Doug goes to see David Gilmour at the Hollywood Bowl, John goes to see Pentangle in Wimborne. Alan muses on Yoko and John, while yer editor gets all strange and metaphysical and also arranges a topographic fishtank. We review two books on Frank Zappa and there are columns from Biffo, Corinna and more. Good ‘ere innit?

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

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

3. Music can and sometimes does change the world

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

Once again this week I have been musing about The Beatles. This is a subject that I have been musing about any time this forty plus years, but this time I have been coming at it from a different direction. I think it is probably John Blaney’s fault. I was sent his extraordinary illustrated and annotated discography some months ago, and I devoured it in one or two sittings. I was so impressed that I wrote to him telling him so, and he sent me copies of his books on Paul McCartney (the first two of four) and John Lennon (only one, because - sadly - his post Beatles career wasn’t a very long one for the tragic reasons that we all know). And I devoured them with as much energy as I had the Harrison book.

And as always, I ended up listening to a much greater percentage of Beatle-related music as a result. And, slowly, I became aware of something important; the further away from 1969, when the band effectively ceased to be, the less significant the music became. And this decline in significance snowballed after Lennon’s death in 1980, and even more so after Harrison’s death twenty one years later. Now, note I say significance rather than talking about any decline in quality.

Now, I think I am really gonna place my cojones on the chopping board here by qualifying this statement by saying that I am not just referring to the socio-economic significance, but to the spiritual significance of it all.

Now, as many of you are, I am sure, aware, I do not just write about music. I also write about a whole range of other things, including venturing into what many of you would quite possibly consider to be some very esoteric and peculiar areas. And although, some of what I write is reasonably scientific, some of it most decidedly isn’t. And amongst these things I believe in Magick.
But it occurred to me that karma is instant as well as it influences your past life or your future life.

Over to those jolly nice chaps at Wikipedia for a handy definition:

“Magick, in the context of Aleister Crowley's Thelema, is a term used to differentiate the occult from stage magic and is defined as "the Science and Art of causing Change to occur in conformity with Will", including both "mundane" acts of will as well as ritual magic. Crowley wrote that "it is theoretically possible to cause in any object any change of which that object is capable by nature". John Symonds and Kenneth Grant attach a deeper occult significance to this preference.”
Now, my attitude to Crowley is very similar to my attitude to Paul McCartney. I vacillate between thinking that his output is largely genius and largely bunkum. And I have come to the conclusion that it contains large amounts of both, although I still cannot make up my mind whether either man was overall a visionary or a charlatan.

John and Yoko’s belief in ritual magick is well documented, and at the turn of that particular decade they took part in some very peculiar ceremonies which it is hard not to see as being of a slightly sinister ritual magickal nature. In early 1970 (if I may quote a Ringosim) for example they cut their hair (and that of Yoko’s daughter Kyoko) stating that this ritual shearing was done “for peace”, but it was the way that they disposed of it that was most disturbing, and it involved one of the most dodgy of their notorious coterie of hangers on.

Michael X (1933 – 16 May 1975), born Michael de Freitas in Trinidad and Tobago, was a self-styled black revolutionary and civil rights activist in 1960s London. He was also known as Michael Abdul Malik and Abdul Malik.

In 1969, de Freitas became the self-appointed leader of a Black Power commune on Holloway Road, North London called the “Black House.” The commune was financed by a young millionaire benefactor named Nigel Samuel. Michael X said, “They've made me the archbishop of violence in this country. But that 'get a gun' rhetoric is over. We're talking of really building things in the community needed by people in the community. We're keeping a sane approach.”

Impressed by Michael X’s attitude, but why God alone knows, John Lennon and Yoko Ono wanted to make a donation for the benefit of the Black House. Ultimate Classic Rock takes up the story:

“But instead of offering money, the Lemmons hatched a plan for the latest in a series of publicity stunts. Having recently cut off their hair (which they thought would have the added benefit of allowing them to travel more freely in public), they offered to exchange it for a pair of Muhammad Ali’s boxing shorts — an odd celebrity bartering program that was supposed to benefit a pair of projects, with the hair being auctioned off to support the Black House and the shorts being sold to raise money for John and Yoko’s peace campaign.”

Interviewed by journalists on the rooftop of a workshop behind the Black House, where the double ceremony took place, the couple announced that the boxing shorts would be auctioned to raise money for their peace campaigning, although there is no evidence to suggest this ever happened. Similarly, the hair was to be auctioned to raise money for The Black House, but there is no evidence that this took place either. Witnesses to the event suggest that John and Yoko were off their tits on heroin at the time as well, and certainly pictures exist in which Lennon looks more than slightly worse for wear.

Anyone with even the slightest knowledge of occultism will raise an eyebrow at the idea of a ritual during which hair is exchanged for dried blood from a man whose fame comes entirely from violence and renouncing one religion in favour of another. Certainly things took a major downturn for Michael X. The Black House closed in autumn 1970. It later burnt down in mysterious circumstances. Michael X was convicted of murder in 1972, and was hanged in Trinidad three years later.

A month or so later Lennon was talking about his new single:

“It just came to me. Everybody was going on about karma, especially in the Sixties. But it occurred to me that karma is instant as well as it influences your past life or your future life. There really is a reaction to what you do now. That's what people ought to be concerned about.”

Backpeddling for a moment, the idea of the Fab Four as magicians is not a new one. Timothy Leary said: “I declare that The Beatles are mutants. Prototypes of evolution agents sent by God, endowed with a mysterious power to create a new human species, a young race of laughing freemen.” Ringo himself said that all the Beatles songs were about peace and love.
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-38157728

Splendid? Perhaps not.

In December 1969 came the Altamont festival which many people have claimed was an apotheosis of dark magic, and whilst it did not directly involve The Beatles, it certainly involved their manager.

Now, personally I agree with John Lennon, that “there really is a reaction to what you do now” and I also believe in the Pagan law of the Ninefold Return, which can be briefly summarised as these traditions, the essence of the mind holds within itself the energy of mind, body and spirit. The essence of the body holds within itself the energy of its own mind body and spirit. And so for the essence of the spirit. When energy is returned, it comes back 3 times to the Mind, 3 times to the Body and 3 times to the Spirit. And the whole essence if magick is the transference of energy.

I think something pretty damn terrible happened within the Beatles’ circle at the end of 1969 or the beginning of 1970, and its reverberations slowly but surely destroyed the positive magick that had been created by the four musicians. Again quoting Timothy Leary (another person about whom I am not sure whether he is a genius or a charlatan): “To future social historians I humbly suggest that the spiritual cord that holds our civilization from suicide can be traced from the Himalayan forests where Vedic philosophers drank soma, down the Ganges, through the Suez by P. and O. and over to Liverpool.”

But something came along to destroy it. Maybe it was Altamont, maybe Michael X, maybe Charlie Manson, maybe all or none of them. But something happened and the world was never the same again.

Love and peace

JD
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)
Douglas Harr,
(Features writer, columnist)
Bart Lancia,
(My favourite roving reporter)
Thom the World Poet,
(Bard in residence)
C.J.Stone,
(Columnist, commentator and all round good egg)
John Brodie-Good
(Staff writer)
Alan Dearling,
(Staff writer)
Mr Biffo,
(Columnist)
A J Smitrovich,
(Columnist)

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,
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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.
GLISS BLISS
An evening with The Glissando Guitar Orchestra. April 16th. 4.30 start with lots of Gongness happening.... Advance tickets available now....

POST MORTEM: Currently playlisted at BBC Radio 2 and BBC 6 Music, "I Can’t Give Everything Away" is the third single from Bowie’s 28th and final record, \( \cdot \). Released January 8, 2016, \( \cdot \) has since sold nearly 2 million copies globally, hitting #1 in more than 20 countries including the U.S., UK, Australia, Belgium, Canada, Croatia, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Ireland, Italy, Japan, The Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Poland, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland.

Barnbrook’s touching visualisation of “I Can’t Give Everything Away” is a tribute inspired by \( \cdot \)’s closing number, created by someone who played an integral role in the album’s visual identity and presentation. “This is really a very simple little video that I wanted to be ultimately positive,” Barnbrook says. “We start off in black and white world of \( \cdot \), but in the final chorus we move to brilliant colour, I saw it as a celebration of David, to say that despite the adversity we face, the difficult things that happen such as David’s passing, that human beings are naturally positive, they look forward and can take the good from the past and use it as something to help with the present. We are a naturally optimistic species and we celebrate the good that we are given.” Read on...

TODD ONLY KNOWS: Purple Pyramid records will be releasing a special limited edition collector’s box titled BOX O’TODD featuring previously unreleased live in-studio recordings from the early ‘70s by legendary guitarist/songwriter/producer, Todd Rundgren! All shows were originally
broadcast on the radio at the time. This unique box features both stripped down solo performances by Rundgren as well as full band recordings with The Hello People, and includes some of Todd’s most well-known songs including “Hello, It’s Me,” “I Saw The Light,” “It Wouldn’t Have Made Any Difference” and many more! In addition to three full-length CDs, the box set comes with a 20-page booklet featuring a full set of insightful liner notes by Dave Thompson and full color photos plus a signature guitar pick, 3 collectible pins, and a backstage pass! Read on...

STILL ROLLING: Ron Wood has said that The Rolling Stones have already recorded eleven new songs for a new album. According to Billboard, Wood stated "We went in to cut some new songs, which we did but we got on a blues streak. We cut 11 blues in two days. They are extremely great cover versions of Howlin' Wolf and Little Walter, among other blues people. But they really sound authentic." When asked when the album would be out, he simply said "This year."

Keith Richards also hinted at an album at the opening of the band's Exhibitionism gallery show. "There's one coming. I can't say no more. My lips are sealed." The Stones have recorded 24 studio albums in the U.S. over their career but their last was eleven years ago with A Bigger Bang which peaked at number 3 in the U.S. and 2 in the U.K. Except for their 1964 U.S. debut (The Rolling Stones (England's Newest Hit Makers)), every one of those albums has gone to the top five. Read on...

BRIDGE OF SIZE: Legendary blues rock guitarist and singer-songwriter, Robin Trower, best known for his 1974 milestone album Bridge of Sighs, has confirmed a 13-date October UK Tour that starts at The Waterfront in Norwich on 30th September. Special guest on all shows is Stevie Nimmo. Tickets for all concerts, priced £25, can be ordered from the 24 Hour Box Office: 0844 478 0898 or booked online from thegigcartel.com. Tickets are on sale from Wednesday 6th April. The October UK tour follows last week's news of Robin's highly anticipated new studio album, “Where You Are Going To”, released in the UK by Manhaton Records on Friday 6th May 2016. Visit the official album and tour press page for further info: http://bit.ly/1UMjTr2.
Nicked from Jaki Windmill’s Facebook pages

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

John Maynard Keynes
During the 19th century, the flea circus was a popular sideshow attraction. Often billed as the “smallest circus in the world,” it took place in a ring the size of a common dinner plate and consisted of fleas performing various circus stunts, such as juggling and tightrope walking. Circus fleas were alleged to be of remarkable intelligence. In fact, many a Victorian era magazine and newspaper article marveled over the discovery that fleas were susceptible to education and kind treatment. But not every flea was smart enough to join the circus. As an 1886 article by C. F. Holder explains:

“Some are exceedingly apt scholars, while others never can learn, and so it is that great numbers of fleas are experimented with before a troupe is accepted.”

Archeologists using the most advanced satellite scanning methods think they've found a new Viking settlement in the North American continent. Professor Sarah Parcak, from the University of Alabama's Archeology Department, has pioneered the use of satellite imaging in archeology and has spent the last year looking for new evidence of Viking settlements in North America. One settlement has already been found – L'Anse aux Meadows in Newfoundland – but now Parcak thinks she's found another. Parcak used part of her $1m TED prize to fund the research, which involved sorting through thousands of satellite images looking for imperfections in the ground using visual and infrared imaging. After narrowing down the options, she and a team spent the summer digging in Newfoundland at a site 300km away from L'Anse aux Meadows.

Tourists from the UK may have spotted another group that traveled much farther to visit the Big Apple this past weekend. A witness claims to have a picture of the Empire State Building with a ‘UFO’ hovering near the famous landmark on 5th Avenue. This sighting could be part of an ‘Earth safari’ tourism some believe is setup for exterrestrials, but knowing New York City it was probably just a plastic bag floating in the wind. The witness, which is going by the name ‘D’, reported the claim and it has been archived as Case 75586 in the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) archive, reports Inquisitr. D was visiting New York City with his girlfriend when he took the picture while on a Double Decker bus.
A multiple sclerosis sufferer had her PIP payment slashed despite being unable to drive and able to walk only short distances, with the aid of a stick. Disabled people have also protested at having to wait many months before they are allowed to appeal, suggesting the figures are the tip of the iceberg. The figures come after George Osborne was forced to abandon cuts to PIP after a backbench revolt, leaving a £4.4bn black hole in last month's Budget. The row sparked the resignation of Work and pensions Secretary Iain Duncan Smith, who branded the Government's approach to welfare cuts as "deeply unfair".

Paralympian Tanni Grey-Thompson, a campaigner for disabled people, said the rate of successful appeals exposed a system that "isn't working". Lady Grey-Thompson said: "There must be so much money wasted - I want the Government to look at this urgently. "It is very stressful to go to an appeal. It can take a lot of time and you may not have very much money while it is going on."

"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...**

**SCANDAL OF DISABILITY BENEFIT APPEALS**
http://tinyurl.com/jygvlbq

Huge numbers of disabled people are being wrongly denied Personal Independence Payments (PIP), tribunals are ruling. A staggering 61% of rejected claims for the benefit are overturned on appeal - inflicting unnecessary stress and extra expense on people, say campaigners.

The number of successful appeals has mushroomed to around 82 every day, figures slipped out by the Department of Work and Pensions (DWP) show.

One case raised by a Labour MP involved a man with such severe heart pounding during an assessment that paramedics had to be called. But his claim was rejected - a decision which was reversed later.

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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 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

I have to admit that I have always thought that Chris Packham was a bit of a dick. But on this issue at least I agree with him 100%

Right On Chris

IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED
THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday
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…

“If the right people had been in charge of Nixon's funeral, his casket would have been launched into one of those open-sewage canals that empty into the ocean just south of Los Angeles. He was a swine of a man and a jabbering dupe of a president. Nixon was so crooked that he needed servants to help him screw his pants on every morning. Even his funeral was illegal. He was queer in the deepest way. His body should have been burned in a trash bin.”

Hunter S. Thompson

TONY HAWK WRITES:
I'm putting on a benefit show for my Moldovan Care centre on April 25th. Great line up. (details below) Maybe you can come along? Failing that - or in addition to that - could you send it to anyone in your inbox who might be able to come, and ask them to do the same? It's a great cause – the centre does amazing work for poor families with children who have cerebral palsy; and Moldova remains the poorest (and most shafted) country in Europe.

Tony
http://www.nimaxtheatres.com/lyric-theatre/midlife_cowboy
The Gospel According to BART

My favourite roving reporter sent me a cryptic message from those jolly nice folks at Marillion, just as we were going to press. And what a message!

"Our new album will be released on September 9th 2016. Final date for pre-orders is 17th June. Thanks to everyone who has pre-ordered so far. We are very excited about this album and can't wait to share it with you."

And yes, it appears that the new album is entitled *Fuck Everybody and Run*. I, for one, cannot wait. This is the best title for a prog record for yonks.

AndersonPonty Band Feat. Music Icons Jon Anderson & Jean Luc Ponty To Tour North America

Spring 2016
Los Angeles – In support of their critically acclaimed CD/DVD release “Better Late Than Never”, the AndersonPonty Band, featuring music icons Jon Anderson and Jean Luc Ponty, will be touring North America in Spring 2016! The band played a series of successful US dates in the Fall of 2015 and are excited to bring their music to the fans once again.

- Apr 28 – Fox Tucson Theatre – Tucson, AZ
- Apr 30 – The Canyon Theater – Agoura Hills, CA
- May 01 – The Grove of Anaheim – Anaheim, CA
- May 04 – Boulder Theater – Boulder, CO
- May 06 – Majestic Theatre – Dallas, TX
- May 07 – One World Theatre – Austin, TX
- May 10 – Ames Center – Burnsville, MN
- May 11 – The Arcada Theatre – St. Charles, IL
- May 13 – The Pageant – St. Louis, MO
- May 14 – Barrymore Theatre – Madison, WI
- May 17 – Riviera Theatre – N. Tonawanda, NY
- May 18 – Tarrytown Music Hall – Tarrytown, NY
- May 20 – Cabot Performing Arts Center – Beverly, MA
- May 21 – Calvin Theater – Northampton, MA
- May 23 – The Ridgefield Playhouse – Ridgefield, CT
- May 25 – The Egg – Hart Theatre – Albany, NY
- May 26 – St. Denis Theatre – Montreal, Canada
- May 27 – Palais Montcalm – Quebec, Canada

Gouzo CURRENTLY IN STOCK AT Gouzo (US)
I always promised that this magazine would never endorse a political candidate. I am afraid that, as a person of integrity, that I have no option but to rescind that promise...

In New Hampshire, a man calling himself Vermin Supreme filed for the presidential primary. He said in his administration, every American will receive a pony. He also plans to defeat ISIS by going back in time.
Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price.
arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk
"If you don't want your tax dollars to help the poor, then stop saying you want a country based on Christian values, because you don't."

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

**Hunter Bags Half-a-Ton Boar in Russia**

http://muldersworld.com/photo.asp?id=43665
Gonzo Web Radio started off as a medium by which interviews and radio programmes about the various acts covered by Gonzo Multimedia could be broadcast to an eagerly attentive world.

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

I agreed, and then the floodgates opened. We have regular weekly shows from Tim and Jaki on their submarine, and from the mysterious M Destiny on the other side of the pond with Friday Night Progressive. We also have a regular visit to the world of the Canterbury Scene courtesy of our friend Matthew Watkins. There are several other shows in the wings, waiting to join us, so stay glued to your seats boys and girls, your life is never going to be the same again!
Strange Fruit is a unique two-hour radio show exploring the world of underground, strange and generally neglected music. All shows are themed and all shows set out to give the most hardened of sound-hounds some new delight to sample. The show is also unique in providing homework for undergraduate students on North West Kent College’s Foundation Degree in Professional Writing (who dig up many of the odd facts featured in the links between tracks). The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight. Every other week the show is now presented by Jeremy Smith and as the two promotional pictures that he sent consisted as one of him covered in mud and the other of him covered in guinea pigs he is obviously mad as a bagful of cheese, which means he will fit in here just fine!

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

Strange Fruit 158 - Space (Paul Kantner Tribute)

A mixture of Airplane, Starship and Paul Kantner solo stuff mixed in with the best of space rock


Tracks
1. Jefferson Airplane: Have You Seen the Saucers
2. John Cooper Clarke: I Married a Monster from Outer Space
3. The Byrds: Mr. Spaceman
4. Hawkwind: Master of the Universe
5. Ten Years After: I'd Love to Change the World
8. Paul Kantner & Jefferson Starship: Have You Seen the Stars Tonight?
9. Johns Children: Smashed Blocked
10. Skin Alley: Nick's Seven
11. KBC Band: It's Not You, It's Not Me
12. Steve Miller Band: Space Cowboy
13. Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranois: Mandrax
14. Sunset Variations Parts I, II, III
15. Jefferson Airplane: Wooden Ships
16. Jefferson Airplane: Eat Starch Mom
17. Hawkwind: This is Your Captain Speaking
18. Luna: Lost in Space
19. Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come: Trouble
22. Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come: Creep
24. Jefferson Starship: Miracles
25. Pink Floyd: Astronomy Domine
26. The Rezillos: Flying Saucer Attack
27. Steve Hillage: Solar Music Suite
29. Paul Kantner & Grace Slick: Sunfighter
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.

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

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

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

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

Stolen Valor & the Gander UFO Incident Mack, Juan-Juan & Commander Cobra talk to Iraqi vet Mellanie Cadwell about her pursuit of an imposter who claims he was a military hero. Switchblade Steve Ward reports on the incredible Gander UFO Incident and a discussion on whether the CIA controls the media.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
Montana. His step-grandfather, White Man Runs Him, was a scout for George Armstrong Custer, and an eyewitness to the Battle of the Little Bighorn.

Medicine Crow was the last person to have heard direct oral testimony from people who were present before the Battle of the Little Bighorn in 1876. In 1938, he became the first Crow male to attain a college degree, and went directly to the University of Southern California where he obtained his master’s degree in Anthropology in 1939, this time becoming the first Crow Indian to earn a master’s degree.

After spending the latter half of 1942 working in the naval shipyards in Bremerton, Washington, Medicine Crow joined the Army in 1943, became a scout in the 103rd Infantry Division and fought in World War II. Whenever he went into battle, he wore his war paint beneath his uniform and a sacred eagle feather beneath his helmet. Medicine Crow completed all four tasks required to become a war chief: Touching an enemy without killing him, taking an enemy’s weapon, leading a successful war party and stealing an enemy’s horse.

He touched a living enemy soldier and disarmed an enemy when he turned a corner and found himself face to face with a young German soldier. He also led a successful war party and stole an enemy horse – not one, but fifty horses from a battalion of German SS-officers, singing a traditional Crow honor song as he rode off. He is the last member of the Crow tribe to become a war chief.

His books include Crow Migration Story, Medicine Crow, the Handbook of the Crow Indians Law and Treaties, Crow Indian Buffalo Jump Techniques and From the Heart of Crow Country, and Counting Coup: Becoming a Crow Chief on the Reservation and Beyond, written about his life. He also authored a children’s book entitled Brave Wolf and the Thunderbird.

He continued to write and lecture at universities and public institutions until his death at the age of 102 on April 3, 2016 while under hospice care in Billings, Montana.

Merle Ronald Haggard (1937 – 2016)

Haggard was an American country music singer, songwriter, guitarist, fiddler, and instrumentalist. Along with Buck Owens, Haggard and his band the Strangers helped create the Bakersfield sound, which is characterized by the twang of Fender Telecaster, and the unique mix with the traditional country steel guitar sound, new vocal harmony styles in which the words are minimal, and a rough edge not heard on the more polished Nashville sound recordings of the same era.

Between the 1960s and the 1980s, he had 38 number one hits on the US country charts, several of which also made the Billboard all-genre singles chart. During the 1970s, Haggard became aligned with the growing outlaw country movement, and he continued to release successful albums through the 1990s and into the 2000s.

In 1969, Haggard released "Okie From Muskogee", with lyrics reflecting the singer's pride in being from Middle America, where people are patriotic and do not smoke marijuana, take LSD, burn draft cards or challenge authority. In the ensuing years, Haggard gave varying statements regarding whether he intended the song as a humorous satire or a serious political statement in support of conservative values. In the American Masters documentary about him, he said, "That's how I got into it with the hippies...I thought they were unqualified to judge America, and I thought they were lookin' down their noses at something that I cherished very much, and it pissed me off. And I thought, 'You sons of bitches, you've never been restricted away from this great, wonderful country, and yet here you are in the streets bitchin' about things, protesting about a war that they didn't know any more about than I did. They weren't over there fightin' that war anymore than I was."

Haggard began performing the song in concert in the fall of 1969 and was astounded at the reaction it received.

"Okie From Muskogee", "The Fightin' Side of Me", and "I Wonder If They Think of Me" (Haggard's 1973 song about an American POW in Vietnam) were hailed as anthems of the Silent Majority and have been recognized as part of a recurring patriotic trend in American country music that also includes Charlie Daniels' "In America", Lee Greenwood's "God Bless the USA", and others.

In 1981, Haggard published an autobiography, Sing Me Back Home.

In 1989, Haggard recorded a song, "Me and Crippled Soldiers Give a Damn", in response to the Supreme Court's decision to allow flag burning under the First Amendment. After CBS Records Nashville avoided releasing the song, Haggard bought his way out of the contract and signed with Curb Records, which was willing to release the song. Haggard commented about the situation, "I've never been a guy that can do what people told me...It's always been my nature to fight the system."

When political opponents were attacking the Dixie Chicks for criticizing President George W. Bush's invasion of Iraq, Haggard spoke up for the band on July 25, 2003, saying: "I don't even know the Dixie Chicks..."
Chicks, but I find it an insult for all the men and women who fought and died in past wars when almost the majority of America jumped down their throats for voicing an opinion. It was like a verbal witch-hunt and lynching.”

In 1972, Haggard agreed to produce Gram Parsons' first solo album but backed out at the last minute. Haggard endorsed Fender guitars and had a Custom Artist signature model Telecaster.

Haggard died on the morning of April 6, 2016, his 79th birthday, of complications from pneumonia, at his home in California. His son Ben said that Haggard had predicted the day of his death a week prior.

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In the late 1960s, Mastrangelo was lead vocalist for, “The Endless Pulse”, recording three uncharted singles for Laurie Records. Subsequent releases included the bubblegum rock, Ernie Maresca produced, “Shoo-Fly Pie & Apple Pan Dowdy” on Tower Records, followed by a progressive version of the Peggy Lee classic “Fever”, and “Let There Be Love” on the Raftis label.

In the early 1970s, Mastrangelo sang lead, played drums, percussion, and kazoo for the jazz-rock ensemble, "Pulse" (initially known as The Endless Pulse). Members included Kenny Sambolin, Richie Goggin, Bill Golden, and Chris Gentile. In late 1971, they recorded the LP; "Pulse-featuring Carlo Mastrangelo", later released in 1972 on the small Thimble label. Most of the material on the ten track album was written by Mastrangelo, with an emphasis placed on organ and fuzz guitar. The LP is noted for being one of the few hard rock albums featuring a kazoo solo, and stands up well as a fine progressive rock composition.

After Pulse disbanded, he formed and sang lead for The Midnite Sun, a popular New York City area nightclub band.

Mastrangelo lived in Boynton Beach, Florida, minutes away from Dion DiMucci. The two former lead singers of The Belmonts continued to collaborate on many of DiMucci's recordings and live performances from the 1980s until Mastrangelo's death in April 2016.
Dennis Davis was an American drummer and session musician best known for his work with David Bowie.

Davis was hired by David Bowie in 1974, and formed the rhythm section which performed on a number of Bowie's albums released in the 1970s. The snare sound used on Bowie's Low album is considered one of the most influential musical recording aspects in popular music.

In the early 2000s, Davis played percussion on David Bowie's live tours, including Bowie's last tour, A Reality Tour, in 2003. The drummer for that band was Sterling Campbell, who was previously a student of Davis.

Davis died on April 6, 2016 after a battle with cancer.

Otha Leon Haywood (1942 – 2016)

Haywood was an American funk and soul singer, songwriter and record producer. He is best known for his 1975 hit single "I Want'a Do Something Freaky to You", which has been much sampled by Dr. Dre and others.

He listened to the blues as a child and started playing piano at the age of three. In his teens, he performed with a local group and worked as an accompanist to blues musician, Guitar Slim. In the early 1960s, he moved to California, where he worked with saxophonist Big Jay McNeely. After that, he joined Sam Cooke's band as keyboardist until the singer's death.

He found only sporadic success as a singer, most notably with "It's Got to Be Mellow" and "Keep It in the Family". He emerged as a star in the 1970s by modifying his style to incorporate the emerging funk and disco idioms. In 1980, Haywood revived the shuffle beat of 1950s rock and roll with "Don't Push It Don't Force It".

Haywood is credited with writing the 1981 hit "She's a Bad Mama Jama" by Carl Carlton, which he produced in his own studio.

He died on April 5, 2016, aged 74.
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
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.

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.

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 paying lip service to punk rock, Brand X were doing what they did best; playing a blistering set in front of a rabidly enthusiastic audience.

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!

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.

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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 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

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
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 lovable 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.

**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-toe grin, a lovable 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.

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DESIGNED BY MARTIN COOK, ALEX STEINWEBER
We just saw David Gilmour’s fantastic show at the Hollywood Bowl, and since that night I’ve been thinking, what makes a particular concert evening absolutely perfectly awesome? Obviously the performance itself, which certainly can vary from night to night, is critical. And of course the staging, sound, lighting, seats (which matter a lot more as the years go by!) matter. Even access to and from the venue counts, particularly given L.A.’s clogged roadways. And, the friends you go with, the party before or after, what you ingest, inhale or whatever you kids do these days are truly impactful.

This night seeing Gilmour rock and roll at the Hollywood Bowl was in fact absolutely perfectly awesome (in the 70s we would have said, “bitchin!”) The lighting and sound was fantastic, the film projections, which were programmed to the contours of the stage’s bowl shaped awning, were amazing. And we had close up seats and the pleasure of attending with great company, photojournalist Armando Gallo and his wife Cheryl, which will forever be a special memory. Yes, bitchin it was.

Last October, we saw nearly the exact same Gilmour show on the same Rattle That Lock tour at the Royal Albert Hall in London, most definitely another of the greatest venues on the planet. While it was a lovely evening featuring the exact same set list, a nearly equal number of selections from Gilmour’s solo and Floyd output, all played beautifully, something felt missing - there didn’t seem to be much enthusiasm from Gilmour and the band - I think it was an off night. Also the location of our seats, which were up where the air was quite thin, afforded us great overhead views (not much hair left on any of the guys), but not the kind of viewing experience you get on the floor, which is our preferred location. In this case, as the tickets were so in demand, we felt lucky to have nabbed seats at all.

About the set list, to be specific, we expected this legendary guitarist to include songs from the Floyd, and there were quite a number of these in the mix, including “Astronomy Domine,” “Fat Old Sun,” “Money/Us and Them,” “Shine On You Crazy Diamond,” “Wish You Were Here” and closers “Run Like Hell,” and encores “Time/Breathe” and “Comfortably Numb” from their early catalog. These were staples of FM radio in the 1970s and we reveled in their psychedelic, cautionary tones. From later years, by the time when we all had damn jobs, “Sorrow” from A Momentary Lapse of Reason, and “High Hopes/Coming Back to Life” from The Division Bell, rounded out the show.

During the encore, “Time/Breathe (reprise)” from Dark Side Of The Moon called to mind dear departed Floyd keyboardist Richard Wright and the lyrics he delivered so perfectly during Gilmour’s
prior tour, supporting *On An Island*. Somehow it seems so long ago:

> Every year is getting shorter; never seem to find the time.  
> Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled lines  
> Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way  
> The time is gone, the song is over.  
> Thought I’d something more to say.

...by the way, did you really know that lyric, the scribbled lines?  
Uh ... no

But Gilmour has a long if not prolific solo career now, and it’s true, the recent recording *Rattle That Lock* is packed with music rooted in blues-rock, with a mix of genres sprinkled in, as it was with his last solo outing. Despite a rather listless title track, there is much to admire in this work, from jazz-club riffs to haunting slow-hand blues. The best of the new songs came off nicely in concert.

The first three tracks from the album opened the show, followed later by four additional songs “A Boat Lies Waiting,” “In Any Tongue,” “The Girl in the Yellow Dress (playful, fun),” and “Today.” Standout track “The Blue” from *On An Island* was gorgeous, a mellow lullaby played with only the good notes (as Jack Black said in *The Holiday*…. yes, I just referenced a romcom!). On the whole, a nicely drawn set list of solo and Floyd gems.
As mentioned, the films were amazing once again. Gilmour’s production team must be using some of the same tech Waters deployed on the most recent, awe-inspiring tour of *The Wall*. A few classic Floyd videos were presented onscreen, most notably the surreal, psychedelic movie projected during "Shine on you Crazy Diamond." Of the new films, “The Girl In The Yellow Dress” directed by David Madden, was creatively evocative, itself a work of animated art.

Oh, and the music. On this night, Gilmour seemed on fire, grinding out his brand of searing guitar solos gracefully, matching his alternately gravelly and silky smooth voice. His band, mostly returning from the last tour, was professional and tight. Musicians included returning band members, guitarist Phil Manzanera of Roxy Music fame, Jon Carin on keys, guitars, and vocals, Guy Pratt on bass and vocals, and Steve DiStanislao on drums. Joining this time was Kevin McAlea on keys, and Joao De Macedo Mello who supplied expressive winds. Bryan Chambers and Louise Clare Marshall covered backing vocals.

At the RAH I said we witnessed a bit of serenity from a man who has broken a few of his own chains, free of past encumbrances, owing nothing to anyone, and living in the moment. But this time, he made this audience his ‘bitch’ (too much? let’s try again….). But this time, he absolutely owned the stage, and the moment, blowing away this crowd of Angelinos, young and old alike (okay, that’s better). And please, if this show comes anywhere near you, get yourself a ticket, get off the couch, and run, run, run like hell to the venue, before the time is gone, and the song over (sorry, just sayin’, it was quite a stretch better than another episode of CSI). Go for it.

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
Yoko Ono and Joel Nohnn (as John called himself on the ‘Approximately Infinite Universe’ album from Yoko and the Plastic Ono Band in 1971/2)

In 2016, Yoko Ono is 83 years old. She’s 83 years young. Still creating. Still challenging, uncompromising. Still confronting us with her feminist-styled messages. She’s a scary lady. Still dividing opinion. In 2016, her new re-mix album ‘Yes, I’m a witch, too’ has been released. It’s the sequel to the well-received 2007, ‘Yes, I’m a witch’ collection. The track ‘Walking on thin ice’
features on both albums: in 2016, re-envisioned by Danny Tenaglia; in 2007 by Jason Pierce from Spiritualised. Both albums are well worth checking out. From the early collaborative tracks that originally featured John and Yoko to many of Yoko’s solo tracks, the two recent collections sound modern, quirky and are proving successful on the modern dance-floor. No bad testament to longevity. Yoko is a witch!

On Sunday 12th July 1964 at the Brighton Hippodrome, I witnessed the Beatles’ phenomenon for myself. I saw the Beatles live. You couldn’t really hear much of their music. Far too many screaming girl fans. But as an experience, it stays with me. I too was a Beatles’ fan. Still am. But I loved much of John and Yoko’s other works too.

So, get yourself a drink. Settle down in a comfy chair. Cue up some of John and Yoko’s albums. Anything from ‘Live Peace in Toronto’ (1969) through the bumpy, but naively political delights of John on Yoko’s third wedding anniversary album in 1972, ‘Sometime in New York City’, or, solo albums from Yoko (with more than a little help from John) like, ‘Approximately Infinite Universe’ and ‘Feeling the Space’ in 1973, through to their last joint album, ‘Double Fantasy’, released in 1980.

See what you make of these tales.

The Swinging Sixties

Cynthia Lennon (nee Twist) in ‘A Twist of Lennon’ (1978):

“Yoko did not take John away from me, because he had never been mine. He had always been his own man and had always done his own thing... Although John said very little about the impression

made as his wife I always felt that he expected a great deal more of me. I really wasn’t on his wavelength as much as he would have liked...When I first set eyes on Yoko I knew she was the one for John. It was pure instinct; the chemistry was right; the mental aura that surrounded them was almost identical. I’m sure that at this point John had not even given it a second thought.”

I find myself agreeing with how the ‘art’ of John and Yoko was largely misunderstood or ignored. John had produced ‘In his own write’ early in the 1960s and Yoko’s ‘Grapefruit’ was a work which evolved throughout that decade. Wulf Herzogenrath wrote of the artistic performances of John and Yoko in the mammoth Thames and Hudson book, ‘Drawings, Performances, Films’ (1995 for the Exhibition in Kunsthalle Bremen); saying that they, “…tended to be dismissed as nothing more than entertaining happenings instead of being acknowledged as artistic events...the art world quite simply did not want to pay attention to them on grounds of principle.”

But let’s go back in time. Yoko from ‘Wonsaponatime’ (1998) sleeve notes:

“London, then, was a gathering place of the new aristocrats in music, art and films. They exuded the new energy with a certain elegance of self-made people who would change the class structure in England, and would go on to change the world in a
big way: John and I got together in that atmosphere. So we were very surprised that the so-called hip society of the times, to which we both belonged, turned against us as soon as we announced our unity. It seemed as though they had a separate standard for John, or shall we say their hipness ended at the point where John, their ring-leader, chose an oriental woman as his partner. This was the 60s in ‘Swinging London’! It made us feel as though, suddenly, the wind of the Middle Ages was blowing around us.

John made music for the people. I made music for the avant-garde, though I did not think of my music in those terms as the time...John was street-wise. I was totally inexperienced when it came to the games of the real world. And we felt so, so lucky that we fell in love with each other...We couldn’t get enough of each other. But the outside pressure was very strong. It was so strong, that sometimes we had to separate from each other in order to protect our love. We thought we were clever, that we did everything wrong, and nothing and nobody could tear us apart. Never, never, never. But it happened: our separation. So sudden, too. He was taken away from for good.”

But this was ‘back in the day’ – the 1960s. There really weren’t any role models for art-rock, the mixing and mashing up of music, performance, film, protest and personal life into a technicolour melange. John and Yoko were possibly the earliest exponents. The only vaguely similar Rock God deity who saw himself as Poet, Artist and Film-maker in the late 60s was Jim Morrison of the Doors. This was before Andy Warhol presented Nico and the Velvet Underground to a largely uninterested or dismissive public. And well before David Byrne and Tina Weymouth and the Talking Heads, or later still, Laurie Anderson of ‘Oh Superman’ fame.

**A dream is reality**

But, back in 1971 at the time of recording ‘Approximately Infinite Universe’ double album, Yoko dedicated it thus: “This album is dedicated to my best friend John of the second sex.” Adding the caption to a photo of John kissing her: “A dream you dream alone is only a dream. A dream we dream together is reality.” which is a rather nice John Lennon quote. Yoko also penned her short treatise entitled, ‘the Feminization of Society’. Here are some snippets:

“...In their past two thousand years of effort, men have shown their failure in their method of running the world...I am proposing a feminization of society; the use of the feminine nature as a positive force to change the world. We can change ourselves with feminine intelligence and awareness, into a basically organically, non-competitive society that is based on love, rather than reasoning. The result will be a society of balance, peace and contentment. We can evolve, rather than revolt, come together, rather than clam independence, and feel rather than think. These are characteristics that men despise in women...The entire youth generation, their idiom and their dreams, are headed in a feminine direction.

As mothers of the tribe, we share the guilt of the male chauvinists, and our faces are their mirrors as well. It’s good to start now, since it’s never too late to start from the start.”

I’m particularly fond of the 1973 Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band album, ‘Feeling the Space’. It’s a well-balanced mix of strong lyrics and tunes. It was dedicated: ‘...to the sisters I who died in pain and sorrow and those who are now in prisons and in mental hospitals for being unable to survive in the...’
But it is the Yoko’s essay on the back cover of the vinyl edition that conveys more of the zen that Yoko seems to bring to much of her best work:

“I think of this friend and that friend. I want to call them and tell them how much I love them, how much I care for them...and, that when I said ‘this’, I actually meant ‘that’...They say that if you write your thoughts down on paper you don’t need to send them. They get them anyway. Shall I do that?...At the breakfast table, I find that one of the friends I wished to call has died during the night. What if I had spoken to her? Would it have changed anything? Things that I wanted to tell her...they’ll never be resolved now. Never is a long time. Maybe death has resolved it all.

People say that for the last five years I had been a hate object of the world...That Jap. You never know what she’s thinking. Next time you meet a ‘foreigner’, remember it’s only like a window with a little different shape to it and the person who’s sitting inside is you...In my mind I’m really an eternal sphinx.”

There’s much humanity in Yoko’s writing. A warmth, wisdom and wry wit and humour that the media and so many of John’s fans failed to recognise. Or, didn’t want to recognise. Because? Because Yoko was an oriental woman. Because Yoko was perceived as ‘breaking up’ the Beatles. Because Yoko had stolen ‘their’ beloved John. Because Yoko was a strong woman and a feminist. Or, manipulative and scheming?

Yoko, wrote the following comments in the sleeve notes for the very impressive and moving, ‘Double Fantasy – Stripped down’ album, released in 2010. But remember it was actually John and Yoko’s final joint release in 1980 before John was killed.

“We made a bit of our lives, didn’t we? I know we never thought that. But we did. Though for you and me, it was grand all the way. I love you! Yoko.”

From ‘Uncut’ article: ‘John Lennon remembered by Yoko Ono: “We were in love desperately”’, Tom Pinnock, October 9, 2015, writes:

“Arriving in London in September 1966 to perform at the ‘Destruction In Art Symposium’, Yoko was already respected as an avant-garde artist and performer in New York, where she was allied to the Fluxus movement. She had a trained musical background, and had recently been involved in the improvisational music favoured by her peer group. She had also compiled a book of conceptual and instructional pieces called Grapefruit, and printed up a limited edition.”

I have a good friend, Graham Keen, who was a photographer and a mate of Miles, John Dunbar and friends, who ran the Indica Gallery in London where Yoko was exhibiting. Graham took a photo of Yoko early on that preview night of her show, together with her all-white chess set. This was the night on which Yoko and John first met. John was invited to climb the steps and look into the lens that proclaimed the message, ‘Yes’.

Here’s more from Tom Pinnock’s ‘Uncut’ article in which Yoko remembers:

“We were just real people, we had our arguments and all that as well. Two very headstrong people. I
The man in the mac said you've got to go back
You know they didn't even give us a chance
Christ you know it ain't easy,
you know how hard it can be
The way things are going,
they're going to crucify me
Finally made the plane into Paris,
honeymooning down by the Seine
Peter Brown call to say, you can make it O.K.
You can get married in Gibraltar near Spain
Christ you know it ain't easy,
you know how hard it can be
The way things are going,
they're going to crucify me

The reality according to John’s Apple aide, Peter Brown, was that the trying-to-be-married, Yoko and John, had forgotten to take passports with them to the ferry for Holland or France. And they also needed to have given the authorities, either on the boats or on mainland Europe, more warning. On 20th March 1969, a quick private plane flight, captained by Pegasus Captain Trevor Copplestone from Paris to Gibraltar, got them what they wanted, landing in Gibraltar at 8.30 am. A quick civil ceremony, conducted by Registrar, Cecil Wheeler at 9.00 am in a room at the Rock Hotel, with Peter Brown as witness. According to the contemporary records they never stayed overnight. They flew in, and a couple of hours flew out. This time to Amsterdam, encamped in Suite 902 of the Amsterdam Hilton and a very public ‘Bed-in for

think that we expressed it differently. It’s like yin and yang. He was like very explosive, and I’m the one who’s, like, ‘Take it in’. It doesn’t mean being submissive. Take it in, and it comes out as songs.”
Tom: “You also recorded the music that became Unfinished Music No 1: Two Virgins.”

“Oh yes, of course. John said, ‘We can do two things.’ He was sitting in the living room. ‘One is just sit here and chat, or go up and make music.’ He didn’t mean ‘make music’ in a ‘funny’ way. He really meant make music. [Giggles] I said, ‘Let’s make music.’ I’m not very good at small talk, sitting and chatting. That sounded boring to me. It sounds more exciting to make music. We went in the attic and we made music, and that was Two Virgins.”

From now on, John and Yoko were joined at the hip, and Cynthia resignedly accepted it. She later declared: “I knew at the time there was nothing I could do to stop what was happening. He was hell-bent on something. And it happened to end up he was hell-bent on Yoko. “What he was looking for was a woman and a man combined. Someone he could call a pal, someone who was a woman, someone who encompassed everything in his life.”

Read more at http://www.uncut.co.uk/features/john-lennon-remembered-by-yoko-ono-we-were-in-love-desperately-71166gH01UPnDBAcr6So.99

On a wall in my house in Scotland I have a framed set of photos from Gibraltar in 1969. They feature the marriage of John Winston Lennon (his second marriage) to Yoko Ono Cox (her third). It happened slightly differently than In the Beatles’ song, ‘Ballad of John and Yoko’. In that version, John wrote:

“Standing in the dock at Southampton,
trying to get to Holland or France
Peace’. John said, “We sat in bed for seven days. It was hilarious. In effect, we were doing a commercial for peace on the front page of the papers instead of a commercial for war.” A honeymoon in the forefront of the world’s publicity machine. At the time, it has to be said that their whirlwind marriage was thought to be their response to Paul McCartney and Linda Eastman getting hitched in an unannounced civil ceremony in Marylebone Registry Office, London, on 12th March.

Living life as ‘art’

It is worth considering the turmoil John and Yoko lived amongst as the Beatles fragmented. From ‘Lennon Remembers’, Jan Wenner, The Rolling Stone Interviews, 1970.

"Pain is the pain we go through all the time. You’re born in pain. Pain is what we’re in for most of the time... (for the ‘John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band’ album) ...You see it was my own revelation ...when I felt it, it’s like I was crucified... I think it’s the best thing I’ve ever done. I think it’s realistic and it’s true to me that has been developing over the years from ‘In my life’, ‘I’m a loser’, ‘Help’, ‘Strawberry Fields. They’re all personal records.

We did all Yoko’s (songs) in one night, the whole session. It was just fantastic. Yeah, except for Ornette. There’s a track with Ornette Coleman that was from the past that we put on to show that she wasn’t discovered by the Beatles and that she’s been around for years... Listen to ‘Don’t worry Kyoko’. It’s one of the fuckin’ best rock and roll records ever made... On ‘Cold Turkey’ I’m getting towards it. I’m influenced by her music 1000 percent more than I ever was by Dylan.

I consider myself in the avant-garde of rock and roll. I don’t know, because I’m with... Yoko taught me a lot and I taught her a lot and I think on her album you can hear it.”

Jann: “Do you have a picture of ‘when I’m 64’?”

John: “No, no. I hope we’re a nice old couple living off the coast of Ireland or something like that – looking at our scrapbook of madness.”

But it was the obsessed fan, Mark David Chapman, who stole John away from Yoko, Sean and the rest of the world. Chapman claimed that he wanted to keep Lennon from growing old, and left a copy of Salinger’s ‘Catcher in the Rye’ at the Dakota Building killing scene. Chapman had signed it ‘Holden’, the adolescent narrator of the book, adding ‘This is my statement’. The shooting occurred just at the point in time, December 1980, when John had emerged from self-imposed exile as a house-husband-father to Sean. It was Lennon’s first album of new material since 1974’s ‘Walls and Bridges’. And John and Yoko had recorded enough of their own songs to fill both the ‘Double Fantasy’ album, and the posthumously released, ‘Milk and Honey’.

Andy Peebles was the last person to interview John and Yoko for the BBC, just two days before John was shot. John and Yoko were promoting the new ‘Double Fantasy’ album. Was it really ‘...just like starting over’? Or, as Andy Peebles, now suggests in his 2015 article, ‘The Dark Truth about Yoko’ for the ‘Daily Mail’, something menacing and manipulative.
As a ‘story’, the tale of Yoko and John has many possible interpretations. In December 1980, to quote from tracks from the ‘Double Fantasy’ album, as Yoko sang, ‘I’m moving on’, were they ‘starting over’, or, perhaps John’s yearning vocals on ‘I’m losing you’ were prescient. Your guess is as good as mine.

Peebles says: “I started asking myself whether she (Yoko) and Sam (Havadtoy) had been having a relationship before John’s death. All the pennies dropped at once.

I began to wonder if Yoko had encouraged John to go off and have a fling with their PA, May Pang. [May Pang later wrote and published a memoir, ‘Loving John’, about their affair] so that she could explore her attraction to Sam Havadtoy.

My blood ran cold. Had the whole Starting Over episode, the culmination of which had been my interview with them, been nothing but a charade?

Before: Lennon and Ono pictured walking not far from The Dakota in the summer of 1980

Was their ‘happy couple back together and making their marriage work’ stance all about the ‘product’ – the album – ensuring that they got a hit out of Double Fantasy?

I felt sick. If indeed I had been duped, they were the finest actors on earth, the pair of them. It was Oscar-winning. It convinced me.”

Read more from the Andy Peebles article: http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-3337924/The-dark-truth-Yoko-Ono-revealed-BBC-DJ-Andy-Peebles.html#xzz458LXuZgh
And now for a blast from my misspent past…

Since I was about six years old I have kept and bred tropical fish, and for quite a few years I wrote for, and later edited tropical fish magazines for a living.

For three years from 2004 to 2007 I was (in name) the deputy editor of a magazine called *Tropical World*. I qualify this by saying “in name” because the editor – a bloke called Simon Wolstencroft - was a raving alcoholic who drank himself to death a couple years after we acrimoniously parted company, and most of the time I did all the layout, and the editing and everything else. Note that I even managed to use the Crass font on the cover, and my column about conservation often used the title “do we owe them a living?”

What makes things weirder is that a year or so after that his wife, who was also his business partner, was convicted of over a million pounds’ worth of cheque fraud and sent to prison still owing me £3000. You truly could not make this shit up.

Anyway, this week I got an email from another erstwhile employee of *Tropical World*, my old friend Dr. Iggy Tevares. He sent me something I had almost forgotten about; an article from ten years ago from which I rather niftily managed to combine the subject of tropical fish with the subject of progressive rock music. The copyright still presumably belongs to either *Tropical World* or the Crown Prosecution Service. However, as I don’t think I was ever paid for it, I don’t care, and I hope you find these ramblings rather amusing.
Back when I was a student, students were students. There was none of this nonsense about having to pay off loans, and actually learn something that would set you up for a life in the workplace; it was the time of tuning in, turning on, and dropping out! Well it was for me anyway.

The only problem is, that having 'dropped out' in the late 1970s I am not particularly minded to drop back in again, and having managed to survive the past thirty years without a haircut, and equally managing to make a living doing something I enjoy, I feel that on the whole I am ahead of the game.

Back in my student days I became a fan of progressive rock music - a genre which in many ways has not stood the test of time particularly well. At its worst (most of it) it was sub-Tolkien ramblings about elves and wizards set to an overly complicated (and often self indulgent) soundscape. But at its best with bands such as Pink Floyd it produced some of the greatest and most exciting music of the time. One band that has dated reasonably well is Yes - whose hippy ramblings were often accompanied by paintings by a bloke called Roger Dean. One of Dean's most exciting cover pictures was (see above) the artwork for Tales from Topographic Oceans (1974), a complex and impenetrably intellectual treatment of The Autobiography of a Yogi by the Indian mystic Yogananda. The music you can take or leave, but the cover, which featured prehistoric fish swimming through a seascape based on the craters of the moon is fantastic, and back in my student days I carried out the finest bit of interior decorating that I have ever managed. I had an enormous promotional poster for the album stuck on the wall, and underneath, a 48in fish tank designed - as far as possible - to emulate the moonscape of Dean's painting.

The idea was sound as far as it went. I had a friend who was a dab hand with fibreglass moulding, and he made a backdrop which emulated the crags and cliffs of
the album cover remarkably well. We built a midnight blue backdrop, and gave the tank an undergravel filtration system, and 3in of gravel substrate, topped in places with silversand.

Plants were simple: There weren’t any. If a plant-free landscape was good enough for Roger Dean and the boys in the band, then it was good enough for us. The problem was the fish.

The fish depicted in Dean’s original artwork have been extinct since the Carboniferous Era, and so the simplest way to include them in our tank would have been to borrow a time machine and go back and catch them. However, as this was slightly impractical (to say the least), we decided to stock our tank with more modern inhabitants, albeit ones that looked weird.

Our first acquisitions were a pair of upside-down catfish (Synodontis contractus) which are a singular species from West Africa. Considered a dwarf catfish, they reach an adult size of 3–4in. Like other members of the Mochlididae family, they have large eyes, a large adipose fin, forked tail, and three pairs of barbels. Their light-brown coloured body is covered with dark brown blotches of various sizes. Interestingly, the underside of the body is darker hued, which is the opposite of fish that swim with their belly downwards. This reverse colouration serves to camouflage them when they swim at the surface of the water. They were an immediate success, and my friends and I sat and watched them for hours, with remarks like: “Dude, that fish is far out. It’s like.....or upside down”.

I soon discovered from reading about these delightful fish that they prefer to be kept in small shoals, so the next day I hitched into town with the object of obtaining a second pair. This I did, but I also came back with a pair of butterfly fish (Pantodon buchholzi). These strange little creatures have a flat head and back that is a light-brown or greenish colour with a silver sheen and dark markings on the fins and underside. They have large pectoral fins that are widespread and some authorities claim that they can use them to glide over short distances like the more well-known marine flying-fish, though other experts claim that this is mere myth. The wide lizard-like mouth is upturned at the top of the body, and true to form, it eats all manner of surface insects. They especially like flies, mosquito larvae, small spiders, worms, and large flake food. We had some success feeding them small crickets!

Again, I did my research and found that although these fish like a wide plant-free area in which to swim, they also like to have some floating plants for cover. When I was a boy in Hong Kong I spent much of my leisure time collecting and studying the aquatic life of the local ponds and streams, and I had marvelled how the water hyacinth plant (Eichhornia crassipes) can be a haven for a bewildering array of creepy crawdies. I obtained two small water hyacinths from a local garden centre and put them into my tank.
but I was disappointed to find that they were free of “hangers on”, so - necessity being the mother of invention - I collected various aquatic invertebrates from a local pond, and introduced water beetle larva (Dytiscus); and various aquatic crustacea such as cyclops, daphnia, and several species of freshwater shrimp into the tank with my new water hyacinths, and - sure enough - they took up residence in the trailing roots of the water hyacinths, where they bred prolifically, and provided quite a pleasant spectacle in their own right, as well as being food for the pangas (and presumably my upside down catfish as well, although I never saw them eat any).

By this time, I was particularly pleased with my post-psychedelic aquarium, and when one Christmas a friend christened it “Jon’s Freaky Fishtank” he unwittingly gave the title to a regular feature of this very magazine.

My last addition to the freaky fishtank was a pair of redefish (Erpetoichthys calabaricus). It was with this last addition that my freaky fishtank really came into its own. These are weird little fish from tropical Africa, where it occupies habitats ranging from flowing rivers to flood plains and internal river deltas.

Erpetoichthys calabaricus has a snake-like appearance, with a yellow ventral surface and greenish black dorsal surface. This species has specialized scales, which are called ganoid scales, and it has nostrils or nares on tentacles that protrude from the head. Also on the head are passive electroreceptive organs (ampullae). This species also has one-rayed dorsal finlets instead of a singular dorsal fin. Erpetoichthys calabaricus has no defined social system, although they tend to congregate when they are in an aquarium. At one point I had six of different sizes and they used to scurry around in a weird ball, looking for all the world like an untidy ball of knitting wool that had been attacked by an unruly toddler.

In terms of behaviour, their skill at capturing prey is quite interesting. This species can sense electric cues (from the gills of small crustaceans and fish) in their environment with ampullae (electroreceptors) and use this information for prey capture.

They were particularly fond of freshwater shrimp, and my friends and I spent many happy evenings grooving away to psychedelic music and watching the redefish stalk the tiny shrimp along the gravel.

My freaky fishtank continued in various incarnations for about eight years, until I got married and moved into some attempt at suburban respectability. With a wife and a mortgage there was no longer any spare time to lie on the carpet, open a cold can of beer and gaze admiringly at the antics of some of the most strange inhabitants of God’s creation.

When I found myself single again a decade or so later, one of my first thoughts was that I would get rid of the godawful chintz curtains and get a freaky fishtank again.

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

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Asante sana (thank you very much),

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Director, Africa Region
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When we disembarked in France, we proceeded to the customs post to get the carnet stamped. We were told it was a national holiday in France and we would have to wait until tomorrow morning. We tried to persuade them that it was important that we got the carnet processed and that we were up against it, time wise, to get to our destination, but we were met with that Gallic stone wall which the French are so good at. A shrug of the shoulders and 'Boh' translates as, 'You expect me to care?'

Gradually the customs enclosure emptied. What few trucks were there had been parked up and the drivers headed off into town, leaving only a few customs guys sitting in their offices smoking and looking bored. There was no barrier across the exit and hot-headed anarchy took over.

'Sod it', I said, 'Let’s just piss off'

We started the engine, drove through the gates and headed off along the motorway. We might almost have got away with it had it not been for the system of French toll roads. The first toll we came to, the barriers went down and we were ushered into a slip road to await the police. Trev wandered down the slope to go for a pee as the little police car rolled up. Two of the police in the car rushed down the slope to look around and see what it was he had been doing down there and then they escorted us back to the port.

When we got there all the customs men were there, pulled in from their holiday to check out these mad English hippies who had tried to run the customs. They emptied the van and painstakingly counted all the merchandise. An hour later they had checked through the carnet and looked puzzled.

‘This is all in order,’ he said bemusedly. ‘Why

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..
did you run off?"

‘Of course,’ I replied, ‘I just wanted the damn thing stamped so I could head off to the gig. I told you we were on a tight schedule. If we do not get there by tomorrow afternoon there will be little point in going.’

The customs gathered in a huddle, fined us for running the customs, stamped the carnet – because they had to now that they had processed it - and let us go. We set off back through the same toll booth, waving at the same toll man who looked like he was wondering how these people who had just been arrested were off again so soon, and down to the South of France.

We were joined there by my friend from Paris, Jean, who helped out with the stands again. The gig was in the ruins of an old Roman amphitheatre. It was a beautiful setting and this time there were no riots to spoil the event. We had a few days to spare now, so Jean, Trev and I set off down the coast to Port Grimau for a day’s relaxation on the beach before heading back up into Germany for the last few shows.

After this, Trev and I drove up to Germany and began the German shows. We picked the ‘Ahead of Hair’ stooge, Mick, up at the airport in Munster and did the first show there. He was clearly a bit bemused by it all and I am not sure he had ever been to a rock and roll gig before, let alone on tour in Germany. After the show we packed the stuff down and went off to check in to the hotel. We then went up the road for a drink. The bar was heaving; full of people drinking and chatting, so we joined in. I noticed Mick with a beer in his hand and mentioned to him that he should be careful and that some of these German beers were stronger than they tasted. He dismissed this and carried on drinking. Sure enough, a short time later, we found him passed out on a chair, head back, mouth open, dead to the world. His jacket was slightly open and I could see the corner of his traveller’s cheques poking out. I decided I would give him a fright that might make him take a bit more care when drinking and went to remove them. Then I noticed his passport was there too, and a more wicked prank suggested itself.

We had a Polaroid camera with us and we were documenting the gigs as we went round, trying to help others who had not been out before. Trev went back to the van and fetched it, and my briefcase. We took his photo, supine on the seat, and carefully cut it down to passport size. Using the Sellotape in my briefcase we then stuck the picture over the one in his passport. Back in the ‘70s passports came with a separate section below the main one titled ‘Spouse’. There was a space there for the man to include his wife on his passport, thus ensuring she would not run off with some ‘Johnny Foreigner’ or go off travelling without him. I was contemplating asking one of the young ladies in the group that had gathered around to watch this activity if they would drape themselves over him but, in the end, took off my T-shirt, mussed up my hair so you could not see my face and put my head down over his groin – simulating a blow job. This was duly photographed and put into his passport in the ‘Spouse’ section. We put the stuff back into his pocket to a big cheer from the assembled watchers. Mick stirred and we woke him up and took him back to the hotel.

The next day he announced he needed to go to a bank and change some traveller’s cheques so we went with him. He went up to the counter and handed over a completed cheque and, without looking at it, his passport. The woman teller, opened the passport, laughed and showed it to the guy next to her. Pretty soon they were passing his document all round the bank and calling people in from other offices to look. Mick was getting embarrassed, but had no idea what they were laughing at – until they gave it back to him! Trev and I were cracking up inside but trying to keep a straight face. As we left the bank a rather red-faced Mick, said ‘I suppose that will teach me a lesson about not getting too drunk.’ It didn’t!’
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Jacqui McShee’s Pentangle – Live, Wimborne (Dorset) 31st March 2016

A Perfect Gig

Late last year I picked up a British Folk Sampler CD, from a secondhand market stall. I played it about a week later and one track just screamed out, perhaps because it wasn’t really folk but jazzy. It turned out to be JM’s Pentangle. I found their website, took a chance and ordered 3 of their CDs for £20. The reason I went for them was mainly her backing band, which comprised most of John Martyn’s boys from the 1980s and 90s. In particular the bassist, a Scot named Alan Thompson. Thompson is one of my favourite bass players, he usually played a fretless bass (rare, and usually a sign of technical prowess). Jaco Pastorius is the most famous fretless electric bass player I can think of, but I often find he was such a virtuoso that in a band situation you listened to Jaco, and then the rest of the band. Joni Michell’s fantastic live double set, Shadows and Light being a perfect example. But Thompson plays within the band, just take a listen to JM’s Philentrophy album, all the musicians are a joy, none more so than Alan.

I’ve kept an eye on the modern Pentangle’s website since and finally, bingo, a tour this spring. Dorset was the closest to home so I paid my money a few months back and waited for the night. A miserable 70 miles, two and a half hour drive later, and after a supermarket frozen-style...
will be forgotten. Hipsters seem to be as shallow as the rest of the i-generation in spite of their apparent love of the real things of the past. Why is this? ‘Popular music’, unlike Classical and even Jazz doesn’t seem to really cherish the people it should. Perhaps it’s the nature of the industry, the ‘record companies’ and their marketing armies constantly pushing the next bunch of wankers on us all. (The gig I went to the next night was even more poorly attended, next week’s Gonzo will have that report.) Anyway, back to Pentangle. Blimey! Alan’s changed, he’s got wider, a much plumper face, wears glasses and a mop top. Someone can’t change that much surely? Of course he hadn’t, it wasn’t Alan! That’s a pisser I thought, oh well, I’m here now. A couple of numbers in and Jacqui mentioned that they had a stand in bass player (Neil ?), and sax player (Alan Lewis) due to Alan T playing with Martin Barre and their regular sax guy being ill. Gerry Conway was on drums and

John Brodie-Good
Jacqui McShee's pentangle

This evening.

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The band were superb, and perhaps the two ‘stand-ins’ gave an extra edge. Spencer’s keys were particularly fine; electric piano, grand piano and synth sounds welding it all together. Gerry’s drumming was sparse and spot on, at one point he used his floor toms like congas. The bass player was actually very good indeed, and delivered an excellent solo towards the end of the second set. The sax playing was measured throughout.

Jacqui was a delight; relaxed, confident and quite funny at times. I thought I heard her la-la ing a bit at times and she did admit with a giggle she did forget the words sometimes, but that is only human at her age. She pointed out that for at least two of the songs, the original versions had between 30 and 40 verses!

Their choice of material ebbed and flowed throughout, no sense of samey-ness at all, which is also pretty rare.

I came away still with that thought though, where was everyone else, sitting at home watching TV or surfing the web? Perhaps they are too jazzy for folkies, and too folky for jazzers? A real shame, ‘cos they, and you, all missed out.

Jacqui and Spencer came out to the foyer afterwards to talk to the remaining members of the audience; pleasingly at least the CDs were flying off the table at £10 a pop.

The drive home was much quicker of course, weirdly, as I turned onto a short straight stretch of road, just outside Bath, instead of putting my foot down as I normally would, I held back and stayed around 30mph. A large deer stag walked majestically across the road in front of me, 6th sense I guess.

I hope they tour again, I still want to hear Alan play, but even if he isn’t there again for some reason, I know the effort will be more than worth it.

http://www.pentangle.info/JMPentangle/HOME.html

Spencer Cozens on keys, both ‘ex JM’. It also took me about 15 minutes to twig there was no guitarist on stage, and then I thought back to the 3 CDs I have and realised there’s no guitar on them either. But the result, is one of the freshest sounds around. Speaking of sound, the SQ was perfect, and I mean perfect, you could hear every word and every note all evening! It can be done, and in this day and age of ‘advanced gear’ it should happen much more than it does in my humble opinion. It turned out the guy doing the sound was the band’s but using the house PA, 11/10.

Put simply, they were great. Jacqui’s fantastic voice supported by four fabulous musicians, of the less is more category. Genre-wise, a folk voice (and what a voice, wipes the floor with all these feeble 21st century girls) with a mainly jazzy vibe, with their material self-penned or traditional arranged by various members of the ensemble. I did recognise an old Pentangle song, I’ve got a Feeling (based on Mile’s Davis All Blues) and many of the other numbers were from the three CDs I had previously bought, In Concert Live 1997-2011, Passe Avant and Feoffee’s Lands. I bought another two after the gig, Jacqui McShee’s Take Three (modern folk with just Alan and Gerry), from which at least two songs came, and Spencer’s solo effort, Offline, which is a pleasant ambient piano piece.

John Brodie-Good
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.

Far be it for us to criticise anybody's beliefs (unless they're, y'know, one of the bad beliefs).

When it comes to religion, providing that the religion isn't used as an excuse to drop bombs on people or their families, or round them up into camps etc. - Donald Trump - then you can do what you want, as far as we're concerned.

I mean, Digitiser2000's Mr Biffo even went to church for several years in his teens, which was a little strange looking back, given that he never really believed in God.

Still... everybody has their own way of worshipping, and it seems that some video game-playing Christians have decided to express their faith through the medium of fan art.

Here are some choice examples of this Sonic-heavy phenomenon.

http://tinyurl.com/hrgt22x
The dog had the look of all Boxers, like an ill-bred aristocrat paying a token visit to his smelly serf's cottage: a combination of disgust and snotty superiority. But you could tell straight away that he was old. A certain grizzled aloofness. The way he trotted rather than ran. And an anus so protruding it looked ready to spurt out its contents like a spray of machine-gun fire any second. The man said, "don't worry about him, he's harmless." I guess I must have hopped back a step or two. Not from his teeth. From his behind. His behind was far more dangerous than his teeth. And then the man (who looked almost as old as the dog, but with trousers, thank God) added: "are you a Brummie?"

We were in the park. I was taking my flatmate's dog for a walk. She was scattering about in the bushes pretending to be a kangaroo, leaping up to catch the squirrels, and darting about with her tail in the air. She was paying no attention at all to the grizzled Boxer's sly advances. But the question surprised me. In London, maybe, it makes sense to ask a person's origins (not that anyone in London ever talks to strangers): but who else but a Brummie would want to live in Birmingham?

The Swan, Yardley. "The building looked like a box of Swan Vesta matches: a flat package of yellow brick"
"I was born here," I told him, "but I've not lived here for the last 25 years."

"I knew you was a Brummie," he said mysteriously. I wanted to look in a mirror to see what it was about me that looked Brummie. Maybe it was the fact I had "I am a Brummie" tattooed across my face. Actually, there is a characteristic Brummie look. It's a cross between a smile and a sneer, a lip-curl of amused disbelief, like a cynic who doesn't even believe in his own cynicism. But I don't think I was practising it myself that minute. I was still trying to keep the Boxer dog's muzzle between me and his other end.

"Whereabouts did you live?" the man asked.

"Sparkbrook," I told him, "then South Yardley."

"Ah, Yardley," he said. "Do you remember that pub by the roundabout? The - er - the…"

"The Swan," I said.

"Yes, that's it, the Swan. Used to go dancing there, in the sixties. People used to come from all over Birmingham. There was a ballroom upstairs. 'Course it's gone now, knocked down to make way for some new roundabout."

"Someone told me it was the biggest pub in Britain in its day. Is that true?"

"Well it was certainly big. Huge. Had wood panelling all up the stairs and beautiful carpets. Like a palace, it was. Loved that place."

"That's the trouble with Birmingham," I said. "Always knocking itself down to start again."

"To make way for those bloody domes and things," he said, and laughed. And then he added - though it really needed no explanation - "and those towers where they do all their yodelling first thing in the morning."

Well this just disappointed me. He seemed such a kindly old man. His racism was arbitrary, somehow, as if it was expected of him. It was just something to say, that's all, like talking about the weather, rather than anything deeply meant. But it was enough to stop me wanting to talk to him. I called Patsy to me, said my goodbyes, and left the park.
Housing Benefit Hill:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X

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

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

The Last of the Hippies:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Last-Hippies-C-J-Stone/dp/0571193137/
Three Days of Monsters, Ghosts, UFOs and more
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YOU’VE NEVER HAD IT SO WEIRD

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

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

This week it is the turn of the legendary John Ellis who was not only co-founder of a band Bazooka Joe in 1970 with the man who would later become Adam Ant, but – with The Vibrators – was the first punk rock guitarist I ever heard. In 1980 he toured with Peter Gabriel on his "Tour Of China 1984", and he appears on the album Peter Gabriel 4. From 1982 on he recorded a number of albums with Peter Hammill, and toured with Hammill (off and on) from 1981 until 1989. From 1981 until 1984 he was a member of the K Group with Peter Hammill. Between late 1990 and 2000, Ellis was a member of the punk rock band The Stranglers, starting with the album Stranglers In the Night. During that period he also created music for European Art exhibitions and several short films. Ellis left the Stranglers in 2000. He is an exponent of the E-bow guitar. So what do we do with such a legendary figure? Why… that is simple, we send him to a desert island, with just ten records for company...
John’s Top Ten albums

My Life in the Bush of Ghosts
Brian Eno and David Byrne

Tra
Hedningarna

Axis Bold As Love
Jimi Hendrix Experience

Magical Mystery Tour
The Beatles

Initiation
Todd Rundgren

Strictly Personal
Captain Beefheart

Hot Rats
Frank Zappa

Music in The World of Islam
Various artists

Bukka White
The Complete Recordings

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

Hawkwind's April tour got off to a southerly start a week ago, at Eastbourne Winter Gardens, in a place traditionally associated with elderly people heading there to retire, and see out their lives in sleepy relaxation.

Some of Hawkwind's members are certainly the right age for that, but the gig was energetic and with somewhat more flashing lights than has recently been the case - although they do still seem to draw the line at actual strobes, these days. Somewhat oddly, the tour schedule has a two-week gap in it, so perhaps there is an opportunity for relaxing, before the Cardiff gig next Thursday.

Hawkwind fans looking for copies of Ian Abrahams' rather excellent book about the band might have been surprised to find it
available on Amazon for £228 ($300) which is a pretty hefty price-tag! It’s been rumoured that the book is to be republished soon in electronic copy, and if that’s so, then that will help its availability very considerably.

Kris Tait’s book, which covers the band’s history to the end of 1981, is much shorter, and also considerably more scarce. Copies of the other “big Hawkwind book” available to fans (the one by Carol Clerk) are somewhat more affordable, mostly because that one went to paperback edition.
Greetings space travellers!
This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

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

Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty roster (optional)
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www.hawkwind.com
Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com
The 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.

**XXVI**

Now I am afraid we need to digress for a few moments. Because when Lysistrata told me what she told me next, I was already possessed of the knowledge necessary to know what the blinking flip she was talking about. But because we are talking fairly obscure and massively arcane knowledge here, I think that I have to assume that at least SOME of you people reading this could benefit from a brief history lesson.
But the thing for which she is best known, and - indeed - the thing for which she has both become academically reviled and almost sanctified by the neopagan movements across the world, is her hypothesis that the original religion of Western Europe was a fertility cult that she called ‘Dianic’ because she believed that the female goddess worshipped was Diana, originally the Roman Goddess of the hunt.

She believed that the Western European witch trials, which she was the first to examine from a feminist perspective, were a concerted attempt by the Christian establishment to destroy this ancient religion, and she believed that the classic image of Satan as a horned man with cloven hooves (a little bit like a larger version of the hairy little urchin who was - as I leaned on my car and heard Lysistrata's extraordinary story - playing an immensely...
energetic game of tag with my cats on the upper lawn next to the sundial) was a corruption of the images of the male deity worshipped by these devotees. Her second book - *The God of the Witches* - expanded on this hypothesis which had first been laid out in a book called *The Witch Cult in Western Europe*, first published a year before my mother was born.

She also believed that a race of very small people, who also practised this Dianic religion had lived hidden in the wildernesses of Western Europe until the early modern era, and that these were the origin of the pan-European myths of fairies, gnomes, pixies and other assorted little people. The fact that they too practised the ancient religion explained the multitude of folkloric links between little people and witches.

And in 1954, she published *The Divine King in England*, in which she greatly extended on the theory, taking in an influence from Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, an anthropological book that made the claim that societies all over the world sacrificed their kings to the deities of nature. In her book, she claimed that this practice had continued into medieval England, and that, for instance, the death of William II was really a ritual sacrifice. She also claimed that a number of important figures who died violent deaths, such as Archbishop Thomas Becket, were killed as a replacement for the king.

Professor Ronald Hutton, who is an author and academic whom I admire very much, and whom I have met on a couple of occasions (most recently at Tintagel during Corinna’s and my brief honeymoon back in 2007) is one of the contemporary academics who are less than convinced by Murray’s hypotheses. In his 1999 book *The Triumph of the Moon*, Hutton asserted that Murray had treated her source material with "reckless abandon", in that she had taken "vivid details of alleged witch practices" from "sources scattered across a great extent of space and time" and then declared them to be normative of the cult as a whole. And I see no real reason to doubt him.

Sadly for those people who - like me - were brought up on this stuff, Hutton is far from being the only one.

Together with my friend and colleague Nick Redfern I have researched and written about the early history of the neopagan movement, and I am convinced that Murray’s writings were amongst the main texts plundered by the founding fathers of modern neopaganism, like Gerald Gardner and Cecil Williamson, when they set out to found a new religion.

And Murray’s ideas - possibly because they were so empowering to women - also became immensely popular with a certain type of intelligent and well educated women in the middle of the 20th century. Women like my mother.

My mother swallowed Murray’s hypotheses hook, line and sinker, and recommended her books far and wide. She first gave them to me when I was about thirteen, and it seems that as a result of a long conversation with Britannia Potts just before her brother’s fall from grace in the early 1980s, she lent her precious copies to her... And never got them back.

And apparently Britannia Potts was also a neophyte follower of Murray’s disputed witch cult hypothesis.
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 Daevd 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!!"

VOICE IS THE CHOICE OF OUR SPECIES
AND IT IS RAISED TO SING
To remember, with respect, those past and present ways for us to assimilate commingled joy and pain
Solo, one folk agent can carry whole cultures
More a choir of notes cashed in and golden
Birdsong at dawn, Lullabye evenings,
Chanting, ululating, crying in a sound wave
that rides us through emotions too wild
to otherwise explain in brick words
the difference between words, walls and wings.
I decided to have a bash at reviewing Miles’ biography of Frank Zappa this week. It is, by anybody’s standards, a monumentally peculiar book. I think it is probably the only rock biography that I have ever read where the author makes no effort to hide his complete disdain for the person he was writing about. A few weeks ago I exchanged emails with Miles about his recent book on the brief but fascinating history of Zapple records, and if I ever do get to interview him one of the first things I am going to do is to ask whether it is true that he totally disliked Frank Zappa.

But the truth is that I agree with Miles entirely. Although they made me laugh when I was younger, FZ will be remembered for his astonishing music not his often sexist and misogynistic lyrics. But then again I am a guy who wrote a song called *Nazi with a Hard on* so who the hell am I to gripe?
served to irritate. Sure, I believe in free speech, and supported Frank Zappa’s efforts in his battle against the PMRC, and I don’t think that there is anything that FZ wrote that actually offended me (except, of course, for his rabid defence of capitalism). But I would truly be interested in finding out why he did what he did.

Like most rock biographies, this one gets less interesting as Zappa’s life and care progressed. But whereas with most books on the life and works of rock musicians it is the accounts of endless stadium tours and meetings with lawyers that pull, in the case of FZ things got singularly peculiar as he approached the end of his life; the man who defined art rock for so many people started trying to flog massive shipments of frozen muffin mix. Again, why? Nobody yet has come close to explaining the motivations that drove this most singular of artists.

His relationship with his children was a peculiar one. Miles describes someone so out of touch with his family that his eldest daughter had to write him a formal letter to get him to pay attention to her. But *In The Real Frank Zappa Book*, FZ writes this charming vignette:

> From time to time Diva operates something called “The Giraffe Cafe.” First, she made a sign that says, “The Giraffe Cafe -- OPEN.” Then -- on those SPECIAL DAYS -- she hangs it on the door upstairs. This means she has made Jell-O. “The Giraffe Cafe” has provided many nights of elegant dining when there was nothing around to fry. It was raining the other day. Diva walked in and said, “Oh! Can I go out and play in the rain?” I said, “Of course.” She got all dressed up for it -- like it was a special event -- and spent an hour singing at the top of her lungs in the backyard. I can imagine some parents saying, “Now don’t go out there, you’ll catch a cold.” I think that would have broken her heart.

Kids have a natural sense of mysticism, and a feeling of being connected to nature. The natural world is very exciting when it's all brand-new. For example, kids have an appreciation for snow which is generally not shared by the guy who has to shovel a driveway. The older you get the more you take nature for granted (unless you're Euell Gibbons and you want to eat everything that's lying on the ground until you die from it).

Diva is a dear little girl. She just turned nine. She likes to do a lot of 'normal little-girl things,' but (Praise Gawwwwd!) she has her bizarre side too. She had a Barbie doll once, but Ahmet burned most of the hair off, so Diva finished the job by squeezing Duco cement on her face, deforming the nose and forehead. (I'm sure there's an organization somewhere that would protest that.) Diva called her “Snot Woman” (not bad, sweetheart).

I can see why Miles disliked Zappa so much. Indeed one of the reviews of this book that I read online earlier this evening said that after reading this book you admire Zappa more and like him less.

But, I think that when you read the two books together one begins to get a very murky picture of an insanely complicated man. Both of these books are excellent, but neither of them come anywhere near telling the whole story.
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...

It is not Friday the 13th is it? I think it may be, you know, under disguise of being the 8th. What a clever little date it is, skulking around like that.

First thing this morning, I found that Eric my lovely corn snake had died. Then came some news about work that has caused me to oscillate between sadness and anger, which has left me humming, quite vociferously, some very apt lyrics from The Clash, namely:

Should I stay or should I go now?  
Should I stay or should I go now?  
If I go there will be trouble  
And if I stay it will be double  
So come on and let me know  
Should I stay or should I go?

Ah well, the weekend shall have to be designated for some decision making I guess.

But for now, back to the matter at hand, and a delve into the interesting, awful and sometimes butt-ugly realms of music memorabilia. I really think I had better purchase a wardrobe with a magical back that
takes one, not into the wonderful world of Narnia, but into the vomit-inducing realm of music memorabilia tat and awfulness. Perhaps a kind of theme park where one can be transported around various set exhibits of Elvis, The Beatles, and so on, and admire the sheer audacity of some companies in their never-ending desire to make a fast buck on whatever they can in order to keep the respective trains of memorabilia chuff-chuffing and toot-tootling along the rickety old tracks that take one around from one exhibit to the other.

So this week I decided to take just one well-known star from the world of music and clutch them to my chest to toss out at a convenient moment whilst traversing the respective part of the theme park. Let’s sit down then, in our wooden, deliberately made to be uncomfortable, train seats, make ourselves as secure as possible with the help of the tatty lap belts provided, and have a look at what’s in the offing for today in the Elvis shaped window, u’hu…

Elvis Presley watch very Rare 70s red. Guitar second hand floats around - £700.00

“This is a very hard to get Elvis watch with the red guitar as the second hand very very rare made in the 70s mint condition. A great watch for any Elvis Presley fan there’s a buy it now price but I’m open to offers thanks for watching the red guitar second hand connects to nothing must be on a magnet or something. I was told it’s from Memphis 1977 I think I have the only one left on this planet I tried to find another, good luck a one off tribute watch open to offers please check out my other Elvis items please I will come down if it’s fair price”

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SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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

Check it out now…
So this does not even belong to Elvis, but is just associated with the school in the town where he was born. U’huh indeed.

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“Elvis Presley WowWee life size animated sings 8 different songs and says a few phrases eye’s, head and mouth all move a must have item for anyone that likes Elvis.

Elvis comes with the instructions and necessary power adaptor.

Capturing the magic of this monumental performer, WowWee Alive Elvis is a lifelike singing and talking bust of the best-selling solo artist in U.S. history. The most authentic recreation ever of this legendary artist. Whether you’re his greatest fan or new to the man and his music, you can listen to, sing along with and learn more about the life of the man known as “The King of Rock and Roll”. Featuring motion captured facial animations and a leather jacket styled from the “Elvis Presley ’68 Comeback Special” complete. In Alive mode: Elvis moves autonomously, responds to sound and music, tracks movements, and makes Elvis remarks. In Sing through mode, sing along with the Elvis tracks by plugging in a compatible microphone (not included). Song mode: Elvis’ mouth sings and animates in sync with songs on Song and Monologue cartridges. And in the monologue mode you can listen to Elvis recount titbits of his life story. It comes with a ’68 Comeback Special style microphone-shaped remote controller. The song and monologue cartridge contains eight of some of his best-loved songs: That's All Right, Hound Dog, Heartbreak Hotel, Love Me Tender, Jailhouse Rock, Blue Suede Shoes, Trouble, Baby What You Want Me To Do.”

WowWee indeed! Shame it doesn’t look like him. But never mind, not many of this kind of thing do. It doesn’t really matter though does it?

**Elvis Presley Guitar-shaped plates** - £105.00

“The first series of guitar-shaped sculptural-porcelain plates dedicated to Elvis. Compelling two-dimensional portraits of Elvis enhanced with 22k gold embellishments. Carries the EPE seal which assurance that each plate has been personally reviewed by Elvis Presley Enterprises.

The first one: "1975 The Spirit" which is the forth issue in the collection

The second one: "1974 The Superstar" which is the third issue in the collection

The third one: "1973 Aloha from Hawaii" which is the first issue in the collection

The forth one: "1974 The Vegas Legend" which is

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

Better not toss these out of the train window, they may break.

Real ELVIS Original HAIR Holiday
ORNAMENT, COA, UACC, MEMPHIS 1977
Newspaper – US $165.00
(Approximately £117.05)

“This Great "ELVIS" Collection includes:
*An Actual STRAND of HAIR from the most famous entertainer in the world, ELVIS PRESLEY
*Accompanied by a full set of papers authenticating this hair...they include copies of Certificates of Authenticity from world famous UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES and UACC Dealer JACK M. SELL Registered Dealer #228
*Real ELVIS HAIR Strand is beautifully Mounted in an ORNAMENT & Display Stand
*You also receive an original Elvis MEMPHIS NEWSPAPER dated August 17, 1977”

Something to be kept and displayed for the Christmas tours no doubt.

Well, I seem to have gone into a tunnel now, so have found myself in one of those black spots for telecommunications. I guess I will have to leave you then – that’s a shame isn’t it?

I hope you have enjoyed the journey so far, and who knows, we may step back through the wardrobe some day soon to enjoy some more of the theme park. I bet you are excited aren’t you?

Cheerio
“Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy”

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

Auld Man's Baccie

Resonating with the Blues
There are nine Henrys, purported to be the world’s first cloned cartoon character. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. They mooch around in their minimalist universe suffering from an existential crisis with some genetically modified humour thrown in. I think Peter McAdam is one of the funniest people around, and I cannot recommend his book The Nine Henrys highly enough. Check it out at Amazon. Each issue we shall be running a series of Henrybits that are not found in his book about the nine cloned cartoon characters who inhabit a surreal world nearly as insane as mine...
This book, which was released by Gonzo last year is an erudite catalogue of some of the most peculiar records ever made. The authors have lined up, described and put into context 500 “albums” in the expectation that those of you who can’t help yourselves when it comes to finding and collecting music will benefit from these efforts in two ways.

- Firstly, you’ll know you are not alone.
- Secondly, we hope that some of the work leads you to new discoveries, and makes your life slightly better as a result.

Each issue we are featuring one of these remarkable and peculiar records in a crass attempt to flog you the book.

James Brown:
Hell
(Polydor, 1974)
What? Hellfire clearly burns with different coloured flames.

There’s no argument about Brown’s massive contribution to black music and MOBO (music of black origin). His sixties work – including the legendary Live at the Apollo – is as important as anything of its generation. Without Brown seventies soul would have been a totally different, probably more restrained and less adventurous, affair. Brown had a mixed seventies. His work showed the influence of the epic productions pioneered by the likes of Isaac Hayes and he did his own turn at Blaxploitation soundtrack and referencing the right political issues. Brown’s writing typically required a few musicians in the room, a jam and stops to decide what would be used. It was an approach that led itself to longer, more self-indulgent, tracks and allowed the man to become one of the most prolific artists of the seventies; never more so than in 1973-74 when his output included consecutive double albums. It has been argued elsewhere – like in Julian Cope’s Copendium – that the first of these – The Payback – is an inspired masterpiece.

Hell by contrast was well received by some but continues to baffle many. James Brown was never more scattergun or eclectic in his approach, and that is saying something because he always had those tendencies. Hell isn’t exactly consistent, and isn’t by any means a coherent statement. Different James Brown’s turn up on different sides of the original vinyl and anyone revisiting the whole piece from beginning to end today is in for a change every twenty minutes or so.

The opening quartet is prime seventies Brown groove, effortlessly updating his sixties chops with meaty rhythms. Perfect for more sexually explicit times. “My Thang” and “Sayin’ and Doin’ It” really couldn’t be anyone else. Flip the original first LP or leave the CD untouched into track five and things get decidedly weird. Tracks five to eight line up a reworking of “Please, Please, Please” – make that a full-on latin reworking of one of his greatest hits - before Brown attacks and demolishes three standards: “When the Saints go Marching in,” “These Foolish Things Remind me of You” and “Stormy Monday.”

Normal service – sort of – is restored on the next side, which includes a couple of majorly revised reworkings of earlier songs and some originals before the near 14 minute epic “Papa Don’t Take no Mess” cuts up all of the final side. After four sides the sense of “The Hardest Working Man in Showbusiness” grabbing at any convenient fragment to fill his album is fairly strong, and it’s debatable whether Hell represents an identity crisis or over-reaching ambition. Brown got the fashion for lengthy grooves but often lacked the patience and love of studio trickery that allowed the likes of Isaac Hayes and Barry White to conceive their longest cuts as slowly building symphonies of soul. So, less here might well have been more in the long run. However, few soul albums of the period visit so many stations, take so many turns or offer up a tonnage of truly unique moments as readily as Hell.
Gregg Kofi Brown has transcended many genres of music...

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia
Formed in December of 2004 in a small town Drahichyn, located in the South-West of Belarus, Omut’s style was shaped by the unique natural wonders of dense forests and magical marshes. Metal harshness combined with folk lyricism, aggression with catharsis, light with darkness – that’s what band’s sound is – (Facebook).

Omut reformed in the summer of 2009 in Minsk, their current location.

Interesting facts:
• The most “changeable” position is bass-guitar. Over the whole period of band’s existence there have been 4 guitarists who changed one another for the six times.
• At the beginning musicians were performing songs in Russian. The first Belarusian composition was “Vetser”, written in 2005.
• The strange language than can be heard in few songs is a dialect from Western Palesie. It is still spoken in the South-West of Belarus.
• Members of the team don’t try to define their present sound. They simply got used to call what they are playing “Palesian Metal”.

Band Members:
Aliieś Maksimovič - vocals,
Elvira Stelmashuk - vocals,
Jury Kazloŭ - bayan,
Kiryl Hutaviec - guitar,
Vadzim Šender - guitar,
Lorina Lozovskaya - bass guitar,
Nazar Hrabionkin - drums
And so it is Friday once again, and once again I am feeling indignant. No, I am feeling angry. I am angry about the way we as a society treat our disabled and elderly. When people are no longer of direct use as consumers they become a commodity - a commodity to be traded by Granny Farmers, and all the other parasites who are feeding on the decaying corpse of a Welfare State that was once the envy of the world.

Why? Because of something that was set into motion 74 years ago.

The 1942 report on Social Insurance and Allied Services, known commonly as the Beveridge Report, was an influential document in the founding of the welfare state in the United Kingdom, published in November 1942. It was chaired by the Liberal economist William Beveridge, who identified five "Giant Evils" in society: squalor, ignorance, want, idleness, and disease, and went on to propose widespread reform to the system of social welfare to address these.

The Report came in the midst of war, and promised a reward for the sacrifices undertaken by everyone. Highly popular with the public, the report formed the basis for the post-war reforms known as the Welfare State, which include the expansion of National Insurance and the creation of the National Health Service.

And it was all for nothing. I used to work in the health service, and I have friends who do so still, and I have friends and family who work in similar jobs in the private sector. And I have nothing but respect for these people who continue to bring a good service against insurmountable odds. But the people in charge, who have reduced the lives of the old and the ill to mere dots on a balance sheet? I have nothing but contempt for them, and if this country ever sheds the shackles of apathy long enough to rise up against the tyrants (which I truly think is never going to happen), I hope these bastards are first against the wall.

"Freedom from Want and Fear?" You are having a laugh aren’t you?
BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST
Live on stage

ADMIT ONE $5.50

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11 DEC 1980 ONSTAGE 20:30

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