In this week's Sir Henrytastic issue we interview Michael Livesley, the man behind the current revival of Sir Henry at Rawlinson End, whilst Alan remembers the original Sir Henry - the one and only Viv Stanshall. He also interviews Fred Frith, about French Frith Kaiser Thompson while John goes to see Arthur Brown, and Doug eulogises over Ra Ra Riot. We go through the back of a wardrobe to a book about Narnia, and all sorts of other very groovy things transpire...

#178

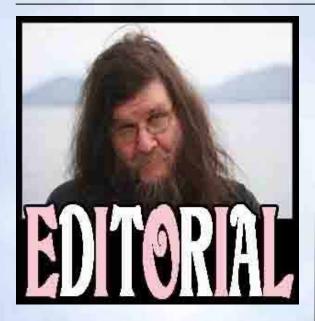


# THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKIY:

 Art is as important as science and more important than money

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

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



#### Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of this singular little magazine which never ceases to amaze me as it snakes sinuously through the more arcane outer suburbs of pop culture without ever doing an Ouroboros and swallowing its own tail.

Back in the day I always used to read a monthly magazine called *The Word* which was edited by the mildly legendary Mark Ellen. I read it from die erste und die letzte and - although, I am

afraid that I became less enamoured of it during its final years - when it closed down in 2012, I felt that something was missing from my life. And this was one of my inspirations when starting this magazine.

Over the years they published lots of articles which have stuck somewhere notable within my cerebral cortex, and one of these was an article listing the ten most influential musicians (I believe) of the 20th Century. And much to my surprise *The Beatles, The Sex Pistols, Led Zeppelin* and folk like these were nowhere to be seen. Because this was a list of people influential on the global industry, not just that of Western Europe and the English speaking world. And the aforementioned Western Europe and the English Speaking World is a smaller subset of the global music industry than one might have guessed.

To give another analogy, the Centre for Fortean Zoology, the organisation which I manage for my day job, is the largest and, we like to think, the best cryptozoological organisation in the English speaking world. But, as I discovered about ten years ago when I had dealings with a German bloke who ran the world's biggest German Language cryptozoological web site, outside the English speaking world, nobody had heard of us.

A couple of albums ago, Morrissey included a



### But if we are honest about it we all tend to be ethnocentric to the place in which we were brought up, and the people with whom we did it

song: America is not the World. But if we are honest about it we all tend to be ethnocentric to the place in which we were brought up, and the people with whom we did it. I think that if I was a little more motivated, there should be a rewrite (there has, after all, been a black president after dear Stephen Patrick said that there wasn't) saying something like "the world is not just Western Europe and the places where they speak English". But that wouldn't scan and it would be increasingly difficult to find convincing rhymes. Nineteen years ago Graham and I were in Medico making a film for the UK Channel Four series *To the ends if the earth*. Whilst on our travels I acquired a CD by a bloke called Alfredo Zitarrosa.

Alfredo Zitarrosa (March 10, 1936 – January 17, 1989) was a Uruguayan singer-songwriter, poet and journalist. He specialized in Uruguayan and Argentinean folk genres such as zamba and milonga, and he became a chief figure in the nueva canción movement in his country. A



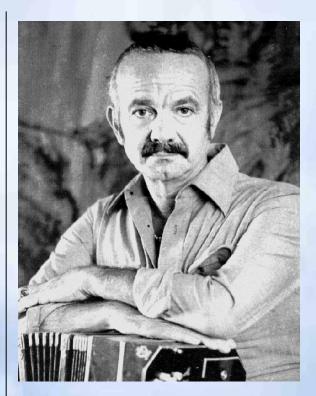
اللعنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة

staunch supporter of Communist ideals, he lived in exile between 1976 and 1984. He is widely regarded as one of the most influential singersongwriters of Latin America.

His songs were banned in Argentina, Chile and Uruguay during the dictatorial regimes that ruled those countries. He lived then successively in Argentina, Spain and Mexico, starting from February 9, 1976. After the ban on his music was lifted, like that of so many in Argentina after the Falklands War, he settled again in Buenos Aires, where he gave three memorable concerts at the Arena Obras Sanitarias the first day of July 1983. Almost a year after he returned to his country, he had a massive reception in the historic concert of March 31, 1984, which was described by him as la experiencia más importante de mi vida ("the most important experience of my life").

I am sure that I read that he died under mysterious circumstances, connected with his politics, uncompromising but this has conveniently been removed from Wikipedia. However the record - Guitarra Negra - has been a perennial favourite of mine ever since. We first heart the haunting contrapuntal melody lines and interweaving acoustic guitars as we were driving across the Puebla Desert, and up the dry and dusty mountain road that eventually goes through the Paso de Cortés which separates the twin volcanoes of Iztaccihuatl and Popocatépetl. It is one of the most peculiar and oddly alienating landscapes that I have ever been in; there is





volcanic dust everywhere, and if you end up in a dust storm (like we did once or twice) the shimmering refractions from the swirling clouds of dust can produce vividly hallucinogenic images as your mind tries to make sense of the swirling clouds all around you.

And this music is the perfect soundtrack to such a peculiar landscape, and every time that I listen to it, I am transported back to a time and a place when I was younger, fitter, and the world seemed to have far more possibilities for me than it does now.

I know that all sorts of people bring back records that they heard on holiday, and they lie, gathering dust and unplayed in the untrodden corners of one's record collection together with the novelty record your nephew's girlfriend once bought you for Christmas. However this is nothing like that. The music of Alfredo Zitarrosa spoke to me in an uncharacteristically beguiling way, despite the fact that my pidgin-Spanish is only capable of understanding about a tenth of what the man was singing. In the intervening nineteen years I have gotten hold of various other records by the man, and I am now a confirmed fan.

But the story is not over. The other week I was chatting to Dani from the excellent prog metal jazz band Marbin on Facebook, gleaning his top ten for our weekly Desert Island Discs thingy. And his records included an album by a bloke called Astor Piazzolla. Over, once again, to those jolly nice fellows at Wikipedia:

"Astor Pantaleón Piazzolla (Spanish pronunciation: [piasola], Italian pronunciation: [pjatts lla]; March 11, 1921 – July 4, 1992) was an Argentine tango composer, bandoneon player and arranger. His oeuvre revolutionized the traditional tango into a new style termed nuevo tango, incorporating elements from jazz and classical music. A virtuoso bandoneonist, he regularly performed his own compositions with a variety of ensembles.

In 1992, American music critic Stephen Holden described Piazzolla as "the world's foremost composer of tango music"."

I had never heard of Piazzolla, and so I checked him out. And bloody hell he is awesome. Towering soundscapes which are so South American that they could not have been written by a native of any other part of the globe. Although they are basically tangos they take the structure of the tango and go to so many unexpected places with it that one never ceases to be surprised.

And listening to Piazzolla also prompted me to rediscover Zitarrosa. And so, although I am unlikely to go exploring in search of legendary monsters in the grubbier parts of the Puebla Desert again, I have spent the past few weeks in South America.

Now, this is where - at the risk of sounding like a fat, bearded, Esther Rantzen - I am throwing this open to you, the studio audience, ummmm Gonzo *Weekly* readership. Gimme some more South American music. Recommend me something else to help quench my thirst for the music of the pampas. C'mon, Boys and Girls. You know it makes sense.

Hari Bol

JD

Alfredo Zitarrosa, Astor Piazzolla, The Who, Ringo Starr, Bruce Springsteen, Alan Dearling, Tony Hawk, Led Zeppelin, John Ellis, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Robbie Brennan, Anthony Schmaltz "Tony" Conrad, Earl Solomon Burroughs (Jack Hammer), Captain Beefheart, Brand X, Osibisa, Pink Fairies, Gram Parson's The International Submarine Band, Gib Guilbeau, Sneaky Pete Kleinow, Sons of Fred, Percy Jones, Norman Wisdom featuring Rick Wakeman, Viv Stanshall, Michael Livesley, Ra Ra Riot, French Frith Kaiser Thompson, Roy Weard, John Brodie-Good, Arthur Brown, Mr Biffo, Armando Gallo, Hawkwind, Xtul, Walter Hooper, C S Lewis, George Michael, Sex Pistols, Beethoven, Johnny Rotten, Neil Nixon, Paul Buchanan,

Folkstone

#### **IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

### NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

#### Corinna Downes,

(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife) Graham Inglis, (Columnist, Staff writer, Hawkwind nut) **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, Bideford, North Devon EX39 5QR

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

# so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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The Line is composed of the following Pacials:

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I THINK HE GOT IT WRONG: John Brodie-Good sent me this massively funny news story, which - although it has nothing to do with music fits in this column as well as it does anywhere:

A man who ingested a bag of magic mushrooms has rated his 'bad trip' on Trip Advisor after misunderstanding what the review website was actually used for. Jake, a full time stoner and part time tripper from the midlands, had consumed half a bag of fungi whilst catching up on his favourite Netflix shows - a scene he described to Wunderground as "a typical Friday night in."

"Except it wasn't a typical Friday night in the end" continued Jake. "I experienced some very strange flash moments: one minute I was crying tears of joy, the next I was screaming with pain after me and my pet cat made eye contact and saw into each other's souls." Jake says he eventually found himself on Trip Advisor reviewing 'Jake's Trip', where as part of a 2000 word review he said: "This is a very strange trip, very uncomfortable and I'm having a terrible night's sleep. I'm not even sure where I am right now and whether or not I'll be coming back definitely would not recommend." Read on ...

A STRANGE NEIGHBOURHOOD: I was sent this nice little snippet this week: On the label from the cool backwater collectors shop (LSD Records, Wilton, Wilts) comes this slice of "Salisbury Sound" psychedelic punk; the debut single by THE NEIGHBOURHOOD STRANGE. So far they've been compared to The Reigning Sound, The Damned, The Paisley Undergroud and '60s garage. Listening to them I also hear bits of The Stranglers and even Blur at their noisiest. What do you think@ https://soundcloud.com/theneighbourhood-strange

BEFORE I GET OLD: I would acturally buy these if I could afford them. I got this email from The Who's people this week: "To tie in with the The Who Hits 50! Spring 2016 tour we have these two brand new prints hand-printed exclusively for us by the great Chuck Sperry in

his studio in San Francisco. The size of each print measures 21" x 31" and both are hand-numbered and hand-signed by Chuck Sperry himself. Each print is in a strictly limited edition of just 600 prints featuring all the venues on the 2016 US

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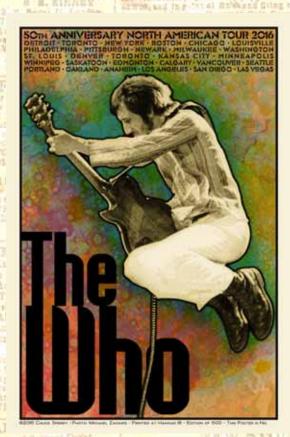
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tour and comes framed in a black frame with plexi-glass.

Says Chuck, "My successful collaboration with The Who continues with a pair of matching posters commemorating one of the greatest bands on earth as they continue their 50th Anniversary North American Tour. I am deeply honored to present my portrait posters of Who icons Roger Daltrey and Pete Townsend." Check out http:// www.chucksperry.net/

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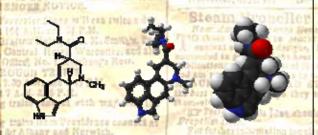
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BLAH BLAH: Another one from John B-G: Some researchers believe psychedelic drugs could be used to treat a whole range of conditions. But will cultural stigmas stand in the way? Mention LSD and you might think of the 1960s counterculture - kaftanned hippies in San Francisco, or the more adventurous end of the Beatles' back catalogue, or the tragedy of Pink Floyd singer Syd Barrett losing his grip on



reality. But for the first time, researchers say they have visualised how LSD alters the way the brain works.

A team at Imperial College London says they found it broke down barriers between areas that control functions like vision, hearing and movement. The study was with a small group - 20 subjects - but the researchers say it could lead to a revolution in the way addiction, anxiety and depression are treated. For the past decade and a half, academics around the world have been studying whether psychedelic substances that cause hallucinations, changes in perception and mind-altering states could have medical benefits. But this isn't the first time we've been here. Back in the 1960s there were high hopes for the therapeutic potential of psychedelics, too. Four major scientific conferences were held on the subject. Thousands of papers were published. Read on...

**RIGHT ON RINGO:** Ringo Starr has joined Bruce Springsteen in boycotting the state of North Carolina over recent LGBT legislation.

The government in Charlotte recently passed an ordinance that loosened the gender identification



of transsexual people as far as public facilities were concerned. The state of North Carolina overrode the ordinance passing one that applied statewide that limited use of facilities to the gender listed on a person's birth certificate.

Springsteen was first out of the box, cancelling a Charlotte appearance and, now, Ringo Starr has followed suit, saying "I'm sorry to disappoint my fans in the area, but we need to take a stand against this hatred. Spread peace and love."

Starr and Springsteen are the two main artists who have outright cancelled appearances in the state while a number of others have sympathized with the issue but have decided to keep their appearances. Read on...

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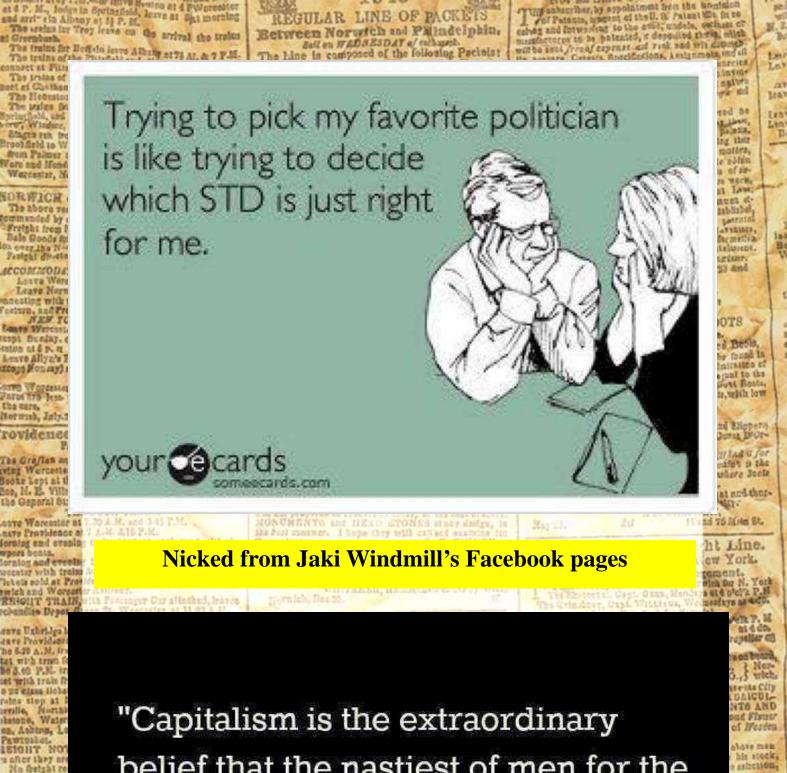
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LOCH NESS MONSTER FOUND

The remains of a monster have been found in loch

Ness - but it is a model of the elusive beast, not the

real thing. The 10 metre (30ft) model, from the

1970 film The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes, was

discovered 180 metres down on the lochbed by an

underwater robot, VisitScotland revealed on

Wednesday. "We have found a monster, but not the

one many people might have expected," loch Ness

expert Adrian Shine told the BBC News Scotland

website. "The model was built with a neck and two

humps and taken alongside a pier for filming of

portions of the film in 1969. The director did not

want the humps and asked that they be removed, despite warnings I suspect from the rest of the

production that this would affect its buoyancy. And

MARAUDERS WITH GLOWING GREEN

Tanghekou farmers are losing ducks and chickens to

raiding raccoon dogs and foxes - and some blame a

Buddhist ritual. When night falls on Tanghekou

village, a parched farming community in the

mountains north of Beijing, the darkness is pierced

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BUDDHIST RITUAL

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"Their eyes glow green," said Liu Changjun, 58, a goat farmer who is among those who have witnessed the sudden and mysterious incursion that has catapulted this once anonymous hamlet into the headlines. The intruders in question are foxes and raccoon dogs that, since late March, have been launching deadly nocturnal forays into the area to terrorise its chicken pens and duck enclosures. According to reports in the Chinese press, hundreds of the unwelcome omnivores have "overrun" Tanghekou in recent weeks, for reasons that have yet to be fully elucidated.

#### THE PLAIN OF JARS http://tinyurl.com/zbh7ujn

ULAR LINE OF PACKE Between Norwich and Phindelphin.

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it en WEDNESDAY

In central Laos, thousands of stone pots litter hundreds of square miles. One team of Australian archaeologists collaborating with the government believes the pots might have contained human remains. An ancient site in Laos, known as the Plain of Jars, is finally beginning to give up its secrets, as the first major excavation effort since the 1930s digs into its mysteries. Strewn over hundreds of square miles in central Laos, thousands of ceramic jars ranging from three to nine feet in height pepper the landscape, scattered in clusters of anywhere between one and 400 individual pieces.

APPICUS

esten J. H. ENIGHT'S DAT ANUFACTURRI and Dealer in ENDERES, BAD Pab 85, 1967.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

-HARNDEN &

"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...



### GUEST EDITORIAL BY ALAN DEARLING:

As the media frenzy grew surrounding Culture Minister, John Whittingdale, I've been mulling over what is 'acceptable behaviour'? What is moral? Even, what is a good person? I've worked with John for nearly five years on the All Party Writers' Group in the Houses of Parliament. There are a lot of writers in both the Lords and the Commons. John is a great chairperson for that group and last week helped out my mate Andy Wood, who is president of the Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolours. John turned up, and gave a great welcoming speech at the Mall Galleries in London.



So, does it matter that his girl-friend until 2014 was a 'professional' lady in the world's oldest profession!



Top: Alan with Ed Vaizey and John Whittingdale, All Party Writers' Group, Houses of Parliament 2015; John Whittingdale with Andy Wood, President, RIPW, with John Whittingdale, Culture Secretary at Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolours, April 2016, The Mall Galleries, London; Andy Wood and Alan Dearling sampling real ales and ciders, Whitehall, London 2015. at 5 P. M., Jodge in Springfold, Jeave at 5 PW creation and strift ein Albaoy at 15 P. M. The sceins for Troy leave on the arrival the trains at Greenbash.

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

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS Between Norwich and Paindelphin.

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

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

-Chris Packham





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

### Right On Chris

## IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

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PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

### THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday

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

IELDRIDGIE CILIEAVIER

# Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous take a camera

The weak and cowardly take a gun

### What sort of person are you?

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



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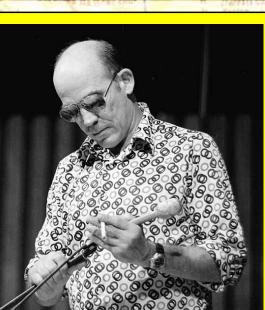
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### WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

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

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

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GRAHAM NORTON A AND STARRING JACK DEE TORY HAWKS

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CHARLOTTE PACE

The art parament of section of the next by West Led Un APRIL 25<sup>TH</sup>, 19:30 LYRIC THEATRE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE TICKETS from £V6 To part WWW.nimaxtheatres.com Or call 0330 333 4012 All proversion of go to The They Maaks Center, Maakawa

Child

**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

the week that's past

http://www.nimaxtheatres.com/lyric-theatre/ midlife\_cowboy



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### **STAIRWAY TO SPIRIT**

Led Zeppelin founders Robert Plant and Jimmy Page must face trial in a copyright row over the song Stairway to Heaven, a US court has ruled. A Los Angeles district judge said there were enough similarities between the song and an instrumental by the band Spirit to let a jury decide. The trial has been scheduled for 10 May.

Stairway to Heaven, released in 1971, is widely seen as one of the greatest rock compositions of all time. The copyright infringement action has been brought by Michael Skidmore, a trustee for the late Spirit guitarist Randy Wolfe, who played on the same bill as Led Zeppelin in the 1960s, and claims he should be given a writing credit on the track. Led Zeppelin guitarist Page and lead singer Plant are reputed to have written Stairway to Heaven in a remote cottage in Wales. However, Mr Skidmore has suggested the song came about after the band heard Spirit perform the instrumental Taurus while the bands toured together in 1968 and 1969. US district judge Gary Klausner said a jury could find "substantial" similarity between the first two minutes of Stairway and Taurus.

http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/entertainment-arts-36022876

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### Discount on guitar lessons with John Ellis.

Huge discount on 'taster' guitar lessons in May.

If you buy a voucher for a 'taster' guitar lesson with John Ellis over the next week, you will receive a huge discount against the normal prices. One hour and half hour vouchers are available that can be used during the day or evening.

John has worked with major UK acts including Peter Gabriel, The Stranglers, The Vibrators and many more.

http://www.chanoyurecords.com/lessons/



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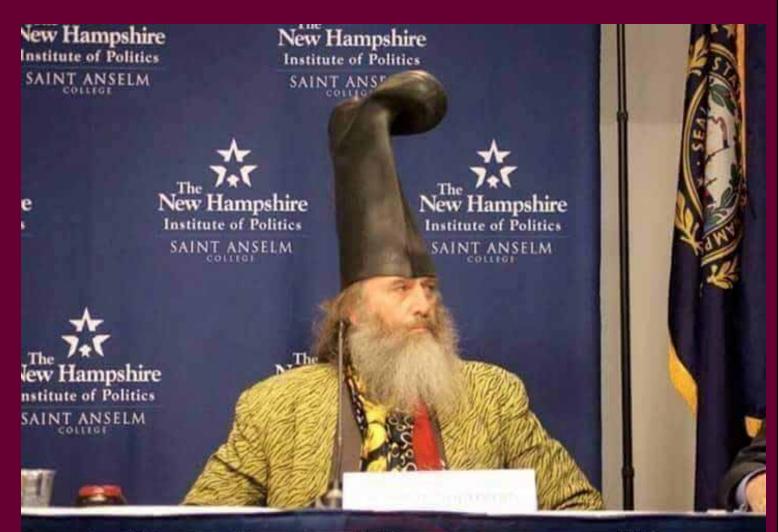
B. E. HUTCHLANDON, Successor to WM. LEGUS.TE.) 100 MAIN ST.7

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S. E Cont HARNDEN & CO'B. O Approxim outon; J. H. ENIGHT'S HAT ST LEONARD Pab 85, 1967.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

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



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

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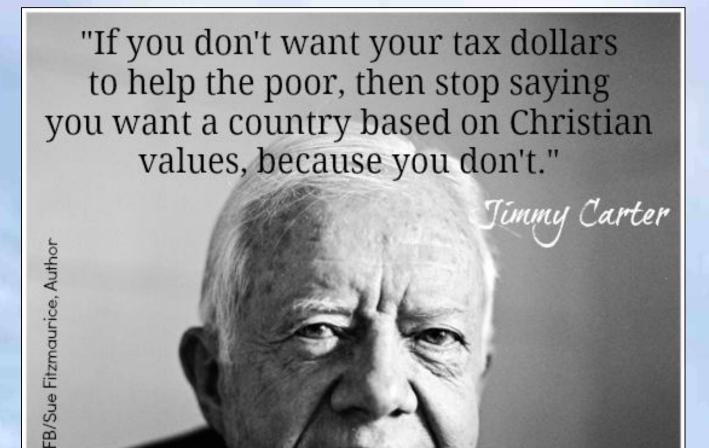
I stand with the volunteers on the Greenpeace ship *Esperanza* to speak for the Arctic.



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

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

FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM







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.

Loch Ness Monster hunting ad campaign launched

http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-scotland-highlandsislands-35820105



# WEB RADIO

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

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

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

# MUCKABBAHAMS



313



Strange Fruit is a unique two-hour radio show exploring the world of underground, strange and generally neglected music. All shows are themed and all shows set out to give the most hardened of sound-hounds some new delight to sample.

The show is also unique in providing homework for undergraduate students on North West Kent College's Foundation Degree in Professional Writing (who dig up many of the odd facts featured in the links between tracks).

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

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



Masochist: The Ace of Spades Zola Jesus: Ego Spike Jones and his City Slickers: Knock Knock Who's There? El Vez: El Groover Trashmonk: High Times Camel: Song Within a Song Smoke Fairies: Hope is Religion Television Personalities: Family Affair Marc Bolan: Mainman Devo: I'm a Potato Scanner with Anni Hogan: Alone With Thomas Lang El Vez: Say it Loud: I'm Brown and I'm Proud The Flying Lizards: Get Up I Feel Like Being a Sex Machine Maya Bieser: Wish you Were Here Dantalion's Chariot: Madman Running Through the Fields Gruff Rhys: Beacon in the Darkness Marcia Strassman: The Groovy World of Jack and Jill Tamikrest: Djangegh etoumast Pen Rorn: Sovann Sakor Chegn Ptim James Brown: Time is Running out Fast Max Romeo: War in a Babylon Kid606 G Minor John Renbourn: The Wildest Pig in Captivity El Vez: It's Now or Never Vince Taylor: Shakin' All Over Grandaddy: Goodbye? David Crosby: I'd Swear There was Somebody Here

> Listen Here



I first came across Friday Night Progressive totally by accident, but I soon found myself beguiled by the style and taste of presenter M Destiny who presents a weekly two-hour show showcasing all sorts of progressive music that you are unlikely to hear anywhere else. This is surely a man after my own heart. I also very much approve of the way that it is the hub of a whole community of artists, musicians, and collaborators. I hope that you enjoy them as much as I do. Welcome aboard, chaps.

Hello, I am M Destiny host of Friday Night Progressive. You will find it to be an incredible independent internet broadcast show. But it's more than that. We tend to boast that the musicians played on FNP are above the status quo. This includes the multiinstrumentalist and the educated musician. We tend to shy away from computer generated creations and rely on talent using musical instruments and steer this talent for purposes of shear inspirational indulgence. It is only in the FNP chat room where you will find the most talented musicians packed at one time into such an honored space.

#### **ARTISTS:**

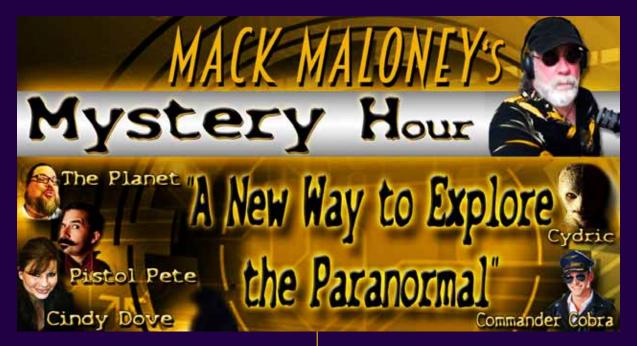
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> Listen Here





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

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

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo



recording artists. He's been a radio host since

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

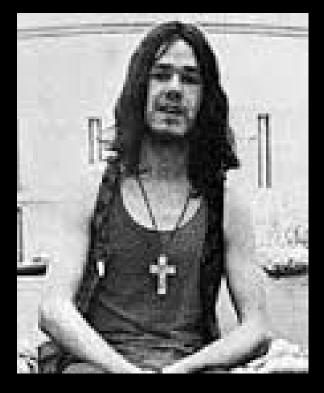
### AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

Hotspots, Swamp Gas & the First Nuclear War Mack talks to Rob Beckhusen of "War Is Boring" about the likelihood that India and Pakistan will fight the first nuclear war, Steve Ward on the government describing UFOs as "swamp gas" and famous UFO hotspots and Commander Cobra calls in from a secret location to talk about his participation in Operation Bold Quest.



Listen Here

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E\_





### Anthony Schmaltz "Tony" Conrad (1940 – 2016)

#### Conrad was an American avant-garde video artist, experimental filmmaker, musician, composer, sound artist, teacher and writer. Active in a variety of media since the early 1960s, he was a pioneer of both structural film and drone music (or, as he has qualified, "The first non-bagpipe western drone music").

In 1966, he made his first film, *The Flicker*, said to be a "landmark in structural filmmaking." Conrad said, "Since other filmmakers were making films at the time that dealt with structure as a foregrounded principle, and this seemed to be built around mathematical principles, it was adopted as a kind of flagship film for the structural film movement, where it dealt with abstract light-organizing ideas."

In the mid-1970s, Conrad began performing film. With Sukiyaki Film he decided that the film should be prepared immediately before viewing. Sukiyaki was chosen as the paradigm for the work because it is a dish often cooked immediately before eating, in front of the diners. Conrad cooked sukiyaki in front of an audience: egg, meat, vegetables, and 16mm film; and literally

# THOSE HE HAVE IOST

### Robbie Brennan (? – 2016)

Brennan was an Irish drummer and a former member of Phil Lynott's band Grand Slam. He also played with a variety of Irish musicians such as Christy Moore, Skid Row, Auto Da Fé, Jimi Slevin and the Electric Band, Paul Brady and Clannad.

For several years in the late 1970s and early 1980s, Brennan was the drummer of the Dublin rock band Stepaside, along with ex-Miami Showband member Paul Ashford. He was also a member of Scullion recording Spin in 1985. Brennan played with Auto Da Fé, then later with Dublin jazz band Hotfoot during the 1980s until its disbandment in 1987.

Brennan died after a long illness on 12th April 2016.

"projected" onto the screen behind him. In music, Conrad was an early member of the Theatre of Eternal Music, nicknamed The Dream Syndicate, and utilized just intonation and sustained sound (drones) to produce what the group called "dream music" (and is now called drone music).

Conrad's first musical release was a 1972 collaboration with the German "Krautrock" group Faust, Outside the Dream Syndicate, published in 1973. This remains his best known musical work and is considered a classic of minimalist music and drone music.

collaborated He also with artists such as Charlemagne Palestine, Genesis Breyer P-Orridge, and numerous others. In the early 1960s, Conrad and John Cale were recruited by Pickwick Records to play as a backing band for a new act, The Primitives, to perform the 1964 single "The Ostrich"/"Sneaky Pete." Conrad and Cale played guitar and bass, the artist Walter de Maria joined on drums, and the only pre-existing member of the band, Lou Reed, sang. Conrad and Cale's instruments were tuned to "Ostrich" tuning - every string to the same pitch — to make them easier to play, but the uniformity also resonated with the drone music they were playing with the Theatre of Eternal Music. After a few shows, the group disbanded. Cale and Reed went on to form The Velvet Underground.

Conrad was indirectly responsible for the name of The Velvet Underground, although he was never a member of the group. After moving into Conrad's old apartment on Ludlow Street in New York City, Reed and Cale found a book entitled The Velvet Underground, which had belonged to Conrad, and took the book's name for their group. Conrad died in Cheektowaga, New York on April 9, 2016 at age 76 after fighting prostate cancer.

### Earl Solomon Burroughs (Jack Hammer) (1925 – 2016)



Hammer, was an American pianist, singer and songwriter, credited as the co-writer of "Great Balls of Fire". Hammer wrote a song, "Great Balls of Fire", and submitted it to songwriter Paul Case, who liked the title but not the song itself. Case passed the idea to Otis Blackwell, and commissioned him to write a song of the same title for inclusion in the film *Jamboree*, with Hammer taking a half share of the songwriting royalties. The song was successfully recorded by Jerry Lee Lewis.

In 1960, when the lead vocalist of the Platters left for a solo career, Jack Hammer joined the group and performed, recorded, and wrote songs for them. In the mid 1970s, he moved back to the US, and at one point was scheduled to play the part of Jimi Hendrix in a movie that was never made. Jack Hammer performed in the Broadway production of *Bubblin' Brown Sugar* from February 1976 to December 1977.

He died on April 8, 2016.

Burrough, better known by his stage name Jack

# THOSE HE HAVE IOST

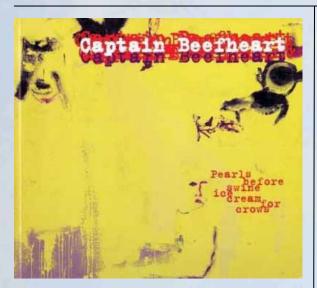


### YOU'VE READ THE MAGAZINE YOU'VE MARVELLED AT THE EDITOR'S IMPUDENCE NOW WEAR THE SHIRTS



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

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



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

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

Italian author Luca Ferrari has curated a fascinating

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

Contains a 24page deluxe booklet.

### BRAND X LIVE FROM NEW YORK



THE OFFICIAL BOOTLEG SERIES VOL X

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

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



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



### Artist Osibisa Title Osibisa Tribal Cat No. HST320CD Label Gonzo

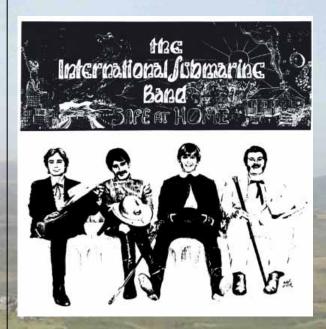
Osibisa are a British Afro-pop band, founded in London in 1969 by four expatriate African and three Caribbean musicians. Their music is a fusion of African, Caribbean, jazz, funk, rock, Latin, and R&B. Osibisa were one of the first African-heritage bands to become widely popular and linked with the world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

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

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



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



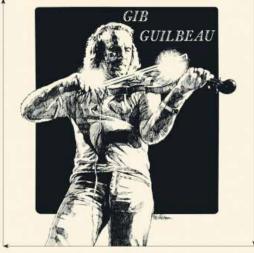
Artist Gram Parson's - The International Submarine Band Title Safe at Home Cat No. HST377CD Label Gonzo

Safe at Home is a legendary 1968 album by country

32

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

TOE TAPPIN' MUSIC

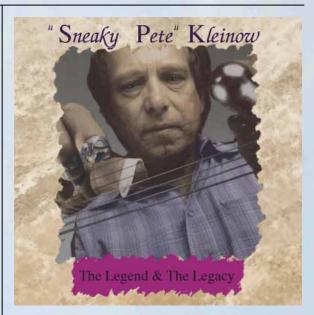


### Artist Gib Guilbeau Title Toe Tappin' Music Cat No. HST390CD Label Gonzo

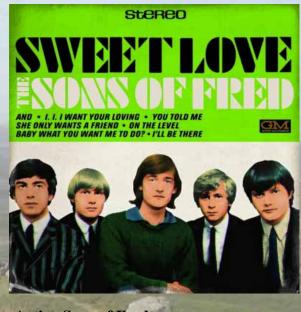
Floyd August "Gib" Guilbeau (born September 26, 1937) is an American Cajun country rock musician and songwriter. As a member of Nashville West, Swampwater, and the Flying Burrito Brothers, Guilbeau helped pioneer the fusion of rock and country music in the 1960s. Guilbeau was born in Sunset, Louisiana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

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

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



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



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

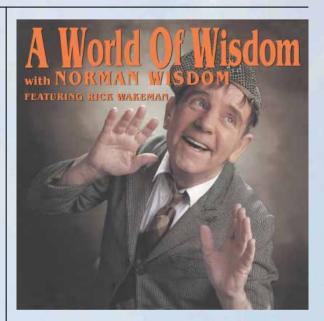
Bruce Eder writes: "An obscure but intense British beat band, The Sons of Fred featured guitarist Mick

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



Artist Percy Jones Title MJ12 Cat No. HST402CD Label Gonzo

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



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

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

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DESIGNED BY MARTIN COOK, AFTER ALEX STEINWEISS



I think I have mentioned my friend Jane Bradley before in these pages. She was a gifted cartoonist, the mother of a young son, and a raving alcoholic who died stumbling - pissed as a rat - across the M5 one evening in early 1995. She inspired one of my better songs (*The Day we Buried Jane* on my most recent album which came out about two and a half years ago) and twenty one years after her death she turns up in

my dreams on occasion, stinking of vodka and still refusing to sleep with me.

And it was Jane who first told me about Viv Stanshall. Well, in fact that is a long way from being true. I knew intellectually who Viv Stanshall was. I had read enough rock music books to know all about the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band, and to know that Stanshall was





best friends with the equally insane Keith Moon, and that together they had carried out various performance art practical jokes across Olde London Towne.

But, until Jane I never actually grokked him.

Jane was an enormous fan of Stanshall's surreal worldview, particularly *Sir Henry at Rawlinson End.* The album (1978) was released on the Charisma Records label (CAS 1139), featuring Stanshall as multiple characters, talking and singing, in a portrayal of the fictional history of Sir Henry Rawlinson. It is filled with puns, double-entendres, pop-cultural references and clever wordplay. Stanshall initially takes the role of an unnamed narrator, then shifts between character and narrator. The recording features many musical interludes, performed on a variety of odd musical instruments. Guest performers include Steve Winwood and two of Stanshall's children: his biological son Rupert Stanshall and his stepdaughter, Sydney Longfellow (the child of his second wife Ki Longfellow-Stanshall).

But it was more than that. My father, was once upon a time third in line to the governor of Hong Kong, and drank like a fish. He was massively eccentric and -like me - bipolar. However, unlike me, he was completely untreated and so his mood swings were massive, and legendary. I have always thought that he was what Sir Henry would have been with a few more personality defects.





In the last years of her life, Jane got more and more eccentric. She would leave her partner in Exeter (and their small child) and hitch-hike to Scotland where she had another boyfriend and a completely different life. On the way she would always stop off and visit people she knew. And somehow, on these journeys she made friends with the equally ailing Viv Stanshall. I have no idea of their relationship, only that these two massively intelligent, heavy drinking, artists would have had a lot in common.

Viv outlived Jane by about three weeks.

Fast forward to a few weeks ago. Rob and Billy sent me this press release:

For Immediate Release

Bonzo Dog Band's Vivian Stanshall's "Sir Henry

#### At Rawlinson End" Soundtrack by Michael Livesley and Brainwashing House feat. Rick Wakeman and Neil Innes To Be Released

"A tour-de-force and a work of Art" – Neil Innes

London, UK – Vivian Stanshall, widely acknowledged as one of the most influential recording artists of the 20th Century may sadly no longer be with us but the incredible words he created live on via the celebrated rave-reviewed recreation of his meisterwerk 'Sir Henry at Rawlinson End' by actor, singer and comedian Michael Livesley accompanied by his trusted Brainwashing House band.

Originally created for John Peel's Radio 1 show in the 1970's, Sir Henry at Rawlinson End – the meandering







**Slapstick Festival: Ginger Geezer** ★★★★☆

HIS celebrasism of the life and art of Vivian Stanshall, the late and much-missed Ginger Geoter of the title, is probably best remembered as the frontiman of the uniquely surreal Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band. Appar-ently they were inspired by the sur-real artist Dada. This performance began and ended with a selection of some of Vivis most internovable songs. Ex-Bonzos Neil Innes and Rodney Slater were on hand to give ita Jollity Parm, with full audience particip-series. Con Riner Men Sing the Whites, Ia Mr Slaur 2 Parroe Rodney Slater were on hand to give ita Jollity Parm, with full audience particip-series. Con Riner Men Sing the Whites, Ia Mr Slaur 2 Parroe Rodney Slater were subscort for the Bonnes. Ible Monty Pythus, have gathered a bost of fams who knew every word and HDS celebrasion of the life and

mation of the brics and were Internation of the lyrics and were-happy to participate when required. Theppen Pry jound in, with his immitable clipped upper-class deriv-ery, to provide the spoken intertudes in the plaintive matrixed of Sporr (The God Boy), the supercilious i'm Shored and the weird and wonderful Rhitnaymaic Orabis from The Daugh-aur in Grammy's Greathouse album; Rhinarmic Oants from The Daugh-mar in Gramp's Greenhouse album. The backling band, Brainwashing House, led by the widd haired Huil Lauch captured the rany feel of the originals without uring to recrease the exact sound. Live concerts by Viv Stanshall and the Bonnos were al-ways an ad hoc mix of alapsick ac-cident and intention and all the better for it. The meat in the sandwich was a performance of the complete Sir



Stephen Fry (right) on stage with Mike Livesley (left) during Ginger Geezer

Henry or Rauthroon's End, an ex-sended monologue of family yarns told by an impossibly eccountric ar-lateraria against some brief masked interfudes.

interfudes. A virtuose performance by Mike Livesley, whose ample figure and full beard certainly helped to flesh out the character, created a totally convin-ting bombestic Sir Henry in his-

pomp. The splendid script is a stream of consciousness expendion of evening from a golden era of pecultarity Eng

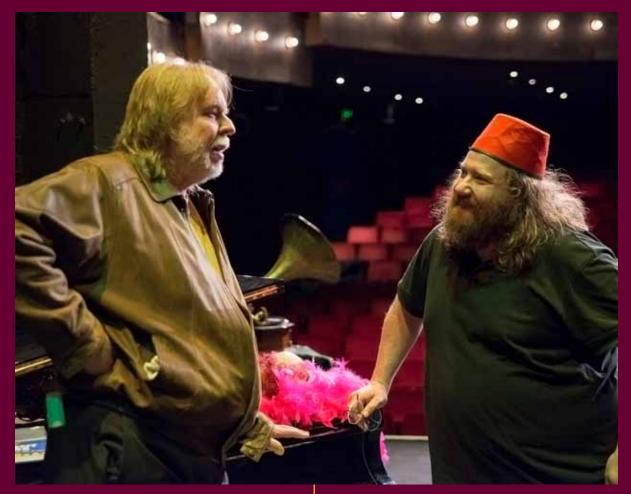
lish oddness. This was Viv Stanshall's major work after the demise of the Bonzos in the early 1970s and was released as an alour and laser filtered. But a live performance is the best way to enjoy the bitarre characters that fill the coles. Mike Livesley was a splendid raccontear and did Vivian proad.

gin-soaked saga of a crumbling English stately home and the grotesques who inhabit it headed by the heroically drunk Sir Henry - perfectly distilled and encapsulated Viv's absurdly hilarious wordplay and songwriting which first hit the public consciousness during the 1960s via his work helming the cult Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band.

blessing of the Stanshall family, has earned the praise including keyboard wizard Rick Wakeman who, due to his admiration for Michael's interpretation, has joined the show on piano as a guest many times. This has led to RRAW Records, the exciting new label from Rick and music industry veteran Robin Ayling, recording of this critically acclaimed stage show as their debut LP release. The recording features Rick guesting on piano, and also Viv's Bonzo bandmate and sometime Rutle and Monty Python member Neil Innes plus Viv's favourite violinist Susie Honeyman of The Mekons.

#### Tracks:

- 1. Aunt Florrie's Waltz
- 2. Interlewd
- 3. Wheelbarrow
- 4. Socks
- 5. The Rub
- 6. Nice 'N' Tidy
- 7. Pigs 'Ere Purse
- 8. 6/8 Hoodoo
- 9. Smeeton
- 10. Fool & Bladder
- 11. Endroar
- 12. The Beasht Inshide
- 13. Junglebunny
- 14. Aunt Florrie Remembers
- 15. Rawlinsons & Maynards



#### 16. Papadumb

Here's what's being said about Vivian Stanshall's "Sir Henry At Rawlinson End":

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

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

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

"What a night, an ensemble of madmen at their best, smashing!" – Rupert Stanshall, Vivian's son

"Brilliant! Berserk! Simply wonderful!" – Suzanne Moore, The Guardian

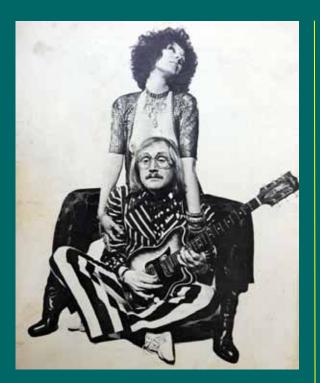
"Livesley's performance gives weight and truth to that old theatrical cliché – a comic tour-de-force" – Andrew Male, MOJO "A distorted-mirror celebration of English eccentricity rooted in a riot of linguistic lasciviousness" – Andy Gill, The Independent

## For more information please visit www.sirhenrylives.com

I would love to tell you that Jane turned up in my dreams that night with a bottle of Stoly in one hand and shouting "you-must-go-and-interview-this-Livesley-bloke-you-fat-bastard" (when she was excited she would spit out words in a monotone with no attempt at punctuation) but sadly not. I telephoned Michael L for a chat entirely off my own bat.

But I was thinking of Jane all the way through the conversation...





"If I had all the money I've spent on drink — I'd spend it on drink."

### Vivian Stanshall.

## A few memories from Alan Dearling

I saw the Bonzos a couple of times in their anarchistic heyday. Loved their zany English eccentricity. Music and humour – old style jazz mixed surreally together with Dada anti-art-school oddness. Once was while I was at uni in Kent, and once at the Isle of Wight festival. Viv Stanshall was the absolute epitome of the Master of Ceremonies. He had such a Voice. The very essence of Englishness. Conceited, unreal, egocentric and wonderfully funny. He even graced the front and back covers of an edition of the 'Oz' magazine along with Germaine Greer, the Australian braburning feminist with a doctorate. Viv remained suave and disconnected.

Or, as he sang with the Bonzo's, 'I'm bored':

I'm bored with with-it men in spotty ties Who hum (hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm) tiresome tunes like Edelweiss I'm bored, and when I hear it

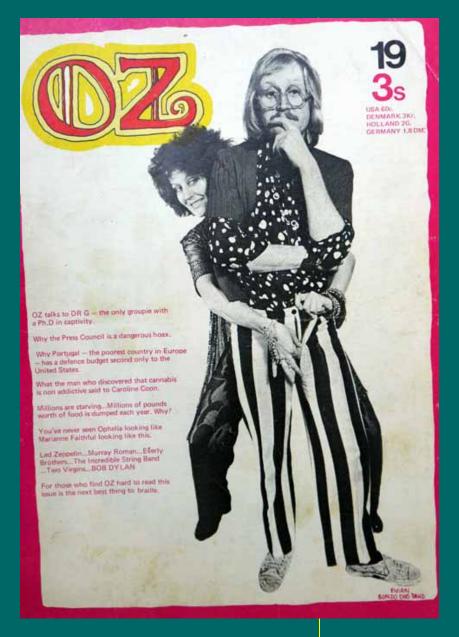
#### In a trice, I shout, I'm bored!

But sadly, my strongest memory was of the laterdays of Viv. Sometime in the mid-1970s. A shambling wreck. Long, straggly, unkempt beard and dirty clothes and long, dirty fingernails. He looked every bit a primeval Wild Man. A bit like 'Catweazle' on a bad night. Irritable, unfunny and 'not quite all there'. I think he might even have been living part time in a mental institution, as well as on 'The Searchlight' boat that he lived on with his partner, Pamela 'Ki' Longfellow.

At the time of the gig, I was working in London organising a lot of youth events and some early punk and reggae gigs. I'd met with some of his old Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band associates. They told me that Viv had become increasingly paranoid about performing. He had an eccentric wit, acerbic tongue and his every-day life was filled with capers and escapades. 'Jolly japes', he probably thought of them. But the down side was that his drinking and valium intake made him unpredictable and at times downright unpleasant. He didn't just like to shock, he positively loved it. As epitomised in his foray around London with Keith Moon, dressed as Gestapo officers. Or in their 'trouser testing' extravaganza:



"Viv and friend-in-booze Keith Moon had a regular pastime: "testing people's reactions". With this in mind, they once repaired to a gentlemen's outfitters in search of "a strong pair of trousers". To test the wares, Viv and Keith took a leg each and pulled



until the trousers parted company. "Not really very strong are they?" Viv informed the appalled assistant. At which point they'd arranged for a onelegged man to enter the shop who, on seeing two sets of single-legged trousers, exclaimed, "That's exactly what I'm lookin' for!" and bought both."

#### Source: www.vivarchive.org.uk/articles/ articleword.htm

Even if it wasn't true, when I saw him live in Putney, it appeared that Vivian might have been 'allowed out' to occasionally perform. At this particular gig, it was hard not to look around the room trying to espy the men in white coats. I'd gone with my friend Tony to the gig. I think it may have been to the 'Half Moon' at Putney. Definitely south of the river. The support might have been Elvis Costello, performing as DC Costello. I think it was. However, in all, it was an odd and not entirely positive experience. His craggy temper and aloofness, surly disinterest in fact, annoyed and unsettled the audience. He just wanted to play Samba music with four black drummers, rather than his 'greatest hits' of Bonzo Dog days.

I like to try and block out that personal memory of Viv and remember him through some surreal shows on radio and TV, many of which are still available on YouTube. And, of course listening to 'Intro/Outro' from the Bonzo's and the quintessential, 'Sir Henry at Rawlinson's End', first broadcast, I think, in bitesize segments on John Peel's BBC radio shows. He also appeared with Kenny Everett on the radio. Mike Oldfield's Tubular Bells was made much more of a world-class opus by Viv's presence too, as he introduced all the players and their instruments. On the 'Boxed' version there's even an inebriated Viv giving us a personal guided tour, along with the 'Sailor's Hornpipe', through the Manor Studio where the

recording session took place. Find out about being, "anthropologically, bothered if I know...buggered if I know. 14<sup>th</sup> century embroidery. It's three in the morning...Oxfordshire. 1973. Good night!" www.youtube.com/watch?v=KcJUQ1TF4wA

His version of the 'Young Ones' still resonates: 'We won't be the young ones for very long'. Or, remember him with Neil Innes on the 'Great Lives' programme from Radio 4, including some of Sir Henry and Scrotum the Wrinkled Retainer, Viv's last song written with Neil Innes and some words from his estranged wife, Ki, about his musical, 'Stinkfoot' and the song 'Seedy'. www.bbc.co.uk/ programmes/b00pcklz

Utterly Bonkers. He'd have made a perfect candidate for Lord Sutch's Raving Monster Loony party. A complete 'one off'.

# Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile THERE'S A RA RA RIOT GOING ON

#### Ra Ra Riot at the Independent

My friend Tim from Seattle recommended Ra Ra Riot to me a couple of years ago. He's one of those guys like me who still make mix tapes (okay, CDs now, soon to be Spotify lists?). We do this each year to introduce friends to our favorite music, to recommend new or old bands, and their albums or singles. Ra Ra Riot, a danceable type of "indie rock with strings" outfit hails from Syracuse, New York. They struck me immediately as an infectious upbeat act featuring talented musicians, electric and acoustic instruments and vocalist, multi-instrumentalist Wes Miles. This remarkable singer is able to hit soaring soulful notes in a high tenor register, and has a beautiful falsetto technique, clear and strong. The musicians joining him include Mathieu Santos (bass), Milo Bonacci

(guitar), Rebecca Zeller (violin) and Kenny Bernard (drums). They have been together for ten years, and just released their fourth album, Need Your Light. Take a listen to opening track "Water" to catch their sound. Then try the older track Tim included on the CD mix, "Boy" from their 2011 album The Orchard. It's definitely more like the band Capital Cities than The National! New track "Water"

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y-cxevaA-38

Hit "Boy" live, including cellist Alexandra Lawn

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XRjA2D5IgaA



Ra Ra Riot (c) diegospadeproductions.com

## http://diegospadeproductions.com/





Ra Ra Riot's Wes Miles & Rebecca Zeller (c) diegospadeproductions, inc.

In concert at the Independent theater, in San Francisco, March 27, 2016, the band was in top form, clearly healthy, joyous and well rehearsed. The set list included most of the songs from the new album, and they sounded terrific live, remarkably close to the studio recordings, but with that extra presence and pumped up energy live performance can bring. On

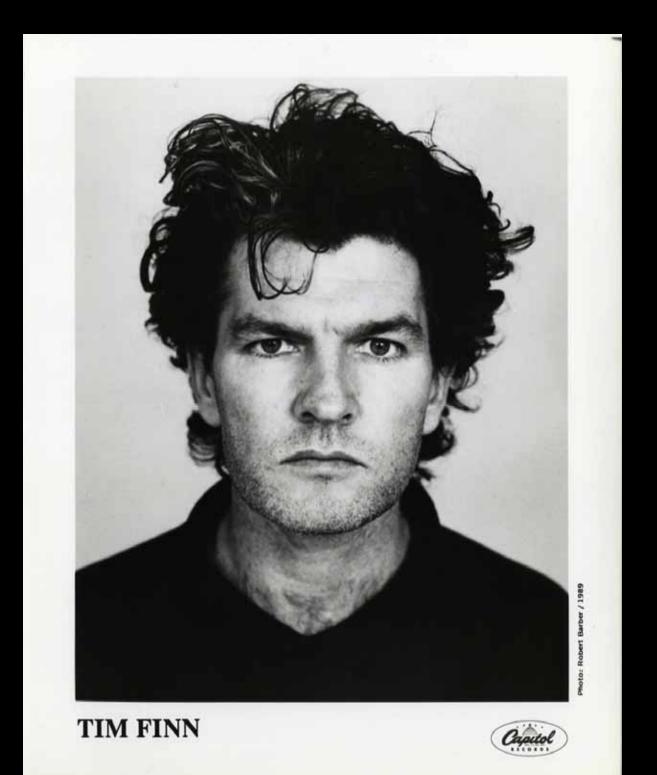
stage, a guest cello player filled in for departed member Alexandra Lawn, adding heft to the strings led by multi-instrumentalist Zeller. And, yes they played "Boy" to enthusiastic dancing and applause.

Standing there listening to the band, I was thinking



Ra Ra Riot (I to r): Nilo Bonacci, Mathieu Santos, Wes Miles, Kenny Bernard, Rebecca Bernard, and guest cellist (c) diegospadeproductions, inc

## http://diegospadeproductions.com/





about how few indie rock and recent alt rock bands have this kind of cheerful sound. Been listening to a lot of Radiohead, Muse, The National, and others who are really moodier and darker. It had me thinking about the 1980s music scene, and the dark and light ends of the spectrum, represented most notably by the likes of The Smiths (dark), and Bow Wow Wow (light). Given Wes Miles' voice, I was reminded most of the band Split Enz and the solo work of their founder, Tim Finn.

New Zealand band Split Enz began very differently than it ended. They started out in 1972, featuring Phil Judd and Tim Finn as leaders of an art rock,





vaudeville act, adorned in outrageous costumes and matching stage antics. Once brother Neil Finn joined in 1980, they transformed their music to focus more on a rock, pop and new wave sound. The two Finn's and their band created some of the most adventurous music of that era, producing four fabulous albums True Colors (1980), Waiata / Corroboree (1981), Time and Tide (1982), and their masterpiece Conflicting Emotions (1983) at which point Tim left the band to start a solo career. Neil led the group to produce one final album, appropriately titled See Ya 'Round (1984) then going on to form the popular band Crowded House. Neil is certainly one of the greatest singer/ songwriters on the planet. But for now, let's focus on Tim who came so strongly to my mind during the Ra Ra Riot show.

Tim Finn's compositions and lead vocals on *Conflicting Emotions* and his first album *Escapade* (1983) are soulful and inspirational. His soaring tenor voice is one of the most dazzling instruments in the business. Take a listen to the title track from Conflicting Emotions, or the song "In a Minor Key" or "I Only Want to Know" from Escapade. Fantastic.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-KtJyGrTl44

Last time I saw Tim Finn live was also at The Independent. It was an amazing show from start to finish. This enduring talent continues to record and perform today. The Ra Ra Riot concert was similarly grand and I will be following them forward, starting at this summer's Outside Lands festival, where they will be on the bill with Radiohead, LCD Soundsystem, and Air among many others. Highly recommended.

# http://diegospadeproductions.com/

# RIGHT SAID FRED

# FRENCH FRITH KAISER THOMPSON LIVE, LOVE, LARF & LOAF

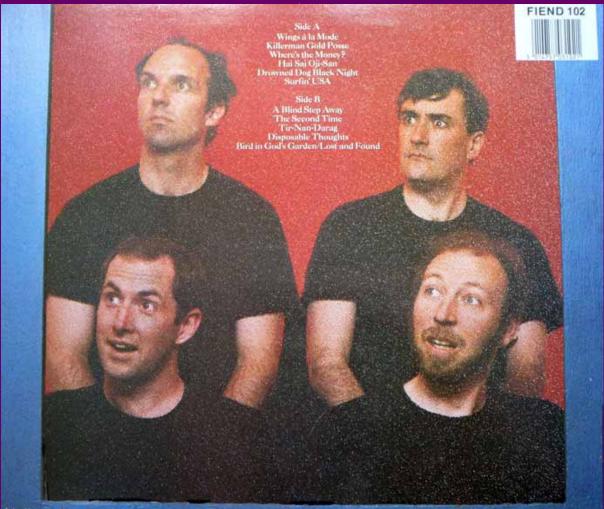
#### French Frith Kaiser Thompson

They only briefly assembled together in 1987 and 1990, produced just two albums 'Live, Love, Larf & Loaf' (1987) and 'Invisible Means' (1990). But 'Gonzo' staff writer, Alan Dearling suggests that, "They epitomise all that is weird, wacky and entirely wonderful in Our Musical Stratosphere!" Alan adds, "Their first album is one of my treasured vinyl possessions. I've even lovingly made up my own CD re-master which gets regularly played. When released it was even the 'New York Times' 'Album of the Week'! It really is a splendid testament to this band of musical friends and associates. A band that really hardly existed. I have the second album on CD, along with bootleg/fan/ radio broadcast CDs of what appear to be their only live performances. These were both recorded at 'The Ashkanez' in Berkeley, California on March 8<sup>th</sup> 1987 (two sets) and the first set on March 18<sup>th</sup> 1990. CD versions of both their albums are still reasonably easy to obtain. And well worth it!

Alan decided to make contact with bass guitarist, **Fred Frith** and get some real, insider-info on the **Who, What and Why of FFKT's short existence**. **So, who are we talking about?** 

• John French, legendary drummer, Drumbo, from Captain Beefheart's Magic Band.

# alan dearling



John French-drims+ vocals

Fred Frith-bass • violin • vocals

Henry Kaiser-guitar • sanshin

Richard Thompson-guitar • voca

- Fred Frith, founder and guitar player from Henry Cow, composer and player of many instruments in Art Bears and Skeleton Crew, guest in Robert Wyatt's band, Ivor Cutler's violist, and sometime associate of Brian Eno. And that only takes us up to 1987!
- Henry Kaiser, guitar improviser, member of Yo Miles! and performer with David Lindley, Jerry Garcia and muso with Werner Herzog on films like Grizzly Man (also a professional marine diver)
- **Richard Thompson**, co-founder of Fairport Convention and much more with wife Linda and as a solo artist.

#### From allmusic.com

"Richard Thompson once joked that if his presence on an album with John French, Fred Frith and Henry Kaiser was expected to help it appeal to a wider audience, it didn't say much for the state of their careers. But while French Frith Kaiser Thompson was hardly a supergroup to rival Blind Faith or the Travelling Wilburys at the turnstiles, on 'Live, Love, Larf and Loaf', the slightly bent wit and angular guitar figures of Richard Thompson's signature brand of folk-rock certainly added a spoonful of sugar that helped the avant-leaning art rock of Henry Kaiser, Fred Frith and John French go down more easily. While 'Drowned Dog Black Night' and 'A Blind Step Away' are very much in the mould of Thompson's dour but graceful style, 'Killerman Gold Posse' is a gleefully cynical little number everyone on board seems to have fun with, and Thompson's guitar work adds a touch of buffering to the more severe edges of Kaiser's often frenetic fretboard runs. And while the presence of Henry Cow under Fred Frith is a bit restricted by his role as bassist, he does get a chance to shine on the admirably chaotic 'Where's the Money?', and onetime Captain Beefheart percussionist John French (aka Drumbo) adds plenty of color and texture while holding down the beat. Besides, it's not every day that you get to hear a crew like this lay into 'Surfin' U.S.A.', or warble 'Hai Sai Oji-San', which the liner notes helpfully inform "is sung in the Okinawan language." An oddball delight from four truly gifted musicians."

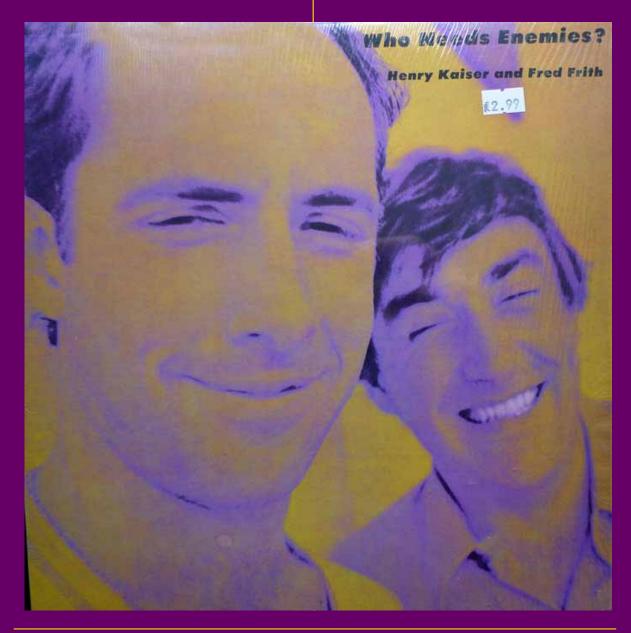
**Alan:** "Great to catch up with you, Fred. You hail from Yorkshire, but you're now based in Academia in the United States. What are you up to?"

Fred: I teach at Mills College in Oakland, CA for four months in the Fall, at the Musik Akademie in Basel, Switzerland for another four in the Spring, and for a few weeks of the year at the Universidad Austral in Valdivia, Chile. I'm also in three bands (Massacre, Cosa Brava and the FF Trio), improvise in a lot of different configurations, compose music for this and that across genre lines, and my last gig was soloing with the London Sinfonietta in a piece by George Lewis. In the next few months I'm performing in a variety of guises in Bellinzona, Zagreb, Budapest, Modena, Paris, Zurich, and even Appleton, Wisconsin. I've had six CD releases in the last 6 months, and I also write a lot of film music—a short documentary (Last Day of Freedom) that I composed music for was just nominated for an Oscar. If you want to call that Academia, be my guest!

Alan: "Was it John and Henry's idea for you to get together? Were you all friends before?"

Fred: Henry and I met in France in 1978 during Henry Cow's last tour of Europe. A fellow I didn't know advanced with an outstretched hand across the empty hall where were taking a break in a soundcheck and said "Kaiser!" We became friends. His two references were Derek Bailey who had been my friend and mentor since 1971, and Captain Beefheart, who told him about my solo record (Guitar Solos, which I'd given Don during a tour Beefheart and the Cow did together in 1974. As John tells it, Don had handed the record on to him, saying "check this out, he's ripping me off!) My first tour of the West Coast in 1979 was organized by Henry and I stayed at his house whenever I visited the Bay Area. Which led to two records, With Friends Like These and Who Needs Enemies, which are still among my favourite collaborations ever.

**Alan:** "I've still got my vinyl copy of 'Who Needs Enemies', and I agree!"





Fred: We were wondering what to do next. Meanwhile I'd performed with Henry in a very odd gig with John French and Chris Cutler in LA, renewing an acquaintance with John dating from crossing paths with Beefheart (again) in the late seventies in Paris. And I had paid homage to Richard Thompson on my solo record Cheap at Half the Price in 1983, with the guitar solo on Too Much Too Little, not that anyone except me and Henry knew about it, but Henry was kind of intrigued, and had been in touch with Richard for other reasons. Henry Cow had opened for Fairport Convention in 1969, and Richard had long been one of my favourite guitar players. So I guess there were all these little indicators which made the convergence seem perfectly reasonable at the time!

Alan: "So, did you actually exist as a band? Or did you just meet up occasionally. I'm intrigued."

Fred: It was really intended as a recording project,

for me it followed on from Henry and my duo records, like a next collaboration kind of thing. Since we were having a lot of fun we decided to do a couple of gigs to mark the releases of the first LP, I seem to remember there was one in Sacramento as well. But that was the extent of it. Richard and I especially were seriously busy, so scheduling anything more would have been more or less impossible. We only got together to rehearse for and realize the recording, not more than a couple of weeks in each case.

Alan: "Tell me a bit about what each of you brought to the collaboration. You, John and Henry were more on the improvisational, experimental jazz edges of music than Richard."

**Fred:** Never played jazz in my life, guv, except for faking walking bass lines with Naked City. I started out playing in folk clubs in the 60s, and then was and still am involved with experimental (for want

of a better word) rock. In the years between Henry Cow breaking up and making *Live, Love, Larf, and Loaf* I had recorded *Gravity, Speechless and Cheap at Half the Price* for Ralph Records, three albums with Art Bears, formed and toured with Massacre and Skeleton Crew, and recorded with Material, The Residents, The Swans, The Violent Femmes, Negativland, and a whole bunch of other people. So that's what I was bringing, except that I was playing bass because there were already two guitar players, and I could, so why not? We all brought ourselves and our experiences and our memories and our tastes and our desires. As one does.

Alan: "The range of musical styles and genres covered in the two albums is extraordinary. From the oddball version of 'Loch Lomond', through a Beach Boys' cover of 'Surfin USA' to warped opera in Richard's 'March of the Cosmetic Surgeons' on 'Invisible Means', and the a cappella Okinawan feast of 'Hail Sai Oji-San' – a personal favourite of mine...How do you remember the band?"

**Fred:** Fondly. We spent a lot of time playing things that are not on the record when we were warming up. Richard and I had some kind of shared experiences growing up in England and working in some of the same contexts, so we could just play a couple of chords and we knew what was going on. Well except that Richard can really play, but I did my best! He was very generous as a musician, and it was super relaxed, especially the first time.

**Alan:** "What were the other guys like to work with? Did you only work in America, or, in the UK as well?"

Fred: [See above]. We only worked in California.

Alan: "I think you played guitar, violin as well as bass, and some vocals? And what of the tracks that you contributed, instrumentals like 'Quick Sign'?"



**Fred:** I played bass is all I can remember. But then again I haven't heard either record in at least 25 years, so you probably know better than I do. At the time I only had my old Fender 6-string and it wasn't working very well, so Henry put in a call to Modulus and they came with a beautiful bass to borrow and then offered it to me at a beautiful price, so that's been my instrument ever since. Which is one way I'll always remember those sessions!

Alan: "Did you do much to promote the two albums? Did they get much airplay or exposure? I think there were a couple of singles released."

**Fred:** Personally I didn't do anything except agree to a couple of promo photo-shoots. Henry was kind of in charge of all that. I moved on to the next project, whatever that was... There were some interesting reviews. You have to remember that in the independent rock world Richard was a cult star, and we didn't exist, certainly not in the US. One guy called us "journeyman session musicians" and wondered why on earth Richard would sully his reputation by deigning to play with us. He said he would eat the record if we ever made another one. Happily, I was on a panel with him in Boston not long after the second LP came out, so I was able to offer him lunch!

Alan: "What are your own favourite FFKT tracks?"

**Fred:** I don't even remember the names of the tracks and as I say, I haven't heard them for years and don't own copies, so that's kind of an impossible question to answer

Alan: "The live CDs I have of the performances at the Ashkenaz in California show the band's great musicianship, some experimentalism, but most of all, four guys having fun. How do you remember the live gigs?"

**Fred:** That sounds about right. I remember playing cricket outside one of the venues. That was great too.

Alan: "The music is mostly very different, but at times I sense some of Frank Zappa in there. A mash-up of humour and high-end musicianship. Does that make any sense?"

**Fred:** Not really! Like I say, you know the record much better than I do...

**Alan:** "What happened to the FFKT collaboration? Did you ever get together again after 1990? Did you keep in touch?" **Fred:** I think Henry and Richard stayed in touch, and Henry and I are still in touch sporadically, I played on a project he was producing last year for example. And John and I are Facebook friends!

## **Alan:** "Since FFKT, have you listened to the music your mates have released? Any favourites?"

**Fred:** I think I've heard most of what Henry has done, and I enjoyed the Magic Band stuff and John's solo drumming Beefheart music is genius! And I have a compilation of a whole bunch of Richard's material, but I never ran into him again...

Alan: "What about your own music? What are some of the standout moments in your long life in music?"

**Fred:** You know, I'm always kinda more interested in what I'm working on right now than on what I did before. Once the music is born I tend to move on. Sometimes I've been in a bar and they've been playing my stuff and I've said "Oh that's interesting, who is it?" Happened more than once, actually, which is embarrassing. Then again it means I am also free to invent and imagine from scratch every time. And it's not as if the internal memories aren't there...

**Alan:** "What performers and albums would you recommend for 'Gonzo' readers to listen to?"

**Fred:** Depends what kind of things they like! There's so much stuff and it covers so much ground... I would just say, explore anything that strikes your fancy, preferably with an open mind.

Alan: "I think I first saw you in Henry Cow in my university years at the University of Kent somewhen between 1969 and 1972. Does that ring any bells?

Fred: Nope. But I'm sure it happened!

**Alan:** "Anything else you'd like to add? It's been fun having this musical reminisce. Thank you!"

**Fred:** Yeah, fun, you made me want to go back and listen! I'll have to buy a copy of them both...



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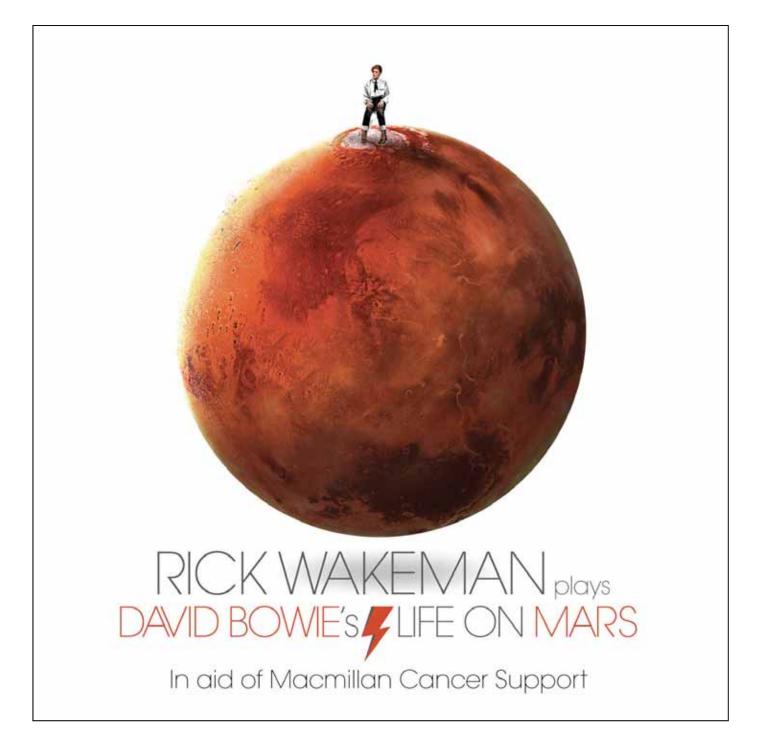


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This is the most important moment in history to do something for African elephants. Because it's the worst time in history to be an elephant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks Director, Africa Region The Nature Conservancy

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# DOGLEG



Weekly Acoustic Jam Session Hosted by Dogleg

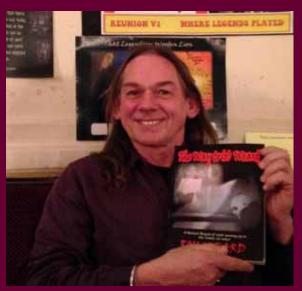
@The Village Inn, Westward Ho! Every Tuesday from 7.30pm

All styles, levels and listeners welcome

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

Even now he is unable to give up being involved in music. He still fronts the revived band 'That Legendary Wooden Lion', is part of the team that puts on monthly gigs in Brighton and Hove under the name of 'The Real Music Club' and does a weekly one hour radio show on Tuesdays at 4pm on Brighton and Hove Community Radio. As of now, he also writes a regular column ion this august publication.. Yugoslavian currency was called the dinar and was what was known as a 'soft' currency. You could change western money for dinar with no problem, but the other way around was not easy and you did not get a good deal from it. Mick went off on the day after the show with most of the local money we had made at the gig, and tried to buy things to sell back in England in order to get some return from the show. He settled on buying some wolf furs and some gold jewellery, which he parcelled up and we hid in the flight cases. The wolf skins were not cured properly and went off with a spectacularly bad smell a while later – before he got around to selling them.

After the gig we went back to the crew's hotel where there was a bit of a party in place. I did not see any of the band there, but there were a lot of guys from the tour and a lot of women. They were due to fly to the next show, which was in Vienna, but we had to drive and the only way we would get there on time was to set off overnight. Because the crew had no further use for their cars they decided to play bumper cars with them in the hotel car park. Bill and I left the party and drove out of the demolition derby that was going on outside the *Intercontinental Hotel*.

We were both tired so I said I would get in the back and sleep for a bit while Bill took the first driving stint. I told him to wake me when he felt drowsy and I made a bed from the T-shirts, climbed into my sleeping bag, and nodded off. A while later I began to wake up because we seemed to be weaving around a bit. I was just about to extract myself from the sleeping bag when the van left the road. There was an almighty crash and we rolled sideways and crashed into a tree.

I wriggled out of the sleeping bag and crawled forward. Bill had his head on the steering wheel and a large amount of tree was now protruding through the smashed side window of the van. The windscreen was unbroken but had popped out of the frame. Bill raised his head and cascades of glass fell from his hair. I could see he was not cut and was glad he had not smashed into the steering wheel or suffered some other damage. 'I really fucked it this time, didn't I?' he mumbled.

We both laughed and climbed out of the van. It was on its side and impaled on a tree. It was already getting light by this time and we had not been standing there long, trying to work out what to do next, when a small police car pulled up. The police got out and looked at us, then down at the van, then back at us again. One of them went down and had a look into the vehicle. He came back up and spoke to his companion, and looked back at us.

'Driver?' he said, looking at me.

'No, asleep', I replied, miming two hands beside my head.

He turned to Bill and repeated the question.

'Driver?'

'Asleep,' was Bill's response – because, he was after all, asleep when the van crashed.

The police guy looked at the van, looked at each of us in turn, noticed the glass in Bill's hair, and said, definitively, 'Driver!' and put the handcuffs on him.

While this was going on, a tow truck arrived and began the process of righting the van and pulling it back onto the road. The driver's door was caved in and the driver's side window was smashed, but there was little other damage apart from the windscreen. We could not put this back into the frame but, with the aid of a bit of gaffa tape, and by twisting the windscreen wipers into a vertical position we managed to get it to stay on. The police put Bill into their car and took him away and I followed in the tow truck.

Bill was arrested. I think they charged him with 'entering Yugoslavian territory without permission' or something similar because our visas were only valid for the main roads and the city of Zagreb. Since he was going to be held overnight I knew I had to go off to Vienna on my own and do the show that night. They had impounded the van so I took a train and set off for Austria. Once I was there I went to the venue and called Mick to tell him what had happened and where Bill was. We had a couple of flight cases full of stock on the truck so I was able to run the show, and as luck would have it, I also found a very nice Austrian woman who took me back to her flat for the night.

Mick arrived the following day and we both went down to the small town where Bill had been incarcerated. We found Bill and the van sitting on the street. The police had taken him to court, fined him all the money he had on him and then kicked him out, with no money. He hadn't eaten and had slept in the van during the day. We took him off for a meal, and then drove Mick back to Vienna so he could fly back to England.

Bill and I drove the battered van back to the UK. We went through part of the Alps on the way and on the route we came to one of those long winding mountain descents so beloved of *Top Gear* and *James Bond*. As I drove down this I realised, in that classic way that people in films suddenly do, that the brakes were not exactly 100% functional. In fact, they went straight down to the floor and had to be pumped up in order to work at all.

I turned to Bill, 'We don't have any brakes', I remarked casually.

'Yeah', he laughed.

All my years of driving vehicles that did not actually work properly came into play and I steered the van down to the bottom. At the bottom there was a small restaurant so I pulled in there and we had lunch. After lunch Bill got in the driver's seat of the van and we drove off. At the first corner he put his foot on the brakes and they did not work.

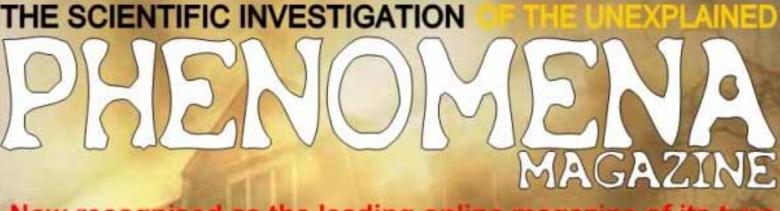
'Shit! You were not joking!' he shouted.

I thought he had taken it all a bit casually.

When we got back to the UK we parked the van at the Brockum office – beside another van from the same hire company whose back door had been ripped off and was lying on the floor of the van. The door got trashed by someone trying to break in and steal the merchandise while it was parked at a *Yes* festival. We could not hire any vans from that company any more.

I knew then that this was a great thing to do for a living, and I would have left that day on another tour if I could have.





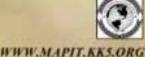
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## <sup>1st</sup> April 2016 'A God lands in Newbury, Berkshire,UK'

Dumph......dumph.....the opening beats of Time Captives, the first track of the mandatory space-rock album 'Journey', by Kingdom Come, from 1973. The first album to use a drum machine, operated by the already then legendary, Arthur Brown. Journey is one of the most distinctive, original and powerful records of it's genre, and should be in most Gonzo readers collections already? Most people of a certain age, and many younger, have of course heard Arthur's chart-topping single Fire, he is simply one of the world's most original performing artists of the modern age. Face painted? check, Live theatre, dance, mime and poetry? check, Headgear with flames pouring out above him? check, a full range operatic voice which can vary from the gentlest softest tones to full, all out (but controlled) screaming? check. And that was all way back in 1968, and of course since.

Less than 24 hours after getting home from seeing Pentangle (see Gonzo 177), I was on the road again, this time due east along the M4. As it was a Friday afternoon I left early to allow for the expected too much traffic and managed to arrive at the venue at around 6pm. Glancing at my ticket I realised it was still two hours to go and so reclined a seat and had a kip for an hour. The Arlington Arts Centre is a smallish, purpose built venue right out in the countryside, part of a special school complex called Mary Hare. The centre had a sign on the wall proclaiming it was a music therapy unit and it was very high tech indeed, perfect for the evening to come it transpired. Weirdly, the automatic doors opened outwards, which caught me and everyone else I watched arrive somewhat by surprise. The bar's wireless card machines didn't seem to work but I paid for my bottle of local pale ale in cash. Thankfully, all the tech inside the hall did work, as one of the most original, thought-provoking and enjoyable evenings of my 'musical life' unfolded.

A short rant first, there were only about 30 of us by the time the performance began. FFS!, Arthur Brown is one of the most original alternative/ psychedelic artists ever, let alone still living, and like just a few of the other UK Underground greats (Hawkwind, Gong, The Pink Fairies etc), he has never 'sold out'. The place should have been





packed to the rafters, and with young people, not just the few oldies who turned out, although one guy had brought his 11 year old lad along, whilst another couple had brought their 'grown up' daughter. Seemingly the only way you could get to the 'gig' was by private car. I found out about the gig from Arthur's website, I guess this another big problem nowadays with our digital world, there is way too much information out there, unless you have a modern 'big business' promoting you, how do you find out about events like tonight?

I'd never seen AB live before, so this wasn't a chance I was going to miss, he was a participant in 1971's Glastonbury Fayre and is featured in the film, if not the triple LP. Billed as a few hours of Arthur recounting some of his many tales and experiences of fifty years in the 'music business' and as it turned out, his incredible life in general. The stage looked interesting, two screens, the biggest at the back, centre, a smaller one to the left. On the stage itself sat a rather intriguing chair 'device', with an equally odd looking guitar propped up next to it, both looking like something out of a 1950s sci-fi film. The house lights went down, the screens flickered into life, Arthur's head, in monochrome, slowly applying face paint to himself appeared on both. The man himself suddenly appeared, from behind us down the steps to our right, face-painted in colour, elegantly dressed in red, holding an acoustic guitar. Before he got to the bottom of the stairs, and moved towards the stage itself, someone behind me shouted ' give us a song mate', and so he did, right where he stood. He started strumming his guitar and commenced singing. I was struck by two things straight away, he could really play the guitar and he still had that incredible voice.

He then walked onto the stage itself and the full performance began. For just over two hours (with a short intermission), this sprightly 73 year old (what is it about 1942? a great year for great musicians it seems.....) we were treated to the wonderful, cue perfect multi-media most experience. Arthur talked to us, he sang more songs, he recited poetry, he chanted and he staged 'mini-plays' with Angel Fallon, his rather attractive lady dancer and stage accomplice for the evening. The screens were used for projections, sometimes mixed with live footage of Arthur in front of us, the smaller one used for shadows of both of the performers at a couple of points. He sat in the amazing chair (a Brain Hat Helmet), and the screens projected images of the inside his brain, thought controlled music! He wore a light jacket at one point, different colours lighting up as he sang wearing it. In fact during the first few minutes, I

had the slightly odd feeling you get when you first drop a tab of acid, whilst waiting for the full trip to explode, the almost flickering of my vision, so powerful was the effect of what I was watching on me. I even thought 'christ, Im not about to get a 'flashback' am I? (Half a pint of beer only Officer, acid was a long time ago......but you don't forget it). I was spellbound the whole evening, really spellbound.

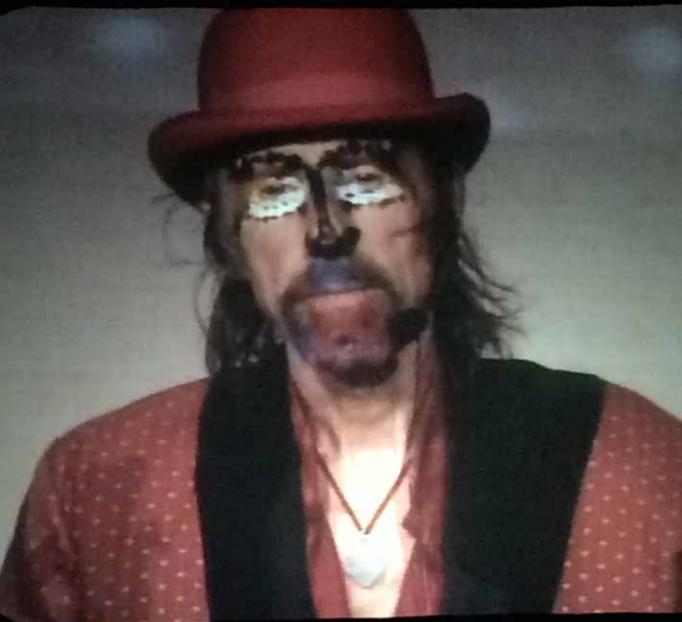
At times, he was funny, very funny indeed. I'm not going to spoil some of your hopefully future enjoyment by telling you any of the specific stories he told us though, you HAVE to go yourself. I'm sure he varies them a bit from night to night. Fire of course quickly became an albatross around his neck. I didn't want to play the same songs, the same way, in the same order every night he told us.

Born in WWII, a very early memory from Whitby (Yorks) included the Luftwaffe flattening the hotel they were living in at the time, they turned it into fire funnily enough. Another famous son of the town is James Cook, a reality explorer rather then the inner space explorer that Arthur certainly is. Even free-spirited Arthur realised early on that good old money always talks (sadly), getting him out of two big jams in his life. He also told us that he spent years and years, travelling around the world, joining almost every religion and alternative sect that he could find, in a life-long quest for his own spirituality. The second half included a poem (?) which was about the world today, full of hate and suicide bombers, but as he also said, there are still lots of people out there trying to live positive lives.

In 1995 he suffered a brain haemorrhage, which he pleasingly of course survived, training himself to be a fully functioning human being and artist again, although he commented his right and left sides were still slightly out of whack. He also cited time in Portugal with a very special woman, who made him realise what 'love' was really all about. In spite of his perceived zany reputation, I came away thinking he was one of the most grounded people I have ever listened too. I still keep thinking about the evening, constantly, ten days later.

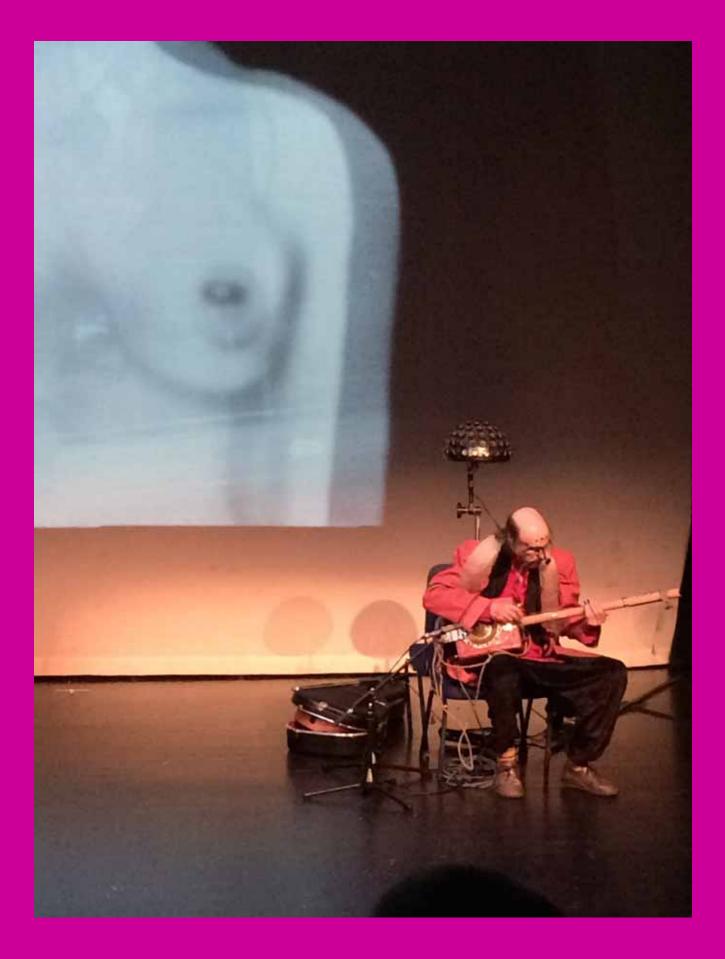
Towards the end of the evening he told us that he currently lived in a Yurt, adjacent to a local artists centre, where everyone involved helped one another in many ways, sharing their skills and experiences. Somewhat sadly, he also told us they had all just been evicted the week before, by a greedy landowner of course. He showed us a











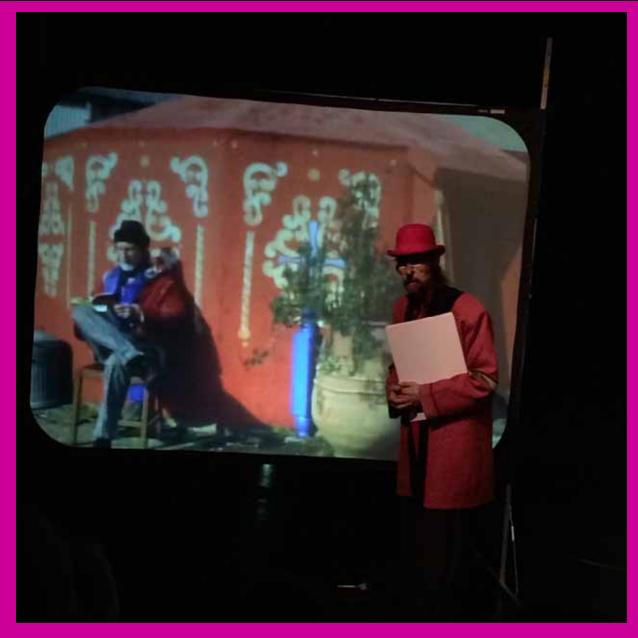


photo or two of him reading outside his Yurt, a book called the *Food of the Gods* and Alex Ferguson's autobiography were his current tomes!

There are very few people like Arthur Brown (or few people like him left), he clearly has always followed his own path.....from stardom to seeking gurus and beyond, he is highly intelligent, funny, and an amazing human being, his eyes and mind still seem wide open, a highly original visionary. He should be a national and global treasure. He deserves full houses everywhere, but there really never has been any accounting for popular taste, IMHO.

He is also very 21<sup>st</sup> century, his most recent album, is very good, ZimZamZim (2014) was part recorded in his yurt, and crowd funded to boot. Unsurprisingly, his website is rather cool and original too, well worth a bit of your time to explore....

I suspect this was an evening which will be very difficult to top for a long while, I will certainly never forget it. You know, I'm not depressed about the small audience anymore, simply because I was there, and it's everyone else's problem who wasn't. All for just £12 (plus petrol) too.

Kingdom Come – Time Captives (a taste of the fantastic Journey album, you really should buy it if it 'aint in your collection already)

https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=Y8UqOIROpo8

<u>www.arthur-brown.com</u>

# 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.

#### FIRST WORLD PROBLEMS: A WHINGE ABOUT MODERN GAMING - BY MR BIFFO

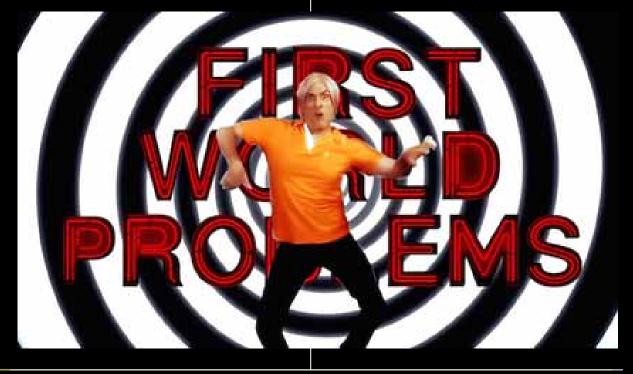
Since I got back from my thoroughly premature holiday - why couldn't I have been going away following this week???- I've had a bunch of Digi-related things smouldering away in my in-tray (when I say "in-tray", I mean "lap" and when I say "things" I mean "cigarette butts").

The most pressing matters to attend to were games that needed playing... a few indie titles that I promised to take a look at, and two pretty major releases: Quantum Break and Dark Souls 3

The former I was all set to review, but the installation process was acting up, and it took something like three hours to reach 99% - at which point I switched off the Xbox One, because it was causing the internet in the rest of the house to grind to a halt, and everyone was shouting at me.

The latter I've been unable to review, because I can't charge my Dual Shock controller because the charging cable has gone funny. Do you know how hard it is to actually buy a Dual Shock 4 and a cable? Harder than it should be.

Yes, I know... first-world problems... but this is the world we have made for ourselves, people. This is progress, or so we're led to believe.



### http://tinyurl.com/jfem4d6



# BIRMINGHAM: THE FAMILY STONE

My Brother lived in Birmingham till he was nearly thirty years old, just down the road from my Mom and Dad. And in all that time my Mother always did his washing for him. When she heard I was moving back here she rubbed her hands in glee. "Oo good," she said. "I can do your washing." Well I wasn't going to allow myself such an indignity, but we agreed on a compromise. I'd come over for Sunday lunch, maybe. One day.

The following Saturday my Dad rang me up. "Your Mom wants to know if you're coming over tomorrow. Only we're just going shopping. She wants to know whether to get extra vegetables or not."

So that was that. In the game of Happy Families, Mothers hold the trumps.

"What time should I be there?" I asked.

"Come at 12," he said. "We can go for a pint."

When I arrived the following day my Mom said, "Dad can't go for that drink after all. He's got a funny tummy." We drank Spanish Brandy instead and a bottle of my Dad's home made Elderberry wine. So much for his bad stomach. I guessed that Mom had played another of her trump cards. She wasn't going to allow him to have me all to himself.

We were talking about old times, sitting around in their comfortable sitting room, with the gas fire blazing. "Remember that friend of mine, Joe?"

"The clever one, with the auburn hair? The one who was offered a place in a Grammar School but turned it



#### down?"

"That's the one," I said. "Well I went to see him a few months ago. He lives in Weston-super-Mare now. He told me he used to fancy you."

"Is he an oldest child?" she said, trying to be modest. "The oldest child always fancies older women."

"No, no," I said, "he meant it. He said all my friends used to fancy you."

"That's nice," she said. "Tell him I've been looking for a Toy Boy."

"He's not exactly a Toy Boy," I said. "He's got three kids. One of them is at University."

"Well he's a Toy Boy to me," she said. "Younger than him anyhow," she added, indicating my Dad, who was just coming in from the kitchen.

"Why do I always get the feeling you're laughing at me," my Dad said.

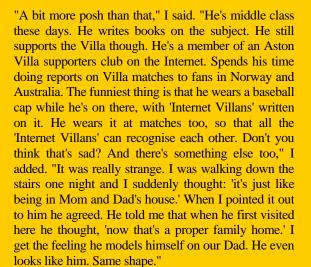
"So what's he doing now?" Mom asked.

"I dunno. Something in waste management, I think."

E EMPIRE

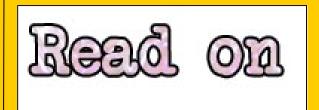
"You mean, he's a dustman?"

ECTED WRITINGS 2003 - 201



"Bay windows," my Mom said.

"What?"



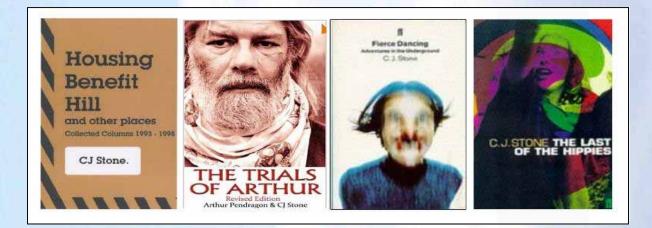
#### NOW AVAILABLE FROM GONZO MULTIMEDIA

"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

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

"The best guide to the Underground since Charon ferried dead souls across the Styx." Independent on Sunday



#### 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/

## OTHER BOOKS BY C.J.STONE

# Weekend

### Three Days of Monsters, Chosts, UFOs and more 19-21 August 2016. The Small School, Hartland

Under 16's admitted free (must be accompanied by an adult at all times).

www.weindweekend.org

## YP GONLO BRAND DSES

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

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



Armando Gallo has been a photo journalist since 1967, when he accepted a challenge to interview The Beatles for the Italian magazine, "BIG". Inspired by this experience he left his career as an architectural designer to become London correspondent for the Italian rock weekly "CIAO 2001", covering the ever changing English pop scene.

His most high-profile work was a book about the band Genesis entitled *The Evolution of a Rock Band* originally published in 1978. This book is an extended history of the band's early days which has never been covered by any other biographical source. (Most biographical information about Genesis was written after they achieved their peak of stardom in the 1980s, and rarely achieved more than skimming over the early period.) The book was reprinted as *I Know What I Like* in 1980 with an update about the three years since the first printing. This book was never widely available. He also has written several books on Genesis founding member Peter Gabriel. Both sets of books are among the most widely sought memorabilia for fans of the group and Gabriel worldwide.

## Armando's Top Ten albums

Sgt Pepper - Beatles Pawn Hearts - Van Der Graaf Generator Valentine Suite - Colosseum Wish You Were Here - Pink Floyd Ziggy Stardust - David Bowie Selling England By the Pound - Genesis The Joshua Tree - U2 So - Peter Gabriel 10 - Pearl Jam Rossini - Overtures



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..

The main part of Hawkwind's April tour is now under way, with some video clips from the Cardiff gig on the 14th already having surfaced on YouTube; and there have been some further changes to the line-up since Haz Wheaton joined their ranks on bass in December.

Prior to the Hawkeaster dates in March, Tim Blake announced he was taking a break from Hawkwind activities, to work on the celebration of 40 years of Crystal Machine. Niall Hone shifted over from guitar work to electronics and keyboards.

A few weeks afterwards, Dead Fred Reeves announced that he was also taking a break, on account of a respiratory virus something which he said he's had to deal with before. So hopefully he'll be back before too long.



#### Spirits Burning

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

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

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



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L. Our Crash
J. Have Lwo Nemes
J. JGSauffan Flies A digSawShip
Live Forever
S. My Life of Voices
Let's All Go Cloud Puffing
Stellar Kingdom
Spaceships At The Starting Line
We Move You
Tripping With The Royal Family
Xara's Poem
For Those Who Are Searching
Rolling Out
Rolling Out
This Time. This Space
So Strong Is Desire



To lose one keyboard player is unfortunate.....?

Well, the Tim Blake gap was already being filled by Nial Hone, who basically had hung up his guitar to enable him to cover that area of sound, and now it seems he's handling just about all of the keyboards work. Apart from those portions of a gig where Dave Brock isn't doing any guitar playing, of course.

Thus, Hawkwind currently are rather more slimmed down from the seven-piece Hawkwind that played Skegness: the five members now being Nial Hone (keys), Mr Dibs (vox), Richard Chadwick (drums), Haz Wheaton (bass), and Dave Brock (gtr).

They play Holmfirth and Wrexham this weekend, then Gateshead, Nottingham, Leamington, and London Islington during the week; Norwich and Stamford next weekend; and Preston the day after.

Then they're currently scheduled for a gigging break until the two Greece dates in May.



### HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION

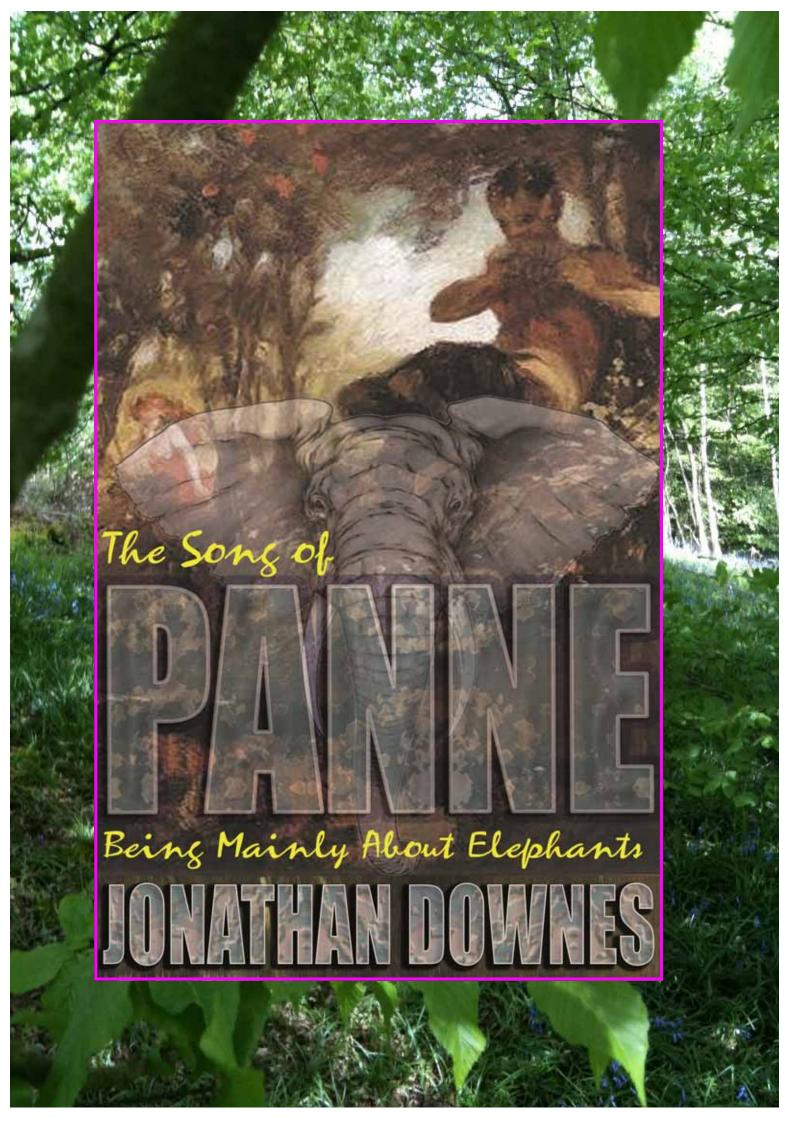
Greetings space travellers! This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

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



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

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

#### XXVIi

When your world suddenly changes, it is not long before your belief system does likewise.

Twenty years ago this summer I went through the worst period of my life. My first wife left me one sunny July afternoon, and my life fell apart. Many of the people that I knew, including a lot of my family, turned against me, and I felt very isolated and alone. So I know what it feels like to suddenly become a social pariah overnight.

It's not nice.



HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK

#### HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK

Unlike the Rev Potts and his sister, I actually deserved some of what happened to me. I was not a very good husband first time around, and I was also an untreated manic depressive subject to insane mood swings and fits of anger. So Alison left me, and I don't really blame her. But basically the Rev Cymbeline Potts and his spinster sister Britannia were completely blameless, but the malicious lies of a soon-to-be-convicted rapist, arsonist and burglar destroyed their lives overnight.

So they were forced back onto their own resources; and *their* resources were much the same as mine would be a decade and a half later - a whole fuckload of books on a wide range of disparate and often arcane subjects. And basically, apart from the fact that their social life had been curtailed, and that they no longer felt welcome shopping in the two adjacent villages, their life went on as before.

But there was one great difference. As everyone in their quondam social circle had treated them with a remarkable lack of Christian charity, their faith in the religion of their parents was sorely tested, and for both siblings it changed. This is not to say that either of them stopped believing in God as an entity, or stopped believing in the teachings of the historical Jesus (Joshua Ben David), but their faith in the imperium of the church, and the moral certainties of its influence crumbled away like a block of that white, crumbly cheese that is apparently made from sheep's milk, and which you can sometimes get quite cheaply at Tesco. They were both antiquarians of sorts, and they devoured the three books by Margaret Murray that my mother had lent them, and imperceptibly (and almost without meaning to) they found themselves believing in Murray's hypothesised old religion.

As I believe I have mentioned once or twice, most contemporary academics are of the opinion that Murray was talking complete tosh, but that doesn't matter particularly. As Kerry Thornley and Gregory Hill found out in the early 1960s, it is possible to completely invent a religion and find that one soon starts gathering disciples. So, without realising it, they followed in parallel a path already trod by Gerald Gardner, Cecil Williamson et al, and used the (rather believable) nonsense of Margaret Murray to carve out a brand new belief system of their own.

And living in almost perfect isolation, the two siblings (now in late middle age) and their teenaged, brain-damaged ward, did what so many people of their class and background have done over the years, and began to live a life based on an ideal of the British upper classes that probably never existed outside the pages of Dornford Yates.

In his unpublished autobiography, which I really need to edit and publish at some point, my late father tells how - missing my mother who was in England with the infant me - he would solemnly dress for dinner, and hold formal evening meals deep in the Nigerian bush, when he was the only

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white man for hundreds of miles. Quite often when I am in America I put on a persona basically appropriated from the Hon Galahad Threepwood, and become far more English (with a capital E and x number of parentheses) than I ever am in my vaguely Bohemian existence at home. And the already eccentric Potts siblings retreated a century or so and lived a comfortable late Victorian existence surrounded by their books and assorted junk, as their brain-damaged parlourmaid - wearing the black and white uniform straight out of a BBC costume drama - shuffled around the place glowering at the world in general.

About the only places that they would ever go (apart from the supermarket in Holsworthy) were the sale rooms in Launceston and Bude, where they would add to their ever growing collection of Victorian tat, and books about a mythical past that probably never existed.

They mixed the ersatz Middle Ages of Margaret Murray, with the semi-mythical England of Rudyard Kipling, as described in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* and it was a heady mixture. For those of you not aware of the books, broadly they tell the tale of two Edwardian children of gentry (Dan and Una) who accidentally conjure up the earth goblin Puck who introduces them to various historical characters who all have a story to tell.

On their first meeting Puck remembered: "I've seen Sir Huon and a troop of his people setting off from Tintagel Castle for Hy-Brasil in the teeth of a sou'westerly gale, with the spray flying all over the Castle, and the Horses of the Hills wild with fright. Out they'd go in a lull, screaming like gulls, and back they'd be driven five good miles inland before they could come head to wind again. Butterflywings! It was Magic - Magic as black as Merlin could make it, and the whole sea was green fire and white foam with singing mermaids in it. And the Horses of the Hills picked their way from one wave to another by the lightning flashes! That was how it was in the old days!"

And he described how the People of the Hills -"Giants, trolls, kelpies, brownies, goblins, imps; wood, tree, mound, and water spirits; heath-people, hill-watchers, treasure-guards, good people, little people, pishogues, leprechauns, night-riders, pixies, nixies, gnomes, and the rest" - came into England.

"The fact is they began as Gods. The Phœnicians brought some over when they came to buy tin; and the Gauls, and the Jutes, and the Danes, and the Frisians, and the Angles brought more when they landed. They were always landing in those days, or being driven back to their ships, and they always brought their Gods with them. England is a bad country for Gods. Now, I began as I mean to go on. A bowl of porridge, a dish of milk, and a little quiet fun with the country folk in the lanes was enough for me then, as it is now. I belong here, you see, and I have been mixed up with people all my days. But most of the others insisted on being Gods, and having temples, and altars, and priests, and sacrifices of their own."

And although both Puck and Kipling were insistent that The People of the Hills were long gone by the early years of the 20th Century, I have met enough people who have seen elves, black dogs and the grotesque Cornish Owlman, to believe that some, at least were still here.

I said as much in my first major book, *The Owlman* and Others (1997) but my old friend Tony 'Doc' Shiels, himself a major figure in that book, told me that Kipling's vision of Old England was about as real as Yeats' *Celtic Twilight*, and that both of them had been written by great poets to serve a political and a literary purpose rather than because they are true.

But unusually when dealing with the good doctor, I am not sure that I agree with him, and the Potts siblings most certainly didn't.



the Ring,-P. 6.

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## Thom the World Poet

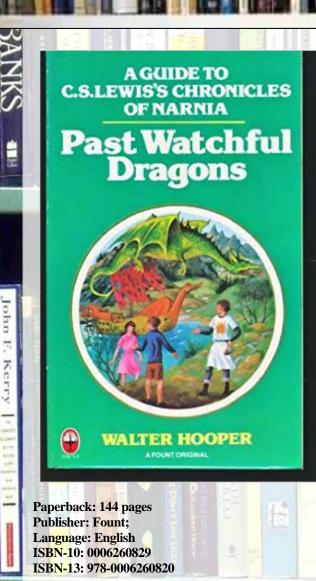
#### **Rob Ayling writes:**

"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with Daevid Allen, Gilli Smyth *Mother Gong* are well known and highly regarded. It just felt right to include a daily poem from Thom on our Gonzo blog and when I approached him to do so, he replied with in seconds!!! Thom is a great talent and just wants to spread poetry, light and positive energy across the globe. If we at Gonzo can help him do that - why not? why not indeed!!"

#### LLANO HISTORICAL MUSEUM

DRIVE ON THAT BRIDGE OVER THE LLANO RIVER Look to your right for a small brown building Look further behind for an old log cabin Enter that building if the times say OPEN Staffed by a volunteer who asks you to sign a guest book Look around past the covered wagon in the center of the floor Old telephones, a switchboard, medical instruments of pioneers A back room has gems and stones of Llano-an area inhabited pre-Native American Stone tools pre-dating arrowheads under glass in that back room while an annex has pioneer beds ,clothes and military uniforms Signs on the wall signify the Treaty made with local Comanches (the only Treaty to be honored by incoming white settlers) Guns under glass, a fiddle , and signs promoting an Annual Fiddle Fest One case even has a local polo hero, another a Llano native who invented the first electric typewriter. More awaits your eyes and mind when you look further, read more, uncover this ancient settling spot

by the Llano River, past an old iron bridge, with tourists driving fast passed/pasts.



As I think I mentioned a few weeks ago, I have long been interested in the genesis of various children's books, and for reasons that I cannot really explain, I have recently become quite interested in the seven Chronicles of Narnia by C S Lewis. A few weeks ago I reviewed a short book on the subject by none other than the erstwhile Archbishop of Canterbury, who apart from his stellar ecclesiastical career is also a lifelong fan of the Incredible String Band.

Well, my perambulations around the world of C S Lewis have continued, and as my financial situation has slowly got a little better, I was able to afford a couple of quid on Amazon for this little book.

So what has Walter Hooper got to say, and - perhaps

10

more importantly - what authority does he have to say it? Walter McGehee Hooper (born March 27, 1931) is a literary advisor of the estate of C.S. Lewis. He was a literary trustee for Owen Barfield from December 1997 to October 2006. Born in Reidsville, North Carolina, U.S., he earned an M.A. in education and was an instructor in English at the University of Kentucky in the early 1960s. As a visitor to England, he served briefly (1963) as Lewis's private secretary when Lewis was in declining health. After Lewis's death in November 1963, Hooper devoted himself to Lewis's memory, eventually taking up residence in Oxford here he later took holy orders.

So in theory at least, it would seem that Hooper has the perfect background to have written this book.

CA S

**VOF A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY** 

This is actually quite a peculiar book, because although it is written in a light and readable style, it is thoroughly referenced to an academic standard. Of course, there are many reasons for doing references like these. In my recent book *The Song of Panne*, for example, there are dozens of footnotes, including a footnote to explain what a footnote is, but it is because I was trying to make a sociopolitical point, although I perhaps laboured it a little. But in this case, it seems, that Hooper wanted to establish his credentials and bona fides firmly as he went along, because - you see - he had already been accused of literary fraud relating to his work with the estate of C S Lewis.

In 1977, Hooper published an unfinished sciencefiction novel, The Dark Tower, a previously unknown work by C.S. Lewis. The Dark Tower resembles Lewis's known works in some ways and departs from them in others. A school of critics, headed by Kathryn Lindskoog, accused Hooper of either forging the work in toto, or taking small fragments of an unknown work by Lewis, adding a lot of padding, and turning the result into the 1977 published work. Lindskoog also questioned the authenticity of other posthumously published works edited by Hooper. Hooper has completely rejected these accusations, and independent research exists to disprove the accusations and confirm the authenticity of the posthumous Lewis works edited by Hooper. Professor Alastair Fowler (University of Edinburgh), a scholar who had chosen Lewis as his doctoral supervisor in 1952, recalls discussing The Dark Tower at that time with his mentor. This is a



first hand account of the manuscript's existence during Lewis' lifetime. C. S. Lewis' stepson, Douglas Gresham, also disagrees with Lindskoog's forgery claims, saying that "The whole controversy thing was engineered for very personal reasons... Her fanciful theories have been pretty thoroughly discredited." But this does go a long way to explain why Hooper is so meticulous in his referencing of this book which does, indeed, contain a couple of fragments of writing from the Narnia stories which were unpublished in Lewis' lifetime.

DELINA

U

The story that Hooper tells is an interesting once. Narnia was not the first imaginary world that Lewis invented, for example. Boxen is a fictional world that C. S. Lewis ("Jack") and his brother W. H. Lewis ("Warren") created as children. The world of Boxen was created when Jack's stories about Animal-Land and Warnie's stories about India were brought together. In Surprised by Joy, Jack explains that the union of Animal-Land and India took place "sometime in the late eighteenth century (their eighteenth century) not ours). Influenced by Beatrix Potter's animals, C.S. Lewis wrote about Animal-Land, complete with details about its economics, politics/government, and history, as well as illustrations of buildings and characters. The excerpts that Hooper highlighted did little to grab my attention, and although he edited and published them about thirty years ago, I have not, as yet, been tempted to investigate them.

As did the quondam Archbishop, Hooper downplays the accusations of racism and refutes charges that Lewis wrote the books as Christian propaganda. As I believe that I commented when reviewing Dr book, despite having heard these Williams' accusations back when I was a schoolboy, I had never taken them seriously. Firstly the stories are not close enough to those of the Gospels to be true, or even more than part allegory, and secondly a lot of the books that I read as a child were written at least partly from a Christian perspective. I even remember one of the (unjustly forgotten) science fiction books of Hugh Walters ending with the main characters going to a chapel to thank the Almighty for having delivered them through whatever adventure it was that they had just experienced, and which had formed the plot of the book. I didn't feel that it was propaganda, and still don't. Similarly, as a child I accepted that yes, the villains of one or more of the books were dark skinned and wore turbans; but it didn't make me think that all Muslims, Sikhs and assorted turban wearers were evil any more than did the Dr Who series set in the Crusades, or indeed the present political balderdash spouted by the more xenophobic media pundits. And

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North Devon Firefly Fåery Fåyre & Ball 23rd July 2016 11am till Midnight Stalls, Workshops, Entertainers at The Fayre

6 live bands & more at The Ball

Food all day, Bar from 7.30pm CLOVELLY Parish Hall Wrinkleberry Lane Clovelly Devon EX3955U



www.spanglefish.com/ northdevonfireflyfaeryfayreandball2016

Contact: 01237 441999

ALL PROCEEDS TO THE SMALL SCHOOL

for the record, I have never been tempted to try and make friends with every lion that I have met.

But the 1950s and 1960s were simpler times. I make no apologies for sharing my literary journeys with you all in the book reviews column of this peculiar little magazine, but I hope you enjoy the journey along with me. And, despite the fact that I enjoyed this little book tremendously, and have no compunction at all in recommending it to any and all of you interested in looking into what motivated one of Britain's most highly regarded children's authors, I strongly doubt whether this is the last time we shall be venturing into the snowy forests of Narnia in the pages of the *Gonzo Weekly*!

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#### Victorian In 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...

After my vague reference to Play School last week, I received a rather terse note from Humpty, Jemima, Big Ted and Little Ted, because I hadn't mentioned them. So to right the wrong and to avoid being ostracised by every other pre-school stuffed toy the world over, I hereby give them an honourary mention. Can't be too careful you know. Rumour has it Chucky is a great friend of Big Ted. Say no more eh?

So, what have we for cabinet contenders this week?

THE ORIGINAL SIGNED GEORGE MICHAEL BSA JACKET AS WORN IN THE VIDEO "FAITH" - £9,850.00

"THIS IS THE ORIGINAL BIKER LEATHER JACKET AS WORN BY GEORGE MICHAEL, IN HIS SLIMMER DAYS, WHEN HE FILMED THE VIDEO "FAITH". YEAR OF THE FILMING WAS 1987. THE BACK IS DECORATED WITH CHROME STUDS AND A HAND PAINTED **DESIGN** INCORPORATING Α LAUREL WREATH, RED LETTERING BSA WITH THE WORDS ROCKERS REVENGE. FRONT

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I guess it could come in useful at one of our wet and windy open air festivals, especially if you are standing waiting for ... you know ... the lay.

sex pistols evening standard/news billboard advert january 1978 - £800.00

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"A EXREMELY RARE POSSIBLY THE ONLY ONE IN EXISTENCE HENCE THE PRICE ! " SEX PISTOLS FANS IN U.S RIOT "FROM 1978 EVENING STANDARD/ NEWS STREET VENDOR BILLBOARD ADVERT/ POSTER! SIZE OF FRAMED ADVERT/POSTER IS 29 INCHES BY 15.5 INCHES.

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#### SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



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ENTRY TO THE VENUE AT MIDTOWN'S **TALIESYN BALLROOM MEMPHIS** TENNESSEE USA ON JANUARY 6TH 1978, AS THE GIG WAS OVERSOLD AND ANGRY FANS MOBBED UP OUTSIDE THE VENUE. THE LONDON STANDARD/NEWS NEVER ONES TO MISS A GOOD PISTOLS STORY HAD THIS ON THEIR STREET VENDORS **BILLBOARDS IN LONDON."** 

£800?! And the following is only £750?! There is something wrong with the world.

**BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS 1-15 HASLINGER** AUSTRIA ANTIQUE 1828 FIRST **COLLECTED EDITION - £750.00** 

STATES DESTRUTES

"This appears to be the first collected edition, being the earliest printing from the complete works series (Ref: Kinsky-Halm: p. 494). The first issue 1828. Complete with Beethoven's being authentication leaf."

I would rather have the latter on my bookshelf than the former on my wall, that's all I can say.

#### A musical road that slows speeders down

Finally an idea that could actually slow down speeders. In Tijeras, New Mexico, the state Department of Transportation has installed a custom patch of asphalt on Route 66 that--when driven over at exactly 45 miles per hour--plays the tune to "America the Beautiful." How is that possible? Precisely engineered metal plates are imprinted into wet asphalt to create grooves different distances apart. When driven over at a certain speed, the tires and road vibrate at the exact frequencies of specific musical notes. The more identically-spaced grooves in a row, the longer the note is held for. The vibration transfers through the wheels and can be clearly heard inside

B. E. MUTUMMAN

Buccessor to WM. LEGGATE.) 180 MAIN ST.7

ANUPACTURBL and Dealer in HALINESSES, BAD DLEG, SHIDLES, Couch, Ghnie and Durit GOL RE. Also, Trunks, Palizes and Carpit Bags. Couch

LARS. Also, Franks, Palines and Carpit Rags. Conch Gig and Totig WILLIFS, dr. Br Benipsing dans at short

of the car. If you've ever driven over a 'rumble strip' you roughly know what it sounds like. The idea came from two Danish artists, who created the first "asphaltophone" in 1995. The original was made from raised pavement markers and played only a few notes. But as they perfected the technology and techniques, other asphaltophone imitators started crafting full songs. The town of Lancaster, California created an asphaltophone which played the William Tell Overture. However, that patch of road was in a residential area. Neighbors grew so weary of hearing the William Tell with every passing car that they forced the mayor to move the patch of road outside the city limits. Okay, so irritation is a minor problem with the potential traffic abatement applications. Maybe if they just picked better songs? I'm thinking "Ease on Down the Road" or "Country Roads" or "On the Road Again?" Probably. Dating. Myself. Click below to watch a video of an "asphaltone" being made, and then see it in action. You won't believe your ears!

#### https://youtu.be/Uucy\_blcSrg

I think I would be more impressed if the tune was "Road to Nowhere"

Johnny Rotten Sex Pistols Punk memorabilia holographic pop art 6ft x 4ft - £3,200



"Up for sale is this incredible 'moving' picture! It is a holographic image that measures 6ft x 4ft mounted

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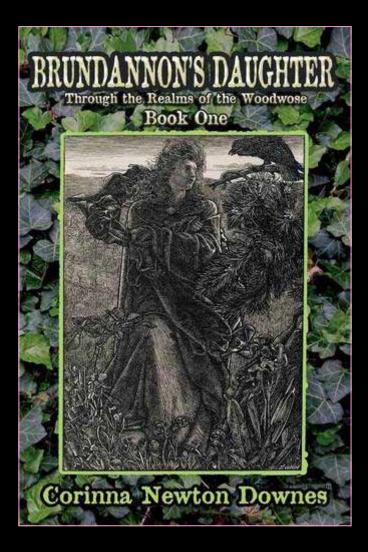
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OFFICIE -HARNDEN & CO'R Q B Conti Bala LEONARD. Pob 85, 1967.

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,



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

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### **MIKE DAVIS**

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?

## Winter/Genocide Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

#### on plywood.

As you walk past it from either direction the effect starts off as a solid wall of bees - yes bees!



B. E. MUTUMMAN

Buccessor to WM. LEGGATE.) 180 MAIN ST.7 ANUPACTUR Ru and Dealer in HARNERS, SAD M DLES, BEIDLES, -Couch, Gining and Drift GOL LARS, Also, Franks, Palines and Carpit Regs. Couch Gig and Tuly WILFO, &c. B7 Resigning dama t shurt

Wepcontes, Jan 16

Gradually and smoothly John Lydon aka Johnny Rotten's face starts to appear until you are straight in front of it and his entire face is clearly visible.

This is a work of pop art and is extremely rare and would make a sensational feature for any Punk obsessed fans home, shop, office, studio, (art gallery) wall. I have enjoyed owning it for many years and rest assured it is a real conversation piece. This is an investment grade item that will only increase in value."

This would not be good to wake up to after a heavy night out, that's for sure. One hell of a rotten trick to play on someone if you ask me.

Now is the time to say Goodbye Now is the time to yield a sigh (yield it, yield it) Now is the time to wend our waaaayeeeeee Until we meet again Some sunny day.

> Goodbye Goodbye We're leaving now, Tattybye Goodbye We wish you all goodbye Fartatata, fartatata..

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PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT, P. BAROROPT.)

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

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



### **RESONATING WITH THE BLUES**

#### THE NINE HENRYS





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

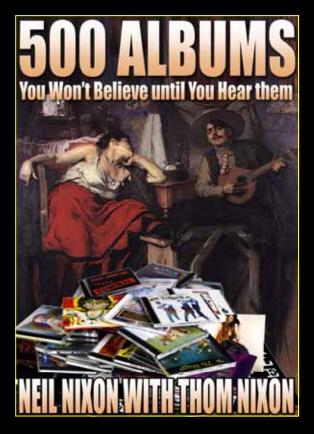
"a five ya aad can draw better than that" Authors brother.

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

mcdada@ninehenrys.com

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

The Accidental Moustache Part Four



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.

Paul Buchanan: *Mid Air* (Newsroom, 2012) What? Solitary, stark and strangely effective solo effort from Blue Nilester.

Buchanan was a mainstay of The Blue Nile; studiobound perfectionists who presented virtually no image as individuals and poured levels of care and attention into their albums (which emerged slowly and generally without fanfare). It is a measure of the band's low-profile that when Buchanan's selfreleased solo debut emerged in 2012 no reputable news source could state with certainty whether or not The Blue Nile had split up.

Mid Air is recognisably the voice and keyboard style that marked some of the most memorable Blue Nile moments, but the pace here is totally pedestrian, the vocals almost conversational and mantra-like, and the mood so introspective as to make the act of listening feel like intruding on private thoughts. Lyrically these are minor events, turned into short, highly effective fragments of thought and reflection and set - almost entirely to solo keyboard. The stark chording of the keyboard with brief individual notes, very minimal strings and very little else suggests Buchanan is visiting the listener rather than performing. The most strident moments - "Buy a Motor Car" is supported by a few strings and has a rising section towards the middle when Buchanan borders on getting animated - are still so understated as to be best heard, alone, at home.

Sometimes the home alone option is the only way to hear Mid Air. On songs like "My True Country" and the opening "Mid Air" Buchanan ends particular lines in a whisper at the very edges of audibility. As a demonstration in lone, melancholic, singer-songwriter work Mid Air is a masterclass in minimalism, and one of the best arguments for the less-is-more school of songcraft produced in the 21st century. The short running time of the album means the reliance on keyboard as the main musical backing doesn't cloy. Buchanan's deft skill as a lyricist means the individual stories behind the songs are accessible to the point of each providing some insight whilst still retaining an elusive, noir, quality in terms of what - exactly - is/was going on.

For Blue Nile devotees there is an inescapable, though ultimately futile, train of thought stemming from Mid Air in peculating how this material would have sounded with the full band in attendance.





#### Gregg Kofi Brown has transcended many genres of music...

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

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

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

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

#### CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia



THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

## Mark Raines





#### Folkstone

Founded in 2005, Folkstone is an Italian folk metal band from Bergamo, combining neo-medieval music with metal. The band's lyrical themes include Orobic legends and anarchy. Folkstone often performs in an entirely acoustic and instrumental line-up, mainly playing medieval or ancient folk songs along with fire-eaters and dancers.

Current members:

vocals

rauschpfeifes

Lorenzo Marchesi: vocals

Roberta Rota: bagpipes, rauschpfeifes,

Matteo Frigeni: bagpipes, hurdy-gurdy,

HIMMA HOPAMM

Maurizio Cardullo: bagpipes, irish whistles and bouzouki, cittern, rauschpfeifes Andrea Locatelli: bagpipes, rauschpfeifes, percussions





Silvia Bonino: harp Luca Bonometti: guitars Federico Maffei: bass Edoardo Sala: drums and percussions Metal Archives

Website

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This week someone wrote to me asking why I was never on television anymore. About eleven years ago when my Father was dying, and for various reasons, my income had been quite seriously curtailed. So I agreed to go on a show called *Penn and Teller's Bullshit* which was presented by the mildly legendary American magicians. I didn't just do it for the money, I will admit. At the time there was a fairly widely believed legend that Penn Jillette and (Raymond) Teller were two of the founder members of very legendary Louisiana avant-art punks *The Residents*. And I have always been a fan of this particular bunch of oddballs. But it turns out that they probably weren't, and that they weren't anywhere near Loch Ness on the three days we were up there. But I managed to redefine the term 'outrageous' when applied to travelling expenses, and pocketed nearly two grand, so I wasn't complaining.

I wasn't complaining, that was, until the show appeared on television. Now, I am sure you are expecting me to rant about how Richard Freeman and I were misrepresented and made to look like idiots. Nope. Nothing of the sort happened, and the crew, and company couldn't have been nicer to us. Even Penn and Teller were nice to us. But it was a light entertainment show and we played it for laughs.

"What a pity that Downes didn't take the opportunity to make more serious cryptozoological points" wrote one pundit. And he was far from being the only one. These people acted as if Richard and I had gone onto the stage of the Royal Society Christmas Lectures wearing Donald Duck masks and blowing kazoos. Nope, we had always been told that it was a mildly anarchic light entertainment show, and so we wore leather jackets and fooled around a bit. The clue, guys, is in the name. How many serious scientific expositions include the word BULLSHIT in the title?

But it didn't end there.



Some months later my personal Wikipedia entry was changed to include the following sentence. "Downes' discipline of cryptozoology has been thoroughly discredited many times, most recently on *Penn and Teller's Bullshit*!"

And it was then that I decided that I had really begun to have had enough of the television industry. A year or so later we were on another show, but I walked off after the producers wanted to film us doing silly walks round my garden wearing pith helmets redolent of some 19th Century explorer or other, and in the last few years I have done practically no television at all, citing my declining health as an excuse. The sad truth is that my health *is* declining fairly rapidly, but I have never let this get in the way of doing anything that I actually wanted to do.

So that is why I am much happier being the editor of this little magazine which has reached 100 pages for the first time. Yay!

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