



Hawkwind Stonehenge The Who Money The Flaming Groovies Sundry gurus T Rex

and in the morning you'll know all you know RETURNE 2016

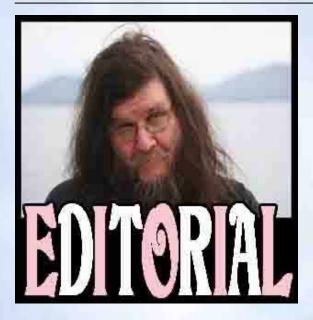


THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKIY:

 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,

So there I was, hunched up in my armchair, with a lump in the middle of my back that made me look and feel like Richard III, tripping off my bonce, and feeling like someone had kicked me in the stomach.

OK I am exaggerating slightly, but this week I have had a bloody great abscess in the middle of my back, and I am on big doses of a particularly virulent antibiotic that makes me feel so queazy that I can't eat anything less bland than porridge. It's a good job that I like porridge.

So, I am putting this issue together as much as I can from my armchair on my iPad, and I am feeling more than slightly sorry for myself.

However this weekend is one of my favourites of the year. It is Beltane. Beltane is the anglicised name for the Gaelic May Day festival. Most commonly it is held on 1 May, or about halfway between the spring equinox and the summer solstice. Historically, it was widely observed throughout Ireland, Scotland and the Isle of Man. In Irish the name for the festival day is Lá Bealtaine, in Scottish Gaelic Là Bealltainn and in Manx Gaelic Laa Boaltinn/Boaldyn. It is one of the four Gaelic seasonal festivals - along with Samhain, Imbolc and Lughnasadh - and is similar to the Welsh Calan Mai.

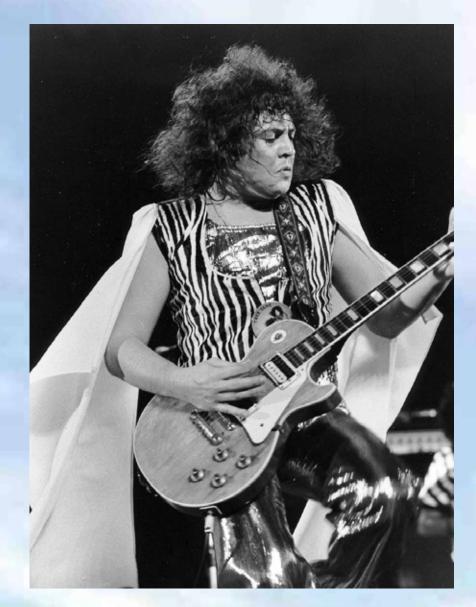
My first encounter with the concept was suitably groovy. It was from the bopping elf himself. I was watching Top of the Pops, and Marc Bolan was singing:

"Wear a tall hat like a druid in the old days Wear a tall hat and a tatooed gown Ride a white swan like the people of the Beltane Wear your hair long, babe you can't go wrong"

I had just read about druids in Rosemary Sutcliffe's



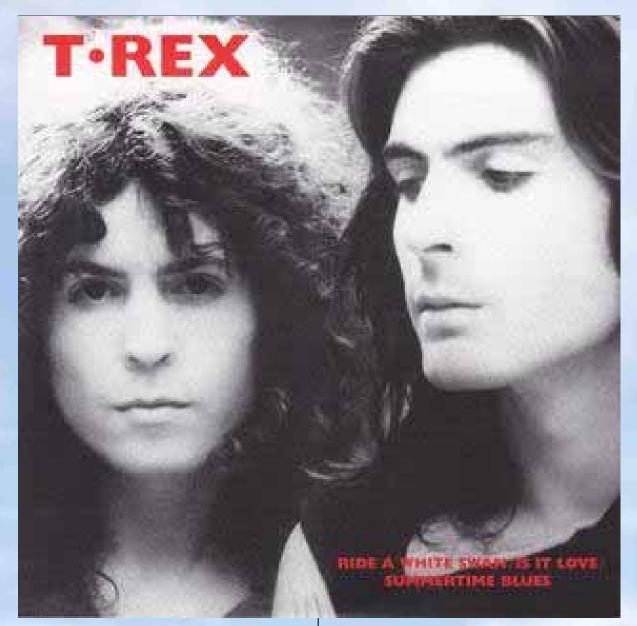
So what were these "people of the Beltane"?



Eagle of the Ninth and wanted to know more. So what were these "people of the Beltane"?

A few years later I learned about Beltane Fires. According to 17th century historian Geoffrey Keating, there was a great gathering at the hill of Uisneach each Beltane in medieval Ireland, where a sacrifice was made to a god named Beil. Keating wrote that two bonfires would be lit in every district of Ireland, and cattle would be driven between them to protect them from disease. There is no reference to such a gathering in the annals, but the medieval Dindsenchas includes a tale of a hero lighting a holy fire on Uisneach that blazed for seven years. Ronald Hutton writes that this may "preserve a tradition of Beltane ceremonies there", but adds "Keating or his source may simply have conflated this legend with the information in Sanas Chormaic to produce a piece of pseudo-history." Nevertheless, excavations at Uisneach in the 20th century found evidence of large fires and charred bones, showing it

اللعنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



to have been ritually significant.

So a mixture of Rosemary Sutcliffe and Marc Bolan turned me on. Just for the record, my father wandered through the sitting room whilst I was watching Bolan singing *Ride a White Swan* and nearly had apoplexy. Bolan apparently looked Jewish (he was), looked working class (he was), looked debauched (watching the performance on You Tube, he could be interpreted as this depending on one's definition, yes), and the lyrics didn't make sense (they don't). But where my father saw an iconoclastic Visigoth riding into the city to sack and destroy everything that he held dear, I was completely en-fucking-tranced, and listening to *Electric Warrior* as I write this (for the first time in Christ knows how many years) I can still see why. Anyway, I have got off the subject. And I am just about to do it again.

When I was a little boy in Hong Kong many of the children's books that I so avidly devoured described their characters having a fancy dress party, and I found the concept overwhelmingly exciting. I couldn't wait to be invited to one. But to my ever increasing dismay none of my friends ever had them. So I felt that I had to take matters into my own hands, and persuaded my Mother to mark my seventh birthday with such an event. She did, and I dressed as a pirate, and my happiness was complete.

And so it was with Beltane fires. I had always wanted to see a Beltane fire, but I didn't ever find anyone who knew where such a thing would be held. So, when - three years ago - I met a *bona fide* druid Take a black cat and sit it on your shoulder And in the morning you ll know all you know, oh (in fact I had met druids before, and one had even been married to a relative of mine, but I always thought that he was a bit of a prick, and I certainly wouldn't have trusted him with fulfilling my boyhood dreams without fucking them up beyond all recognition) I diffidently asked him if he could do one in our garden. And being the nice man that he is, he acquiesced. And it has become an annual thing. This year will see the third Myrtle Cottage Beltane Fire, and I am looking forward to it immensely.

And whilst I was sat here writing this, feeling sorry for myself, and listening to *T Rex* for the first time in aeons, I realised that my lovely wife has already fulfilled another of the exhortations of Marc Bolan back in the day.

Catch a bright star and a place it on your fore-head Say a few spells and baby, there you go Take a black cat and sit it on your shoulder And in the morning you'll know all you know, oh

And the cat is called Lilith after Adam's first wife. The idea in the text that Adam had a wife prior to Eve may have developed from an interpretation of the Book of Genesis and its dual creation accounts; while Genesis 2:22 describes God's creation of Eve from Adam's rib, an earlier passage, 1:27, already indicates that a woman had been made: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." The Alphabet text places Lilith's creation after God's words in Genesis 2:18 that "it is not good for man to be alone"; in this text God forms Lilith out of the clay from which he made Adam but she and Adam bicker. Lilith claims that since she and Adam were created in the same way they were equal and she refuses to submit to him. Lilith the cat submits to nobody, and has taken to riding about on Corinna's shoulder.

I really have to get around to buying her a tall hat.

Beltane blessings on you all.

J

Blessing every thing and every one, All my land and my surroundings. Great gods who create and bring life to all, I ask for your blessings on this day of Fire.

Marc Bolan, Zhongyu, Marcelo Paganini, Prince, Adam Ant, Galahad, Roger Daltrey, AC/DC, Rick Wakeman, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Billy Paul, Papa Wemba, 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, The Who, Alan Dearling, Stonehenge Free Festival, Roy Weard, John Brodie-Good, Steve Miller, Younghusband, Flamin' Groovies, Mr Biffo, John Blaney, Hawkwind, Xtul, 10CC, The Beatles, Paul McCartney, Kevin Ayers, Neil Nixon, Vashti Bunyan, Old Corpse Road

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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IN THE ZHONGYU ZONE: Zhongyu is an American band from Seattle with a Chinese name and an attitude that encompasses the full spectrum of musical sounds and sources. Composer Jon Davis teams up with three members of Moraine and an experienced jazz drummer to create a sound that blends influences from Rock in Opposition (Univers Zero and Present), progressive rock (King Crimson), jazz (electric Miles Davis and composers such as George Russell), and Asian music.

Whether it involves plugging a traditional Chinese instrument into a modular synthesizer or running a bass clarinet through a wah-wah pedal, pushing boundaries (or denying their existence) is the core of the band's identity. "Zhongyu" means "finally" in Mandarin Chinese, and Jon chose it for the project's name because he "finally has a band." He has been making music since the '70's, in everything from classic-rock cover bands (before it was classic) to punk rock to electronic experiments.

Living in Beijing for three years provided the inspiration for assembling a crew to realize his singular dream of a music that combined all these elements. They are a group that aims to balance the opposites of music: composition and improvisation, serenity and chaos, harmony and dissonance, complexity and simplicity, acoustic and electric. With guitarist Dennis Rea on board as co-producer

and legendary engineer Steve Fisk at the controls, Zhongyu is a powerful, brilliantly executed, and strikingly original debut album that has been years in the making.

Drasings ;

Direct link to purchase the CD: http://bit.ly/23Rsa3C

A SECOND PAGANINI: French-Brazilian guitar virtuoso Marcelo Paganini has been away from his native Brazil for more than 11 years when he booked a last minute tour in December 2014 to release there his critically acclaimed prog rock jazz fusion album "2012 Space Traffic Jam". Three gigs in his home town Belo Horizonte, including the private party for Marcelo's 50th anniversary, and three gigs in Rio de Janeiro where he has never played before with his band. Being also a film maker, doing what he calls "No BS films" (means "no budget/no script films") since 2003, Paganini decided to make a rockumentary about the tour: "First time in Rio" ("Primeira vez no Rio") 34 minutes 57 seconds, color, France, that was concluded in March 2016. There is also one extended version planned, around one hour long, with more live songs. The rock doc will be screened at Portobello Film Festival in London next September. The live soundtrack of the film is being released in April the 14th 2016 on CD Baby "First time in Rio - Marcelo Paganini Band Live". 49 minutes of music in 6 tracks. 5 from the "2012 Space Traffic Jam" album: "Sphinxes of Babel". "Crying With a Smile", "Somewhere Somehow", "B4ever Now", "Somewhere Somehow" encore and the instrumental bonus track "Trindade" used in the end credits of the film. All songs and lyrics by Marcelo Paganini. Read on...

PURPLE POLICE: Authorities in Minnesota have been granted a warrant to search the Paisley Park studios where Prince died last week (21Apr16). The music icon was found unresponsive in an elevator at his Chanhassen estate on 21 April (16), and he was subsequently pronounced dead at the age of 57.

An autopsy was carried out last Friday (22Apr16), but no immediate cause of death was determined,

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with coroners claiming their decision was pending Presenting Lange and the results of further tests.

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Reports suggest Prince, whose body was cremated on Saturday (23Apr16), may have been battling an issue with painkillers he was taking for a hip injury in the days before his passing. On Thursday morning (28Apr16), a judge in Carver County issued the sheriff's request for a search warrant, allowing them to re-enter Paisley Park, where they will allegedly look for evidence of drugs, prescriptions or other information which may help their case, according to TMZ.com. The judge also agreed to seal the documents detailing the reason for the search warrant for six months, or until the start of any criminal case, due to concerns of evidence tampering. Read on...

WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR THE ANTS INVASION: Sony Music/Legacy Recordings releases newly remastered Kings Of The Wild Frontier on stunning super deluxe boxset edition, 2CD deluxe edition, LP and digital formats containing a wealth of unreleased and exclusive content on Friday May 20th. Curated and remastered by Adam Ant, this new Legacy edition includes the original 12 track UK album, B sides, previously unreleased studio demos and rough cuts, a previously unissued live recording and rarities all fully remastered from original tape by Adam Ant.

The special super deluxe golden boxset edition also



includes a DVD of promo videos, live performances, the first DVD release of Adam & The Ants Live In Tokyo 1981 in its entirety and a short promotional video 'Ant Invasion' a mini documentary of the first Adam & The Ants US tour in 1981. In addition, a 36 page 12X12" full colour book including detailed liner notes and track annotations by Adam Ant, gold vinyl LP, gold CDs, replica original release Ant Catalogue, fan memorabilia, recreated artwork, poster, photos and much more. In extensive liner notes Adam Ant tells us in his own words the story behind the record and the "band of brothers in musical arms, who came together in the studio in 1980 to create a bit of magic". The demise of the original Ants line up following the release of Dirk Wears White Sox in 1979 is well documented. What came next for Adam & The Ants Mark 2 was an altogether new approach that would result in one of the most important British records of all time. Read on...

DRAMA TO SQUARE

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REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS Between Norwich and Paindelphin.

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> 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

B, E. HUTOHAN DUN (BRCCCORD to W M. LEGGATE,) 180 MAIN ST.S MANUFACTURBUE and Dealer in HARNINGES, BAD M DLES, BRUDLES, -Couch, Ghalue and Brefs GOL LARS. Also, Fronks, Palizez and Carpit Bags. Couch Gig and Toly WIIPS, etc. Br Resping domant there actios. 9 Waternies, Jan 16 the shie cure. The shie cure.

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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.

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

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.



et 6 P. M., lodge in Sprinzfield, leave at 4 PW creation and arri" ein Albaoy at 15 P. M. The sceins for Troy leave on the arrival the trains at Greenbard.

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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> company 'Gonzo'

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

"Turn the goddam music up! My heart feels like an alligator!"

Hunter S. Thompson

he week that's pa

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS Between Norwitch and Paindelphile Soil on WADNESDAY of sellandelphile The Line is composed of the folloning Pacials: New Schr. James L. Day, i i i Cupt Nat. "" Mary H. Charpell, i i Cupt Greffein.

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ACOUSTIC GALAHAD GUY

Stu Nicholson from Galahad writes:

Freight Line. Tremtus

"A couple of weeks ago I was up at Thin Ice recording vocals for some Galahad music for a forthcoming project which will see the light of day shortly. I also spent a couple of hours recording a fairly folky/ pastoral acoustic track with Karl Groom from Threshold based upon a poem written by my father, Bob Nicholson, many years ago. Since I discovered the poem completely by accident I've always wanted to recorded it for myself and my father. Karl recorded my vocals, played and recorded all the instruments, arranged and mixed the track in the space of 2 hours on a Monday afternoon. I'm particularly proud of 'Willow Way' as it is such a personal song whose lyrics resonate so much. Here is a link to the track, hope you like it..."

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The Gospel According to BART

Last week my favourite roving reporter sent in the extraordinary news that AC/DC had replaced their ailing singer Brian Johnson with guest appearances by Axl Rose, but in the latest instalment - that Bart mailed in this week - the story is getting even more peculiar.

"Roger Daltrey has spoken out against AC/ DC's treatment of their longtime vocalist Brian Johnson and their upcoming concerts with Axl Rose in a new interview where the Who singer labeled the remaining Rock or Bust concerts with the Guns N' Roses singer as "karaoke."

Later in the article he is quoted:

"I've spoken to Brian. He's got loads of other things he wants to do in his life," Daltrey added. "I think AC/DC will miss Brian much more than Brian will miss AC/DC. There you go. What do you expect from Australians? And he's such a lovely guy, Brian. I've known him for 40-odd years, more."

As for Rose serving as lead singer of AC/ DC, don't expect Daltrey to be in the audience for any of the band's 20 rescheduled Rock or Bust shows. "I mean, go and see karaoke with Axl Rose? Give me a break," the Who singer said.

http://www.rollingstone.com/ music/news/roger-daltreycalls-ac-dc-with-axl-rosekaraoke-20160422#ixzz47DbEXNMF

Personally I never liked AC/DC or Guns 'n' Roses, preferring my rock music to at least pretend to have more to it than "Year awright, are yooo readee to 'ave a good time?"

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

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A note from Rick Wakeman about the newly released Starship Trooper album:

I am getting a load of people ask me about the STARSHIP TROOPER release and so to save me continually giving the same replies I am writing this statement so that all becomes clear

Firstly, a lot of people have asked if it is a legal release and indeed it is, but the album came about in somewhat strange circumstances.

Over the last few years I have done many sessions for Cleopatra Records mainly through Billy Sherwood who has produced many different kinds of albums for them. The tracks get sent to me to work on here in England and after I have added my keyboards, the files get sent back to Billy to add to whatever else is happening on the tracks. Cleopatra informed me last year that they were going to issue a compilation of some of the tracks that I had played on as a session musician. They are perfectly legally entitled to do this so obviously I had no objection.

What does need to be made clear though is that this is not MY new release. Whilst I always do my very best as regards performance on other people's productions, they are not my productions. I am simply adding to what is already there. The pieces are not my arrangements, my choices of music or indeed my production and so therefore cannot be remotely considered as "My Album". Having said all that I would never send back any performance that I was not 100% happy with, so I know there will not be any playing from me that I would listen to and go "ouch"!

Mind you I have never received copies of any of the albums I played on so have never heard the finished product anyway, indeed I have not held a copy of STARSHIP TROOPER in my hand either. STARSHIP TROOPER is certainly an insight into how I work on other people's music and so I think certainly has its place and indeed I look forward to listening to it in the cold light of day.....even if I have to buy a copy!!

For the record, (no pun intended), the new Rick Wakeman album will actually be the extended doubled album Myths and Legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table which is almost completed and will be released on June 19th



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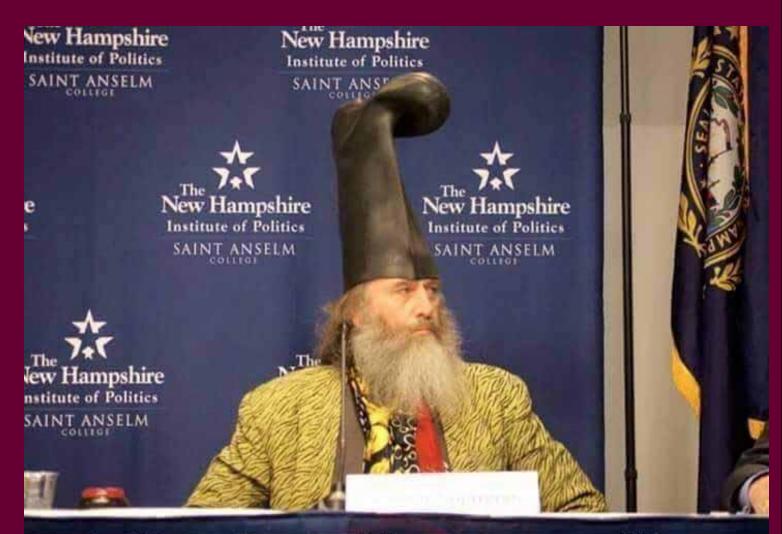
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OFFICIA -HARNDEN & COLL outon | J. H. ENIGHT'S HAT S

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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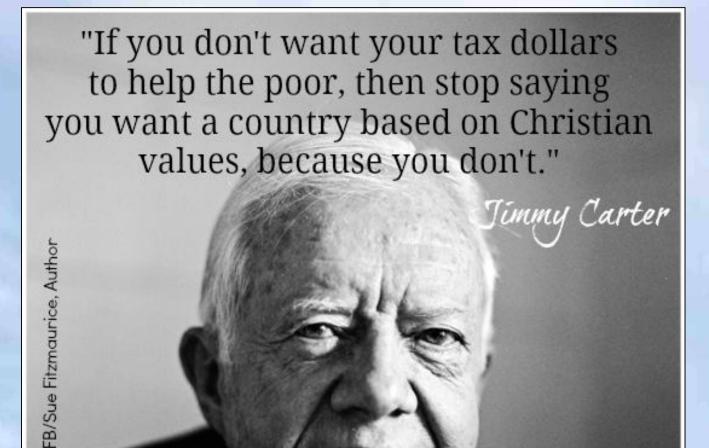


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Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price. arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk

MICHAEL DES BARRES ON UTTELESTERENS MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL

FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM



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.



SF 161 – 21 MARCH 2016 – TUNING '77

Freddie and the Hitch-Hikers: Sinners David Lynch: Good Day Today Harry 'the Hipster' Gibson: Who put the Benzedrine in Mrs Murphy's Ovaltine L.S.D. (Album): Start of Side One D.J. Earworm: Brazil is Full of Love Grateful Dead: Tuning '77 (excerpt) Jonathan Wilson: Gentle Spirit The Wind in the Willows: There is but One Truth Daddv Granddaddy: Underneath the Weeping Willows Soundgarden: The Day I Tried to Live Adam Comford and Daniel Crafts: Fundamentals Julian Cope: Las Vegas Basement Lucia Pamela: Walking on the Moon Dub Will Tear us Apart Jah Division: DJNoNo: Stripper Jackson (Michael Jackson vs Joe Loss) Russell Morton: Blind Man's Movie part 1 Halou: Tubefed Little Richard: Miss Anne 5,6,7,8s: Dream Boy Grateful Dead: Tuning '77 (exerpt) P.J. Harvey: Broken Harp Ella Fitzgerald: Every Time we say Goodbye Dame Barbara Cartland: Goodnight Sweetheart

> 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:

Marco Ragni http://www.facebook.com/Marco-Ragni-Songwriter-14948476940.../ QUERCUNIAN CAMERATA http://www.facebook.com/quercunian.camerata/? fref=nf Hats Off Gentlemen It's Adequate http://www.facebook.com/itsadequate/?fref=ts Mike Martin http://www.facebook.com/Mike2of5Martin/? fref=ts Blank Manuscript http://www.facebook.com/BlankManuskript/? fref=ts Astronomusic http://www.facebook.com/Astronomusic/?fref=ts Dave Kerzner http://www.facebook.com/davesquidskerzner/? fref=nf Ad Astra http://www.facebook.com/groups/23359419585/ Mindspeak http://www.facebook.com/mindspeakmusic/ Gentle Knife http://www.facebook.com/gentleknife/?fref=ts with Alfons Wohlmuth, Marco Ragni, Simon Nagy, Zózimo Rech, John Silver El Largo, Astraea Antal, Joe Nardulli, Malcolm Galloway, Dave Kerzner and Mike Martin. LikeShow more reactionsCommentShare



Friday Night Progressive



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

Star Trek, Bomb-Sniffing Elephants and The Mysterious Case of Agent X

A Very Special Show... Mack & Cobra talk to Rob Beckhusen about more wacky military weapons, Star Trek's "Tuvok," (aka actor Tim Russ) calls in to chat, Switchblade Steve reports on a ghostly RAF pilot, more news about a TV cooking show funded by the CIA, and special in-studio guest Agent X, former Army Intelligence offcier and currently working with America's three-letter government agencies, has no answer when asked if he ever saw any evidence of UFOs during his black ops career



Listen Here

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



Billy Paul (born Paul Williams) (1934 – 2016)

Paul was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and raised in North Philadelphia, and was a Grammy Award-winning American soul singer, known for his 1972 #1 single, "Me and Mrs. Jones", as well as the 1973 album and single "War of the Gods" which blends his more conventional pop, soul, and funk styles with electronic and psychedelic influences.

He was one of the many artists associated with the Philadelphia soul sound created by Kenny Gamble, Leon Huff, and Thom Bell. Paul was identified by his diverse vocal style which ranged from mellow and soulful to low and raspy. Questlove of the Roots equated Paul to Marvin Gaye and Stevie Wonder, calling him "one of the criminally unmentioned proprietors of socially conscious post-revolution '60s civil rights music."

He began his singing career at eleven, appearing on local radio station WPEN. Paul's popularity grew and led to appearances in clubs and at college campuses nationally, which led to further opportunities: appearing in concert with Charlie Parker, Dinah Washington, Nina Simone, Miles Impressions, Sammy Davis, the Davis, Jr. and Roberta Flack. He also changed his name from Paul Williams to Billy Paul so as to avoid any confusion with other artists. In 1952 he traveled to New York City and entered the recording studio for Jubilee Records. Paul's career took an unexpected turn when he was drafted into the Armed Services. He recalled:

"I went in, in 1957, and I was stationed with Elvis Presley and Gary Crosby–Bing Crosby's son. We were in Germany and we said we're going to start a band, so we didn't have to do any hard work in the service. We tried to get Elvis to join but he wanted to be a jeep driver. So me and Gary Crosby, we started it and called ourselves the Jazz Blues Symphony Band."

After his discharge, Paul formed a jazz trio with hard bop pianist Sam Dockery and bassist Buster Williams. Paul's debut album Feelin' Good at the Cadillac Club was released in 1968 on the Gamble label. Paul's second LP Ebony Woman (1970), was a more commercial release on Gamble & Huff's Neptune label.

"Me and Mrs. Jones" was a #1 hit for the last three weeks of 1972, selling two million copies (platinum single status), and went on to win Paul a Grammy Award. In the years since then, the song has been covered numerous times, most notably by the 1974, Freddie Jackson in 1992 Dramatics in and Michael Bublé in 2007. But Paul's massive success was short-lived. The follow-up single -"Am I Black Enough for You?" - failed to reach the heights of "Mrs. Jones", with the song's Black Power political message proving too much for mainstream radio's taste. There was and continues to be much controversy surrounding the choice to release this track as the follow-up to a cross-over smash hit.

Paul's 1973 European tour with the O'Jays and the Intruders spawned his first true live album: Live in Europe. Recorded in London and released in 1974, it reached #10 on the Billboard Soul Album chart and #187 on the pop chart.

Paul announced his retirement in 1989 on stage in London. But like so many artists before him, he could not resist the temptation to continue to play live shows and record.

Paul died on April 24, 2016, at his home of pancreatic cancer at the age of 81.

THOSE HE HAVE LOST



Papa Wemba (né Jules Shungu Wembadio Pene Kikumba) (1949 – 2016)

Wemba was a Congolese singer and musician who played Congolese rumba, soukous and ndombolo. Sometimes dubbed the King of Rumba Rock, he was one of the most popular musicians of his time in Africa and played an important role in world music. He was also a fashion icon who popularized the La Sape look and style through his musical group Viva la Musica. Papa Wemba's road to fame and prominence began when he joined the music group Zaiko Langa Langa in the late 1960s. Papa Wemba was one of the first musicians to join the influential rock-rumba band (ZLL) after it was created in December 1969 in Kinshasa, along with many well known Congolese musicians including Nyoka Longo Jossart and Bimi Ombale, among others. He remained with the group for four years.

Papa Wemba (then known as Jules Presley Shungu Wembadio) helped contribute to the success of this band so that, by 1973, it was one of the more successful Congolese groups.

In December 1974, he and various other members left ZLL to establish Isifi Lokole. In July 1975, Shungu Wembadio officially adopted the soon-to-be-well-known-worldwide name Papa Wemba. The "Papa" (father) part of his name was already given to him as a traditional and cultural rite to a mother's first-born son.

In November 1975, Papa Wemba and two others left Isifi

Lokole to create the group Yoka Lokole (also known as The Kinshasa's Wa Fania All-Stars). Yoka Lokole contributed to the African pop music wave with their hit songs. In 1977-78, in the Matonge neighborhood of Kinshasa, Papa Wemba set out to create his group Viva la Musica. The new group included the traditional instrument lokole. There was also an associated dance, the mukonyonyo, as well as a fashion style.

In 1977 Papa Wemba established a kind of commune for musicians. To accomplish this, he used his family home as a fashionable gathering place for Matonge youths. He named it Village Molokai and declared himself to be its tribal chief (chef coutumier).

Beginning in the late 1970s and early 1980s, Wemba (both by himself and with Viva la Musica) started travelling to Paris, believing there was a potentially wider audience for the music he had been helping to create during the preceding decade. By the late 1980s and early 1990s, Wemba's style was more readily identifiable even as it had become an amalgamation of rhumba, soukous and ndombolo, Latin and rock, melded to a Europeanoriented pop style. By this time, Wemba's use of African, Cuban and Western influences was not only one of Africa's most popular music styles, it was crossing cultural boundaries and attracting a more diverse audience outside of Africa. In 1993, Wemba joined with Peter Gabriel for the latter's Secret World Live tour, and this drew attention to Wemba's unique style and groundbreaking sound.

In 1979, Papa Wemba became the unofficial leader of La Sape (Société des Ambianceurs et des Personnes d'Élégance, literally translated as the Society of Atmosphere-setters and Elegant People") which he promoted as a youth subculture in Zaire. This cult promoted high standards of personal cleanliness, hygiene and smart dress, to a whole generation of youth across Zaire. Wemba was also known as an actor. In 1987, he played the male lead role in the successful Zairean film *La Vie est Belle* and in 2012, he had a cameo role in the Belgian drama film *Kinshasa Kids*.

Wemba died at the age of 66 after collapsing on stage in Abidjan, during the FEMUA urban music festival on 24 April 2016, Congo television claims that Papa Wemba was killed by using a poisoned microphone.

THOSE HE HAVE LOST

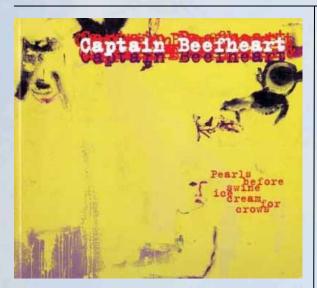


YOU'VE READ THE MAGAZINE YOU'VE MARVELLED AT THE EDITOR'S IMPUDENCE NOW WEAR THE SHIRTS



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

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



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

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

Italian author Luca Ferrari has curated a fascinating

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

Contains a 24page deluxe booklet.

BRAND X LIVE FROM NEW YORK



THE OFFICIAL BOOTLEG SERIES VOL X

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

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



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

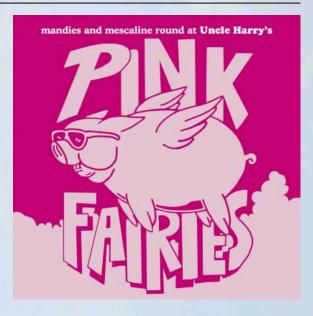


Artist Osibisa Title Osibisa Tribal Cat No. HST320CD Label Gonzo

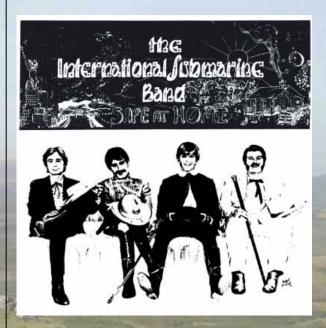
Osibisa are a British Afro-pop band, founded in London in 1969 by four expatriate African and three Caribbean musicians. Their music is a fusion of African, Caribbean, jazz, funk, rock, Latin, and R&B. Osibisa were one of the first African-heritage bands to become widely popular and linked with the world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

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

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



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



Artist Gram 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

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.

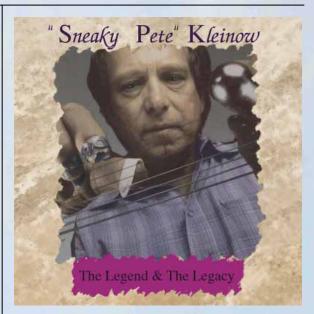
TOE TAPPIN' MUSIC

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

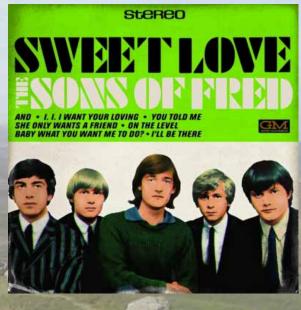
Floyd August "Gib" Guilbeau (born September 26, 1937) is an American Cajun country rock musician and songwriter. As a member of Nashville West, Swampwater, and the Flying Burrito Brothers, Guilbeau helped pioneer the fusion of rock and country music in the 1960s. Guilbeau was born in Sunset, Louisiana 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

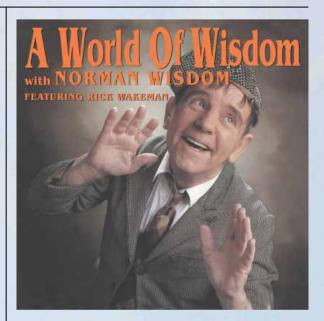
Bruce Eder writes: "An obscure but intense British beat band, The Sons of Fred featured guitarist Mick

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

Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile The Rock Open and the Voti Temple

The Who were pure electric rock energy personified, most definitely Rock Gods in their time and after, and certainly the progenitors of the Punk movement that followed. They were an utterly fantastic band in concert; performances where you felt that at any time the guys might just levitate off the stage. The music was pushed to the very limits of what rock music could be. As the 1960s came to a close, The Who released their masterpiece *Tommy* (1969). This seminal recording introduced the concept of a "rock opera," delivering a complete story spanning the length of two albums, kicking off the 1970s movement that led to expansive, meaningful rock epics. The album made the band in America and all over the world, with its deeply spiritual message of hope, love and self-reliance.

I was just ten years old in 1970 when I first got a cassette tape of *Tommy*. I must confess I didn't understand it then;

it was too deep, sometimes overtly disturbing and parts of it actually scared me. I listened to this tape on a crappy cassette player over and over again for about a year, finally putting it away forever. I probably only heard the hits "Pinball Wizard" and "I'm Free" for the rest of the decade, and since that time. A big part of the album was too disturbing for me to process.

Now I realize that my aversion to this work was because at that time my family was also in somewhat of a crisis. My brother Bill, (pictured top of p.38) who was 19 years old in 1969, was part of that generation's "perfect storm." He had lost his way in life to drugs, a failed attempt at college and the Vietnam War draft. He finally found peace through Paramahansa Yogananda's teachings at the Lake Shrine, a beautiful retreat on Sunset Boulevard near the Santa Monica beaches, soon becoming a monk in the *Self Realization Fellowship* (SRF) church. He had been terribly



http://diegospadeproductions.com/



My new, old Yogi temple, Santa Cruz, California





troubled, and left home to find peace. I was not yet in my teens. We only saw him twice a year after that, sometimes visiting him at the SRF church in Los Angeles, or sometimes when he could come back to our house. All I could comprehend was that he went away to become a monk, and was gone. It seemed to my young mind that life was somehow so challenging and dangerous that powerful emotions could cast you out of society, changing your course eternally. Pretty heady stuff for a preteen.

Once I got older I realized that while so foreign to our Presbyterian, Christian family, this departure from "normal" society saved my brother. The teachings of SRF were to help students gain a "direct experience of truth" as opposed to blind belief. Those messages and their practices changed Bill forever. I knew the lyrics to *Tommy* were plumbing the same territory, and again, at that young age I was alternately drawn in, yet somehow repelled by its powerful messages. Today I also realize that this album was and remains one of the most transformative, important records of our time.

As I prepared to write this article, I experienced a coincidence that has to be telling me to look inside myself for some truth as well. My wife and I just purchased a historic landmark property in Santa Cruz, California. There is a "yogi temple" on the property, a decorative archway as an entry, and other structures built by a mason named Kenneth Kitchen in the 1940's. No one over the years seemed to know what his architectural influences where – they seemed vaguely Indian or Turkish. I was somehow drawn to this property; the structures spoke to me, and I kept coming back to the idea of going through with the purchase, despite the

challenges I knew we would face, for over a year. Just after we bought the property, a historical architect in the area sent us a book he was working on. Get this. Kenneth Kitchen had terrible "anger management issues" as we might say today, just like my brother did thirty years later. In Kenneth's case, his brother took him down to the Yogananda's temple in Los Angeles where he stayed and studied in the SRF church (yes, the same church my brother retreated to in his time of need!) When he returned to Santa Cruz he bought the property I now own, and built these structures as homage to the SRF church and the peace he attained from his studies there. Reportedly he raised goats, sold their milk, did his brick work, and tried to live a more simple, humble existence. Was I drawn in to this mysterious property and its structures because of my long lost memories of visiting my brother at the yogi temple, and the sights therein? Or was I ready to move a bit outside of the Silicon Valley, to focus a bit more internally, a bit outside the hustle of hi tech? I think so.

In a similar way, after learning of Townshend's motivation for writing *Tommy*, I have been drawn back into that work. I'm not making this up people, it's been a bit overwhelming and I'm listening now. You might know the story of Pete Townshend's pathway to his ultimate masterpiece, *which itself is informed by a spiritual teacher from India.*

By the end of the 1960s, principal composer, guitarist, and vocalist Pete Townshend and the band, Roger Daltrey (vocals), John Entwistle (bass), and Keith Moon (drums) felt that it was time to develop something more substantial than the short pop songs they had been releasing. At the time, The Who was a singles band that

Autobiography of a MOGI



By Paramhansa Yogananda







felt they were going nowhere. The challenge was on to move past the short singles into something more substantial. Pete could write for a bigger stage, something more serious. Many believe this was the moment that saved the band. Townshend in particular knew that rock fans, and people in general were searching for answers to the woes of the day, the spiritual emptiness that accompanied sex, drugs, and gratuitous behavior. Co-manager Kit Lambert were completely behind their artist, even helping with the story's development and other matters. Similarly, the band remained steadfastly behind their leader. "Nothing was off limits...I knew it would be okay... [and] that Pete would go on to write this kind of work," explained Daltrey in retrospect.

As Townshend relays the situation, he experienced a "bad trip" after taking the powerful hallucinogenic LSD while on an airliner from the States back to Britain, and felt he left his body. "There was nothing good about it" he said later. But it suggested to him that there was more to life than what we see, because at some point during the trip, "he was not his body." As Townshend went looking for answers, a friend told him about spiritualist Meher Baba and the book, The God Man: The Life, Journeys and Work of Meher Baba with an Interpretation of his Silence and Spiritual Teaching, by C.B. Purdom. The book and its messages struck Townshend as containing answers to the questions going on in his head. "It was the simple stuff, I liked. It was, don't worry be happy, do your best, leave the results to God. All the pieces came together and I was able to start on *Tommy* in earnest," he later stated. *Tommy* would tell the story of a spiritual journey; "a boy that grew up in difficult circumstances, becomes a teacher, and misuse his powers, paying a price" said Townshend.

As most readers will know, the arc of the story begins with Tommy's father killing his wife's lover in front of the young boy. The trauma causes the boy to become deaf, dumb and blind. Townshend summarizes, "We are deaf, dumb and blind when it comes to our inner spirit. One life is all I know. The present life. And yet because of my ignorance, of the infinite, I cannot enjoy it. I am sad, poor, wrapped in indignity." Tommy suffers unbearable traumas, including child molestation, the kind of subject matter that was taboo at the time. He becomes an iconic pinball wizard, and loses his way spiritually, becoming a type of false prophet. In the end, Tommy regains his senses, and he and his followers gain spiritual enlightenment by learning to look inside of themselves for the answers to life's mysteries.

Townshend's epic story of Tommy strikes me as a bit like the story of Kenneth Kitchen and of my brother Bill, and I'm feeling open to these messages. After watching the documentary about the making of *Tommy*, I did grab a fresh copy of the double LP and couldn't believe I had set this one aside for so many years. It's full of beautiful songs mostly featuring acoustic guitars, gentler, thoughtful placement of electric punctuation, creative bass leads, and the roiling Moon drums behind it all. Roger Daltry's vocal performance and that of the work's principal composer, is amazing, their voices still young, belying innocence yet wisdom beyond their years. In studio, then on stage, Daltrey began inhabiting the role of Tommy, delivering the impactful lyrics with an amazing power and grace. And, now, so many years after my brother gave me the book "Autobiography of a Yogi," I think it's time to read it.



Coda:

The Who performed most of the album in concert many times around the world, at a time when some of the largest rock festivals were staged. It was perfect timing, as the band played Monterey Pop, Woodstock and two years in a row at the Isle of Wight. South of my hometown in Los Angeles, they played Anaheim Stadium on the 14th of June 1970, just one month after releasing one of the most revered live albums of all time, Live at Leeds. Fortunately, the festivals, and some defining Who concerts have been filmed over the years and there is a wealth of documentation on the band, certainly one of the richest and varied celluloid collections of any rock band before U2, including media darlings The Rolling Stones. Arguably the best of these is the film capturing the band in full flight at the Isle of Wight. Live at the Isle of Wight (1970) Eagle Rock, 85 min., 1.33:1, DVD

The Who topped their Monterey Pop Festival and Woodstock appearances with this amazing concert at the Isle of Wight Festival. Taking the stage early in the morning, they played several songs, then most of the *Tommy* album to 600,000 people.

Tommy (1975) Sony Pictures, 111 min., 1.85:1, DVD Love it or hate it, this Ken Russell film is widely acknowledged as one of the greatest rock films ever made. The film adaptation stars lead singer Roger Daltrey and features Tina Turner, Eric Clapton, Jack Nicholson and Elton John. The imagery in this film, which includes Ann Margaret rolling around in gushes of pork 'n beans, no doubt fuelled my aversion to it's strange content at the time! But hey, it's only a movie, and only rock 'n roll....

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Double CD: All the money raised goes to the Campaign to re-establish a Peoples' Free Festival at Stonehenge:

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alan dearling

STUNEHENGE - A CELEBRATION

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Some days I wake up and want to write. Want to share a secret with somebody. And today that somebody is you! This collection is a real labour of love. Great sound quality and a selection of many of the bands that truly represent the different eras of Stonehenge festivals. Back to 1974 on the first CD: entitled 'Dawn'. Psychedelic life forces in celebration. Om. A sea of crazed, fazed, phased



stoned-free humanity. More noisome post-punk follows,

'We are wild, We are wise, We are One' from the Hawklords. And Here and Now dedicating the 'Mega Number' to anyone who hasn't taken any drugs – yet! And offering us 'Ways to be free', drifting into the jazzy psych with the one and only, irrepressible, Nik Turner. 'Dusk' ends in the pounding repetitive beats, blips, scratches and clicks of the Spiral Tribe.

'Dusk' on CD1 turns to darker sounds of the night on CD2 before a new 'Dawn'. It's all more tense, ferocious, fearsome. Violence, tales of State class war against the fugitives of the road – the new Travellers – festivals – parties – alternative lifestylers. 'Operation Solstice' is 51st State's sound collage, depicting the police trashings of the Beanfield. It will bring a tear or two to your eyes. As ITN reporter, Kim Sabido, is heard to say: 'No question of trying to make a legal arrest...people



holding babies being clubbed by police'.

Or, in the incendiary words of Buff in the Stonehenge Pig Bastards, 'They Bust Us!' This is unsettling, brutal stuff. But not unremitting.

We get to jump up and down and bop too, with lots of festie favourites like the Autonomads, Deviant Amps, Jesterdream, world sounds from Tarantism, rave-reggae poetry from the Radical Dance Faction, 'When I will be king' in our 'Free State'. Together with the other musos featured,they provide musical umbilical cords and chords between Old School and newer music and dance.

We've been taken to the edge of darkness and depravity – 'Brutal' in the words of Headjam. And we emerge, old and new tribes, joined together AND stronger than before. 'Trying to make it better' in the words of Jesterdream. And we reach 'Dawn' with the Majestic dubbing of 'I'm spreading love' and the Black Star Dub Collective's hypnotic, '99% Uprising'.

Grab your own copy of this great value collection. Stunning artwork and packaging. You even get a Joe Public poster. It's Art and it's part of our heritage. Respect.

Free the Stones!

And if you want to find out more about the new Travellers and the State's ferocious attack on the Stonehenge festival, the 'Battle of the Beanfield' book edited by Andy Worthington is still available on-line from Enabler Publications at: www.enablerpublications.co.uk



RDE4ICH, NHE HONEY COM, MAGIC BUS, SOFA HEARNED SCIENAISAS, RYWELLER) CHRIS CRM 5.几日 29, HALF MOON, PURNEY. VGE BOORS OPEN 4PM.

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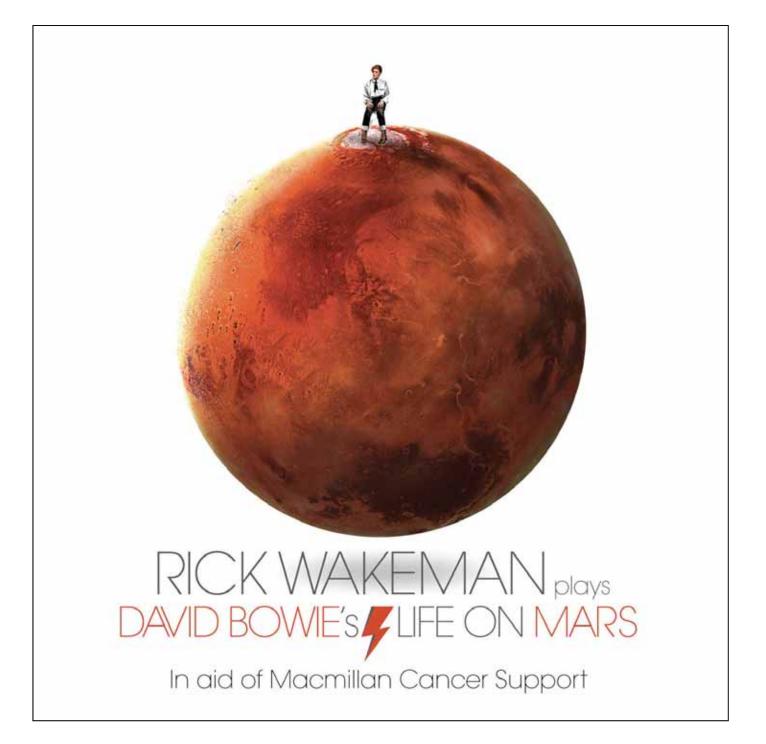


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This is the most important moment in history to do something for African elephants. Because it's the worst time in history to be an elephant.

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.

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks Director, Africa Region The Nature Conservancy

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



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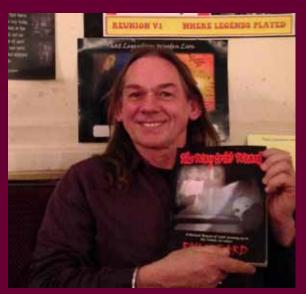
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After a life spent in and around music Roy Weard has finally written it all down. From his beginnings in the folk clubs of the early sixties, to playing the free festivals of the seventics with his own band 'Wooden Lion', to touring as a merchandiser 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.. Brockum had been part owned by Harvey Goldsmith for a while, but there was an incident with one particularly dim person who was sent out on a *Jethro Tull* tour. The tour itself was in the UK and not very arduous. He was accompanied by two women, Nancy, a sparking young Canadian with a penchant for threesomes, and who had been in and out of my bed a bit, and Gillian, a rather hard-nosed person who was always dressing up to the nines and trying to get herself noticed. I went out on a few of the dates to get them started as it was their first tour, and then came back to resume the *Santana* outing. After I had left them, the office heard nothing for a week.

Being a UK tour it was quite easy to bank the money, but nothing was being banked. When they finally got back in touch, the woman who ran the office, whose name escapes me right now, asked about the cash. He said he had it all so she said to put it in the bank, that was why they had a paying-in book. Three days later he called again to say he had run out of money in Manchester. Seems he had banked all of the money, and not kept any back for a float. From then till the end of the tour they again heard nothing from him. The two girls came in to get paid, but the guy was not around. Neither was the hire van, the rest of the merchandise or the money. Harvey and Mick were getting a little worked up about the situation and were fairly sure he had skipped with several thousand pounds. Just before we were about to go off with Santana, Mick called me up and asked if I could pop over to his house. Someone had dumped the missing hire van there and put the keys through the letterbox. He wanted me to drive to the office for him. I did this and then we opened up the back. There were piles of Tshirts, posters and other merchandise, and five of six full bin bags.

We were about to discard these, thinking they were rubbish, when we heard the chinking of metal. I opened one and found it was full of money. Unsorted, crumpled notes and loose change. All of the bin bags were like this. We

took them into the office and spent the next five hours flattening the money, sorting it and finally counting it. There were no accounts from any of the shows - just a note to the effect that he couldn't handle it. I think this may have decided Harvey to get rid of his part of Brockum, and he sold it on to a company called 'Ahead of Hair' who sold wigs in Selfridges. They called us all into their office and said we would all have to do some training. Naturally we all declined. They then tried to get us to watch some of the training films. These were made by John Cleese and were quite funny, but bore little relation to what went on when we were on tour. Paul Pike, Mick's right hand man, and a couple of us tried to explain, but they did not really get it. So they said they would send someone out on the road with us to see for himself. Welcome aboard Mick. He was to fly out and join us on the German leg of the tour. First we had a gig in France.

We loaded the van with all the merchandise and filled in the carnet. Back then, before the EU came into existence, any vehicle carrying goods to Europe had to have a carnet describing the contents and what was going to happen with them. This had to be stamped in and out at every country's border crossing. Our destination was Frejus in the South of France and we had given ourselves a comfortable couple of days to get there from England. We boarded the ferry to Le Havre in good spirits, looking forward to a nice drive down through France and a few days on the Riviera. Then it all went wrong.

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

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

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

We started the engine, drove through the gates

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

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

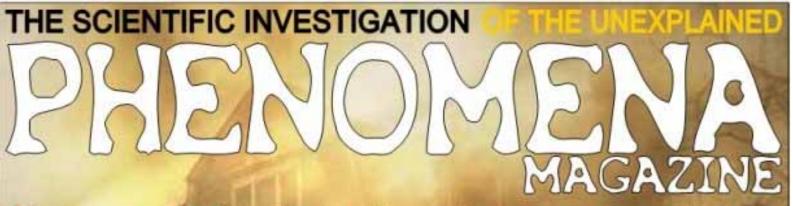
'This is all in order,' he said bemusedly. 'Why did you run off?'

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

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

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





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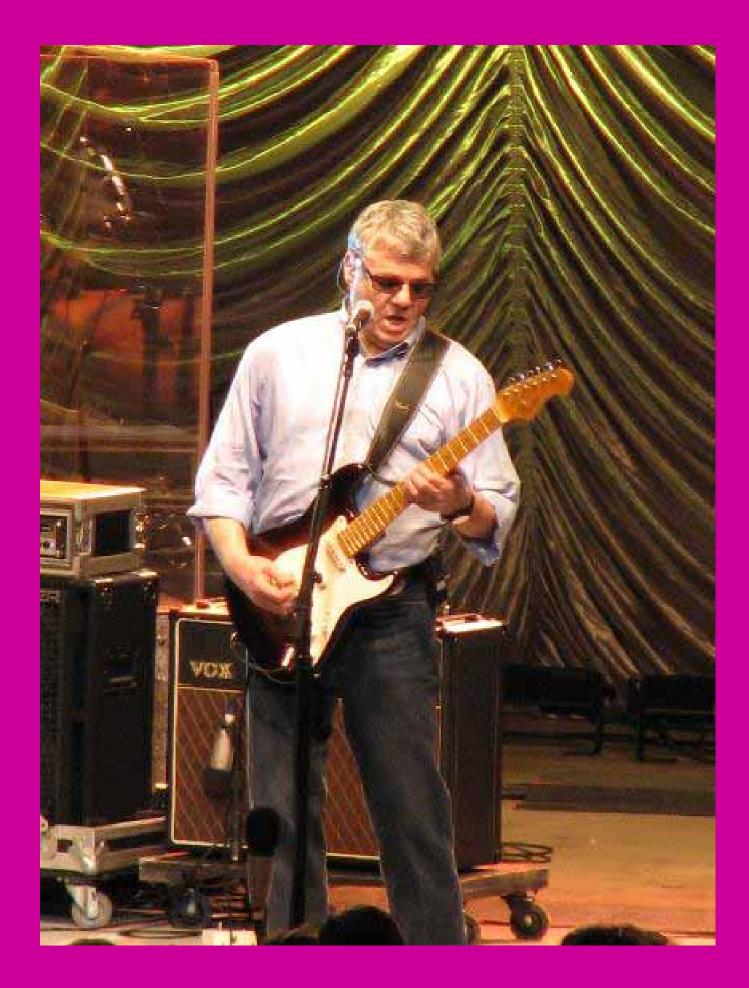
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The Gangster of Love blows his top, and other tales

I noticed a trending (sic) story on Facebook a couple of weeks back citing the Black Keys (presumably a modern, derivative, rocking combo) regretting they had inducted Steve Miller into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame because he wasn't a very happy bunny on the night and let rip at the organisers and the record companies in general, 'this whole industry is fuckin' gangsters and crooks' quoth our Stevie. It all sounded rather fun so I dug a little deeper. The other thought that struck me was 'music awards', what are they about?

The Black Keys also seemed a little upset that the Space Cowboy didn't really seem to know who they were, or give a shit. Dear oh dear, and why should he? The Steve Miller Band were, as the musical history books should attest, one of the greats of the late 1960s and early 70s'. Loosely associated with the US West Coast, he possesses the voice of an angel, wrote great songs, and had strong leanings to the blues. I picked up a copy of the double LP, Steve Miller 'Anthology' in the early '70s, at one of the London Record Exchanges and was instantly hooked (Macca guests on two of the tracks for what it is worth). He has had two hit singles in the UK, The Joker and Rock n Me, the latter from the near perfect Fly Like an Eagle album from 1976. I still love 'Fly' to this day, some great songs on it, and if you want to hear how good a record can 'sound', pop it on and turn it up, it just rocks out of the speakers. The follow up in 1976, Book of Dreams already showed the

John Brodie-Good



direction he was heading, which was much more AOR and Pop, which didn't do his bank balance any harm, but largely left me behind at the time. I wish I had seen him live though. 1975, the Knebworth gig that summer, headlined by the Floyd, featured Steve Miller and Captain Beefheart! I missed it for some reason I cannot recollect. In fact in 2005, I attended a work conference in Seattle (a nice US city) and afterwards took a few days off and headed off to the San Juan Islands to try out sea kayaking and went looking for orcas (killer whales). As I went out on a small boat trip we passed what looked like Thunderbird's Tracey Island in one of the channels. I asked the skipper what it was and he said 'Steve Miller's' place!

Steve's gripes about his recent induction are varied (and you have to suspect a dose of ego is in there of course) but examples include the fact that although he was one of the stars of the night's proceedings, he only got two free tickets, one for himself and his wife. If he wanted his band and co to go, additional tickets were going to be \$10,000 each! (That's 7 grand a pop in real money). As Mr Miller says, perhaps it should be a little more artist orientated? He must have had a choice whether to go or not, he says he did it for the fans and the people who take it seriously.

So what is the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame? An American business and 'museum' in Cleveland, Ohio it seems. The spirit of youth rebellion, canned, packaged and marketed by the sound to me and only \$23.50pp to get in (£16). I don't remember this and all the other musical awards we seem to have nowadays in the past. I'm pretty sure there were not any back in the day. Hey, of course, it's all about money, and marketing, and more money. Brit Awards being a close to home example, even if you are only a nominee, you can stick a label on your CDs at HMV. I also saw recently the BBC 'News', running a story that Adele hadn't been nominated for this year's Ivor Novello Awards. I can't imagine she cares too much, worth 85 million according to this year's Sunday Times Rich List. Quite funny though when you read these awards are apparently given by her peers, ie song writers.... (and the BBC think it is a news story with all the real shit going on in the world at present?) I see there's even a 'Best Festival Awards', FFS!

Money, it makes the world go round, not so sure myself. Call me old-fashioned but I was brought up on the basis of what you do and say, is the most important thing. What you believe in. That the world is beautiful and life should be respected, live and let live. Having some definitely keeps the dogs at bay but I realised in my own humble way, a while back, to be rich, you really have to want it. I'm guessing you must be focussed on it above all else. I started my own business 25 years ago, I'm still focussed on the quality of what we offer, and where possible in this day of instant, global information and sharing, originality of what we do. My business puts money back into the natural world every year, but to front line organisations involved with actually trying to save and protect birds, wild animals and their environment. I have people saying I need to sign up to get 'their' green endorsements. When I look most of them up, I see a Ltd Company behind them, oh yeah? Don't' even get me started on charities either, ever asked an American what a non-profit organisation is? 'Well John, that's a very interesting question....' I long ago came to the conclusion that if you are rich, you didn't get that way being entirely honest, and almost always you stepped on many people on the way. Anyway, I can go to sleep at night not having to worry

Back to music, I signed up to one of the Hawkwind fan groups on FB recently, the new album and tour generating tons of posts, with both being reckoned as their best in years (see last issue) and rightly so. Besides some very funny stuff indeed, it has been great to see people proudly proclaiming they have often bought both the CD and Record versions, 'helping' the group earn their just rewards, some poorer folk have even been bought copies by other fans, some buying copies to give to friends and relations to spread the good vibes within. The downside of You Tube and streaming have come up yet again however. One appeal from the band's camp was not to put any of the songs or worse, the entire new album on You Tube. People are welcome to put short clips from phones on, fair enough, the sound quality is usually shite of course. The album got into the Top 30 last week (no 16 in the 'physical' sales chart!), which is fantastic. Being on YT effectively means folk can listen without paying, and for a new release that ain't good. The band stated that they wanted to hold off giving it to the main streaming services for 3 months after release if possible, as the revenues from them are so pitiful at best. One fan told us all that he had shot an entire gig (from stage left I think it was) and appealed for anyone who





may have had a different angle to contact him so he could mix the angles for his final version. Sorry, that really ain't on either, and one of the band jumped in and said not on YT please, which presumably was the intended destination. Perhaps a lot of the fans will get what many are now asking for, a live recording and/or DVD of this tour and line up. Along with the many, I would happily pay up for that too.

Back to Stevie, who it must be said is clearly not short of a bob or two, but has probably earned most of it. He's also quoted as saying the front row of the recent ceremony was full of record company execs, including one from his own. 'He's made a billion (!?) dollars off my work over the last 50 years and the motherfucker just came over and introduced himself tonight. I just wanted to pull him up by his necktie and kick him in the nuts'. That really does sounds like rock and roll folks! Peace, love, dope!

The full story can be found on rollingstone.com.

Steve Miller Band live – Rock n' Me https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=mJjdz1aD004

John Brodie-Good

It doesn't get Much Better than This…

Flamin' Groovies & Younghusband – Scala, Kings Cross 25 April 2016

By Jeremy Smith

Nearly 40 years ago, 5 bored teenagers from Surrey ventured up to the Roundhouse to see the Flamin' Groovies, the Ramones and the Stranglers on Independence Day 1976. Of those five, one is in Canada; one in Wales and one is sadly lost in space.

The other two were at the Scala last night to see the Flamin' Groovies' 50th Anniversary Tour. I was in the audience bopping away with my mate Kev, and the last one of the five, Simon Wright, was the on-stage DJ spinning classic 1966 singles between the bands. First up were Younghusband who sounded to me like a cross between Luna and the Jesus and Mary Chain, which really isn't such a bad thing. While the Scala was empty at the start of their set, it quickly filled up and the audience was largely appreciative of their melodic psych-rock although the vocals were mixed down pretty low. Still I enjoyed them enough to find their album, Dissolver, on-line this morning and give it a listen. One to come back to I think. The highlight of their set for their frontman Euan Hinshelwood, if not the audience, was when his guitar lead broke and he went off to the Groovies dressing room to borrow one, only to come back not with a guitar lead but with Chris Wilson's Gibson semi-acoustic. Euan seemed well chuffed at that.

But in reality, we were all there for the Groovies and most of those in the audience were old



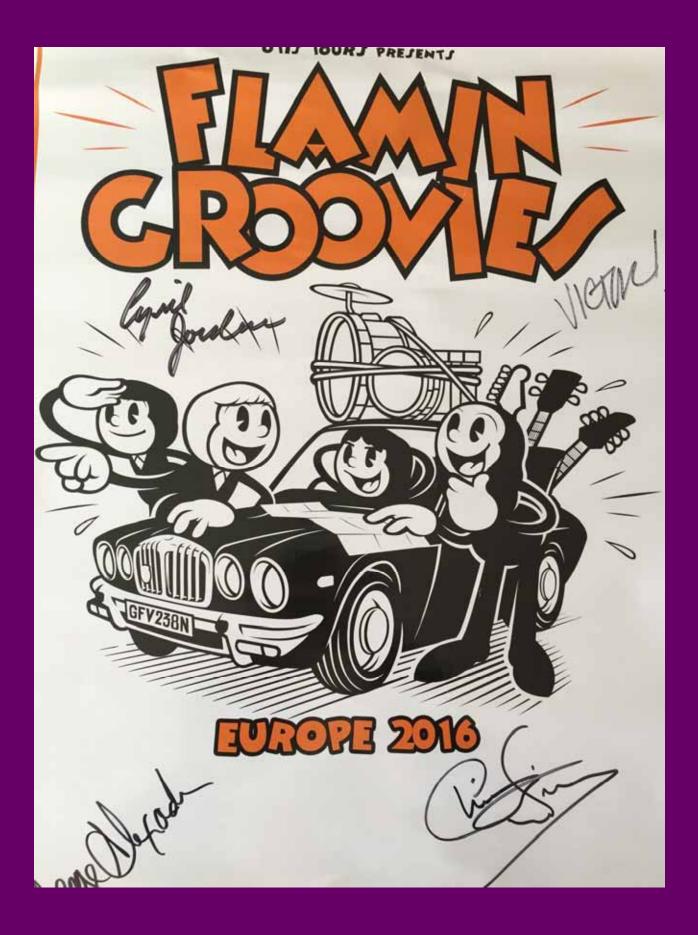


enough to be the fathers of Younghusband. Kevin and I had caught them on their last visit to the UK in 2013 where they'd been a bit loose but still enjoyable but since then, they've been playing together a lot more and the sound was tight and just perfect.

Original members Cyril Jordan and George Alexander are thin as rakes, George looking like

the coolest man in rock with dark shades and a bootlace tie and Cyril with his elegant bouffant hairdo and paisley shirt looked like he was still strolling through the Golden Gate park on his way down to Haight Ashbury in sixties 'Frisco. With a bedenimmed Chris Wilson on guitar and Victor Penalosa bashing away on the drums at the back, this was pretty much the definitive Groovies line-up and almost the same as when







they stunned the Roundhouse by coming on in Beatles suits in the hot summer of 1976.

And the songs!!! With such a rich back catalogue to choose from, they couldn't really go wrong but it was a different set from 2 years ago with some new covers and faithful renditions of their anthems. Starting with Yeah My Baby, they tore into Gene Clark's Feel a Whole Lot Better and I was in heaven. One of my all-time favourite songs sung by one of my fave bands in a small venue with a pint in my hand. It was the kind of moment of which dreams are made and it really doesn't get any better than that. And then You Tore Me Down, another Groovies classic introduced as something they wrote in a spare 20 minutes before recording with Dave Edmunds.

After that blinding start, they played some older songs from the sixties with I Can't Hide, I Want You Bad, Please Please Girl (introduced as one we wrote for the Beatles five years after they broke up) and Yes I Am. Each was played as on the record and 50 years just rolled back.

Then back into rock'n'roll's past with Tallahassee Lassie, St. Louis Blues (with George on vocals) and Married Woman. And then of course time for more classics. Slow Death was introduced as being an anti-drugs song that the BBC banned while Between The Lines was a pro-drug song that they played. This took me back to when the BBC was a real censor of the music that we could hear on the radio. While the band was tight, it seemed that Cyril and Chris had not rehearsed who was going to chat between songs and several times; they interrupted each other or finished the other's stories. Whether this was deliberate or not I don't know but there did seem to be some tension between them. But the chat between songs showed that they are some of the nicest guys in rock'n'roll.

But back to the gig and the set closer, Shake Some Action. Is this the best riff of all time? It's certainly up there with classics like Satisfaction, Shot by Both Sides, Substitute and You Really Got Me. And last night was a blinding version with the band coming together to finish the set off to a bopping audience.

Back after a couple of minutes Cyril introduced the encore, Teenage Head, with a story about him and Kim Fowley going to a festival in California in 1970 and Kim saying he wanted to find some Teenage Head. And then it was all over and while the crowd wanted more, the band had had enough and stayed in the dressing room.

So 50 years of the Flamin' Groovies. A brilliant evening and I'd love 50 more and can't wait to see them again, hopefully with more of the old gang.



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.

WE ASKED BORIS JOHNSON WHAT HE THOUGHT ABOUT THE LATEST GAMING DRAMAS

It seems that rarely a day goes by when there's not some new drama in the games industry. Sometimes it seems like gamers simply enjoy arguing with one another, about the most trivial of matters.

If only there was somebody we could turn to when all seems lost, somebody who could have the final say on the important issues of the day. An oracle, a prophet, a moral arbiter...

Somebody, in fact, like Boris Johnson - London's selfstyled "buffoon mayor", a man who hides his true face behind a harlequin's mask. We put to him several of the most important gaming issues of the day.



http://tinyurl.com/hatja26



REVIEW: THE CHEERING RAIN BY KATE ADAMS

A Foreign Country

During the launch of her poetry collection at the Labour Club last week, Kate Adams read the title poem, The Cheering Rain.

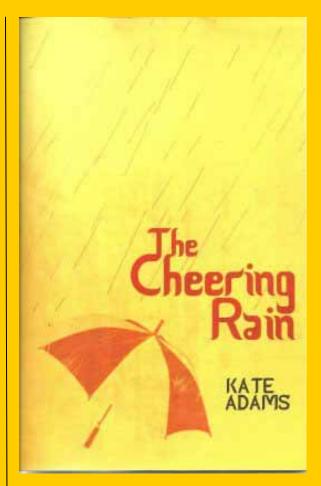
Before she did she introduced the poem, saying that she was waiting for a publisher to confirm if it had been accepted for an upcoming anthology. She said that the publisher had asked her which country it was set in.

"Birmingham," came the reply, to a ripple of laughter.

It's easy to see why the publisher was confused. The writer does indeed make Birmingham seem like a foreign country. There is an intensity about the poem, with its flashes of colour, with its sounds and its characters, with its running boys and its stall holders, which gives it the feel of a North African souk, rather than an ordinary street in the heart of industrial Britain.

Many of the poems have that feel. It's like you are looking at Britain with new eyes, in exactly the way you would look if it was your first time seeing the country, as a visitor might see it: as an exotic land, as a place of mystery and wonder, confusing and obscure at times, frightening, but still vivid in its presence, with the presumption stripped away, so that all you are left with is the urgency of your immediate sense impressions.

This is the genius of these poems (if that's not too big a word) that they offer us a new perspective, a new way of looking at things. All of a sudden we are seeing the world through the eyes of the migrant, through the eyes of the asylum seeker; we



are hearing the thoughts of people for whom English is unfamiliar, people struggling to put into words their sense of dislocation, their sense of loss.

This is not surprising as the poems come directly out of Kate's work as a volunteer with Kent Refugee Help. In this capacity she has worked with asylum seekers, both those held in Immigration Detention, awaiting deportation, and those who have been returned to the community under strict bail conditions, unable to work or to claim benefit, which is itself a form of detention, a way of separating the asylum seeker from the rest of the community.

A prison

Kent Refugee Help is a small charity supporting detainees in Dover Immigration Removal Centre. At the start of the evening Kate showed a film commissioned by the charity, made by two students, Levi Roberts and Jess Dadds. The film simply shows the road up to the Removal Centre. It was made by strapping a camera to the roof of a car and then driving up the road. So we see the tree-lined road as it ascends the hill, until it gets to the Removal Centre. But there is a finality to this destination, as you see the huge wooden doors, the walls, the ditch, the bridge, the razor wire, the surveillance cameras. It is a forbidding place. The centre was built during the Napoleonic Wars to house French prisoners. Later it was a Borstal. Now it is a place to house failed asylum seekers before they are shipped abroad to whatever fate might await them; if not to torture and death, then certainly to the fear of those things.

So this is a prison from which some people will never return. It is a measure of our age that such places exist. And it is a measure of our failing

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humanity that we don't even know they exist.

But for all the politics in these poems, they are not polemical. We are not being told what to think. Rather they represent lives as they are lived under these particular circumstances; a portrait rather than a manifesto.

The Cheering Rain refers to the sound the rain makes when it is beating on tarmac and canvas. It is like the sound of a crowd cheering. This is an upbeat thought. It creates a picture in your head of joyous celebration, and, while some of the poems have a melancholic edge, the choice of The Cheering Rain as the title points to the underlying message in all of these poems.

Because in the end, that's what they are: a celebration. A celebration of culture, of language, of humanity, of colour, of individuality, of strength, of patience, of resilience, of difference. Of life.



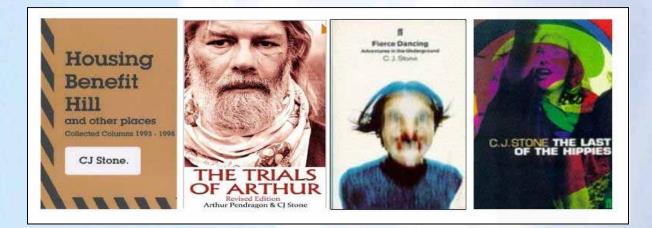
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YP GONLO BRAND DSES

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.



John Blaney was born in Devon, England, he trained as a graphic designer before starting a career in music retail. He subsequently studied History of Art at Camberwell College Of Arts and at Goldsmith College (both in London) before taking up a post as curator of a museum of technology. He is the author and publisher of books on Paul McCartney, John Lennon, George Harrison and Pub Rock. He currently runs Mega Dodo records and publishing

John's Top Ten albums

Elvis Costello: This Year's Model

When I was 18 I landed my dream job. I started work in a record shop. It was a huge learning curve and, for the most part, fun. The manager could be a bit of a moody git, but maybe he had problems I didn't know about. I was also forced to listen to more than my fair share of heavy metal. But there were moments in the day when I was allowed near the record player. Ignoring the frankly biased opinions of our resident headbanger, I'd thumb through the masterbags to RAD3: Elvis Costello and The Attractions debut album, *This Year's Model*. Sure, I liked *My Aim Is True*, but I always felt it lacked the power and attitude The Attractions brought to Costello's song writing. *This Year's Model* has both in spades. There's an urgency and energy to the album. It sounded fresh, new, different and exciting. It still does. It's one of those albums that has managed to stand outside of time. And really, you can't ask much more of an album than that.

Ian Dury: New Boots and Panties

I can't remember how I was introduced to the delights of Ian Dury and this album. I might have heard it on John Peel, I might have read about it in the *N.M.E.*, somebody might have recommended it to me. It matters not. What matters is it has stayed with me and it remains as vital and uplifting today as it did when I first heard it. Its mix of funk, rock and English whimsy is an intoxicating brew that's as potent today as when it first saw the light of day some 39 years ago. There's more than a whiff of the fairground to this album. Dury is the archetype barker enticing unsuspecting punters into his seedy world of sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll and panties. But there's a lot of love and tenderness here too. *My Old Man, Sweet Gene Vincent*, even *Clever Trevor* are character studies infused with a warmth of affection you might not expect from somebody as leerly and beery as Dury.

George Harrison: All Things Must Pass

George Harrison, the Quiet one, steps out of the shadows and makes a big noise. And in some cases it's a really big noise. Maybe Phil Spector wasn't the best choice as co-producer, but when it came to making big records, he was the up there with the best. Maybe he was the best. Some of the songs benefit from the hand of Spector (*Wah-Wah*), while others (*Isn't It A Pity*) don't fare as well. But don't let that put you off. *All Things Must Pass* is a master class in humility and musical chiaroscuro. Harrison knew how to offset the moments of brash bluster with subtle sun-dappled moments of tranquillity. It is, at times, an almost perfectly balanced album. But nothing in this world is perfect and Harrison knew that. It's an album that captures his personality as much as it reflects his beliefs. *All Things Must Pass* is *the* George Harrison album. Sure he made some good records in the years that followed, but few (*Brainwashed* comes close) matched its beauty or magnificence.

XTC: Black Sea

When XTC stopped making music for ants and started making music for people there really was no stopping them. Don't get me wrong, I like XTC's early albums and think that their version of *All Along The Watchtower* is just as powerful and unique as any you're likely to hear – you know which American guitarist I'm referring to, don't you? Even when they were being deliberately quirky they had a melodic edge that marked them out as being fans of '60s beat music. That they went on to record one of the best psychedelic albums not recorded in the '60s is surly evidence enough. *Black Sea* is, if you'll excuse the pun, a high water mark. Between them Moulding and Partridge wrote more great pop songs than was rightfully theirs, and a fair few of them found their way onto this album. Four of its 11 tracks were issued as singles, and two of them were big hits. If Andy Partridge hadn't suffered from stage fright, XTC could have been one of the biggest bands of the '80s. As it was we had to put up with U2. I know who I'd have preferred to take the world by storm.

Dave Edmunds: Repeat When Necessary

The Dave Edmunds/Nick Lowe fronted Rockpile was, on a good night, possibly one the best rock 'n' roll

bands you could experience. Short, sharp and fast, in concert they were almost as tight and powerful as the Ramones. Most really great live bands struggle when they enter a studio and Rockpile was no exception. Their only group album was good but didn't capture them at their best. *Repeat When Necessary* did. It's a fine example of the right band being in the right place at the right time with the right songs. All four band members were at the top of their game and when fuelled by a mix of cheap red wine and cider they rocked up storm that blew most of the competition clean out of the water. Roll back the rugs, turn up the volume and dance the night away with one of the best rock 'n' roll bands the United Kingdom has ever produced.

Dr. Feelgood: Down By The Jetty

Another fantastic live band, Dr. Feelgood were undoubtedly cut from the same cloth as Rockpile. That said the two bands are as different as chalk and cheese. The Feelgoods sleazy, grubby R&B set them apart from almost every other British rock band you care to name. Like the afore mentioned Ramones, they stripped all the fat from rock's flabby, bloated corpse and fashioned something new and exciting in its place. They were now and then, retro and shockingly contemporary. Like Lonnie Donegan before them and a myriad of punk bands that surfed on the new wave they started, Dr. Feelgood proved that anybody could be a star. And what stars they were. Wilko Johnson and Lee Brilleaux had the kind of on stage partnership that has rarely been equalled. They didn't just bounce off each other, they exploded with the kind of electrifying tension that all too often leads to the kind of messy break ups they'd eventually suffer. There are few better début albums. I won't say it was all downhill after *Down By The Jetty* but this is their only album issued in glorious monophonic.

Pentangle: Basket Of Light

Most of the albums I've chosen for this top ten, ask me tomorrow and you may well get a completely different list, were first experienced in what you could call my formative years. It's pretty much true that the music you hear in your teens is what stays with you for the rest of your life. Pentangle's *Basket Of Light* is one of those albums. My music teacher played Lyke-Wake Dirge during one lesson and it was the most incredible things I'd heard. I've always been a sucker for vocals harmonies and it may well stem from this early encounter. That *Basket Of Light* is for my money their best albums ensures that I revisit it time and time again. The combination of jazz, folk and Asian influences is a magical and winning combination. A folk super group to rival Fairport Convention, they are quite simply a jewel in the British music crown.

The Beach Boys: Pet Sounds

Perhaps this is an obvious choice, but you have to admit that Brian Wilson was at the top of his game both in terms of writing and producing when he made this album. There's very little point in my trying to tell you just how good it is. You either know that already or if you don't you probably don't like music. And like all great works of art it is slight imperfect, the inclusion of two instrumentals prevents this from being the greatest album of all time and smacks of record company pressure to get it finished. If Brian had only told Capitol to wait this album may have been the work it is often held up to be.

The Beatles: Revolver

The album inspired by *Pet Sounds* really did push the pop envelope as far as it would go. Rarely has an album of 14 songs been so eclectic and yet so consistent. It must surely be proof, if any were needed, that the whole is greater than the sum of the parts. Everything The Beatles had been working towards can be found on this album. *Sgt Pepper* might be more psychedelic and *Abbey Road* more polished, but *Revolver* is the pinnacle of their combined creativity. For Taxman to Tomorrow Never Knows, The Beatles take us on a musical journey that sounds as fresh and exciting today as it did in 1966. Nobody has recorded a song as disturbing, powerful or different in the 50 years since. There are few artists one can call timeless. So on The Beatles early recordings have started to show signs of aging. But *Revolver* is that exception. A timeless work of breath-taking beauty it is without equal in the pop pantheon and will probably never be bettered.

Gene Clark: No Other

In my humble opinion, Gene Clark could sing the telephone directory and make it sound like heartbreak. Destined to operate on the margins, the eternal outside he'd deliberately burn the bridge he was standing on rather than taste the success he deserved. *No Other* should have made him a star, again. It's packed with wonderful songs sang with passion and conviction. It should have established him as one of the kingpins of the Laurel Canyon scene but as usual it all went horribly wrong and to this day Clark remains a cult figure waiting to be discovered. So go and discover him. You won't be disappointed. It's a majestic album with sweeping melodies that will send you somewhere else, somewhere slightly sad and melancholic but not depressing. It's an album of subtle light and shade, a little like, one imagines, wandering alone in downtown LA on a particularly quiet, sultry July afternoon.



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

Hawkwind's new album, "The Machine Stops", last week made its debut in the UK national albums chart - not some special interests chart such as a 'rock albums' list, but the general albums chart. In at #29, that's Hawkwind's best chart position since 1982, and that ranking means it's already done better (on paper) than the widely-acclaimed 1977 album "Quark Strangeness and Charm" which peaked at Number 30, and the prior two albums "Astounding Sounds" (#33) and "Roadhawks" (#34).

It's perhaps a debatable point whether chart positions today are financially comparable to chart positions almost four decades ago, or just how illustrative it is of the number of sale units sold, however... but it's a pleasing result for the band just as their April



tour has come to an end.

After the tour, Mr. Dibs (vocalist) said on Facebook,

"The curtain falls...people leave ...it's time to go....

"All Hail The Machine.

"Thank you you wonderful Spirits see you soon X"

Hawkwind are set to do a couple of gigs in Greece in May - Thessaloniki (Fri 20 May) and Athens (Sat 21). After which, there's the customary smattering of festivals, and also a surprise appearance in Hertfordshire:

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 ...



Multimedia spiritsburning.com

L. Our Crash 2. I Have Inco Names 3. JigSauffan Flies A digSawShip 4. Live Forever 5. My Life of Voices b. Let's All Go Cloud Putring 7. Stellar Kingdom 6. Spaceships At The Starting Line 9. We Move You 10. Tripping With The Royal Family 11. Xara's Poem 12. For Those Who Are Searching 13. Rolling Out 14. Angel Full Of Pity 15. Right On The Mark 16. This Time, This Space 17. So Strong Is Desire



Fri 10th June - Solvesborg, Sweden, Sweden Rock Festival

Fri 17th June - St Albans, St Albans Arena

Fri 8th July - Padova, Italy, Close To The moon Festival Sat 16th July - Loreley, Germany, Night Of The Prog Testival

Sun 24th July - Ramblin' Man Fair, Mote Park, Maidstone. (That festival commences on the Saturday.)



HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION

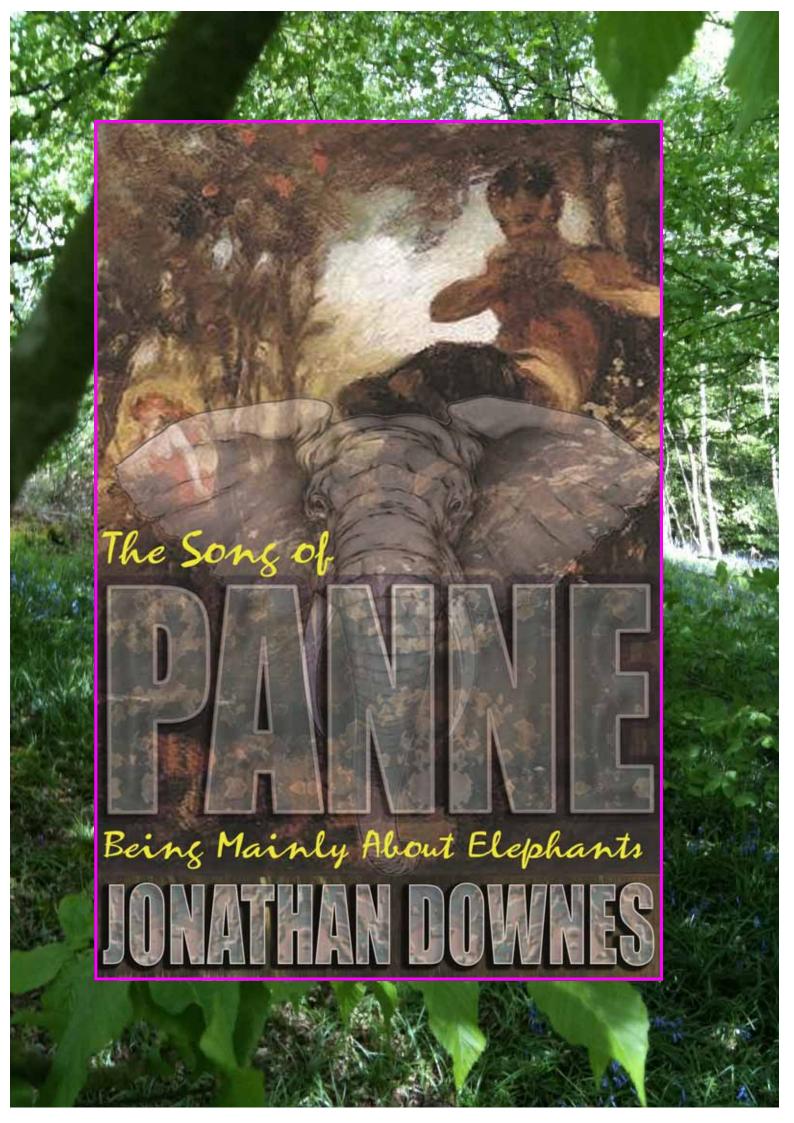
Greetings space travellers! This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

Pass. No(Leave blank)
Volunteer Crew Register
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Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty roster (optional)
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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.

XXIX

History is full of examples of religions which spring up from basically fallacious roots. People will believe any old crap as long as it is wrapped up in enough quasi-mystical bullshit. And if they can tell everyone that they are somehow tapping into the mainstream of an ancient consciousness then even better. The Book of Mormon, for example. As far as I am concerned there are so many logical, historical and doctrinal holes in the belief system of the Church of Latter Day Saints that it beggars belief. But I have known many Mormons, and although I dislike their religion intensely, I would never dispute that most of them were sweet, well meaning, and Godly people.



HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK

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And so was it with Britannia Potts and her new found faith. She embraced the idea of a primal Dianic religion with open arms, and - like so many neopagans before and after her - interpreted this religion of the sacred feminine to embrace the Blessed Virgin Mary, Hecate, Isis and a dozen others as well as Diana into an all encompassing female deity. The interesting thing about her newfound faith, which slowly began to influence her brother as well, is that it only had two sets of sacred texts. The works of Margaret Murray and a monumental work called *The Golden Bough*.

For those of you who don't know, once again I am pillaging those jolly nice fellows at Wikipedia:

"The Golden Bough: A Study in Comparative Religion (retitled The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion in its second edition) is a wideranging, comparative study of mythology and religion, written by the Scottish anthropologist Sir James George Frazer (1854–1941). It was first published in two volumes in 1890; in three volumes in 1900; the third edition, published 1906–15, comprised twelve volumes. The work was aimed at a wide literate audience raised on tales as told in such publications as Thomas Bulfinch's The Age of Fable, or Stories of Gods and Heroes (1855). The influence of The Golden Bough on contemporary European literature0 and thought was substantial."

The Golden Bough was undoubtedly one of the major influences on Margaret Murray, and both sets of books

were pivotal texts to a new generation of witches. However Britannia was the daughter of one Church of England parson, the granddaughter of another, and the brother of a third, and there was something about "witches" that was "not quite nice", and so whether or not she was aware of the mushrooming of neopaganism in Britain since Gerald Gardner and Cecil Williamson's early forays into the subject, she would have no more thought of reading one of the many books on the subject than she would have considered wearing a bikini or voting for the Labour Party.

But Murray and Frazer were both noted academics and gentlefolk, and Frazer had even been knighted by George V, so they were perfectly respectable sources on which Britannia was able to base her new belief system.

Both the Potts siblings were keen gardeners and amateur botanists, and had several books on herbalism and the propagation of herbs on their overflowing bookshelves, and so the pursuit of herbal alchemy and magick was a logical one for both of them. As the dear old couple and their brain damaged ward became more and more isolated, they withdrew further and further from the faith of their ancestors, as they came to realise that the established churches could well be argued to have very little to do with the teachings of the humble 1st century rabbi. And they both realised quite quickly that within their newly found belief system they could quite happily follow the teachings of the rabbi whilst searching for enlightenment in the arms of their

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composite Mother goddess.

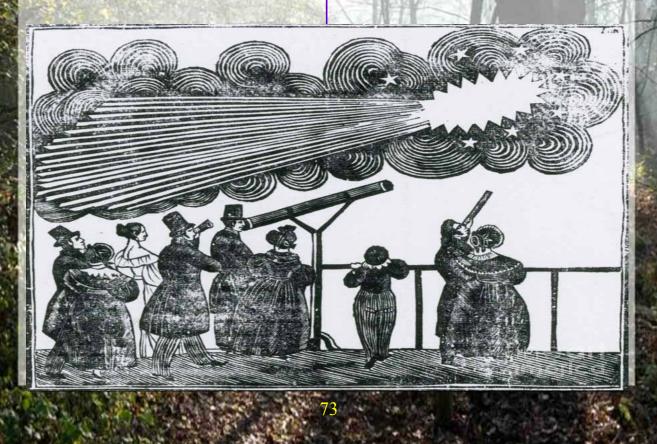
The only thing wrong with all this is that whereas Frazer's magnum opus is a classic of anthropology, the three books by Margaret Murray which my mother had lent Britannia just before their estrangement were mostly bunkum. However, one should never let the truth get in the way of a good religion, and the Potts siblings heartfelt belief that there was an ancient belief across most of Europe in the divinity of the moon, is no more bizarre than the belief that an angel called Moroni gave instructions to an unsuccessful treasure hunter as to how to interpret a bunch of golden plates that nobody else would ever see. And at least the Potts siblings didn't use their religious revelations as an excuse to have loads of spouses. In fact, as far as I am aware, both of them were celibate throughout their lives. But it is none of my business anyway, and totally irrelevant to the main gist of this narrative.

And so the odd trio lived more or less happily together for the next fifteen years. I came to visit them occasionally, and I strongly suspect that I was probably the only one who did. But I couldn't help but notice that on each of my infrequent visits they were more withdrawn from any sort of consensus reality that I inhabited, and as my hold upon whatever can loosely be described as reality is tenuous to say the least, this isn't actually saying very much.

Then in 1997 a whole string of peculiar events piled up on top of each other, and culminated in a totally unforeseen, and totally tragic result. The first notable strange event of the year may have been first observed by ancient Egyptians during the reign of pharaoh Pepi I (2332-2283 BC). In Pepi's pyramid in Saqqara is a text referring to an "nhh-star" as a companion of the pharaoh in the heavens, where "nhh" is the hieroglyph for long hair. However, more recently, in 1995 the comet was discovered independently on July 23, 1995 by two observers, Alan Hale and Thomas Bopp, both in the United States. The comet became known as the Hale Bopp comet, and - despite the fact that we are all supposed to be living n the age of science - all sorts of arrant nonsense was spoken about it. There was popularly believed to be a UFO following it, and in March Marshall Applewhite, leader of a religious group called Heaven's Gate, led his followers (all thirty eight of them) in a mass suicide. Whereas everyone else thought that the Heavens Gate posse had - at the very least - just got carried away, most people interested in esoteric disciplines believed that the advent of the comet in the night sky was an important omen for good or for ill.

Ever since reading *Comet in Moominland* as a boy, I had wanted to see one, and so - evening after evening - I used to sit on the little concrete bunker outside my little house in Exeter, (I lived alone at the time) smoking a joint and looking up at the honey coloured tadpole shape in the night sky and letting my mind wander into all sorts of unexpected places.

The Reverend Cymbeline Patrick Potts, however, was effected in an entirely different way.



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!!"

HOW UBER CONQUERED LONDON

ALGORITHMIC MANAGEMENT 2016 According to GOLDEN ARCHES, McDonalds is a real estate franchise, not a food dispensing service In like mind, UBER/LYFT are not cars for hire they are "liquidity merchants", using apps to efficiently supply private vehicles at the owners cost AIRBNB also has no stock inventoryit is just a central clearing house for those who wish to have strangers stay for extra income All of these are new and disruptive practices they are also very, very popular. Each is app based, so a Smartphone is a central tool of use. Each city is breached via tactics and strategies including initial "free"rides and driver subsidies Later, income is diminished, and "surge" pricing applied in terms of peak demand(like toll lanes in rush hour). Of course, all previous modes of car hire are angry Of course, the market has expanded and is making millions Things will never be the same again. UBER X and UBERPOOL adapt to changing circumstances The market is the test. Laws adapt to where the money flows... This drives UBER into the front lines, where they can "surge"@large forever...





every well-bred Victorian times In 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

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...

Last Saturday, my eldest daughter, my mother and I decided to take advantage of the lovely spring-like weather and take the little dog, Archie, for a walk. We chose Baggy Point, partly – I have to admit – because of the funny name, and partly because none of us had ever ventured to that part of the coast before, at least I don't recollect ever doing so in the past. It was a lovely spot and a lovely walk, although a bit breezy in the nether regions once reaching the point of bagginess itself. Three days later I was looking out of the window at home and saw large snowflakes that turned into sleet then turned into snowflakes again and I thought 'Eyup chook' and other similar colloquial expressions of surprise and disbelief, added to yesterday with 'It's black over Will's mother's home'. What the feck? Oh well, at least I had one nice walk in the fresh air this year without having to worry about taking a sou'wester or Peppa Pig galoshes with me. Was that it do you reckon? You know ... IT.

Today I am back to feeling so cold that I have had to put the fire on whilst I venture into the bowels of the cabinet to find space for this week's contestants that jostle for position nearest the front in order to display themselves in all their dubious glory.

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



Check it out now...

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THE BEATLES:VINTAGE PAUL **McCARTNEY SOAKY BOTTLE TOY 1965 NEMS COLGATE PALMOLIVE - US \$85.00**

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AUL MEGARTNE

"ORIGINAL VINTAGE BEATLE **COLLECTABLE Paul McCartney** C. 1965 NEMS Soaky Figural Bottle ENTERPRISES Ltd. Conts. 11 FL. OZS. Measures aprox.10" in Height"

This is damn scary. I love the way they have fiddled with the lighting to make it look like a prop from a slasher movie, complete with blood soaked carpet. Excellent selling point. And at 10" tall that is one large bottle of bubble bath.

Kevin Ayers: Joy Toy Empty Promo Box[Japan BOOTS Mini-LP no cd soft machine gong - US \$52.00

"Kevin Ayers: "Joy of a Toy" Promo Box (empty).

Limited Edition Japan Mini-LP Promo Box (only).

Out of Print. Made in Japan. Mint Condition.

Clamshell Promo Box only. No CDs included Holds four. Photos are for reference only and may not be of the exact item for sale in this listing.

Promo box officially sanctioned. Made in Japan by Disk Union." May 15.



This makes me laugh. First of all it is an empty box and then at the end the vendor states that the photo is "for reference only and might not be of the exact item for sale in this listing".

What's that all about? So we could actually get something completely different? Kind of tempted to make a bid, just for the fun of it to see what I end up with.

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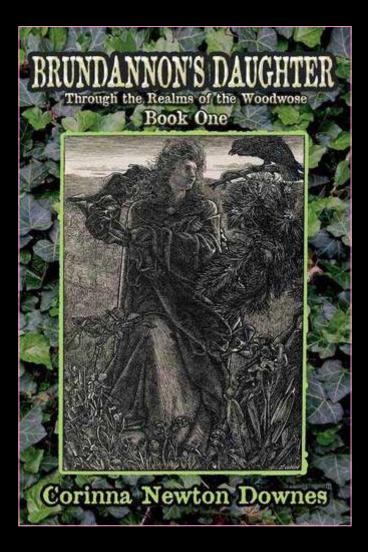
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Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy man the wildman of the woods. Is he a man? Is he a beast? Is he something in between? Whatever he is, he is spoken about by humans in hushed voices. They are scared of him and they tell tales of him to their children to scare them from entering the hushed darkness of the tree kingdoms. They call him many names; the woodwose, the wudawasa, the wodwos amongst them. The bane of a 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 change. Some will cease completely.

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MIKE DAVIS

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?



Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

BABY OVER BALCONY!!! VINTAGE COLLECTORS ITEM CAME OUT AS A PROMO IN THE "NATIONAL ENQUIRER" PROBABLY 15+ YEARS AGO...NOT SURE. BUT THATS WHERE I PURCHASED IT !! ONE OF A KIND, NEVER SEEN ANOTHER ONE!! HAVE YOU?? GET IT WHILE YOU CAN!! WONT LAST !! EXTREMELY RARE!!! MEASURES .. 6 IN. X 6 IN AND 2.5 THICK! GET IT NOW!! WHILE U CAN!! IN MINT OR BETTER ... CONDITION !! NOT A BLEMISH!!!

This has to be one of the most peculiar Michael Jackson items I have ever seen on eBay. Who on earth decided to make a toy depicting this particular incident? WHY? This is very warped. And by the amount of superlative exclamation marks, this vendor appears to be extremely excited about the whole thing.

Okay folks, see you next time. And don't forget:

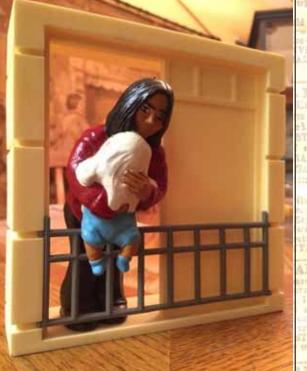
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MICHAEL JACKSON ACTION FIGURES - US \$2,500.00

"OMG RIGHT !!! MICHAEL JACKSON PUTS

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B. E. MUTURENSUR (Buccessor to WM. LEGGATE.) 180 MAIN ST.7 ANUFACTUR BIL and Dealer in HARNEBERS, SAD M. DLES, BRIDLES, Couch, Ghaina and Drefi GOL LARS, Also, Trunks, Vallace and Corpit Bags. Couch Gig and Tuly Willing, ac. Er Besignag dam at short

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

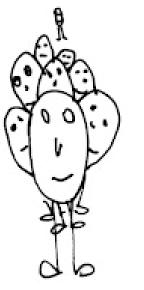
http://www.zazzle.co. uk/streetfightingshirts



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





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.

Vashti Bunyan: Lookaftering (Fat Cat, 2005)

What? That difficult second album; 35 years after the first, and sounding like part of the same session.

We can gloss over the background here really quickly. Bunyan recorded Just Another Diamond Day (1970) during a period when her confidantes included Donovan. The album saw her performing a gentle, pensive, and highly personal folk over the backing of a handful of string players; all within the capable production hands of Joe Boyd. The album did nothing commercially, Bunyan abandoned her musical career and gradually became a cult act with followers who also made their own – frequently gentle, pensive and personal folk based - records. After a 2000 CD reissue of Diamond Day Bunyan's was a name dropped in association with the likes of Devandra Banhart and Joanna Newsome.

Cue a return to work and a second album. The truly remarkable thing about Lookaftering is how much it sounds like Just Another Diamond Day. This time around Bunyan is aided and abetted by those she has inspired Otto Hauser, and Kevin Barker of Espers help out, along with Newsome and Banhart, and string arranger Robert Kirby – who was on board for Just Another Diamond Day - is back. So is the magic. Lyrically, she has moved on, but only in life experience. This is as much an affirmation of loving others, loving life and loving the moment as was Diamond Day. "Here Before" - a hymn of total and unconditional love to her children - is a case in point. She is a mother, she looks at her newborn and feels he has been "here before" and takes in the new reality with the philosophy that informed the first album. Lyrically Bunyan affirms her independence notably on "Wayward" where she states she always wanted to be the one with: "a band of wayward children with their fathers left behind."

Sonically Lookaftering accepts the 21st century but uses the production possibilities to embellish what was always great about Vashti Bunyan. It's a clean, sparing, and gently crafted sound that usually allows Bunyan the space to gently pick her guitar and lean in so close to the mic that the gentle cadences of her voice are caught. She's marginally rougher edged than 35 years previously, but her phrasing, tone and the sheer love she can pour into these mild missives are still an aural embrace. And, the production treats every song like a child, dressing each appropriately and lavishing equal love on all 11 cuts. "If I Were" for example - presents a combination of Fender Rhodes and Dulcimer that finds its perfect role backing Vashti. Elsewhere recorders, and that oh-soexpressive acoustic guitar work the same magic they worked in 1970. Lookaftering is a thing of beauty and - thankfully - it prompted a period of intense activity, including recording and live work.





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

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia



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Old Corpse Road

Old Corpse Road is a black metal band from Darlington, Co. Durham, founded in 2007. The band's lyrical themes include Celtic / British Folklore and Legend. The name 'Old Corpse Road' was taken from the road of the same name which rises out of the Haweswater valley and leads to Mardale in the Lake District.

(FYI corpse roads provided a practical means of allowing the transport of corpses to cemeteries that had burial rights. In this country other names for these routes are bier road, burial road, coffin road, coffin line, lyke or lych way, funeral road, procession way, etc. Such routes have brought about a fair amount of folklore regarding wraiths, spirits, ghosts, etc. Unsurprisingly, many of the corpse roads disappeared long ago, and the original purposes of those that still survive as footpaths have been largely forgotten, especially if features such as



coffin stones or crosses no longer exist.)

Current members:

HIMAA HOPAMM

The Bearer : Guitars and Vocals The Revenant : Guitars and Vocals The Wanderer : Bass and Spoken Word The Dreamer : Percussion and Ambience The Watcher : Keyboards and Vocals



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Tis Witching Hour

And, once again, another week has stumbled towards a climax, the climax I am talking about being - of course - this magazine, which marks both the end, and the culmination, of each week, because I usually try to spend the weekends wrapped in a bottle of vodka, asleep, or both.

I am only too aware that I have written that "this has been a strange week" or something of that nature, in these pages so many times, and this is probably because I have a fairly nonstandard life. But even in my non-standard life, this has been a particularly non-standard week.

I have talked about my ailments elsewhere and have no intention of doing it again because I don't want to bring either you (the reader) or me (the fat bloke with what feels like a red hot boiled egg in the middle of his back) down, but I would like to say thank you to all of you who have been so kind and helpful whilst I have been *in extremis*.

Firstly dear Doug Harr - thank you my friend for all your help, and also for keeping me cheerful. The only reason I didn't take you up on your offer to write this week's editorial was because I had already done it whilst tripped out on codeine and Flucoxacillin. I hope, after all that, that it is still vaguely cogent.

Secondly Amy Phillipson aka Nursey. A nurse, herbalist and all round clever girl who made me a remarkable soothing balm gunky thing which smelled delicious and actually soothed me to the extent that after four nights I actually got a proper night's sleep.

Thirdly Mama-in-Law who babied me when I needed to be babied and brought me cups of tea. Fourthly my stepdaughter Shosh who did much the same. And finally



AND IN BLOODY BIG LETTERS THE MOST OF ALL my darling, long suffering and ever-soslightly peculiar wife who really deserves a medal for putting up with me under normal circumstances, let alone when I am reduced to a needy ball of pain and woe.

Thank you my Darlings. I truly do appreciate it all...



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