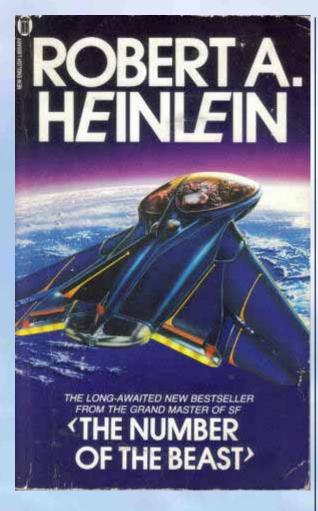
I have always been interested in the idea of World as Myth.



Shandling. Now, again - as a Fortean - I have always been interested in the idea of World as Myth.

"Pantheistic solipsism is a technical term (properly "Pantheistic multiple-ego solipsism") that has been advanced for the World as Myth idea proposed by science fiction writer Robert A. Heinlein in several of his books and stories, although the concept has little in common with either pantheism (the universe is God) or solipsism (nothing exists but my mind)... The

اللعنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



World as Myth involves the idea that a powerful author, such as Edgar Rice Burroughs, Isaac Asimov, or Heinlein himself, creates a parallel universe simply by writing about it. It incorporates the portrayal of all myths and fictional universes existing as parallel universes to our own and that persons and beings from these various "worlds" interact with one another."

By the way, I didn't write that last paragraph. I took it verbatim from a blog called Headvoices which you can find at weebly.com.

There is a quote from Penny Rimbaud (I think from the documentary *There is no authority but Yourself*, but I can't be sure, which goes something like this:

I remember once making love with Eve and thinking...

Wow, I'm making love to Eve Libertine,

not making love to Bron Jones, who's my

girlfriend...

I'm making love to a sort of idea. That sort of thing. I started to realise that actually, in 7 years you can become quite an idea of yourself. Not vourself. Because you've forgotten who yourself was. Because, all day, every fucking moment, it's either in the studio, writing a song, doing an interview, being this-being that. You didn't have time to know who you were. And that's why it was so painful for us when the band stopped. Because we'd be sitting at breakfast and there'd be someone sitting there and we'd be "who the fuck are you?" because we hadn't got a common connection anymore.

And somehow this is all tied up in my peculiar little psyche with world as myth and Pantheistic multiple-ego solipsism. Changing the subject slightly, my friend Jane Bradley, who died twenty one years ago just about now, and who is the subject of my song *The Day we Buried Jane* on my last album if you're interested, used to sell badges emblazoned with the motto: SOLIPSISTS UNITE! But that is a different story. Or is it?

I have always been a great believer in the concept of the interconnectedness of everything, and when I discovered a book about the chaos mathematics of The Butterfly Effect in Exeter Public Library about the time that Jane died, I felt happily validated, because it meant that I wasn't the only nutter thinking about such things.

And this brings us back to the main crux of this editorial which is me apologising for all sorts of peculiar things that happened in connection with the last issue. Larry and Garry in particular.

Why do we include exhaustive obituaries in each issue of the magazine. It is partly because we believe that these people are of cultural importance and thus deserve to be remembered. But it is more back to the idea of the interconnectiveness of everything. I truly believe that this magazine is the hub of an ever growing community, and the demographic data that we have does tend to confirm this. Now, I am not egocentric enough to believe that all you thousands of people read this magazine each week just because you are enamoured of my particular way with words. I do sell books, but not that many. No, I think the only logical explanation has to be that the magazine covers a range of subjects that appeal to the core audience demographic.

Now, I am not the sort of person who uses words like "core audience demographic", rather being a fat hippy with mental health problems, and a taste for the hard stuff who likes writing about stuff that interests him, and is social enough to like providing a forum for his friends to write about things that interests them, partly because he tries to be a nice fellow, but mostly because we all seem to be interested in the same things.

And I suspect that we can extrapolate from this that basically the editorial team, the readership and me have vaguely similar tastes. And that when something is added or taken away from the weird zeitgeist that is the sum total of those tastes then something is changed forever. And this is why I feel that it is important to mark these departures. And why Garry Shandling? This is where I go back to something I wrote about Keith Emerson a few weeks ago. I was not a fan of a lot of stuff that he did. Indeed I think that I was a much bigger fan of Emerson's entire oeuvre than I was of Shandling's. In fact I will admit that I found most of Shandling's output (I don't want to court too many claims of pretension and use the word "oeuvre" twice in one sentence) mildly irritating. But the Larry Sanders Show was one of the funniest things that I have ever seen, and it helped me through some very hard times. And so, even as a devout follower of the concept of world as myth, I won't write an obituary to a fictional character, and so I felt the emotional and even spiritual need to mark Larry and Garry's passing last weekend.

Love on ya

JD

Motorhead, Pet Shop Boys, Brian Wilson, Rolling Stones, Noel Gallagher, Barry Gibb, Paul McCartney, Tony Hawk, John Ellis, Strange Fruit, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Ronald Balfour "Ronnie" Corbett, CBE, Andrew Laurence (Andy "Thunderclap") Newman, David Nathaniel Baker Jr., Roger Marcel Cicero Ciceu, Captain Beefheart, Brand X, Osibisa, Pink Fairies, Gram Parsons'- The International Submarine Band, Gib Guilbeau, Sneaky Pete Kleinow, Sons of Fred, Percy Jones, Norman Wisdom featuring Rick Wakeman, Joey Molland, The Raz Band, Happy the Man, Roy Weard, John Brodie-Good, Daevid Allen, Alan Dearling, Mr Biffo, Hawkwind, Xtul, Greil Marcus, The Beatles, Billy Fury, Jimmy Page, Michael Jackson, Cameron Mitchell, Bob Marley, The Who, Neil Nixon, Garth Brooks, Niburta

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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KINGS OF SPEED: They were the Kings of the Road. They lived on it. They loved it and the fans loved them! Never was the spirit of Motörhead more alive than when they were on tour, shake, rattle and rolling audiences to within an inch of their lives thanks to that indomitable cocktail of power, purpose and head-crunching volume. In fact, after four decades of bone-pulverizing duty, Motörhead were still enjoying sold-out gigs worldwide. On November 20th and 21st 2015, at the Zenith in Munich, Germany, UDR Records made the decision to record - what happened to be the very last live shows ever recorded - and Motörhead proceeded to deliver two storming sold out shows. Where there had once been almost too-fast breakneck pace, there was measured yet still thunderous rock'n'roll served up only as they could, Phil Campbell playing better and better, and Mikkey Dee elevating the art of drumming to the superlative

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heights which made him one of metal's most coveted LS, skinsmen. Read on ... BOOTS

S-H-O-PP-I-N-G: Pet Shop Boys have announced a pop-up shop which will open in Boxpark Shoreditch, London, on Friday April 1st, the release date of their new album "Super". The pop-up shop will sell a range of new Pet Shop Boys merchandise, including tee-shirts in five different designs, iPhone cases, a signed screen print (edition of 100), badges, and signed "Super" CDs and vinyl (while stocks last). There will also be listening stations with B&O PLAY headphones so visitors can listen to the album. The shop will be open for three days, April 1st, 2nd and 3rd with opening hours from 11 am to 7 pm (Friday and Saturday) and 12 pm to 6 pm (Sunday). It will be located at Unit 26, BOXPARK (Pet Shop Boys), Braithwaite Street, London E1 6GY. The shop is made possible with the assistance of B&O PLAY Bang and Olufsen and Worth Retail. Read on ...

ON THE BEACH: Brian Wilson has more original Beach Boys than the Beach Boys in his current band. Al Jardine is in his band so together with Brian, Brian's band has twice as many original Beach Boys as Mike Love's Beach Boys branded band. Wilson is one on the road for one last time to perform his Beach Boys classic 'Pet Sounds' from start to finish. The 1966 album was his masterpiece, inspiring The Beatles to try harder in the studio with the result for them being 'Sgt Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band'. (The Stones then tried to outdo The Beatles and failed miserably with the horrid 'Satanic Majesties' disaster). Brian Wilson is also performing Beach Boys classics in the show with only two solo songs in the 38 song setlist her perform in Auckland, New Zealand last week before coming to Australia. Read on ...

JAGGER THINKS HE'S DYLAN: The Rolling Stones have performed their first ever show in Cuba to an estimated audience of 1.3 million. The Stones are the biggest act in the world to play in Cuba since President Obama opened trade with the communist nation for the first time in 50 years. 'Jumping Jack Flash' became the first Stones song ever played live in

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Cuba. The original song was released just six years after John F. Kennedy started the trade embargo in 1962. Mick Jagger told the audience "We know that years back it was hard to hear our music in Cuba, but here we are playing. I also think the times are changing." The Stones performed for free for their Cuban fans at the Havana Sports City football field. Half a million count it into the venue with the remainder of the audience watching on screens from around the city. **Read on...**

HIGH FLYING WORDS: Noel Gallagher has played a few rare Oasis songs at his Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds show at Bluesfest on the weekend. Gallagher played 10 Oasis songs in his 19 song setlist with one song, 'D'Yer Wanna Be A Superman' going back to a rare b-side from 1994. The song was never on an album and only ever released as the b-side to the second Oasis single 'Shakermaker' from 1994. Gallagher based the structure of the song on the 'Married With Children' featured on 'Definitely Maybe'. The lesser known 'Half The World Away', 'Listen Up' and 'The Masterplan' were used by Oasis on their rarities album 'The Masterplan', released in 1998. 'Champagne Supernova', 'Don't Look Back In Anger' and 'Wonderwall', three instantly recognisable Oasis hits also made the set. Read on ...

GEE IT'S B: Barry Gibb is reportedly set to join band Coldplay during their closing slot at Glastonbury Festival.

While the Bee Gees singer had been rumoured to making an appearance previously, he has now allegedly been invited to perform a medley of iconic Bee Gees hits with Chris Martin's group on the Pyramid Stage on June 26 (16) at Worthy Farm. Barry, 69, is the only surviving member of the Seventies band he founded with his brothers Robin and Maurice Gibb in 1966. The singer, songwriter and record producer rose to worldwide fame alongside his brothers as one of the most commercially successful and critically acclaimed groups in the history of popular music. A source revealed to British newspaper The Sun: "Chris was delighted to be asked to headline again but told Michael he wanted to bring some friends along, too.

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S as an ionin in the Wave York Steambert Train, t service, in sum as hereichtre, without slope, except a wordsphere. YO HO HO: Paul McCartney has landed a small role opposite Johnny Depp in the new Pirates of the Caribbean movie. The Beatles legend will make a brief appearance in Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Men Tell No Tales, with producers adding the extra scene after having already wrapped production, reports Deadline.com. No details about McCartney's role had been revealed as WENN went to press. The fifth instalment of the hit Disney franchise will feature the return of Depp as Captain Jack Sparrow, while Geoffrey Rush will reprise his role as Barbosa, and Orlando Bloom will be back as Will Turner, a character he last played onscreen in 2007's At World's End. Javier Bardem will portray the sequel's new villain. Directors Espen Sandberg and Joachim Ronning have taken charge of the new Pirates of the Caribbean movie, which is due to set sail in May, 2017. Read on...



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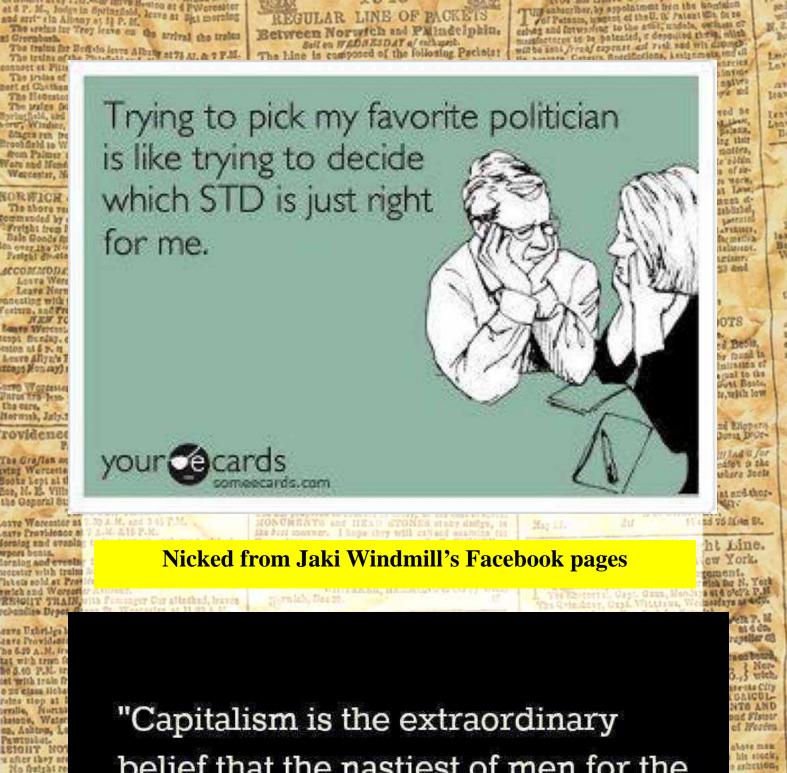
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A long-lost manuscript by HP Lovecraft, an investigation of superstition through the ages that the author was commissioned to write by Harry Houdini, has been found in a collection of magic

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floresiensis in 2003 caused a sensation because it seemed the creature could have been alive in the quite recent past. But a new analysis indicates the little hominin probably went extinct at least 50,000 years ago - not the 12,000 years ago initially thought to be the case.

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"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...



POLITICAL correctness is stifling free speech on Australian university campuses, a policy think tank has warned.

And student's hurt feelings are being prioritised over academic debate, says the Institute of Public Affairs.

Sarcasm and ridicule have been banned at several campuses — including Western Sydney University, while terms like "sportsmanlike" or "the disabled" are deemed inappropriate at Newcastle University.

Students are being persecuted over their political views, while growing policy guidelines on "acceptable" speech are curtailing academic freedoms, research fellow Matthew Lesh says.

- Macquarie University: Students will be accused of harassment if they say something regarded as "not welcome".
- Don't dare say "man the offices" at Newcastle University or commend someone for being "sportsmanlike", as anything with the word 'man' is offlimits, along with Mrs, Miss, and the term "the disabled".

http://tinyurl.com/gspvjpd

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It is both sad and shameful that when night falls and the setts of southern England stir, their gentle folk will be needlessly slaughtered. That in spite of science and public will, the wrath of ignorance will

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS Between Norwich and Paindelphin.

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

> further bloody and bleed our countryside of its riches of life. That brutalist thugs, liars and frauds will destroy our wildlife and dishonour our nation's reputation as conservationists and animal lovers. I feel sick, sad, disempowered, betrayed, angry and crushed by the corruption of all that I know as right.

-Chris Packham





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ht Line.

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

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PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday

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

IELDRIDGIE CILIEAVIER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous take a camera

The weak and cowardly take a gun

What sort of person are you?

Celebrate wildlife on World Wildlife Day don't shoot it.



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REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS

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Seifen WEDNESDAY of milusel. The Line is composed of the folloning Pacialat

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WHO GONZO? WHY **GONZO? WHAT GONZO**?

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

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

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

I have never believed much in luck, and my sense of humor has tended to walk on the dark side.

Hunter S. Thompson

the week that's pas

Tony Hawks & friends present an exclusive read & sing through of alphing their as malles. er to editin MIDLIFE ants of siz-FIRST STATE atent Law i mun d-COWEO an patrola I-TELLER, infocmetter attaimmnt. Teny Hawks' musical camedy about the leves and passings of Swindin's granter Cowber Club Engim INTRODUCED BY rly23 and A handlif evaning services of the next big Must Led Mit-GRAHAM NORTON APRIL 25TH, 19:30 tS. AND STARRING LYRIC THEATRE, BOOTS SHAFTESBURY AVENUE JACK DEC ijala. wes Beole Tickets from £16 TONY HAWKS the found to Th pass nt Initation ef maxtheatres.com in epail to the DOON MACKICHAN Or call 0330 333 4812 Bests, while low ALISTAIR MCCOWA n and BRopers BEN MILLER Cont Dior-Child CHARLOTTE PACE pill lad it for 1. water is the e where Jools binet and thor-**TONY HAWK WRITES:** derad 76 Minte St. I'm putting on a benefit show for my Moldovan Care centre on April 25th. Great line up. (details below) ht Line. Maybe you can come along? Failing that - or in ew York. addition to that - could you send it to anyone in your senent. Sich far N. Ter inbox who might be able to come, and ask them to do the same? It's a great cause – the centre does amazing needays as well at 4 sette P. H work for poor families with children who have cerebral palsy; and Moldova remains the poorest (and ann. Prayeller 63 most shafted) country in Europe. toltia on a A CO., Ner-Tony A DAICOL http://www.nimaxtheatres.com/lyric-theatre/ midlife_cowboy field and Florest trigut of Western rel, Waresman, and also ておおわな f the shore men amins his stock, choics asizetion, S CONVERSE.

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The Gospel According to

Ever since reading John Blaney's books

on Paul McCartney, I have been

exploring his vast back catalogue. So has

Paul it seems, cos look what my

favourite roving reporter sent me this

"Paul McCartney has curated a sprawling

compilation covering his extensive solo

career and work with Wings and

Fireman, Pure McCartney, set to arrive

June 10th. The collection will be

available in three different formats of

varying length and track list. The four-

CD set will boast a whopping 67 songs,

while the two-CD collection will feature 49 tracks and the four-vinyl LP 46.

Complete track lists for each edition are

All three Pure McCartney collections comprise a healthy selection of hits,

stretching from McCartney's 1970 solo

debut through last year's remix of "Say

Say Say," his Michael Jackson

collaboration. McCartney, however, has

also included several oddities for diehard

http://www.rollingstone.com/music/

news/paul-mccartney-preps-

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fans alongside personal favorite songs."

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REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS Between Norwich and Phindelphin. Ball on WEDNESDAY of enhance. The Line is composed of the following Pacials: James L. Doy, 1 1 1 Cast Neth. Mary H. Chappell, 1 1 Cast. Greff. Capt. Greffrin

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John Ellis on the radio!

John Ellis hosts a weekly radio show playing interesting music from our fractious planet. Every Saturday at 2.00pm

http://www.chanoyurecords.com/event/ international-ear-radio-show/



CHANOYU



B. E. HUTCHLANDOR, Baccessor to WM. LEGUS TE,) 100 MAIN ST.Y ANUFACTUR BIL and Dealer in HARNENDES, SAD M. DEMS, BEIDLES, Couch, Ginha and Dyril GOL LARS, Alco, Trunks, Fallace and Corpt Rags. Couch Gig and Tuly WILLYS, &c. Er Bealpring dama at short Weycontes, Jan 16

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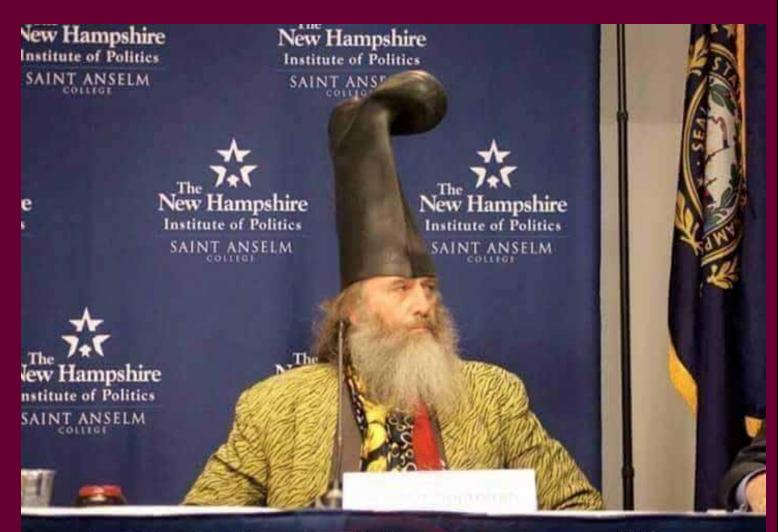
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I always promised that this magazine would never endorse a political candidate. I am afraid that, as a person of integrity, that I have no option but to rescind that promise...



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. at 6 P. M., Index in Springfold, Jeave at 4 PW creekter and sard" the Albaoy at 13 P. M. The areins for Troy leave on the and

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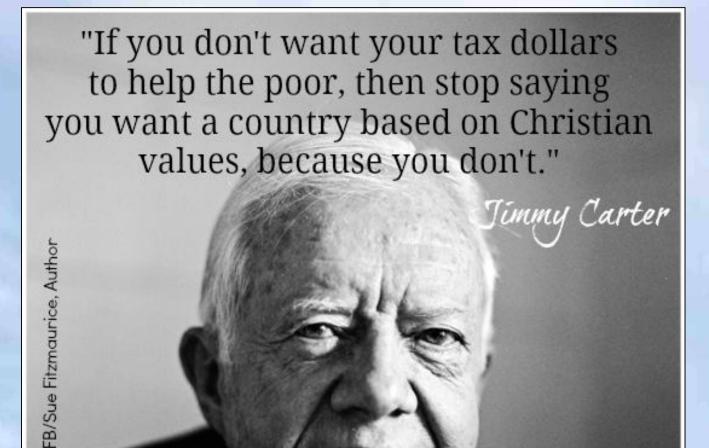
I stand with the volunteers on the Greenpeace ship *Esperanza* to speak for the Arctic.



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

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

FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM



Peculiar News of the Week

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

IS THIS THE SCARIEST CHURCH IN THE WORLD? PROBABLY.

http://tinyurl.com/jfweafc



WEB RADIO

Gonzo Web Radio started off as a medium by which interviews and radio programmes about the various acts covered by Gonzo Multimedia could be broadcast to an eagerly attentive world.

But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I've known Neil for years, and he approached me with the idea of syndicating his show.

I agreed, and then the floodgates opened. We have regular weekly shows from Tim and Jaki on their submarine, and from the mysterious M Destiny on the other side of the pond with Friday Night Progressive. We also have a regular visit to the world of the Canterbury Scene courtesy of our friend Matthew Watkins. There are several other shows in the wings, waiting to join us, so stay glued to your seats boys and girls, your life is never going to be the same again!

MUCKABBAHAMS

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).

Neil Nixon, the founder and co-presenter of the show has released a book about rare albums for Gonzo Multimedia.

The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.

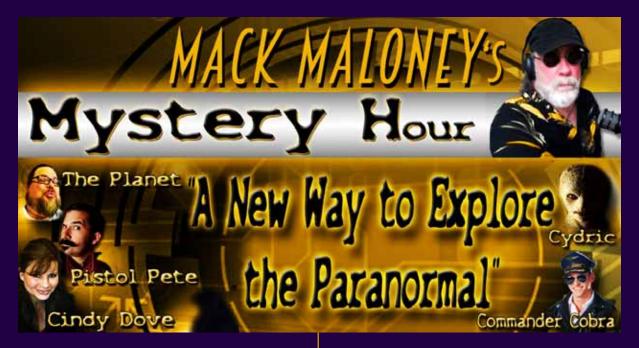


Elvis Presley: I Shall be Released Aziza Brahim: Callas de Dajla Velvet Underground Jonathan Richman: The Modern Lovers: Astral Plane TRANSVESTITEStallion: Sniffing Dead Birds... Watching the Rain Yoko Ono: Lou Reed: Disco Mystic Dudley Moore Trio with Peter Cook: Bedazzled Lothar and the Hand People: Space Hymn Close Encounters The Orb: Serafina Steer: Night Before Mutiny Vocabulary Building Del Close: Endless Tapes: Bass Collapse The Human League: Lament Elvira: Full Moon Voice of the Seven Woods: Sayai Nova The Modern Lovers: Girlfren Lemon Jelly: The Staunton Lick Robert Johnson: Preachin' Blues Crystal Jacqueline: Winter Deep Spirits Burning and Bridget Wishart: Reflections Egg: I Will be Absorbed The Modern Lovers: Hospital Spectrum: True Love will Find you in the End The Rolling Stones: Sleep Tonight

> Listen Here



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.



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

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

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo



recording artists. He's been a radio host since

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

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

Why Do UFOs Have Lights?

Mack, Juan-Juan & Commander Cobra join reporter Steve Ward in discussing the incredible Coyne UFO case inwhich a UFO covered in dazzling lights may have prevented an army helicopter from crashing and saved its crew. Also Rob Beckhusen from War Is Boring plus the FBI-Apple "Back Door" Case.



Listen Here

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



Ronald Balfour "Ronnie" Corbett, CBE (1930 – 2016)

Corbett was a Scottish stand-up comedian, actor, writer, and broadcaster, best known for his long association with Ronnie Barker in the BBC television comedy sketch show *The Two Ronnies*. He achieved prominence in David Frost's 1960s satirical comedy programme *The Frost Report* (with Barker). *The Two Ronnies*, ran from 1971 to 1987. Barker and Corbett performed sketches and musical numbers. Corbett presented a monologue. Sitting in a large easy chair (emphasising his small size), and usually wearing a Lyle & Scott golfing V-neck sweater, he would stretch telling a simple joke over several minutes, often allowing himself to appear to lose his train of thought.

Corbett served his compulsory national service with the Royal Air Force, during which he was the shortest in height commissioned officer in the British Forces. A former Aircraftman 2nd class, he was commissioned into the secretarial branch of the RAF as a pilot officer (national service) on 25 May 1950. He transferred to the reserve (national service list) on 28 October 1951, thereby ending his period of active service. He was promoted to flying officer on 6 September 1952. Following National Service, Corbett moved to London to start his acting career. At 5 ft 1 in (1.55 m) tall, Corbett was suited to playing roles younger than his years. He appeared in Crackerjack as a regular in its early days, and had a walk-on in an early episode of the 1960s series The Saint.

Corbett first worked with Ronnie Barker in *The Frost Report* (1966–67). The show was a mixture of satirical monologues, sketches and music. Corbett and Barker were beginning to be thought of as a pair. They appeared with John Cleese in one of the most repeated comedy sketches in British television, the 'Class sketch', in which Corbett got the pay-off line: "I get a pain in the back of my neck."

Corbett's best-known role away from *The Two Ronnies* was as the 40-something Timothy Lumsden, dominated by his mother, in the sitcom *Sorry!* (1981–88). In 2003, he appeared in advertisements for the Sky+ digital television service alongside Alice Cooper. The premise was a running gag about their being happy housemates. In 2005, Corbett teamed up again with Ronnie Barker for *The Two Ronnies Sketchbook*, comedy sketches from their original series with newly recorded linking material.

Already an Officer of the Order of the British Empire (OBE), Corbett was promoted a Commander of the Order of the British Empire (CBE) in the 2012 New Year Honours for services to entertainment and charity.

He was a beekeeper and kept hives at his second home in East Lothian.

On 31 March 2016, Corbett died at the age of 85 in hospital; he had been diagnosed with motor neurone disease in March 2015

Andrew Laurence (Andy "Thunderclap") Newman (1942 – 2016)

GPO engineer and Dixieland jazz pianist Newman was the piano player in Thunderclap Newman, which was a British one-hit wonder band that Pete Townshend of The Who and Kit Lambert formed circa December 1968 - January 1969 in a bid to showcase the talents of John "Speedy" Keen, Andy

THOSE HE HAVE LOST



"Thunderclap" Newman and Jimmy McCulloch.

Their single, "Something in the Air", a 1969 UK number one hit, remains in demand for television commercials, film soundtracks and compilations. The band released a critically acclaimed rock album, *Hollywood Dream*, and three other singles (which appeared on the album), "Accidents", "The Reason" and "Wild Country".

From 1969 until 1971, the nucleus of the band consisted of the songwriter Speedy Keen (vocals, drums, guitar), Andy "Thunderclap" Newman (piano) and Jimmy McCulloch (guitar). Pete Townshend (using the alias "Bijou Drains") played bass guitar on their album and singles, all of which he had recorded and produced at the IBC Studio and his Twickenham home studio. The band augmented its personnel during its tours: in 1969 with James "Jim" Pitman-Avery (bass guitar) and Jack McCulloch (drums); and in 1971 with Ronnie Peel (bass guitar) and Roger Felice (drums). The band folded in April 1971 and was resurrected by Andy Newman and his colleagues circa 2007.

Hollywood Dream came out a year later, but they were unable to build upon the success of the single. They broke up in 1971, with Newman releasing a

solo album, Rainbow, later that year. McCulloch died in 1979 and Keen passed in 2002. In 2010, Newman assembled a new version of Thunderclap Newman with Mark Brzezicki (Big Country, Townshend's solo albums) on drum, Townshend's nephew Josh on guitar, and they spent the next couple of years touring.

In 1971, Newman recorded a solo album, Rainbow, and he played assorted instruments on Roger Ruskin Spear's first album.

In February 2010, Newman performed as Thunderclap Newman with a new line-up at the Con Club in Lewes, Sussex. The line-up consists of Tony Stubbings (bass guitar), Nick Johnson (lead guitar), Mark Brzezicki (former Big Country, drums) and Josh Townshend (nephew of Pete Townshend, on rhythm guitar and vocals). Soon thereafter, the band released a CD entitled *Beyond Hollywood*. Thunderclap Newman supported Big Country on a 20the UK.

On 30 March 2016, it was announced that Andy Newman had died at the age of 73; cause of death currently unknown.

David Nathaniel Baker Jr. (1931 – 2016)

Baker was an American symphonic jazz composer at the Indiana University Jacobs School of Musicin Bloomington, and has more than 65 recordings, 70 books, and 400 articles to his credit.

Born in Indianapolis, Indiana, he was educated at Indiana University, earning the Bachelor of Music degree in 1953 and the Master of Music in 1954. Baker studied with J. J. Johnson, János Starker, and George Russell.

His first teaching position was at Lincoln University in Jefferson, Missouri in 1955. Lincoln is a historic black institution, but it had recently begun to admit a broad diversity of students. Baker resigned his position under threats of violence after

THOSE HE HAVE LOST



he had eloped to Chicago to marry white opera singer Eugenia ("Jeannie") Marie Jones. Missouri still had anti-miscegenation laws.

Originally a talented trombonist, he was forced to abandon that instrument after a jaw injury left him unable to play (although he played on the George Russell Sextet album Ezz-thetics after sustaining the injury). Following the injury, he learned to play cello, a rare instrument in the jazz world. Baker's shift to cello largely ended his career as a performer and marked a period of increased interest in composition and pedagogy. Among the first and most important people to begin to codify the then largely aural tradition of jazz he wrote several seminal books on jazz, including Jazz Improvisation in 1988. Baker's compositional works are often cited as examples of the Third Stream Jazz movement, although they run the gamut from compositions intended traditional jazz for improvisation, to through-composed symphonic works. He wrote over 2,000 compositions.

He died on March 26, 2016, at age 84 at his Bloomington, Indiana home.



Cicero was a German jazz and pop musician, born in 1970 in Berlin. He made his first stage appearance at the age of eleven as a support act for Swiss singer Helen Vita and was first on television aged 16, alongside the RIAS-Tanzorchester, then under the direction of Horst Jankowski. Cicero joined the Hohner Conservatory in Trossingen when he was 18, where he received coaching in piano, guitar and singing. From 1991 to 1996, he studied jazz singing at the Amsterdam Academy of Arts (Amsterdamse Hogeschool voor de Kunsten) at Hilversum. He was a guest singer with the groups Jazzkantine and Soulounge with whom he took part in the Montreux Jazz Festival. In 2003, he founded the Roger Cicero Quartet, as well as continuing to perform with his eleven-piece big band. His style is predominantly that of 1940s and 1950s swing music, combined with German lyrics.

Cicero represented Germany at the Eurovision Song Contest 2007 in Helsinki his song Frauen regier'n die Welt (Women rule the world). He finished 19th.

He sang at a concert in honor of the Dalai Lama in August 2009 in Frankfurt.

Cicero and his Big Band headlined at the Montreux Jazz Festival in Switzerland on 12 July 2010. This performance introduced an English version of his song Murphy's Gesetz (Murphy's Law), and That you and I feeling, a new version of his song Ich hab das Gefühl für dich verlor'n. The concert was released on DVD as Roger Cicero - Live at Montreux 2010.

October 2010 In Cicero published a book, Weggefährten: Meine Songs fürs Leben (Companions: My Songs for Life) in which he describes the history and personal meaning of songs by artists including the Beatles, Prince and Stevie Wonder. The book describes Cicero's youth in West Berlin, his musical studies in the Netherlands, and a formative trip he made as a teenager with his father to his paternal family's native Romania.

On 24 March 2016, he died from the same cause of death as his father, a stroke (cerebral apoplexy).

Roger Marcel Cicero Ciceu (1970 – 2016)

THOSE HE HAVE LOST



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



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

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



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

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

Italian author Luca Ferrari has curated a fascinating

collection of words and sounds dedicated to the man who is possibly the most enigmatic rock and roll artists of all time.

Contains a 24page deluxe booklet.

BRAND X LIVE FROM NEW YORK



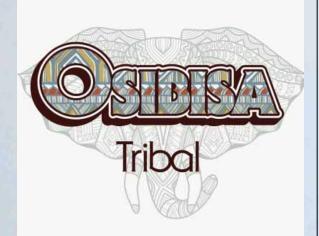
THE OFFICIAL BOOTLEG SERIES VOL X

Artist Brand X Title Live in Rochester 1977 Cat No. HST355CD Label Gonzo

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



surpassed, which is why the band have become synonymous with the concept of jazz fusion. This record catches them one evening in Kent. While the rest of the music industry was poaying lip service to punk rock, Brand X were doing what they did best; playing a blistering set in front of a rabidly enthusiastic audience.



Artist Osibisa Title Osibisa Tribal Cat No. HST320CD Label Gonzo

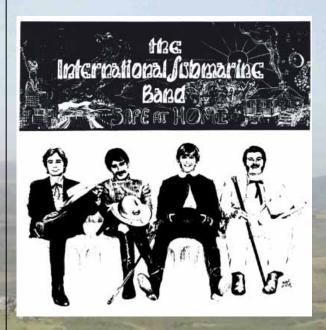
Osibisa are a British Afro-pop band, founded in London in 1969 by four expatriate African and three Caribbean musicians. Their music is a fusion of African, Caribbean, jazz, funk, rock, Latin, and R&B. Osibisa were one of the first African-heritage bands to become widely popular and linked with the world music description. They even had an album cover by prog artgod Roger Dean. The name Osibisa means "Criss-Cross rhythms that explode with happiness", and the band truly do exactly what it says on the tin!

Artist Pink Fairies Title Mandies and Mescaline round at Uncle Harry's Cat No. HST375CD Label Gonzo

The Pink Fairies are an English rock band initially active in the London (Ladbroke Grove) underground and psychedelic scene of the early 1970s. They promoted free music, drug taking and anarchy and often performed impromptu gigs and other agitprop stunts, such as playing for free outside the gates at the Bath and Isle of Wight pop festivals in 1970, as well as appearing at Phun City,



the first Glastonbury and many other free festivals including Windsor and Trentishoe.This collection gathers together some of the best live recordings made of The Pink Fairies in their earliest incarnations -- when guitarist Paul Rudolph reigned supreme fronting the first two Fairy lineups comprised of Twink (drums/vocals), Russell Hunter (drums), Sandy Sanderson (bass) and following Twink's departure in late 1971, Trevor Burton on second guitar.



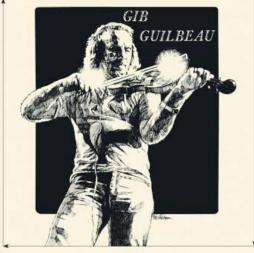
Artist Gram Parsons' -International Submarine Band Title Safe at Home Cat No. HST377CD Label Gonzo

Safe at Home is a legendary 1968 album by country

The

rock group The International Submarine Band, led by the then-unknown 21-year-old Gram Parsons. The group's only album release, Safe at Home featured four of Parsons' original compositions rounded out by six covers of classic country and rock and roll songs made famous by the likes of Johnny Cash, Elvis Presley, Merle Haggard, and Hank Snow. Described as "hippie and hillbilly in equal measure", the album helped to forge the burgeoning country rock movement of the late 1960s and early 1970s.

TOE TAPPIN' MUSIC

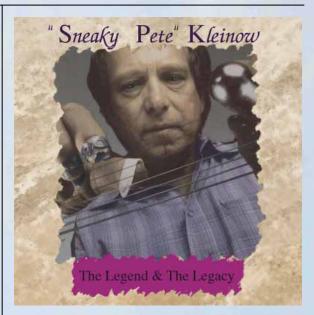


Artist Gib Guilbeau Title Toe Tappin' Music Cat No. HST390CD Label Gonzo

Floyd August "Gib" Guilbeau (born September 26, 1937) is an American Cajun country rock musician and songwriter. As a member of Nashville West, Swampwater, and the Flying Burrito Brothers, Guilbeau helped pioneer the fusion of rock and country music in the 1960s. Guilbeau was born in Sunset, Louisiana and raised among fiddle players. His father and brothers played fiddle, and he himself started playing fiddle at the age of fourteen. Music was in his DNA as can be seen from this extraordinary 1978 solo album.

Artist Sneaky Pete Kleinow Title The Legend & The Legacy Cat No. HST378CD Label Gonzo

Peter E. "Sneaky Pete" Kleinow (August 20, 1934 – January 6, 2007) was an American country-rock musician, songwriter, and a motion picture special



effects artist. He is best known as a member of the band the Flying Burrito Brothers and as a session musician for such artists as Joan Baez, Jackson Browne, The Byrds, Joe Cocker, Rita Coolidge, Eagles, The Everly Brothers, George Harrison, The Steve Miller Band, Joni Mitchell, The Rolling Stones, Ringo Starr, Stevie Wonder, Spencer Davis, Linda Ronstadt and many others. His pedal steel guitar work was inspirational, and redefined the instrument, introducing it to a rock audience. This 1994 album is a collection of his favourite songs.



Artist Sons of Fred Title Baby What You Want Me To Do Cat No. HST309CD Label Gonzo

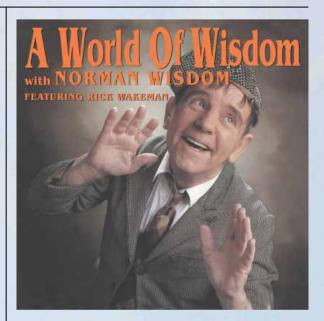
Bruce Eder writes: "An obscure but intense British beat band, The Sons of Fred featured guitarist Mick

Hutchinson in their line-up. Their original sound, along their 1964 debut single on EMI-Columbia, "Sweet Love" b/w "I'll Be There," was very r&b oriented, but the band switched over to Parlophone the following year and took on a slightly more pop orientation, similar to the Hollies right down to the high harmonies and the crunchy guitars. Then, for their final single in 1966, "Baby What Do You Want Me To Do" b/w "You Told Me, marked a return to r&b before they split up. All of the Sons of Fred singles are worth hearing, and seeing as they also cut singles under the names Odyssey ("How Long Is Time," on Strike) in 1966, and, in a somewhat altered line-up, as Tandem ("Shapes And Shadows" on Chapter One) in 1969, one could come close to assembling a full album built around the group in its different incarnations. Mick Hutchinson went on to play with The Sam Gopal Dream and also played on Chris Rea's album Tennis in 1980."



Artist Percy Jones Title MJ12 Cat No. HST402CD Label Gonzo

Percy Jones is an extraordinary bass player and composer whose work with Brand X redefined the concept of fusion bass guitar playing. Jones was also a member of the jazz fusion group Soft Machine, the poetry rock group The Liverpool Scene (featuring poet Adrian Henri), and has contributed to recordings by David Sylvian, Brian Eno, Steve Hackett, Paranoise, Suzanne Vega, Richard Barbieri and Fovea Hex, amongst others. With a band named after the legendary committee allegedly formed to suppress knowledge of the Roswell UFO Crash he is still producing groovy music fit to challenge the universe.



Artist Norman Wisdom Featuring Rick Wakeman Title A World of Wisdom Cat No. MFGZ001CD Label Wakeman

One of the nice things about showbusiness was that there was a little fellow around called Norman Wisdom. With an ear-to-ear grin, a loveable personality, and talent by the ton packed into his sixty-five inch frame. He played all over the world, and starred on Broadway in musical shows such as Walking Happy, for which he won two awards, Not Now Darling, [one award] and Androcles and The Lion, etc. He was voted "Comedian of the Year" on 5 occasions. At home, he won a British Film Academy Award for his first film Trouble In Store, which broke box office records, and starred in a further 15 highly successful comedy films. Norman Wisdom has been a household name for over fifty years and the sheer magnetism of his name was guaranteed to fill theatres wherever he appeared. The diminutive Londoner joined the army at the age of fourteen as a bandsboy with the 10th Royal Hussars. When Norman left the army in 1946 he set about entertaining professionally. He was later approached by the Rank Organisation and signed a film contract. His first Royal Variety Performance was in 1952. Since then he was chosen for eight Royal Variety Shows and a private Christmas Concert for the entire Royal Family at Windsor Castle. Norman sadly passed away in October 2010 at the grand age of 95. Relive some of his songs and comedy here played by Rick Wakeman.



Rudyard Kipling is probably the greatest influence on my writing, believe it or not. And together with Robert Heinlein he is probably my favourite author if I was forced into a corner and made to make a decision. Probably my favourite of his books is *Stalky and Co* which tells the story of his schooldays in North Devon about a hundred years before and five years away from mine. In amongst the prose is a poem:

Let us now praise famous men"--Men of little showing--For their work continueth, And their work continueth, Broad and deep continues, Greater then their knowing!

I have been writing about music for over forty years, which is a particularly galling thought. The other night whilst I was having trouble sleeping, instead of counting sheep, I tried to make a list of all the people whom I have interviewed over the years. And like Kipling I have praised (and occasionally castigated) famous, infamous and non famous men who have interested me over the years.

I have always been vaguely tempted by the idea of writing a book of rock and roll sociology, describing the various ways that the music industry, and in particularly the artists who work within it, operate. Over the years I have encountered all sorts of models by which bands have operated. But I don't think that I have ever encountered such a peculiar story as that of the Raz Band. Last year Gonzo Multimedia released the first Raz album created with music legends Joey Molland (Badfinger) & Joe Vitale (Joe Walsh/Crosby, Stills & Nash/The Eagles) as full band members. While they've been recording together for years, this is the first album that was planned to be a RAZ Band album and not a RAZ album, hence, "The RAZ Band". The catalyst that led to the Madison Park album was a RAZ show at The Whisky A Go Go in Hollywood. Their guest performers were Joey Molland, (Badfinger), Gary Duncan, (Quicksilver Messenger Service) & Carla Olson, (The Textones). Raz recalls, "Whenever Joey Molland came to LA we would record RAZ songs. This time we recorded Joey's great song, 'Love Me Do' from the amazing Badfinger album 'No Dice'. To add to the fun, Gary Duncan was able to join us for this recording session.

"When Joe Vitale came back to LA, RAZ went into the studio to record. "We recorded a new song that we wrote, '\$1.50 For Your Love'. After cutting the back tracks with scratch vocals, Vitale said, 'This song is a hit song, and let me tell you, I know what a hit song is'. And of course he does, he co-wrote 'Rocky Mountain Way' with Joe Walsh. "A couple days later we went back into the studio with Vitale and recorded another one of our favorite songs, 'Shoot 'Em Up'. This is from Joe Vitale's great album, 'Roller Coaster Weekend'. "Fast forward a couple of years and we recorded many other songs I had been writing, including a very cool new version of 'Time Marches On' from the album ,'The Best of Los Angeles 1987'. We recorded some oldies that Hutch & I loved as kids. We recorded twenty five



songs in all. 'Madison Park' shows many sides of the RAZ musical spectrum and it was made with lots of love and laughs and aha moments."

Joey Molland says: "I met the Raz almost 40 years ago and he's been knocking me out ever since, the truth is in the songs, I don't think he ever had an idea outside of that idea, so I started playing on his sessions like a lot of other people, we've done gigs separate and together for all those years and here we are with our first record deal, thanks Gonzo, hello world, will anything ever be the same? sure it will, 'cept you'll have the RAZ band to make sure."

And Joe Vitale says:

"Raz came to some of the Joe Walsh shows and my solo shows I did as far back as the early 70's....we've been friends ever since...both personally and musically! We've recorded a ton of GREAT Raz originals and yes...miracles can happen...in this century....A RECORD DEAL! Well, being a couple of devoted Beatles' fans, we have a similar sense of 'song'....the RAZ catalogue is massive, current and rockin'! They are ALL fun grooves and great lyrics!! It's GREAT to introduce the RAZ band to the world!"

I have heard stories of people who have ended up working for their heroes. Hawkwind, for example, currently boasts as singer/bassist Mr Dibs, their onetime roadie and longtime fan. But I have never heard of someone who starts off as a fan, forms a band, and then eventually has his idols join his own band! This is more than remarkable, yet this is the story of The Raz Band.

And now there is a Raz Band greatest hits:

This is a CD featuring songs by RAZ starting with Raz's critically acclaimed 1984 debut record, Criminals Off The Streets through Gonzo's release in 2015 of the Madison Park CD by The RAZ Band.

This 19 song CD also includes songs from the Raz's album, 1988 and Raz's cassette EP Listen produced by Joey Molland, the Tough Love CD produced by Joe Vitale, the It's All About Me CD produced by Michael Raz, Jeff Hutchinson, Joe Vitale & Joey Molland, + 2 bonus tracks recorded, Live in 1984 at the legendary Los Angeles nightclub, Madame Wong's West.

So I did what every good rock journalist would have done under these circumstances. I telephoned Joey Molland to ask him for his side of the story....



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DESIGNED BY MARTIN COOK, AFTER ALEX STEINWEISS

Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile HAPPY THE MAN

While working on my upcoming book on rock concerts and films of the 1970's, I'm puzzling on how to organize the chapters. A recent idea is to break down the list of bands into categories, like "Rock Gods," "Entertainers," "Shaman," and a few others. I left a chapter open for Happy The Man, and am thinking that of all the types of bands we loved in that decade, they belong most firmly in the category of "Virtuosos." I discovered Happy The Man quite by accident, as an epic composition from their debut album "Mr. Mirror's Reflections On Dreams" was played on a local radio station in San Luis Obispo just before a feature on the band Camel. My college roommates and I had just become fans of Camel, and planned a trip to the Roxy theater in Los Angeles to see them for the first time supporting the album *Breathless* (1978). Little did we know we would not be hearing their amazingly talented keyboardist Pete Bardens at that show, as he sadly left the band prior to the tour. Even more surprising was when Camel's follow-up *I Can See Your House From Here* (1979) included compositions and keyboards from Happy The Man alumni, Kit Watkins, the "slow-hand" of the bending synth lead (yes, that's a Clapton reference!). With all this kismet, my friends and I became avid fans of Happy The Man and their brand of complex polyrhythmic progressive rock.

What we soon learned is that Happy The Man was the most





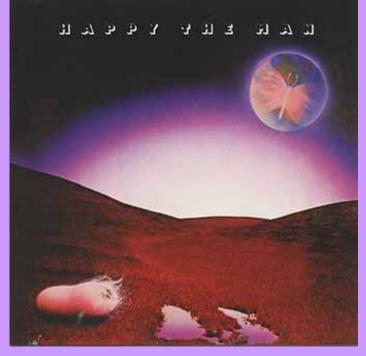


ambitious American progressive rock band on record at the time. Founded by guitarist Stanley Whitaker and bassist Rick Kennel in the early 70s, the band worked in studio and on stage for five years, eventually gelling as an ensemble by the mid 70s with Kit Watkins (keyboards, flute), Frank Wyatt (vocals, keyboards, saxophone, flute) and drummer Mike Beck. This lineup was signed to the Arista label after record producer Clive Davis saw the band play live in the summer of 1976. At that point, the group went into the studio to record their first self-titled album *Happy The Man*, released in August 1977.

Produced by Ken Scott, who was known for working with bands such as Supertramp and David Bowie, this debut album is striking in its beauty and complexity, bridging jazz, classic and symphonic rock to produce a unique sonic experience. It's been justly hailed by critics over the years, most recently making the top 50 list of progressive rock albums at Rolling Stone magazine. The band toured around the east coast of the U.S. with their largest show supporting Hot Tuna for more than 10,000 festival goers in Long Island, New York.

Their second album *Crafty Hands* (1978) was similarly enthralling and featured new drummer Ron Riddle. It kicks off with the vaguely sinister "Service With A Smile," and features arguably the best concise introduction to the band, "I Forgot To Push It," which features staccato interplay, hand claps, and an enticing example of dual leads on guitar and synth.

https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=AsT5DC7IDHM&list=PLN3FGzYjV1zAtIWPyrkBYTE NvaVx9vQ9I&index=7



It's tragic and short sighted that Arista declined to release and distribute their 3rd effort, which was recorded with the fantastic French drummer Coco Roussel, leading to their breakup. The group never had the label's support to tour west of the Mississippi; much less the U.K. and Europe, who didn't seem to understand how to promote and manage a band of this kind.

Listening through their entire catalog, which was augmented in the 1980's with releases of their earlier work, their 3^{rd} effort, and a live concert recording, it's hard to describe the emotional impact this band's adventurous music can have on attentive listeners. Passages of dreamy atmospheric beauty mix with challenging, assertive, serpentine adventures. For the uninitiated, take a listen to the opener on their debut "Starborne," which invokes a sonic trip to the stars:

<u>https://www.youtube.com/watch?</u> v=pkB2EIokgsM&list=PLN3FGzYjV1zA7ZWDYwAPpH pyb_DXvUMUw

Brace yourself then for the amazing interlocking leads on "Stumpy Meets The Firecracker in Stencil Forest:" <u>https://www.youtube.com/watch?</u> <u>v=dwU7X4vyhCE&list=PLN3FGzYjV1zA7ZWDYwAPp</u> <u>Hpyb_DXvUMUw&index=2</u>

Now try to compare these sounds to *any* band you've ever heard – very difficult indeed. I've heard a few tracks from the Mahavishnu Orchestra, and Frank Zappa that could be referenced, but this band was clearly onto something utterly unique and exceptional. The interplay between Watkin's





keys, Whitaker's guitars, and Wyatt's keys and winds backed by Kennel's exquisite bass leads and Beck/Riddle's percussion demonstrate a level of musical competence that places this rare band above most of their contemporaries.

The group reunited in the year 2000 with new keyboardist David Rosenthal replacing Kit Watkins for a show at Nearfest followed later by release of *The Muse Awakens* (2004). Though this was a very worthy new start for the band, no additional work has been released since under this original moniker. However band members are always busy, working together on albums under the names *Oblivion Sun* and *Pedal Giant Animals*. Stan Whitaker also lent his chops to the short-lived ensemble *Ten Jinn*. Anyone captured by their work would be well served by picking up any of these more recent albums.

Also notable is the long solo career of keyboard and winds player Kit Watkins. After working with Camel, his solo recordings ranged from songs that invoke the allegro jams of his former band, to lighter jazz-influenced collections like the fabulous album *In Time*, on which he worked again with drummer Coco Roussel. In addition, Kit has recorded and released more than two-dozen peaceful, ambient albums and occasionally darker works beginning with *Azure* (1989). Hard to pick favorites from so many wonderful albums, but interested listeners might start with *Sunstruck* (1990) and *Beauty Drifting* (1996). Check for these recordings on CD Baby http://www.cdbaby.com/Artist/KitWatkins

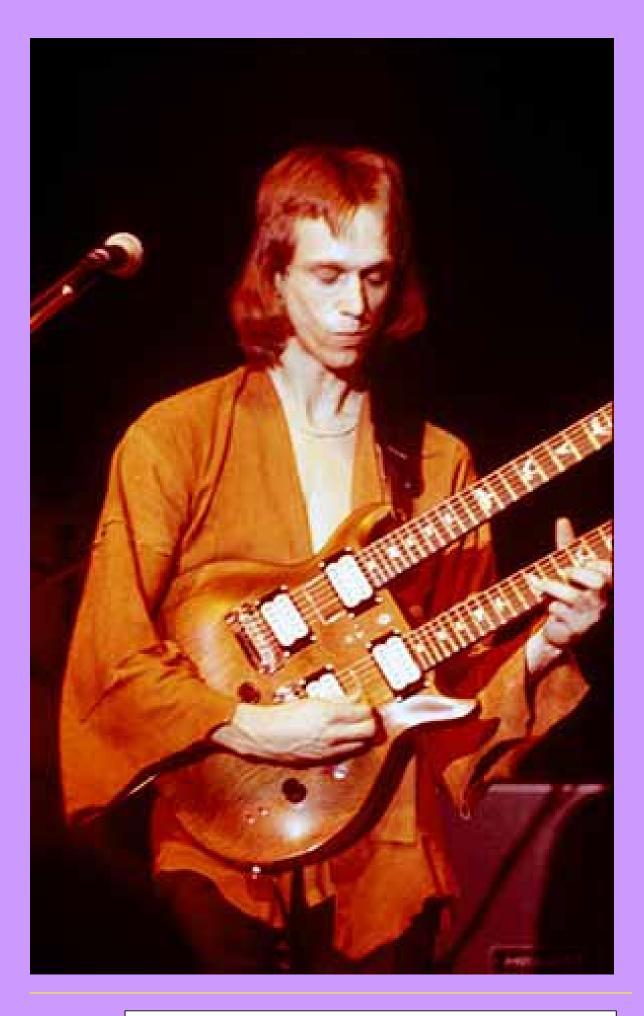
ON FILM

Though Happy The Man eventually released an exciting, at times sonically startling live album on CD, *Live* (1978), and performed more than four-dozen concerts during the 70s in New England, there is almost no known film of the band playing in concert. Dedicated fans can access a short documentary from the 1970s and two songs performed live at their Nearfest reunion show here:

http://www.everythinghappytheman.com/videos.html

In addition, Kit can be seen playing live on the film *The Gathering* (2005) in his most contemplative mode, ala *Beauty Drifting*, performing solo works during a rare oneman concert. All of these releases are recommended for any fan or interested collector.





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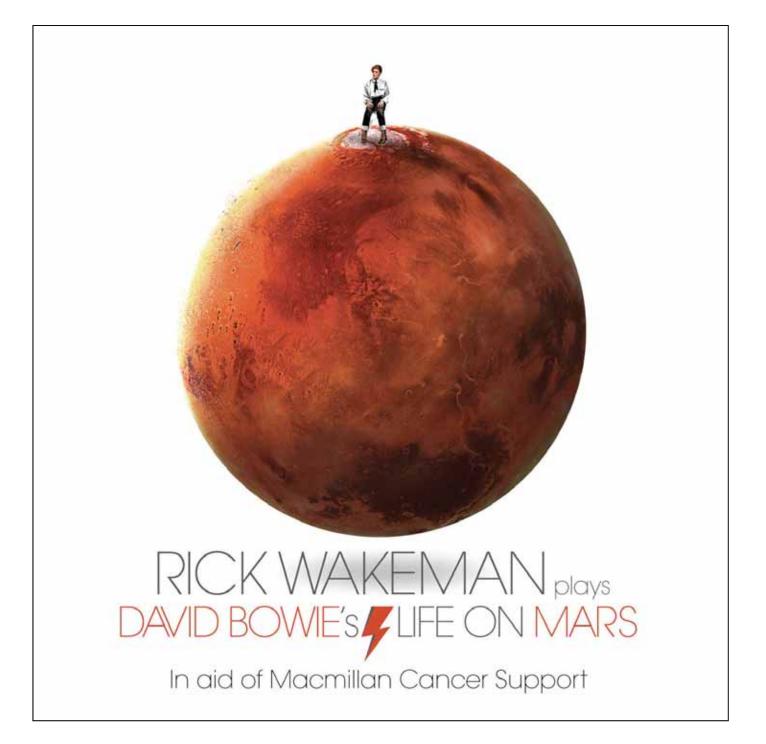


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This is the most important moment in history to do something for African elephants. Because it's the worst time in history to be an elephant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks Director, Africa Region The Nature Conservancy

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



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After a life spent in and around music Roy Weard has finally written it all down. From his beginnings in the folk clubs of the early sixties, to playing the free festivals of the seventies with his own band 'Wooden Lion', to touring as a merchandiser with acts like Santana, The Pink Floyd and Genesis, to fronting cult London bands 'Dogwatch' and 'Roy Weard and Last Post', then touring again as a sound engineer and tour manager for many different bands and solo acts. A wide and varied life - this book spans all of that and more and is freely sprinkled with backstage stories and tales of a life spent on many different roads. It also contains many photographs, mostly taken by Roy, the crews he toured with, or by the fans of his various bands.

Even now he is unable to give up being involved in music. He still fronts the revived band 'That Legendary Wooden Lion', is part of the team that puts on monthly gigs in Brighton and Hove under the name of 'The Real Music Club' and does a weekly one hour radio show on Tuesdays at 4pm on Brighton and Hove Community Radio. As of now, he also writes a regular column ion this august publication.. n the spring of 1977 we went out to do some gigs with *Genesis*. In the gig in Frankfurt I met up again with some friends of mine from the earlier tours. Klaus and Jenny lived near to Frankfurt and were often involved with some of the merchandising stands. Klaus was also a lighting engineer in his own right but, as I later found out, it was not easy to get a good job on a tour unless you lived in the country that the tour starts in, or the artist comes from. There were some very good German acts touring, but the big shows were nearly all either English or American.

The show was the first time that I saw Manfred Mann's Earthband in action and I was pretty impressed. Some superb playing from this band. I had never realised what a good live act they were. The downside to the gig was that the heavens opened up and we all got drenched. We went back to Klaus' house that night and stayed there. That evening we all went out to an Italian restaurant for a meal. Almost everyone there was German, and I had no clue what they were all on about. At one point, during a long and rather intense sounding conversation the girl sitting beside me said 'remember you're a vomble.....' and carried on in German. I burst into uncontrollable laughter. It just sounded so wrong. That night I learned my first words in German - 'fliegende Untertasse' the German for flying saucers – literally. Typical for the German language to be so literal. A saucer is an 'undercup' so it is 'flying undercups'. Wonderful.

I met up with Klaus and Jenny a few times in the course of my touring, and was sad to learn that Klaus had been killed in 1978 in an autobahn accident. He was in the lighting crew for Tina Turner and they stopped for a rest on the hard shoulder. A truck came off the road and crashed into them, killing them all. Given the nature of rock and roll, especially at that time, with all the drugs, long hours, overnight drives and the like, it was a miracle so many of us survived through it.

In Paris we met a lovely young lady called Maria who came with us down to the next few gigs in Southern Germany and Switzerland. We were heading back to the UK after the Zurich show, but I agreed to take her home on the way. She lived in a small town called La Cluses just over the French border with Switzerland.

I will divert myself from the story at this point to talk about money. One of the more interesting things about doing this, apart from the girls, the drugs, the travelling and the music was that it was all a bit illegal. The reason I had all that money in my briefcase was because I could not do much with it. We could not easily send it back to the UK. International banking was nowhere near as simple then as it is now and most countries would only let you take certain amounts of cash out with you. On a big tour, like the Floyd or Genesis, when you had several stands, we would wind up with thousands of pounds in cash and we had, somehow to get that back to England. Mick, or one of the others would fly over at times and take some back with them, but it was as risky for them as it was for us and none of us looked like we were pillars of society, so the chances of getting stopped and searched at customs were high. The upside was that it was usually going into a country that got you stopped, and taking money into a country was not illegal, so it was easier. It still gave me a little shiver when I went through carrying so much cash though.

On the last German gig of the *Genesis* tour another friend of mine, Hans Herman, who used to sell 'head supplies' (paraphernalia for the consumption of hash) gave me a wonderfully etched glass bubble pipe. It was brand new and I left it in its cardboard box. We drove through Switzerland and passed through the boarder to enter France. I passed over the passports. The French customs guy looked at them and then began to sniff them. Maria suddenly said:

'Oh, I put my passport in a bag of grass!'

'What?'

Now I could think of many things a passport could smell of innocently, but grass was not one of them. The customs officer waved us over to the shed at the side of the border post. He then sent my companions off to be searched. I stayed with the van as a couple of them began to look through it. In the back there were some T-shirts and a pile of posters and programmes. They ruffled through this lot and left them very messily strewn around the van. I asked if I could go back and tidy them up and, when I was allowed to do that, I quickly stashed a small packet with some dope and a little cocaine in it under the posters. Feeling a bit more relieved I went to the front of the van. They had found the bubble pipe.

'What is this?' he demanded.



'A present from a friend.'

'It is illegal in France,' he said and took it away.

My travelling companions had come back by now, searched and passed as 'clean'.

He was just about to let us go when he saw my briefcase in the wheel well of the van. His eye lit up. 'Aha!'

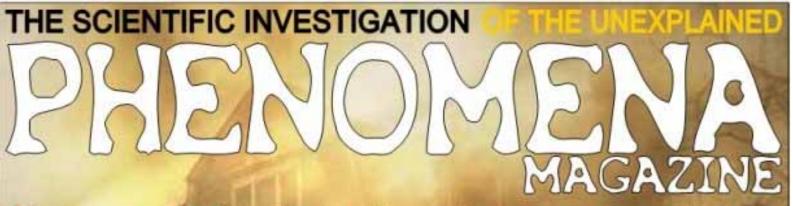
We took the briefcase into the office, and he opened it. Inside, along with the various staplers and office stuff, were several brown envelopes. His eyes lit up and he looked at his colleagues with a significant smile.

Triumphantly he ripped the first one open. It was full of high denomination German marks. He repeated this with all the other envelopes and more and more money, of various currencies, accumulated on his desk. I said nothing. When he had finished he looked up at me.

'Just a bit of money I had left over from my holidays,' I smiled.

This find, of course, now meant he had to fill in a large form to say how much money I had brought into France. When I left the country I had to present the form to French Customs to be stamped. They had, conveniently laundered the money for me.





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Last week's Sunday Times carried an interesting piece entitled 'Pop goes the sofa' (by Lisa Verrico), which strongly suggested that 'streamed gigs' were really starting to take off, and a closing quote from the article suggested that it (and cinema screening of live concerts etc) could stop fans from going to real concerts in the future. ' If you're part of the experience, does it matter what room you're enjoying it in?' When you read stuff like this you really do begin to wonder if later this century, people will have just turned into blobs of jelly, 'living' in an entirely virtual reality world in their little boxes, which if the geographers are correct, may be the case with so many people on such a relatively small planet. I won't be here by then thankfully, but it does make you think yet again about the future for our grandchildren and their grandchildren.

Every day it seems to me, we move further away from the 'reality' of the 20^{th} century and deeper into the 'perception' of the 21^{st} .

The current live situation is one of two halves already. Most of the gigs I go to locally are not too expensive, £12-£20 a ticket or so. What I would call big names too, I think I only paid £18 each to see Larry Carlton last week for example. But a 'global' band', at an arena or similar, and you can easily pay £100+, each. That's a lot of money. That's 10+ CDs for example. Just yesterday I spotted Carlos Santana is playing just one date in the UK, Hammersmith Odeon (Eventim Apollo or whatever it is called now) in July. I went online directly from his official website. £107 each, circle and restricted view! WTF! My other half suggested Ticketmaster, £107 each again but this time good seats in the stalls at least. Or I could have had £65 standing rear circle instead, they are having a laugh surely? I don't really do his more pop stuff, or guest vocalists, I still do his guitar playing though, just close your eyes and he still takes you deep, deep inside. So we are going, and in the stalls too. My Gonzo expense account covers air only so you will hopefully get the benefit of my coupla hundred quid later this year for free! Funnily enough, whilst having a clear out at home over the weekend, I found a poster from the Knebworth Festival 1978 which I went to, Genesis, Jefferson Starship (sans Grace), Tom Petty, Brand X, Atlanta Rhythm Section plus Roy Harper, £5.50 the lot!







I keep hearing that the internet is the problem, few people will pay for music anymore, the kids especially. The end result is the giants can only make money largely from gigs, and you therefore have to pay for them, heavily in many cases. I guess, in this increasingly online world, it's a bit like art. You see images of paintings for example in books, magazines and online, but however good the print or photo it is nothing compared to the work itself. Many years ago I went to the Hayward Gallery in London to see a big Howard Hodgkin exhibition (1996), it was like the best music, but for the eyes. His abstract compositions of deep, deep real colours have stayed with me since. I haven't got a clue what they are 'about' but I realised they were like jewels, and pinnacles of human civilisation. I left twice but had to go back in and drink in some more I was so spellbound.

So what is in store for the future? Glastonbury is of course on the BBC, as are a number of other (totally commercial) festivals nowadays, and have been for a few years now. But is it being there? Of course not. Even if you have a big screen TV and a soundbar it's TV, nothing more. If you have been in the past you do get a slight sense/reminder of what it is like, except for the largely crap acts and far too much time spent with the presenters, who even in many wildlife films seem to be more prominent than the subjects and places they are supposed to be showing us. This year's Glasto lineup sounds like no exception, ZZ Top might be fun at least. I certainly watched Motorhead last year but the SQ was thin and weedy (the bootleg CD I have isn't bad though). I suppose at home you can indulge in your favourite substance/s without much fear of being busted but where are the smells, the feeling of being there, in the crowd, the guitar solos slicing through the air and into your head/body. For me you are totally removed from reality.

The tech boys talk of 'TV screens' covering an entire wall of your room, multi-speaker systems built into the walls, or just put on your virtual reality headsets and 'be there'. Get off your lazy arse and get out there I say.

My one cinema experience was enjoyable though, to a degree. This was last summer's Fare Thee Well, The Grateful Dead's 'last gigs', see Gonzo 138. Ticket demand vastly outnumbered any possible supply, so a different situation in some ways. But not live, transmitted four hours later, and therefore professionally edited etc. Ironically, that editing probably made it more enjoyable. The early cinema 'live gigs' were not well received, usually a single camera, in a fixed position. Oddly, this of course is the way we see a gig as a punter, but there are important differences. All your other



John Brodie-Good



senses are being used, you can move your head of course and change your view. If you watch any kind of film/TV you will notice the image is constantly changing, your mind expects it.

A simple interview with just one or two people is hard to watch unless some kind of camera movement is going on, simple zooming in and out. This also explains the seemingly odd camera angles sometimes, to try to keep the mind's interest.

The sound quality was very good for the Dead, you could take photos from the big screen, but if you took your eyes off it, you were just back in a faceless modern cinema in a faceless modern shopping centre. Close ups can be a mixed blessing too, good for say guitar playing detail, not so good seeing the snot dribbling out of your hero's nose though! And you certainly couldn't spark one up. Oh and the sound of popcorn being munched 'aint very rock and rock either.

Musicians who are no longer with us are of course a different matter altogether, no choice, it's a film, DVD, video or online. Douglas Harr's forthcoming book sounds very interesting in that respect (see last week's Gonzo, Issue 175, pages 42-47).

Cinema only works for the big acts, for the rest, the ST article also talks about 'streaming' gigs, which with modern fast broadband speeds actually now largely work. Social media is quoted as a driving force behind this, but with the majority of post gig comments often coming from 'online' viewers rather than the fans at the actual gig itself. Sounds like we are back to perception again, rather than reality. A gig on a mobile phone? Na, it just isn't remotely real. But I guess it ain't $\pounds100+$ quid a pop either.

As usual in this world, you pays your money and takes your choice. Tomorrow night for example, I've paid my £20 to see Pentangle live. Friday night I've paid the modest sum of £12 to see Arthur Brown, yes *the* Arthur Brown, live, recounting tales from his long and varied life. I somehow think both will be nights to remember, and both most definitely will still be in the real world.

John Brodie-Good

Daevid Allen: Performance Poet

Alan Dearling

Back in the late 1990s, I packed my rucksack, tent and after sending lots of e-mails to warn Australia and all who sail in her, I set off for pastures new-tome. I was on a mission. And that mission was a mighty one indeed, the aim being to put together a book to be entitled, 'Alternative Australia: celebrating cultural diversity'. Not a bad wish for a Pommie who had never visited the semi-mythical Land of Oz before!

In advance, I'd contacted dozens of folk who were part of the intentional communities of Australia. I emailed festival organisers; ravers and doofers; academics; DJs; eco-warriors; shamen and women; musos; artists; tribal elders and young warrior braves of the rain-forests. Some were quietly getting on with their lives in tree houses, caves and off-grid communities. Others were fighting the good ecofight, alongside Aboriginal people, trying to prevent the expansion of uranium mines and logging companies and developers intent on trying to destroy Australia's rainforests and more.

One group that Australia is justly proud, and enjoy an international reputation for the quality and diversity, are its performance poets. These are not recluses. These are women and men who are as 'in yer face' as many of the audiences for whom they perform their words. As one reviewer wrote about the 'Writers of the Storm' group, "*This is not poetry to be savoured in wistful repose. This is stand up knock down stuff to split your sides in laughter or rage. Sexual politics, social politics, political politics; this is entertainment that jumps from page to stage, from comedic to the satiric to the deadly serious.*"

In Oz, the dividing line between poets and musos is so thin that sometimes you can't see it at all. Take the weird and wunderful Daevid Allen as a 'for instance'. A founder member of Soft Machine,



front man of Gong, he has had many personas: Bert Camembert, Virgin Dingo, Jah Am, or just Daevid the Alien! I was at university in Canterbury, England, in the late 1960s, and in some of the same seminar groups as wizard-hatted, mystical guitarist, Steve Hillage. Back on those days Steve worked with his own band, Egg and was an on-and-off member of the ever-changing Family of Gong. So, I'd had some slight early contact with Planet Gong.

Thirty years later, when I caught up with Daevid over in Oz, it was a quiet, courteous, tea-sipping Alien who told me how he had seen himself much more as a poet in the last fifteen years, with his stand up performances in front of the Poetry Wall, and as part of a group known as the 'Stand Up Poets'. I met up with Daevid at his house up the coast from Byron Bay in the company of my copilot for the book, Mookx Bahloo and his good lady Shanto, both fellow musician friends of Daevid's. It's good to have this nice informal pic of them.

From then until his recent, untimely trip to join the Choir Invisibule, Daevid made many more successful tours around the world and Europe. He also continued to be involved in performances with the likes of my friend, Thom the World Poet (one of Gonzo's colourful contributors) and Mark Robson from Kangaroo Moon.

For your delectation, Daevid provided me with a vitriol laced slice of his acerbic wit – dedicated to, and about, the ordinary Australian. Many Aussies I've met on my subsequent travels down under and elsewhere have not been, to quote the Queen, 'Amused'.

the ordinary australian Daevid Allen 99

oh lawd save me please save me lawd it's sunday & it's 1999

please.... save me from the ordinary australian

i don't see too many round here thank god i thought i saw a couple in woolworths once sometimes you see em on tv ads there's a few up the road that try pretty hard but not quite hard enough do you mista tuckerbag?

i cant stand ordinary australians

ordinary decent hardworking tax paying australians honest decent red neck right wing money grovelling

earth flattening sea poisoning koorie hating anti land rights bigoted racist xenophobic ordinary decent hard working australians

ordinary decent hard working culturally challenged australians... ...can somebody essentially oil the rusty cringe?

but

doncha love em to death? those ordinary decent small time insensitive. stupid. dim witted arrogant. aggressive. lying bad tempered. shit centred over paid. over fed. lazy spoilt brat hard working tax paying australians with their rational national excuses for ripping the soul out of public rainforests to make exquisite japanese wrapping paper & then pocketing the yen snarling: hands off my money you thieving barstards or i'll get you busted for smoking hope

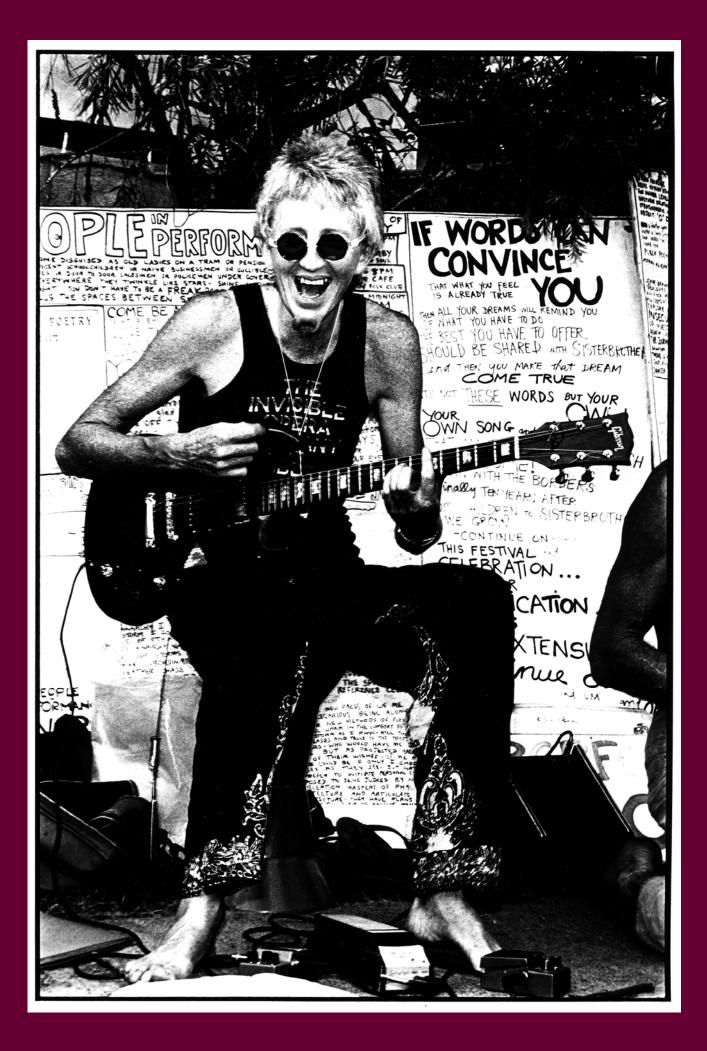
oh baby

doncha love em wherever they are? those ordinary decent hardworking battlers mouths stuffed with pavlovs pavlova fingers stickin to the script of the hundredth monkey-sayin: she'll be right & no worries mate & fuck you jack i'm ok

marching like packer-programmed lemmings off cliffs into b grade soapies resenting all excellence mowing down the tall poppies without even knowing about the opiate of the people

hey get that barstard off the mike get the fuckwit outa sight just get him out.....

yeah right! bring on the spin! so i say fuck you too donald bradman & sporting heroes of the fourth reich you got the answer have ya?



just bring on the spin bowlers with their ugly mouths. & then: bring on the sports tonight spin doctors to spin us all out till we're wrecked on the recreational drugs you prop up by prohibition addicted to the romance of death by hard work hard drink hard drugs hard eyed with national pride yeah i'm an ozzie mate an my mates are too so if you're not an ozzie wot are ya?

to this i say: australia take yr mango flavoured condom off you wont catch anything except a not so flash reflection of yourselfish no you wont catch anything you haven't got already except the sad s'truth cobber-mate-bluey... that there is no honest decent hardworking australian

waaaaaaaaake up australia! this is not your land your castles made of sand this place was never called australia we ripped it off & that's cool dude that's something to fight for ... ay? so we can use it up & burn it out before the kids get a chance to taste it & waste it even more yeah! we are people of no country no nationality no pride simply worried world citizens with bad taste in clothes & bad breath in bed (& that's why i aught to keep my big mouth shut) she said

so come on you ordinary decent aussie battlers do the only thing you do well beat up the poet! that'll show him won't it?

cum on ozie cum on stick the boot in while he's down that's the way we grinners win in sport stick the boot in even when he's history

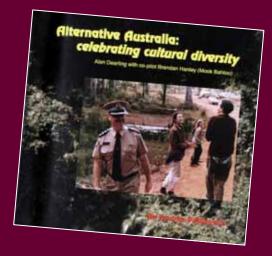
that'll teach him to tell the truth in a free country

Endnote

'Alternative Australia – Celebrating Cultural Diversity' was published in Year 2000. I went back to Australia a few more times, including in 2000 to launch and promote the book. Daevid came along with other poets and musos to one of those events at the 'Rails', café-cum-bar in Byron Bay. He decided that he wasn't amused by one of his poet colleagues who had also contributed to the book. So, during his mate's performance, Daevid yelled out, 'You're meant to be a poet, not a fucking stand-up comedian'. And then launched a pint of beer at his erstwhile chum. Unfortunately, he threw the glass and all. Mayhem ensued. And that was one of our book launches!

Thankfully, I was able to meet up with Daevid on a quite a few occasions afterwards including one of his last performances in the UK, headlining with Gong in London, alongside Nik Turner's Space Ritual. He even drew a little cartoon of himself on my straw hat (see left) at one of the Big Green Gathering events. A true one-off Alien! As Daevid told me, 'The main purpose in Australia is to find our mystical space.'

'Alternative Australia – Celebrating Cultural Diversity' is still available priced £13.99 plus £2.50 p&p. www.enablerpublications.co.uk





VIDEO GAMES! 2000 * VIDEO GAMES! * FUNNY STUFF! * OTHER STUFF!

As regular readers of these pages will probably know I have a strange, disparate, and diverse collection of friends, relatives, and associates, many of whom who are extraordinarily creative in one way or another. And as my plan was always to make this magazine the sort of magazine that I would want to read, many of them turn up in these pages with monotonous regularity. Meet Mr Biffo.

From 1993 for a decade he was the editor of an anarchic video games magazine on Channel Four Teletext. It was called Digitiser and contained some of the most gloriously funny bits of off the wall dicking about that I have ever read. Biffo happens to be a friend of mine and as the re-launched Digitiser2000 is just as stupid and just as funny as ever, we shall be featuring a slice of Biffo every week from now on. I like talking about crowdfunding, because it means I have a legitimate reason to talk about Marillion - my favourite band. No. *SHUT UP*

If you don't know your history, Marillion actually invented crowdfunding (which, for a while there, was known as "The Marillion Model").

In short, back in 1997, Marillion couldn't afford to tour America. Without any prompting, a group of US fans raised \$60,000 to pay for the tour - a gesture which took the band by surprise, but gave them a viable and sustainable way of continuing at a time when they were reluctant to sign to a record company.

Every Marillion album since has been paid for this way - with backers getting their name in the credits. The model soon became adopted by other bands, before being leapt upon by creative people around the globe. And now here I am writing this on a semicrowdfunded blog (I thank you all for funding my semi).

But anyway. Crowdfunding, see... despite using it to keep Digi2000 going for now... is something I actually have mixed feelings about.



http://tinyurl.com/jfun6gw



Main Street, Sparkbrook, Birmingham

Sparkbrook

Just the barest of memories. There's a bridge under which we pass. The other side of that bridge signifies something familiar, like home. And then there's a turning onto a small road with a school at the end. Out on the main road, seemingly miles away, traffic rumbles by in a haze of fumes and danger. But this little side street is my realm. I'm safe here, left to my own devices.

The house is dark, the electric light is permanently switched on, which only tends to emphasise the gloom. The kitchen is under the stairs. I remember my Mom, out there in the kitchen, while I sit at the table. There's a bowl of cornflakes in front of me, which I'm stirring round with my spoon. I used to like them to go soggy. Or maybe it was that I preferred them crispy, and wouldn't eat them once they were soggy.

The road is called Main Street, and it's in Sparkbrook, Birmingham. It's where I spent the first years of my life. I looked it up in the A-Z. It's still there. I decided I should go and pay a visit.

I dropped the car in Sparkhill and took a walk down the Stratford Road. It was an overcast day, grey but mild. I felt like an explorer. I had a copy of Eric Newby's A Short Walk In The Hindu Kush in my pocket. Well it was natural wasn't it? My journey became A Long Walk Down The Stratford Road. It seemed just as exotic, in a banal, Brummie sort of way. The area is predominantly Asian, but despite the Balti houses and the shops selling rolls of brightly coloured cloth sparkling with sequins, the scene is still essentially Birmingham. Indeed, what can be more Brummie than a Balti? But there's an air of decay about the area. Many shops are boarded up, and the flats above are universally in a state of disrepair. Broken windows, grimy with the traffic fumes, glare down at you from the gloomy heights.

"Sparkbrook". The name gives an image of a jolly little stream sparkling in the sunlight. Instead of which you have a view of grubby motorcycle workshops and shops selling car parts. The bridge is still there though, an arch of red brick tip-toeing across the road like some prissy giantess raising her skirts to step over a puddle. And there, on the left, is Main Street.

All the old houses are gone, replaced with 60s council housing with gardens. But the view from the top end of the street is the same. I was walking up and down trying to position myself from my memories. The further away from the Stratford Road I got, the more "right" it seemed. And then there was the school, still there, but a school no longer. These days it's a health centre. This is where I'd lived, right opposite the school.

Main Street

Afterwards I rang my Mom up. "Tell me about Main Street," I said.

"Oooo, I don't remember. It was a long time ago."

"Was the house back-to-back?" I was remembering that dark view into the kitchen.

"That's right," she said. "There were shared toilets out the back. It was very old fashioned."

"And was the kitchen under the stairs?"

It was, she told me, surprised that I was remembering so much.

"So how old was I when we lived there?"

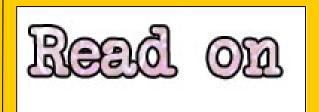
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ECTED WRITINGS 2003 - 201

"From about 9 months till you were three. Then we went to Malta. When we got back you'd've been about four, I think. We stayed with our Mom for a while, and then we went back to live there for about six months before we moved to Yardley." "We were right opposite the school weren't we?"

"That's right," she said. "You used to get dressed up in your work clothes and go and help the workmen while they were building it. It was your job. I don't know what you were doing. Helping them out in your own little way. I don't suppose they'd allow that now. It would be too dangerous. I can't have been a very good Mother. I just used to let you get on with it. And there was a shop about half way down the road. I would send you down there to get a few bits of things, you know. Fags, probably. That was what it was like in those days."

"I can remember going across the road to someone's house."



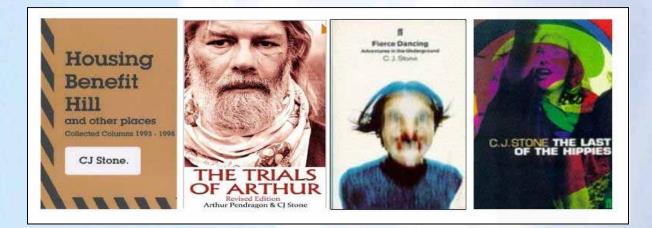
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The Masters of the Universe do seem to have a steady stream of interesting stories featuring them, their various friends and relations, and alumni. Each week Graham Inglis keeps us up to date with the latest news from the Hawkyerse..

A week ago, Easter weekend, saw Hawkwind's Devon get-together (Hawkeaster) at Seaton. A

variety of bands played on both Saturday and Sunday afternoon, including TOSH - otherwise, Technicians of Spaceship Hawkwind. And Hawkwind in the evening, of course... complete with two dancers, one of whom did a fire-eating act.

While the Hawklords are currently assembling an October/November tour, Hawkwind's April tour takes the following form:

Mon 04 April - Eastbourne, Winter Gardens Thu 14 April - Cardiff, Tramshed Fri 15 April - Glasgow, O2 ABC Main Room Sat 16 April - Holmfirth, Picturedrome



Spirits Burning

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

Over 7D minutes of music, over forty crew members Includes bonus &-page comic with artwork by Steve Lines

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



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We Move You
Tripping With The Royal Family
Xara's Poem
For Those Who Are Searching
Rolling Out
Right On The Mark
This Time, This Space
So Strong Is Desire





Sun 17 April - Wrexham, William Aston Hall Mon 18 April - Gateshead, The Sage Tue 19 April - Nottingham, Rock City Wed 20 April - Learnington Spa, Assembly Fri 22 April - Islington, Assembly Hall * Sat 23 April - Norwich, UEA



Sun 24 April - Stamford, Com Exchange Mon 25 April - Preston, Guildhall

* The Islington gig includes a fan's 'meet and greet' and signing session, and the newly-released album will be aired. Other dates for the summer have been announced as:

Fri 20 May - Greece: Thessalonia Sat 21 May - Greece: Athens Fri Jun 10 - Sweden Rock Festival, Solvesborg. Fri Jun 17 - St Albans, St Albans Arena.

HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION

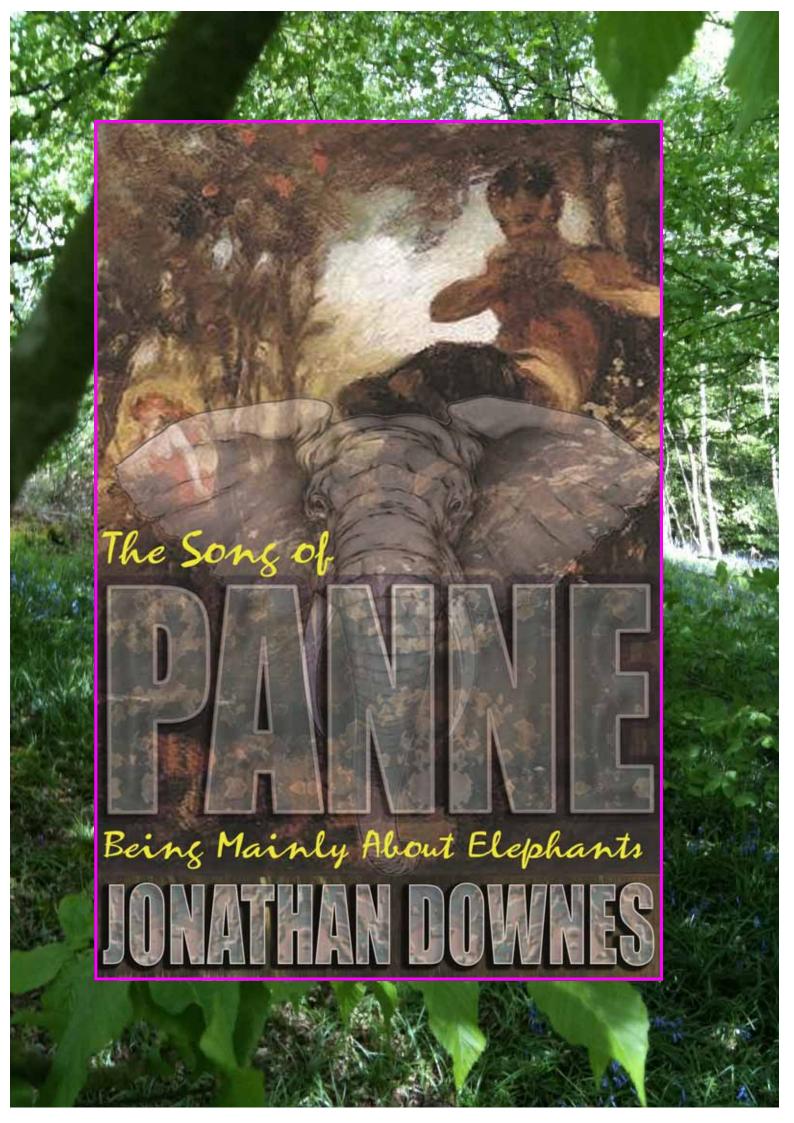
Greetings space travellers! This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

Pass. No(Leave blank)
Volunteer Crew Register
Name
Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty roster (optional)
Full Earth Address:
Post Code
E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly)
Telephone Number:
Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

XXV

As I have written at length elsewhere, I am a great believer in the interconnectedness of all things. And I am not going to go all fractal on you, but it does seem to me to be a self-evident truth. If you imagine the world in which we live to be a large pond; bits of it have nice clear water with ducks swimming on top of the water and sticklebacks below, and other bits are full of supermarket shopping trolleys. Others are a morass of mud, and other parts still are an evil smelling discharge from some chemical works or



HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK

HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK

other. Like I said, it is a very large pond.

The weather on this pond is extremely localised; some bits are calm and others stormy. Some rain lashed others drought stricken, and there are even occasional icebergs. For not only is it a very big pond, but it is a highly conceptual one, and as I am the one who conceived it I feel perfectly entitled to make my conception as singular as I like.

Now, one afternoon a horrid little boy called Stevie Wingford threw two large rocks into my conceptual pond. And the waves caused by these two God almighty splashes reverberated across the pond both above and below the water. They weren't boulders at all. In fact on a cosmic scale they weren't even very big rocks, but they were big enough to affect the currents and eddies of the water, to dislodge vegetation, and to forever change the lives of a surprisingly large number of the little creatures that lived in the pond.

One of the metaphorical rocks that hit the metaphorical surface of my metaphorical pond that spring afternoon in 1982 was the multiple rape, brutalisation and attempted murder of his 'little sister'. The other was his accusation that the Rev Cymbeline Potts was guilty of what our transatlantic chums call serial sexual battery.

against the person of Stevie Wingford himself. Well, as we are already aware, the accusations fell apart in the wake of Wingford's arrest for the crimes against his sister, but not before the reverberations across the local rumour mill made it certain that the local gentry would no longer have the Potts siblings on their Christmas card list, and that they would be basically persona non grata in all the local villages.

Many years later I heard that the Rev. Potts paid a visit to my father and attempted to explain the true state of affairs, but that my father had curtly turned him away at the gate and told him never to return. He never did, although if he had still been alive when I inherited the house in 2006 he would have been most welcome. But by then it was far too late.

In fact, as far as I am aware, the elderly couple never set foot in Woolsery or Bradworthy ever again, taking their business to Holsworthy, some fifteen miles to the south which was a sprawling enough metropolis so that the elderly clergyman and his sister were able to go shopping in relative anonymity.

Let us deal with Stevie Wingford first. Several members of his gang turned what I believe is called 'Queen's Evidence' and did the sort of plea

HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK

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bargaining act which doesn't usually happen in a small corner of North Devon. Stevie Wingford was found guilty of a whole string of offences against his sister, and - when the word got out amongst the young women of the district, upon whom Wingford and his cronies had lavished their unwelcome attentions - within a matter of weeks his charge sheet was several pages long, and within days Wingford was on remand in Exeter Prison, and was not to see the world as a free man again for fifteen long years.

But I didn't know anything about this, although I would doubtless have been quite happy to have engaged quite serious in degrees of schadenfreude as Wingford had made most of the years of my adolescence a misery. But I knew nothing about it because on 2 April 1982, Argentine forces mounted amphibious landings off the Falkland Islands, following the civilian occupation of South Georgia on 19 March, before the Falklands War began. The invasion was met with a nominal defence organised by the Falkland Islands' Governor Sir Rex Hunt, giving command to Major Mike Norman of the Royal Marines. The events of the invasion included the landing of Lieutenant Commander Guillermo Sanchez-Sabarots' Amphibious Commandos Group, the attack on Moody Brook barracks, the engagement between the troops of Hugo Santillan and Bill Trollope at Stanley, and the final engagement and surrender at Government House.

The whole Falklands War was basically a costly propaganda exercise on the part of two unpleasant national leaders; Margaret Hilda Thatcher of the United Kingdom and General Leopoldo Fortunato Galtieri Castelli of Argentina. Both leaders were facing faltering popularity and decided to try and keep hold of the reins of power by surfing the crest of a wave of nationalism. In Thatcher's case it worked.

People like me who were already disturbed by the state of the nation and the cavalier way that Thatcher and her cronies were riding roughshod over civil liberties soon joined the protests. It all became mixed up with the peace camps at Greenham Common and elsewhere, and - eventually - the miner's strike, and by the end of it all I was well and truly politicised. I was also living in South Devon by that time, embarking on three years as a student nurse at the now defunct



Royal Western Counties Hospitals near Dawlish, and I also found my first serious girlfriend and then my first wife, and so all this stuff passed me by.

But as it turned out, although my parents refused to have anything further to do with the Potts family, (and so, the fact that it had been increased in number by fifty percent passed them by) my late mother was pivotally involved in what happened next. Because just before Stevie Wingford excised the two elderly gentlefolk from my parents' address book, my mother had lent Britannia Potts a couple of books by a largely discredited, and now almost forgotten academic called Margaret Murray.

Now, although not as dramatic as the two rocks which Stevie Wingford had cast into my metaphorical (or should that be allegorical? I'm not quite sure) pond, the ripples caused by my mother's innocent loan of a couple of books on speculative British history caused ripples and reverberations no less important. In fact, in one way the reverberations were even *more* important, as these books led directly to the eventual death of the Rev Cymbeline Potts.



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!!"

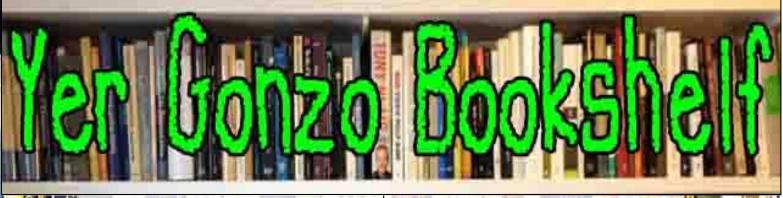
BEFORE WE CAME

THERE WERE NATIVE PLANTS Indigenous to the area Aligned with Seasons Surviving in Deserts Prepared and preparing

for future challenges via flood or by fire They learned over time to conserve water Provide habitat for birds,bees,butterflies and to protect the very soil we now walk upon for indigenous /wild animals and their associations They provided food and medicine for those

who adapted to the seasons of this desert. Here we come,tramping in invasive species Non-native,unaware of the needs of indigenous

We claim habitat over bison trails and butterfly habitats Wonder why birds,bees ,butterflies flee from us. Of course,we can learn,and re-learn the ways of earth and plants before and after us Hopefully ,in our lifetime-while (some)native plants survive despite our slow learning curves.



REAL LIFE ROCK Greil Marcus

Convictived Materia

Hardcover: 1000 pages Publisher: Yale University Press (26 Nov. 2015) Language: English ISBN-10: 0300196644 ISBN-13: 978-0300196641

I got this book before Christmas, and I have been putting off reviewing it because I didn't like it, but I knew that I should like it. And it was only this week that I realised why, and in doing so finally "got" it. But first of all, over to those jolly nice fellows at Wikipedia:

"Greil Marcus (born June 19, 1945) is an American author, music journalist and cultural critic. He is notable for producing scholarly and literary essays that place rock music in a broader framework of culture and politics than is customary in pop music journalism."

I knew all this, and was a great admirer of his

essays. But this book doesn't contain any essays.

The publisher blurb reads:

"For nearly thirty years, Greil Marcus has written a remarkable column called "Real Life Rock Top Ten." It has been a laboratory where he has fearlessly explored and wittily dissected an enormous variety of cultural artifacts, from songs to books to movies to advertisements. Taken together, his musings, reflections, and sallies amount to a subtle and implicit theory of how cultural objects fall through time and circumstance and often deliver unintended consequences, both in the present and in the future. Real Life Rock reveals the critic in full: direct, erudite, funny, fierce, vivid, uninhibited, and possessing an unerring instinct for art and fraud. The result is an indispensable volume packed with startling arguments and casual brilliance."

But as I said. No essays. I was expecting another book like his seminal *Mystery Train* and instead I got thirty years worth of lists of odds and sods of things which had attracted his attention over the previous month. And the trouble was that I don't like books of lists.

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DISCOVERY

And this threw me completely.

As readers of my inky fingered scribblings both here and elsewhere will be aware, I LOVE books. My greatest love affair in a life that has been filled with love affairs of one sort or another, has been with books. And I own thousands if them.

Some books are designed to be read in a linear fashion, others are not. Some books are like a hearty meal, others like a series of bon bouches into which you dip on occasion. The trouble with this book is.... No, there is *NO* trouble with this book. The trouble was with me.

I sat down expecting some big hearty meal-sized essays into which I could sink my literary teeth. And when I didn't find them I was massively disappointed. "But this is Greil Fucking Marcus" I kept on reminding myself, and so I didn't give up.

The *Columbia Journalism Review* writes that "Real Life feels like it was made for the internet. That's what struck Mark Richardson, executive editor of Pitchfork, when he read an advance of Real Life

75

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Rock, a 28-year anthology of the column, published in 2015. "There was something very appealingly internet-y about it," says Richardson. "It was a list, it was little fragments—there was a thread through it but with a certain amount of randomness."

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But the person writing that is far more of an academic than I am, he is also far more mainstreamly sensible than I am and he comes from the opposite side of the Herring Pond. Nope, this week I found the perfect location for this book, and furthermore it is a location that brings out the essential brilliance of this peculiar, though fascinating book.

It now lives on my bathroom windowsill where it can be dipped into during those few times in the day when one is truly alone. And the thing that I totally missed at first, and that I am kicking myself for missing, is that it works best when you dip into it at random, a bit like the I Ching, only then picking up on one or other of the peculiar little eddies and themes which almost imperceptibly run through it. Reading this book, if one does it properly, is a truly quasi Fortean experience.

The column Real Life, which has been released more or less monthly for three decades now, does mostly what its name implies: itemizes and pithily critiques 10 cultural artefacts of note - which to Marcus can mean anything from an album reissue to a rubber toy. The column's success "really does depend on being able to incorporate anything that you notice or that strikes you," says Marcus. "Anything that captures the currency or the absurdity of life as it's being lived at any given moment." In fact, the only time the column didn't work, says Marcus, was during its brief life at the magazine *Interview*, where his editors asked him to write only about music.

To me the greatest success of this book is that whilst its author is undoubtedly a hipster, it is not written for the hipster crows. It is equally as relevant to people from all walks of life, from the Pulitzer Prize crowd at the *Columbia Journalism Review* to a fat anarchist in Devon who drinks too much and breeds tropical fish. The reason for this is that by its very nature, half of the stuff that Marcus writes about is irrelevant to the reader, which is why one can make all sorts of unexpected connections, and go on some very peculiar little mind journeys during one's diabetes-induced sojourns in the smallest room in the house.

10

North Devon Firefly Faery Fayre & Ball 23rd July 2016 11am till Midnight

Stalls, Workshops, Entertainers at The Fayre 6 live bands & more at The Ball

Food all day, Bar from 7.30pm CLOVELLY Parish Hall Wrinkleberry Lane Clovelly Devon EX395SU



northdevonfireflyfaeryfayreandball2016

ALL PROCEEDS TO THE SMALL SCHOOL

Free one's mind, and one's bowels will follow. Or is that just me?

I am very glad that I decided to persevere with this book. For three months it languished at the top of the review book pile by my favourite armchair, next to an ashtray decorated with skulls that was given to me by a long dead ex-girlfriend, and which is usually empty since I largely quit smoking. And every time that I saw it stared back at me and made me feel more and more guilty.

Books can do that to you, don't you know? Especially good ones.

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Acres BOSTOH a 7 A. u. tertu vrill ny Kintions for D nimeco for Fred 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... Apart from finding a dear lady's missing false teeth in her slipper after a half hour search there is nothing much I can chat about today. I thought I would put in an appropriate quote about time flying and music, but I could only find those that make you want to puke in the nearest receptacle, slippers included. So, without any further ado, I give to you:

Who Signed Guitar - £1,250 How am I supposed to know who signed the damned guitar? I wasn't there.



"This is a beautiful collectors item, The Who guitar has been signed by Roger Daultry and Pete Townsend. The autographs are clean and crisp. There is a union Jack in the frame and also a concert poster and picture of the band, this is a collectors piece and this will only go up in value in the years to come. It has been authenticated by AFTAL DEALER #3 and will give you piece of mind." hinya et 4 des and Propellar 68 Installar 68 Barris & CO., } Ners y & CO., } with ryonner the City of A DAICOL-MEMENTS AND NetS and Florar impent of Westin

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Couldn't resist the little pun. Apologies given begrudgingly. But who are "Roger Daultry" and "Pete Townsend" anyway? A duo of Roger Daltrey and Pete Townshend doubles?

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1/1 Lifesize Michael Jackson Bust Moonwalker Figure Statue Rare - US \$750.00 (Approximately £521.81)

"This is a lifesize head. The bust is made of latex and stuffed with polyfoam. This bust is a replica of the bust that Rick Baker made for the film "Moonwalker". Dimensions: 36 cm high x 23 cm wide (14 inches high x 9 inches wideapprox.) Lifesize!"

Talking of 'doubles', I have only included this as it calls for one of those 'separated at birth?' thingumebobs. Or not, as this is of course only a crafted replica of someone, but I am still going for it, because I can. So....separated at birth?



So MJ on the left and Cameron Mitchell (Buck Cannon in High Chaparral for those who didn't watch it back in the day) on the right.

2004 Gibson Custom 1959 Les Paul Jimmy Page Number One Aged - US \$24,999.00 (Approximately £17,393.03)

"Here we a 1959 Gibson Les Paul Jimmy Page #1 Reissue which has been aged by the Gibson Custom Shop.

As you know, the original 1959 Gibson Les Paul standard has become one of the most desirable collector guitars on the planet. Not surprisingly, this 1959 Jimmy Page reissue has become one of the most collectible modern Gibson guitars ever produced. Only 150 were produced, and they were quickly snatched up by collectors. This is number 117.



This guitar is an exact replica of Jimmy Page's famous 1959 Gibson Les Paul. It shows all of the age and wear that his actual guitar shows. If you had the two side by side, you couldn't discern which was the real one and which was the replica (though, Jimmy might be able to).

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date.

His '59 Les Paul is one of the coolest guitars on the planet. I am confident that, if auctioned off, that original guitar would be one of the most expensive (if not the most expensive) guitar ever sold. There aren't many more desirable guitars out there.

This one is in mint condition, as it was received from the factory. Included with the guitar is the original hardshell case, certificate of authenticity (hand signed by Jimmy Page himself), and all case candy."

Looks line any other guitar to me, but-as I have alluded to before-I know nothing of such things. I was tempted to do a 'separated at birth?' thingy to compare this with this:



But thought better of it, as there are far too many difference to prove any point that may have fleetingly floated through the space between my ears. The colour being one of course.

1995, .999 Gold; Bob Marley; Half Ounce, Proof, \$100 Coin RARE; MINTAGE of 2000 - US \$1,900.00 (Approximately £1,321.92)

"1995 Royal Mint Bob Marley 50th Anniversary \$100 Dollar Gold Proof 1/2oz. Coin. Presented in Original Box with it's Certificate of it's Authenticity.

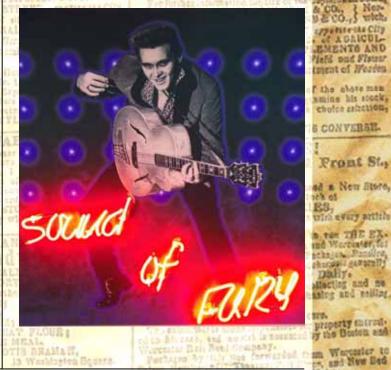
N ROBERT NA

This is a GREAT DEAL, and If you buy it now, i'll include a 2005 Bob Marley 60th Anniversary \$50 Fifty Dollar Silver/Gold Bi-metalic Proof Coin.

In 1995, to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the reggae icon Bob Marley's birth, an extremly small mintage of 2000 \$100 half ounce gold coin was minted. The London-based British royal mint, a 1,100-year-old company that manufactures collector quality coins for Britain and 100 other countries, including Jamaica. Aside from coin and gold collectors, there are over 14 million Bob Marley Fans that will desire this ultra rare coin. The Royal Mint released on behalf of Jamaica; the very Limited Issue \$100 Dollar, Gold, Proof, Coin struck in pure .999 Gold, Certified, Slabbed, and Graded by PCGS as PR70 DCAM and secured within a plastic capsule inside a velvet lined display box. This beautiful coin modeled by Royal Mint engraver Robert Elderton, features a portrait of the dreadlocked legend, Bob Marley, with surrounding enscription, 50th Anniversary, The Hon. Robert Nesta Marley. 1945-2005. while the reverse has the Jamaican Coat of Arms. The Royal Mint sold these coins for \$900 when released, and in 2006 the MSRP was \$1150. So, considering that the 1995 silver coin is selling for, between \$800 and \$1600."

This is actually rather cool. You see, I can be nice if and when I wish to.

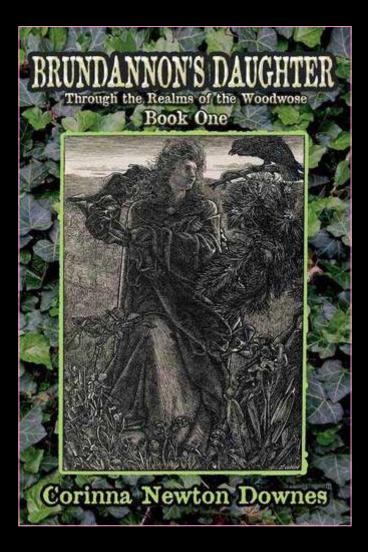
BILLY FURY NEON DISPLAY 100cm X 100cm - UNIQUE - £2,000



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PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,



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

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RARE ORIGINAL 1969 BEATLES YELLOW SUBMARINE PROMO RECORD STORE **DISPLAY WORKS!!** -US \$5,000.00

> "FOR SALE IS AN ORIGINAL 1969 BEATLES YELLOW SUBMARINE RECORD STORE PROMO DISPLAY! USED TO DISPLAY THE YELLOW SUBMARINE LPS!!

DIMENSIONS OF PIECE APPROX. 13 1/2" X 13 1/2" X 54" HIGH! HAS MOTOR AND

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WORKS!!! ROD ROTATES. CAUSING SUBMARINE TO ROTATE WHEN THE MOTOR IS RUNNING!!

DOES SHOW SIGNS OF CORNER/EDGE WEAR. DISPLAYS VERY NICELY !! SUBMARINE IN NICE SHAPE!!

THESE ARE SO RARE AND HARD TO COME BY!!! I'VE MAYBE SEEN ONLY A COUPLE EXAMPLES IN THE OPEN MARKET !!! THIS IS PROBABLY ONE OF THE MOST RARE BEATLES PIECES OF MEMORABILIA OF ALL TIME!!"

The countless excessive exclamations aside, I am a sucker for most things concerning the yellow submarine in question, so I give this a great big thumbs up, with superlative marks of exclamation added to boot.

And that, dear readers, is about it for this week. I do hope you have enjoyed reading my suggestions for the cabinet as much as I have enjoyed showing them to you.

Pass the sick bowl now if you please, as that last paragraph full of ingratiating sentiments has made me feel quite ill.

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MIKE DAVIS

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?

"This a very rare one of a kind neon light

It is 100cm X 100cm screen printed design

Perfect for a display & a must for Billy Fury fans."

Ahhh, Billy Fury. So much cuter than Elvis in my

celebrating Billy Fury.

mounted on a canvas.

book.



REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS

Between Norwich and Paindelphin.

Bail en HEDHESDAY a/ enthues

James L. Dey,

The Line is composed of the following Pacials:

Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

i i Capt



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

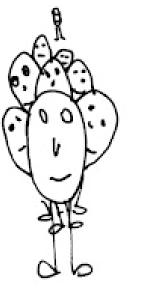
http://www.zazzle.co. uk/streetfightingshirts



RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

THE NINE HENRYS





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

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

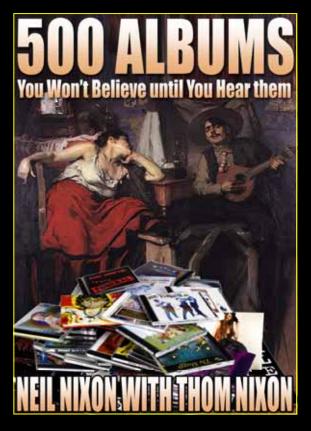
THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

mcdada@ninehenrys.com

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



Inception



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.

Garth Brookes: Chris Gaines Greatest Hits/ In the Life of Chris Gaines (Capitol, 1999) What? Befuddling and bizarre alterego project.

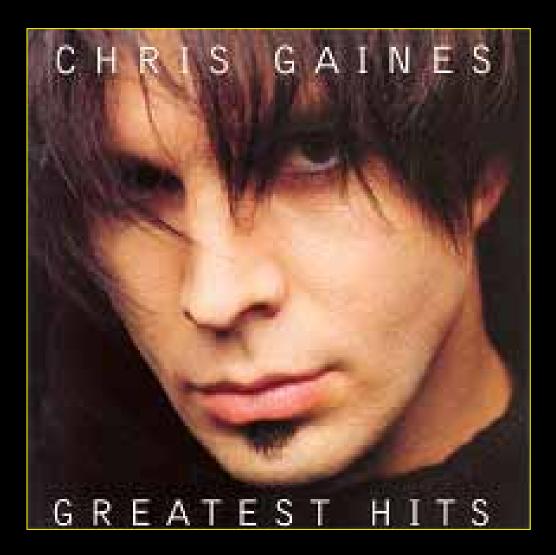
The official line now the dust has settled says that Brookes – who for a sizeable chunk of the nineties was the one American artist capable of outselling Michael Jackson for months on end in the US market – released this album as a "Pre-soundtrack" to a movie called The Lamb. The thinking behind the project is still fairly clear to see.

Brookes' multi-platinum sales and massive chart domination were achieved as a country artist. The music and artist remained massive in his native US but attempts to sell him to other lucrative territories – like the UK – weren't anywhere near as successful. Brookes and his management knew had talent to burn, and some elements of his armoury were little used in his country career. His deft control of the upper register of his voice, his way with a pop hook-line and his soulful touch on an acoustic guitar had all been a fleeting feature of his high-profile career. The solution, aimed at gaining him respect across the board, increased foreign sales and achieving a major breakout from his country audience was to produce an album in his alter-ego of Chris Gaines, let the record sit there for a year or so and follow it with a movie in which Brookes played the fictional star and looked back on his career.

Brookes mega-fame ensured the Gaines project achieved some things instantly, the album hit #2 in the US charts and the beautiful pop-ballad "Lost in You" gave Brookes his only hit on the US pop charts. However, Brookes' popularity also proved a problem. Many die-hard fans were confused, the massive initial shipment of the album to US stores soon stalled in sales and the album was rapidly the subject of massive discounts giving it the unlikely history of being a massive hit and very public failure in very short order. Chris Gaines confused most audiences outside the US. At least in his home territory Brookes had appeared live on TV as his alter ego. The new identity, and the film project were rapidly dropped and music histories tend now to refer to the whole escapade as an "experiment."

In reality it is a superbly accomplished slice of adult pop/rock that delivers strongly on the items that appeared to matter most to its master-mind. "Lost in You" with its well-controlled high melody showcases a side of Brookes' singing that hits almost feminine levels of tenderness, the vocal is offset by a softly chopped acoustic guitar. "Driftin' Away" packs a similarly soulful punch and elsewhere the album hits on mainstream elements of rock and pop with sense of its own destiny. If this was the greatest hits of a mainstream artist he would have undoubtedly enjoyed a chart career and solid fan-base. Granted, Brookes had a few advantages, notably the deft knob-twiddling and pristine pop vision of producer Don Was, a man well-versed in mainstream sounds perched carefully on the edge of occasional irony. Listened to in short bursts, the performance and production here combine to do their jobs perfectly. "Driftin' Away" for example, slowly fades to make way for the muscularity of "Way of the Girl". Elsewhere a trio of rockers are scattered through the running order, ending with "Digging for Gold" which combines a lengthy, punch the air, chorus with a recurrent guitar figure right out of the Skynyrd songbook. Brookes even has the front to drop in "It Don't Matter to the Sun," a solid piece of straight country that would be at home on most Brookes' albums.

As with the sales, the strength here is also the main weakness. The album is so professional in its different styles and sounds that it offers little glimpse into what makes the fictional Chris Gaines an individual artist. Similarly, the songs may be anthemic and insightful, but the very general sentiments of the lyrics offer no real glimpse into Gaines' personality. As a pop songwriter he's up there with the likes of Diane Warren. As a personality, he eludes us. However, as a brave and ambitious release from an artist in a generally conservative corner of the music industry, Chris Gaines Greatest Hits is peerless.





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 Alban's African Express and collaborate live with Amadou & Mariam featuring Beth Orton.

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia



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Niburta

Founded in 2010 and from Budapest, Hungary, Niburta play modern metal with folk influences according their Facebook page and Folk/Melodic Death Metal/Metalcore according to Metal Archives. The band's lyrical themes are nature, history, folklore, and Paganism.

"The name "Niburta" comes from the two-faced deity of the Scythian religion. "Niburta" was both the god of war, giving warriors the fury to charge fearlessly into battle, and the god of agriculture, providing bountiful harvest to its followers. This bipolarity flows through the music of the band, combining the brutal sounds of modern metal with catchy and mystical tunes." - Facebook Band members:

János Krieser - Guitar Zoltán Galacsik - Guitar Balázs Hormai - Main/harsh vocals Milán Leindler - Drums, percussions Gábor Zsigmond- Bass

N HOPAN

Zsolt Osztrovszky - Sound master

Guest Musicians:

Márton Szilágyi - Kaval, flutes, pipes, throatsinging

Facebook

BandCamp

88

Metal Archives

You Tube

Niburta - Awakening - EP version -(OFFICIAL VIDEO)

Rege

Nap és Hold

And so it is the end of yet another week. And it seems only a week ago since I last wrote that, probably because it was. But what a long strange trip this week has been. It was a week during which Graham spent two days in Exeter trying his best to repair the ravages to my Exeter house caused by the last bevy of ill-bred guttersnipes who rented it from me. Although the word "rented" is not entirely appropriate as half the time they never paid the rent.

There is a nice young couple, or what seems like a nice young couple, ready to move in, and this time we are going to make sure that everything is carried out shipshape and Bristol fashion. Which brings me to my big gripe. Because I have been burned so many times, this time I am insisting on a small deposit and a month's rent in advance. But this puts me into that dreaded class ... being a landlord. In the past I have never considered myself a landlord, rather I was just this dude who let friends, relatives and a few acquaintances live in his house in return for money. Even now I am charging something like thirty percent less than what *The Daily Telegraph* said this week was the average national monthly rent. But am I now a nasty capitalist?

I would like to think not.

As happens so often in my life, Bob Dylan provides lines which seem to match the occasion perfectly, and so I am writing these for the young couple whom I hope will soon be living under my mostly not leaking roof. And I would also like to share them with you.



Dear landlord

Please heed these words that I speak I know you've suffered much But in this you are not so unique All of us, at times, we might work too hard To have it too fast and too much And anyone can fill his life up With things he can see but he just cannot touch

Dear landlord

Please don't dismiss my case I'm not about to argue I'm not about to move to no other place Now, each of us has his own special gift And you know this was meant to be true And if you don't underestimate me I won't underestimate you

See you next week my dear friends.

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