Wally was/is one of those bands that really should have made it, but despite support from Bob Harris and Rick Wakeman, they didn’t. In this issue we talk to Stuart Rhodes, the author of a retrospective coffee table book about the band. John looks at how the world has changed in the past four decades. Alan reviews a book on American psychedelia, we talk to Ve and discuss Bill Drummond, and Biffo makes fart jokes about American politicians. It doesn’t get much better than this!
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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

3. Music can and sometimes does change the world.

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

Welcome to another issue of the peculiar little magazine that I started mostly for my own amusement, and which has ballooned out of all recognition. At the risk of sounding like my clergyman brother, this week I want to talk about truth. Although I hope that I am not exactly preaching a sermon.

I say that, but almost immediately do a bible quote from the Gospel according to St John Chapters thirty seven and thirty eight.

“Then You are a king?” Pilate said. “You say that I am a king,” Jesus answered. “For this reason I was born and have come into the world, to testify to the truth. Everyone who belongs to the truth listens to My voice.”

“What is truth?” Pilate asked. And having said this, he went out again to the Jews and told them, “I find no basis for a charge against Him

What is truth? We live in a world where, increasingly, our collective view of reality is that it is what someone else tells us. Even more peculiarly, with online encyclopaedias like Wikipedia, we live in a world of consensus reality, a world where what we believe is what a self-appointed cabal of critics decide that we are allowed to believe. And I don’t know about you, but that is a frightening thought.

Regular readers of this magazine will be aware that for the past two years I have been telling a story in instalments, telling you that some of it is true and some is not, and dropping hints that people might be surprised to discover which was which.

Well I am still not going to tell you, but it is a useful introduction for what I actually want to talk about.

My two favourite books are A Stranger in a Strange
What is truth? We live in a world where, increasingly, our collective view of reality is that it is what someone else tells us.

Land by Robert Heinlein, and My Family and Other Animals by Gerald Durrell. One is a novel, the other is not. But many authors, including me, quote from characters in the former without explaining to our readership that they are fictional, and the latter book is nowhere near straightforward either.

It was during the summer of 1964, during long lazy afternoons sitting against the trunks of coconut palms in the garden of the Repulse Bay Hotel, that my Mother introduced me to a wonderful book which told the story of Durrell's childhood on the Greek island of Corfu. It was a book which was to shape much of my life, but - like so many other things of importance to me during my formative years - it wasn't at all what it seemed.

My impression from the book was that Durrell - unlike me - had been possessed of a remarkable, and idealised family, who had ensured that he had an idyllic childhood. But even as a child I was already aware that my family were far more flawed. Whereas Durrell had written amusingly about the foibles of his family, I didn't think that there was much amusing to say about my own tortured and emotionally inconsistent brood. It wasn't until many years later that I realised that the Durrells and the Downeses had far more in common than I ever thought.

Fast forward to the dying days of 2002. By this time I was in my early forties, a diagnosed manic depressive trying to put the memory of a nasty divorce, and several other unsuccessful relationships behind him. And oh yes, I was the director of the Centre for Fortean Zoology which was based in my ever so slightly squallid two up two down, red brick house in one of the less salubrious suburbs of Exeter. As I have written elsewhere, the cumulative results of my mother's death earlier in the year, and a string of other stuff that I don't want to go into here resulted in me having the worst nervous breakdown of my life.

The next day I awoke in my uncomfortable hotel room bed feeling absolutely lousy. My head was spinning, and I was hallucinating. We managed to negotiate breakfast and find our way back to Paddington Station, where - by the statue of the little bear made famous by Michael Bond - I collapsed. The worst bout of depression that I have ever suffered hit me like a ton of bricks. How I got back to Exeter I don't know, but when I got home Richard and Graham put me to bed and I stayed there for the next three months.

And for three months I did nothing but sleep and read. Probably the most important book that I read during this enforced rest was Douglas Botting's biography of Gerald Durrell. In my autobiography I comment upon its importance to me:

"By the beginning of December I was beginning to feel better, and whilst I was still too unwell to leave my bedroom, I could - at last - read again. During the weeks leading up to Christmas I read Douglas Botting's biography of my hero Gerald Durrell. With my brain cells fried to hell it was a long, slow and laborious process but I found that every page was fascinating. I had not realised it, but Durrell's life had paralleled my own in so many ways. However, he was a giant of a man in every way, and without him conservation as we know it today would not exist. Compared to him my achievements - and even those, which I hope that the CFZ will manage in my lifetime - are very minor indeed. The irony is, however, that in the same way that there are definite parallels between his professional life and mine, our private lives, and in particular our strengths and weaknesses are very
similar. Like me, he was terminally bad at relationships. Like me, he had probably married the wrong woman (the first time at least), and, like me, his wife had eventually left him because of his increasingly bizarre behaviour. However, in his character flaws - like everything else - he was bigger and better than me. He drank himself into epilepsy and eventually to death, had wild and untreated fits of mood swings and depression and whilst he was capable of great generosity and love, he was also capable of being viciously mean spirited. However, he was aware of his faults and remained remarkably modest about his achievements.”

But it was some years later that I realised quite what an epiphany the book had triggered in me. I had been fascinated to learn the truth behind Durrell’s three books about his childhood in Greece. Botting pulled no punches; the idyllic childhood had not been quite so idyllic after all. As the three books progressed, Gerry admitted to his elder brother that they were becoming less and less based in reality. Even at the beginning, Durrell had edited events to suit the demands of the narrative. The five members of his family had not - after all - lived together for five years of bohemian anabasis.

Larry had spent much of the period living with his first wife Nancy in a completely different house elsewhere on the island. Their relationship was a stormy, and somewhat peculiar one, and in 1937 they left the island altogether and visited Paris with Henry Miller and Anaïs Nin, although they eventually returned. When the rest of the family returned to England at the beginning of World War II, Larry and Nancy remained in Greece, and after escaping to Egypt after the German invasion, the couple separated acrimoniously. Nancy appears nowhere in Gerry’s trilogy.

Gerry’s gung ho middle brother Leslie was far less wholesome than he is portrayed in the book, having sexual relationships with several of the servants, and making one - at least - pregnant. Gerry’s sister Margo was always unhappy with the way she was betrayed, and believed until her dying day that Gerry had used her as a comic foil for the other characters. Even the ever lovable mother of the family turned out to have been a borderline alcoholic, and it appears that Gerry, like Leslie, also had his fair share of sexual adventures with Greek peasant girls at a surprisingly young age.

When I read this, I felt much happier. I had been a journalist for many years on and off, and was quite aware of the journalistic adage that one must never let the truth get in the way of a good story. The fact that the Durrell family’s real exploits have been somewhat more sordid than the ones described in the books (especially the second and third volumes) didn’t matter. They were glorious books which had given me years of pleasure, and the fact that it turned out that Gerry had made a lot of it up didn’t detract from that.

For the past five years - on and off (mostly off) - I have been writing the story of my childhood in Hong Kong and I was very tempted to call it My Family and Other Borderline Psychotics, but wiser heads prevailed.
Durrell’s trilogy of books about his family’s sojourn on Corfu between 1935 and 1939 has been adapted for television three times, and the first series of the latest adaptation - *The Durrells* - has just ended on ITV in the UK. It is very unlike the preceding two versions which were both named after Gerald’s massively popular book, because it wasn’t centred on the young Gerry. According to Douglas Botting, Durrell was spasmodically working on a three volume autobiography at the time of his death, and volume one had apparently been written, to first draft stage at least. One wonders whether the scriptwriters of *The Durrells* had access to this and to other unpublished materials in the Durrell Wildlife Trust archive.

I have a weakness for comic books, and always have done, and this fondness has overspilled into webcomics. One of the webcomics I read on a regular basis is by a well known comic book author/artist called David M Willis. I find the comic of his that I follow - *Dumbing of Age* - to be mildly entertaining, and it is part of my morning routine to catch up on this, and other comics, before I start the rigours of the day. But there is something peculiar about Willis’ comic vision. He has written several series all using characters with the same names and faces, but giving them entirely different characters, situations and storylines.

Now, I am paraphrasing because I cannot remember where I put my copy of Botting’s book, but he recounts a conversation between the two literary Durrell brothers in which they admit that the series gets less and less rooted in reality as it continued. However, reading other material from the time it does appear that most if not all the characters in the books were based fairly closely on real people. I have already noted how the new television series takes the characters from Durrell’s Corfu Trilogy and puts them into different roles, but it is interesting to note that Durrell himself did much the same thing. The conundrum we are left with is, are either of the scenarios portrayed actually true? Or are they both fantastical constructions of fiction constructed using shadows of real people as their characters? Everyone involved is now dead and so we shall probably never know.

But I find this stuff totally fascinating.

**LOVE AND RESPECT**

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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,
(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)
Graham Inglis,
COLUMNIST, STAFF WRITER, HAWKIND 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,
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You will have certainly noticed that it has all changed. In fact there is no certainly about it. But if you haven’t noticed I would like to know what you have been smoking, and can I have a large packet of it please.

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

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

In fact, now is an even better time than usual to subscribe because, not only is it FREE (yes, Oxford English Dictionary free, not yer usual publisher free which means that we sell all the mailing list emails that we garner to a company trying to flog Viagra and/or Double Glazing. No this is FREE as in Gratis. Not a Sausage. But I digress. Not only is it FREE but there will be some exclusive offers for folk who avail themselves of them, so make an old hippy a happy chappy and SUBSCRIBE TODAY.
To mark the 10th anniversary of Arthur Lee’s passing, LOVE revisited sees his longest serving band perform classic songs from LOVE’s first three albums LOVE, DECAPO and FOREVER CHANGES. From 1993 until Arthur’s death in 2006, the band Baby Lemonade performed with him, being an essential part of the renaissance of LOVE’s music. This iteration of LOVE saw many sold out tours, as well as back to back Glastonbury performances and an appearance on Later with Jools Holland. Joining Baby Lemonade is LOVE’s original lead guitar player and founding member Johnny Echols, who was part of the classic line up that recorded the seminal FOREVER CHANGES.

Johnny Echols and Arthur Lee were childhood friends whose families both moved from Memphis to Los Angeles. Teenage Johnny & Arthur teamed up to form the groups Arthur Lee & The LAG’s and the American Four before they formed LOVE in 1965. The classic LOVE line up featuring Johnny disbanded in 1968. Johnny reunited with Arthur Lee in 2005 to perform with LOVE once more.

Joe Bonamassa’s love of the British Blues is at the heart of his musical inspiration; and, for the first time, on Monday June 27th, he will perform a free “invitation only” concert at the legendary Cavern Club venue in Liverpool, as a thank you to all the fans that have helped his career grow from playing small clubs to sold-out arena tours worldwide.

This intimate concert in front of 300 people will preview material that he will perform at five special concerts in the UK this July, where Joe will pay homage to the British blues rock guitarists that inspired him – Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page.
John Brodie-Good sent us details of this show, which must boast the most ridiculously stellar lineup for any show ever.

Unsurprisingly it has already sold out, and the organisers tell us:

"In a testament to the tremendous box office power of its headliners, all of whom are some 50 years or more into their respective careers, Desert Trip in Indio, California, has sold out both weekends, generating what is surely to be the highest box office gross in concert history in the process.

While producers Goldenvoice and its parent AEG Live get the credit for assembling the all-star rock lineup for Desert Trip, it is those names -- The Rolling Stones, Paul McCartney, Roger Waters, Bob Dylan, Neil Young and The Who -- that precipitated the addition of a second weekend, which sold out just as swiftly.

Sources tell Billboard that both Desert Trip weekends -- Oct. 9-11 and Oct. 16-18 -- went clean in less than three hours each, resulting in a box office gross that will likely reach $150 million."
"Capitalism is the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men for the nastiest of motives will somehow work for the benefit of all."

John Maynard Keynes
BRITISH POLICE CATCH BIGFOOT
http://tinyurl.com/hblvr8g

Authorities in the Wandsworth borough of London were tickled on Saturday when an officer photographed a giant foot on wheels cruising along the sidewalk. The police shared the photo of a man wearing a silver suit and helmet standing inside the heel of the massive foot. A woman in a captain's suit is seen standing on the base of the vehicle. Police didn’t have to kick in any doors to learn the backstory in this case. Even without any giant nail clippers in sight, there’s a perfectly logical explanation. A few hours after police put the call out, the Twitter account for the Wandsworth Fringe Festival shared a front-view photo of the foot and its brave commander.

UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY
http://tinyurl.com/znv49jr

A MYSTERY fireball that turned the skies blood red has caused panic that the world is about to end. The night sky above El Salvador was transformed into bright red blanket with witnesses across Chalchuapa fearing a big meteorite was about to strike their town.

Staggering images of the phenomena have gone viral online after being shared by El Salvador news site El Blog.

The site claims people leaving the Horem-Ebenezer church saw a “giant red ball” in the sky that was visible for a matter for seconds before disappearing. Gabe Hash wrote: “According to the information received, several people were going out of a religious service at the Horem-Ebenezer church when they saw a giant red ball in the sky which last just seconds and disappeared, leaving the skies tinted with a red colour.”
"At midnight, all the agents and superhuman crew go out and round up everyone who knows more than they do."
— Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

When those who are in power over us, do something spectacularly stupid, or when something highlights their idiocy and ineffectualness, it turns up in this section. Que Ipsos Custodes? Us? We just make stupid jokes about them.

WE DO NOT CLAIM THAT ANY OF THESE STORIES ARE TRUE—ONLY THAT THE PEOPLE WHO POSTED THEM CLAIM THAT THEY ARE TRUE...

NEXT STOP WITCH BURNINGS
An American mathematician has said his flight was delayed because a fellow passenger thought the math equations he was writing might be a sign he was a terrorist. American Airlines confirms that a woman expressed suspicions about University of Pennsylvania economics professor Guido Menzio. She said she was too ill to take the Air Wisconsin-operated flight. Menzio said he was flying from Philadelphia to Syracuse and was solving a differential equation related to a speech he was set to give at Queen's University in Ontario, Canada.

He said the woman sitting next to him passed a note to a flight attendant and the plane headed back to the gate. Menzio, who is Italian and has curly, dark hair, said the pilot then asked for a word and he was questioned by an official.

"I thought they were trying to get clues about her illness," he told The Associated Press in an email. "Instead, they tell me that the woman was concerned that I was a terrorist because I was writing strange things on a pad of paper."

Read more:
http://tinyurl.com/js9vb7q
It is both sad and shameful that when night falls and the setts of southern England stir, their gentle folk will be needlessly slaughtered. That in spite of science and public will, the wrath of ignorance will further bloody and bleed our countryside of its riches of life. That brutalist thugs, liars and frauds will destroy our wildlife and dishonour our nation’s reputation as conservationists and animal lovers. I feel sick, sad, disempowered, betrayed, angry and crushed by the corruption of all that I know as right.

-Chris Packham
THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVIER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous take a camera

The weak and cowardly take a gun

What sort of person are you?

Celebrate wildlife on World Wildlife Day don't shoot it.
Who Gonzo? Why Gonzo? What Gonzo?

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

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

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

There is no such thing as paranoia. Your worst fears can come true at any moment. Read more at: http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/authors/h/hunter_s_thompson.html

Hunter S. Thompson

New Auburn album "Love & Promises"

Release date: 17th June 2016

Track List:
Asleep
In my Blood
Love & Promises
Miss you blues
Wanda
Cross The Deep Atlantic (featuring Chet O’Keefe)
Safety net
Ivy Moon
Stupid game
If everyone was listening
Tell Me
State of Grace

Album Musicians:
Liz Lenten: Vocals
Thomm Jutz: Producer & Guitars
Evan Hutchings: Percussion / Drums
Mark Fain: Bass
Jen Gunderman: Piano / Organ
Justin Moses: Dobro
Britt Savage: Harmony Vocals
Chet O’Keefe: Guest Vocal

http://jezebeltour.weebly.com/


My favourite roving reporter sends an out of character news story in this week. As he writes: "Not into gossip like this, but who else would put up with Ozzy's craziness??" I have to agree with him, because even at my worst, Ozzy makes me look like a Methodist curate.

One of rock's most famous couples, Ozzy and Sharon Osbourne, may be splitting up after over 33 years of marriage. According to E! News, the Black Sabbath singer and his wife "mutually agreed" that he would temporarily vacate the family home they shared. A spokesperson for the couple confirmed, "At this time, Ozzy is not in the marital home."

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

In New Hampshire, a man calling himself Vermin Supreme filed for the presidential primary. He said in his administration, every American will receive a pony. He also plans to defeat ISIS by going back in time.
Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price.

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

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

The Strange Case of Orangutans Murdering One of Their Own

http://tinyurl.com/z97bkfj
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!
Bye Daddy! I'm leaving for my date tonight!

Hmph... You be careful, those boys only care about one thing.

Sex?

No...

Prog
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.
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 multi-instrumentalist 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 sheer 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:
PENNA
http://www.facebook.com/pennamusic/?fref=nf
Frog With Red Eyes
http://www.facebook.com/fwreband/?fref=nf
PROJECTiON
http://www.facebook.com/projectionband/?fref=nf
Napier’s Bones
http://www.facebook.com/napiersbonesband/?fref=nf
Carpe Diem
http://www.facebook.com/CarpeDiemProgressive/?fref=nf
Jack Potter
http://www.facebook.com/JackPotterMusic/?fref=nf
Dario and the Clear
LEGEND
http://www.facebook.com/LEGENDProg/
Mike Kershaw
http://www.facebook.com/Mike-Kershaw-144511622309101/
Karmamoi
Both yer esteemed editor and yer Gonzo Grande Fromage are interested in the great mysteries of the universe, and so it was truly only a matter of time before Fortean related content began to seep its way into the magazine and onto Gonzo Web Radio...

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

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

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

**Invade Poland and Call Me in the Morning**
Mack & Juan-Juan talk to Rob Beckhusen about the mysterious retirement of the Stealth fighter, Switchblade Steve reports on what the U.S. military knew about Bigfoots killed the Mount St Helen's eruption, Futurist Gray Scott on the chances of war with Russia in the nduring ext five years, Commander Cobra on how Nazi medical breakthroughs keep us all alive and more on the CIA's TV cooking show.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E)
addition to mimicking other instruments. His first electronic album was *Electric Samurai: Switched on Rock*, released in Japan in 1972 and in the United States in 1974. The album featured electronic renditions of contemporary rock and pop songs, while utilizing speech synthesis in place of a human voice.

He then started arranging Claude Debussy's impressionist pieces for synthesizer and, in 1974, the album *Snowflakes are Dancing* was released; it became a worldwide success and was responsible for popularizing several aspects of synthesizer programming.

Following the success of *Snowflakes Are Dancing*, Tomita released a number of "classically" themed albums, including arrangements of: Igor Stravinsky's *The Firebird*, Modest Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*, and Gustav Holst's *The Planets*. Tomita has performed a number of outdoor "Sound Cloud" concerts, with speakers surrounding the audience in a "cloud of sound". His most recent Sound Cloud event was in Nagoya, Japan in 1997 featuring guest performances by The Manhattan Transfer, Ray Charles, Dionne Warwick, and Rick Wakeman.

Tomita died on May 5, 2016 of cardiac failure.

Often known simply as Tomita, Isao was a Japanese music composer, regarded as one of the pioneers of electronic music and space music, and as one of the most famous producers of analog synthesizer arrangements. In addition to creating note-by-note realizations, Tomita made extensive use of the sound design capabilities of his instrument, using synthesizers to create new sounds to accompany and enhance his electronic realizations of acoustic instruments. He also made effective use of analog music sequencers and the Mellotron and featured futuristic science fiction themes, while laying the foundations for synth-pop music and trance-like rhythms. Many of his albums are electronic versions and adaptations of famous classical music pieces and he received four Grammy Award nominations for his 1974 album *Snowflakes Are Dancing*.

By the late 1960s, Isao turned to electronic music with the impetus of Wendy Carlos and Robert Moog’s work with synthesizers. Isao acquired a Moog III synthesizer and began building his home studio. He eventually realized that synthesizers could be used to create entirely new sounds in addition to mimicking other instruments.

Peter Behrens
*(1947 – 2016)*

**THOSE WE HAVE LOST**
Behrens was a German drummer, actor, musician and clown, who grew up in northern Germany with adoptive parents. He toured as a drummer in several bands, playing throughout northern Germany, and for half a year throughout Africa. In 1971 he played in the Krautrock band Silberbart, who released an album of psychedelic hard rock, now very popular among collectors. Nearing the end of the 1970s, he attended the Milan circus school, and worked briefly as a clown and pantomime artist.

Together with Stephan Remmler and Gert "Kralle" Krawinkel, Behrens was a member of the German band Trio in the early 1980s, where he played the drums. The band became known particularly through the minimalist title Da Da Da, a succession to the New German Wave. Behrens was especially known for his somewhat formal dress attire: white T-shirt, white pants, red suspenders (aka braces) and red shoes. Behrens' hair-do showed an upward coil similar to that of Moritz of Max and Moritz. Behrens owned this outfit before clown school and Trio. Also he used to play the drums standing upright in a stoic manner, which added to the visual appearance of the band.

After Trio disbanded in 1986, and after overcoming alcoholism and a drug problem, he dedicated himself to his work as a social worker on the streets. As a solo artist, he was not successful. He interpreted songs, including the official song for the European Football Championship 1988, Das Tor, Dep De Dö Dep, a cover version of "Tom's Diner" by Suzanne Vega. He died on 11 May 2016 from multiple organ failure in Wilhelmshaven, aged 68.

Joe Temperley
(1929 – 2016)

Temperley was a Scottish saxophonist, who performed on various instruments but is most associated with the baritone saxophone and bass clarinet. He first achieved prominence in the United Kingdom as a member of Humphrey Lyttelton's band from 1958-1965. In 1965, he moved to New York City where he performed and/or recorded with Woody Herman, Buddy Rich, Joe Henderson, Duke Pearson, the Jazz Composer's Orchestra, The Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra and Clark Terry, among many others. In October 1974, he toured and recorded with the Duke Ellington Orchestra as a replacement for Harry Carney. He died on 11th May.

Jonathan "John" Stabb
(born Jonathan Dukes Schroeder)
(1961 – 2016)

Stabb was an American punk rock vocalist and frontman, best known as the founding member of Government Issue, but also played in bands like Betty Blow, The Factory Incident, Stain, Emma Peel, Weatherhead and most recently History Repeated. He occasionally acted and was also a freelance writer for publications such as Washington City Paper & Forced Exposure. Stabb died of stomach cancer on May 7, 2016 at the age of 54.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST
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
Take a group of some of the most famous solo artists of the 70s - Elton John; Tina Turner; The Four Seasons; The Bee Gees; Peter Gabriel; Bryan Ferry; Rod Stewart; David Essex; Leo Sayer; Keith Moon; Helen Reddy; Status Quo; Jeff Lynne & Frankie Valli; get them to sing cover versions of some of the most famous Beatles songs ever written; add a considerable dollop of documentary footage of the Second World War telling the story of that epic encounter. AND.........what do you have? The Beatles & World War II!! Sound crazy? It is. But enormously entertaining; and occasionally quite chilling. A unique blend of music and film like no other. Of that much we can be absolutely certain.

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Osibisa are a British Afro-pop band, founded in London in 1969 by four expatriate African and three Caribbean artists.
Artists Wayne Kramer at the Pink Fairies
Title Cocaine Blues (’74–’78)
Cat No. HST376CD
Label Gonzo

This album features elements of two of the greatest revolutionary rock bands of all time. Wayne Kramer came to prominence as a teenager in 1967 as a co-founder of the Detroit rock group MC5 (Motor City 5), a group known for their powerful live performances and radical left-wing political stance. The MC5 broke up amid personality conflicts, drug abuse, and personal problems, which, for Kramer, led to several fallow years, as he battled drug addiction before returning to an active recording and performing schedule in the 1990s.

The Pink Fairies - on the other hand - 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.

When two such masters of sonic revolution meet up, sparks are sure to fly as you will hear on this extraordinary record.

---

Artists Billy Cobham
Title Live at Montreux, Switzerland 1978
Cat No. HST359CD
Label Gonzo

William Emanuel "Billy" Cobham (born May 16, 1944, Panama) is a Panamanian American jazz drummer, composer and bandleader, who permanently relocated to Switzerland during the late 1970s. Coming to prominence in the late 1960s and early 1970s with trumpeter Miles Davis and then with Mahavishnu Orchestra, and on countless CTI releases, Cobham according to AllMusic's reviewer is "generally acclaimed as fusion's greatest drummer with an influential style that combines explosive power and exacting precision.

This album showcases Cobham at his best, with a sizzling band in front of an appreciative audience.
Artist: Al Stewart  
Title: Live at Musikladen 1979 (Deluxe Edition)  
Cat No: HST348DVD  
Label: Gonzo

Al Stewart is a Glasgow-born singer-songwriter and folk-rock musician who rose to prominence as part of the British folk revival in the 1960s and 1970s. He developed a unique style of combining folk-rock songs with delicately woven tales of characters and events from history. Stewart is best known for his 1976 hit single "Year of the Cat", the title song from the platinum album of the same name. Though Year of the Cat and its 1978 platinum follow-up Time Passages brought Stewart his biggest worldwide commercial successes, earlier albums such as Past, Present and Future from 1973 are often seen as better examples of his intimate brand of historical folk-rock – a style to which he has returned in recent albums.

This record shows Stewart at the height of his commercial success on the celebrated German multi-media television programme!
Artist Sneaky Pete Kleinow
Title Sneaky Pete
Cat No. HST380CD
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 1979 album showcases Kleinow at his extraordinary best!

Artist The Flying Burrito Bros
Title From Another Time
Cat No. HST379CD
Label Gonzo

Although this band are undoubtedly known for their first two albums when they were fronted by Gram Parsons it is a little known fact that various configurations of the group appeared on and off until the present day.

The original band dissolved after the last founding member, Chris Hillman, took Perkins with him to join Manassas. Berline, Bush and Wertz continued with their own band, Country Gazette. Roberts assembled a makeshift Flying Burrito Bros group to fulfill contractual commitments for some 1973 European live shows, then initiated a solo career before forming Firefall with Michael Clarke.

This live album from 1976 proves that even without Parsons, on a good night with the wind behind them, nobody could touch these Country rock Sizzlers!
A large part of this is due to his decision to form a full-fledged supporting rock band. Called the New English Rock Ensemble, they're a quintet led by Wakeman and featuring Damian Wilson on vocals, Ant Glynne on guitar, Lee Pomeroy on bass, and Tony Fernandez on drums and percussion.

They're a powerful and skilled outfit, able to follow Wakeman's shifting tempos and moods with dexterity without ever losing sight of their forceful rhythmic core, which keeps this rock, not new age. Wilson is a similarly versatile vocalist, as convincing on the surging "Out There" as he is on the contemplative "To Be with You." But the real key to the album's success is Wakeman, who not only reconnects with his classic '70s sound, but sounds reinvigorated as a composer here, as he explores the philosophical questions about where exactly does music come from and what does it mean. In theme and sound it is a bit of a throwback to his 1976 album No Earthly Connection, which Wakeman readily admits in his thorough liner notes, but this doesn't sound like a self-conscious revival, nor does it sound as if it were preserved in amber.

It may sound like classic Wakeman on the surface, but it is fresh in spirit, which makes Out There the Rick Wakeman album to get for fans who got off the train in the late '70s and wanted the keyboardist to return to rock.”

# Artist
Rick Wakeman

# Title
Out There

# Cat No.
HST403CD

# Label
Gonzo

Stephen Thomas Erlewine of AllMusic writes: "Rick Wakeman spent much of the '80s and '90s recording instrumental albums that veered toward either classical or ambient, so 2003's Out There comes as a bit of a shock: it's an honest to goodness revival of the full-throttle prog rock Wakeman pursued on his solo albums in the '70s.
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Wally is one of those bands that unaccountably just didn't quite make it on a commercial level. Why? Nobody really knows, because they were always (and occasionally still are, because they are all still good mates and reform once in a while) a bloody good prog band with a slight jazzy country tinge to them.

In 1973, after playing the northern pub rock circuit that included venues in Manchester, Harrogate, Leeds and Bradford, they entered a New Act competition organised by the music paper *Melody Maker* making it to the finals at London's Roundhouse. They did not win - that honour went to a Prog Rock band named Druid - but they caught the eye of one of the judges, "Whispering" Bob Harris of *The Old Grey Whistle Test* fame. Their "runners-up" prize was the chance to record a session for Harris's BBC radio show, "The Monday Program". He took the band under his wing and set up a recording contract with Atlantic Records. Their debut album, *Wally*, released in 1974 was co-produced by Harris, along with Rick Wakeman who had seen one of the band's warm up gigs before the Roundhouse final.

After its release the band, now managed by Brian Lane, best known as the manager of Yes, embarked on a series of tours taking in most of Britain, Japan and the United States. They supported Yes at a headline London concert at the Alexandra Palace and also made an appearance on *The Old Grey Whistle Test*. On their second album, *Valley Gardens*, Nick Glennie-Smith replaced Paul Gerrett on keyboards. However, by that time continual touring had taken its toll, and the band eventually split after Atlantic decided to cut their losses and pulled the plug.

In 1975, the band performed in Japan, as the backing band of French singer Michel Polnareff.
Wally - Then and Now
A collection of photographs and narrative detailing the history of a 1970's
Atlantic Records prog rock band through to their reunion concerts in 2009,
their discography and lineup changes.

http://www.blurb.co.uk/b/6906875-wally-then-and-now
A third album, Montpelier comprising reworkings of demos from the band's earlier incarnation, along with new material by both Webber and Middleton, was released in February 2010, and a second "reunion" concert took place in

Now, long time friend of the band, Stuart Rhodes who is band photographer, archivist and all sorts of other things, has released a very swish coffee table book about the band, and I telephoned him to get the lowdown...

Listen Here
I’ve always been a junky for the exploitation cinema of my youth – the b-movies peddled from the 1960’s through the 80’s as double features, which included any number of horror, science fiction, martial arts, biker, and other films of the era. Of these, many were international movies, from France, Germany, and in particular “giallo” works from Italy. I saw every Mario Bava giallo film before being old enough to realize what a genius he was, instead just reveling in the colored lighting, unique cinematography, and parade of troubled killers. When I was 17 one of my best high school friends moved from California to Philadelphia. We drove across the country that summer in his convertible, having a blast rockin’ out and seeing the sights while his family trudged along up front in their Country Squire station wagon. One we got to Phili, we had a bit of a shock. The downtown district in 1977 was terribly run down, packed with homeless people, and vaguely criminal elements. Wandering through downtown Phili we wondered if there was a movie playing, and happened on a disheveled theater playing a movie we had not yet heard of, Dario Argento’s Suspiria. It was the middle of the day, and it was just us and a few homeless people sleeping in scattered seats. This only added to the experience of what was then the scariest movie we’d seen besides The Exorcist. As the movie began with the sound of bells, bouzouki, and demonic voice chanting “la, la, la, la, la, la, la…la, la, la, la, la…witch!” I knew this was no low budget import, but something more accomplished and frightening, driven by the bizarre prog-horror-rock music of Goblin.

Dario Argento’s catalog is varied, but it happened that we stumbled upon his masterpiece on its first theatrical release. Suspiria is a fever dream of exquisitely surreal imagery richly rendered with impossibly colored scenery playing backdrop to the story of murderous witches in a German school for ballet. It was and remains one of my top five favorite movies.

After this film, and 1978’s “Dawn of the Dead (Zombi),” more of the soundtracks produced by Goblin came to my attention, along with their first two releases – 1975’s “Profondo Rosso” and their progressive rock debut – 1976’s “Roller.” I also purchased their strange and challenging progressive rock release “Il Fantastico Viaggio Del Bagarozzo Mark” from 1978, which includes vocals in Italian.

Three years ago I attended the first tour put on in the United States by the remaining members of Goblin at the Warfield...
theater in San Francisco. The show paid off on expectations, though parts were rather repetitive, interest was sustained as the 5 piece band was augmented by clips from the horror films that inspired so much of their music, in addition to a lovely dancer who graced the stage during several key sequences, most importantly echoing ballet moves of the dancers during the Suspiria film clips. Standout tracks included “Mad Puppet” from Profondo Rosso, “Goblin” from Roller, Suspiria, and Tenebre – a rare example of vocalization, even if via “vocoder.” The band including original members Claudio Simonetti (keyboards) and Massimo Morante (guitars) along with additional musicians, were all very adept at recreating the sinister, haunting sound of the original soundtracks, in addition to a selection of their excellent progressive rock works. It was clear the band was as excited to be playing in San Francisco, as we were to be seeing them here. After 36 years, quite a wait, let’s hope they rise again.

Just two days ago, at our local Alamo Draft movie palace, on a weekly night they call “Terror Tuesday” the last remaining 35mm print of Suspiria was screened for an adoring audience – the movie was sold out. The legacy of Dario Argento and Goblin remains in the making, and their work is as vibrant as ever, with a strong cult following. It was fantasmagorical!
There are many books that have attempted to chart the weird and wonderful trip that is the Grateful Dead and all the incumbent liggers, the Deadheads. But probably none so America-focused, and so infused in the myths, legends, Shakedown Streets, LSD deals, government busts, Dead taping and psycho-geography of psychedelics located in Humbead’s Revised map of the World. This is a totally ego-centric map of America, re-orienting it as a huge floating island, only comprised of the ‘weird, far-out bits’, with just a tiny island far over the Whelming Brine, which is the ‘Rest of the World’. The Humbead map is central to the American-centric Psychedelia at the heart of Jarrow’s mighty trawl.

This is a book that takes readers on terrific, eccentric, unravelling journeys through changing times. It is unique in that it involves and envelopes us in ‘Trips’. Trips and excursions that provide an umbilical cord and chord of music, dancing, mayhem and drugs that link together the way-back-then of the early ‘60s’ Deadheads with the Heads of the Free Diggers, Merry Pranksters, via the Bread and Puppeteers, Yippies and onwards into the cyberspace of IT geeks, changing patterns of drug use, Acid (!), smiley faces, parties, Rainbow Gatherings and on into the post Jerry-World. A world still truckin’ to Dead live recordings, jamming bands, Phish and the new psychedelics. The burgeoning worlds of trance, psy-trance, cosmic raves and electronic dance music (EDM). Borrowing from Theodore Sturgeon’s Sci-Fi novel, ‘More than Human’, we are shown how Deadheads and other exponents of Psychedelic America developed ‘blesh’ – the groupmind. But this isn’t just about Captain Trips (Jerry Garcia) and his ever-

‘HEADS – a biography of psychedelic America’
Jesse Jarrow
Da Capo Press (Perseus Group) isbn: 9780306822551 (hardback)

‘Tis a Big Book. And it’s an esoteric, but heady, page-turner. Yup, I enjoyed it. Learned a lot that was new to me.
We learn more about the various spin-offs. The art of psychedelia — graffiti, album covers, posters, LSD blotters, Mark McCloud’s Institute of Illegal Images and Jacaeber Kastor’s Psychedelic Solution Gallery. Owsley Stanley designed, iconic, ‘Steal Your Face’ logo. The counter cultural publications of America from the early days of Stewart Brand’s ‘Whole Earth Catalog’ through ‘High Times’ and ‘High Frontiers’, spilling over into academic publications such as the ‘Entheogen Review’. And, there are other ‘psychedelic artforms’, which provide online worlds of set-lists, gig-lists, Deadheads’ mailing lists and the copious notes made by Dick Latvala — the originator and custodian of Dick’s Picks — the legendary, semi-legal, Live Dead recordings. And then there’s Cyberspace. The internet-based ‘WELL’, hackers and the ‘heads’ and ‘Deadheads’ within. Plus some nice photos, especially those by Marc Franklin from his ‘Psychedelic Pioneers’ series.

The only real weakness in the book is when Jesse Jarrow offers ‘reports’ (ever so briefly and superficially) on the state of the psychedelic nations that make up the ‘Rest of the World’ on the Humbead Map. For instance:

“A British hippie named Wally had been involved with the Windsor Free Festival in ’73 and thought it was rubbish, too much
Deadheads in Occupy and a possibly more-politicised ‘beyond’ (or ‘Furthur’, in Deadhead parlance), more dancing and ecstatic dance...more out of body experiences. Deadheads haven’t disappeared with Jerry’s death. The Psychedelic Spirit is Alive. Its NRG will nurture it to grow, disperse, transform, and yet at its heart, many men and women will always seek inspiration and out-of-body consciousness experiences. Personal ecstasies, but likewise, euphoric moments shared in the blesh of the hive-mind.

Bill Clinton is said to have been a Deadhead. Al Gore certainly was. We know that Steve Jobs and many colleagues at Apple, Google and Microsoft have included plenty of acolytes. One wonders now, what if Donald Trump....?

In review by Gonzo staff writer, Alan Dearling

money exchanging hands between vendors. So, in ’74, he and his comrades set up camp near Stonehenge before the June solstice. This British version of the Rainbow tribalists venture to Windsor again and it’s no better...And it’s back to Stonehenge. Not that there’s any lack of completely irresponsible and horrifying acid use there.”

I’m pretty sure that he has successfully told us many accurately interwoven stories from the USA, albeit probably through rather rose/a-ceed tinted spectacles, but his brief Rest of the World ‘reports’, just don’t sound accurate. But it’s a small price to pay for his account of the madness that has been, and is, America.

As an excursion into United States of Psychedelia, Jesse Jarrow’s monumental tome will be hard to surpass, but its subject matter will continue to morph. The New World Order, the involvement of Deadheads in Occupy and a possibly more-politicised ‘beyond’ (or ‘Furthur’, in Deadhead parlance), more dancing and ecstatic dance...more out of body experiences. Deadheads haven’t disappeared with Jerry’s death. The Psychedelic Spirit is Alive. Its NRG will nurture it to grow, disperse, transform, and yet at its heart, many men and women will always seek inspiration and out-of-body consciousness experiences. Personal ecstasies, but likewise, euphoric moments shared in the blesh of the hive-mind.

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In review by Gonzo staff writer, Alan Dearling
*NEW* NEW MINGLEDWOOD BLUES
*NEW* LOSER
*NEW* EL PASO
*NEW* THEY LOVE EACH OTHER
*NEW* JACK STRAW
*NEW* DEAL
*NEW* LAZY LIGHTNING
*NEW* SUPPLICATION
*NEW* BROWN-EYED WOMAN
*NEW* MAMA TRIED
*NEW* ROW JIMMY
*NEW* DANCING IN THE STREETS

COMMENTS

5/8/77 - AFTER A FEW HOMINGS I REMAIN PRETTY CONVINCED THAT THIS IS THE BEST SHOW I'VE YET HEARD FROM THE 1977 TOUR. OF COURSE, THERE ARE SHOWS WHERE THEY EXCEL ON SOME OF THE ACOUSTIC TUNES, BUT OVER-ALL I HAVEN'T HEARD A FINEER SHOW. EVERY SONG IS DONE WELL AND WHAT IS ESPECIALLY NICE, IS THAT THEY PUT EXTRA CHARGE INTO SOME OF their AGE-OLD STANDARDS, THAT USUALLY ALWAYS SOUND THE SAME. THE JAM THAT ENDS THE 1ST SET IS OUTSTANDING. IT HAS TO BE ONE OF THE BEST "ZIP CODES" I'VE EVER HEARD. THE QUALITY IS VERY EXCELLENT; IT "SPARKLES" WITH CLARITY. I ALMOST FORGOT TO MENTION THAT "MORNING DEW" WAS POSSIBLY THE BEST VERSION YET, WITH A BURNING FINISH, IN MANY WAYS SIMILAR TO THE ENDING RUSH OF "CASEY JONES."
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RICK WAKEMAN plays DAVID BOWIE’s LIFE ON MARS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

p.s. Start helping elephants today at nature.org/elephants and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.
I have known the artist who likes to be known as Ve for nearly thirty years and throughout several lifetimes and incarnations. He has always been one of the most uncompromising, not to say peculiar, artists with whom I have been associated over the years, but I have always had a soft spot for him, both personally and professionally.

I have been trying to tie him down to an interview for this magazine for weeks, but as he admits: "that's the trouble with being a mad professor in my own world, it gets out of sync with the normalverse", and whereas from most anyone else a line like that would be ridiculously pretentious, with Ve it is nothing short of the truth. He seems to have no concept of normal timekeeping, often buzzing me on Facebook at five in the morning when anyone in their right minds would be asleep. However, as neither of us are in anything approaching the consensus of what right minds are supposed to do, I am quite often there to speak to him.

Once upon a time he was a fixture on the festival circuit, but as he says: "my band mainly played weird out of the way hippy and pagan festivals in Spain, France and the Netherlands, occasionally Germany too. We never knew where we were or what day it was, and most of it passed in a blur, but a happy blur". This was "between about '76 to around '89, it was an awful culture shock coming into Thatcher's Britain from so many good times amongst so many weird and wonderful, but above all, FREE people".

But it was the political situation at home that prompted his return: "People who were all unique, and then in Britain it all seemed so bland and lacklustre, well, there were increasing threats from Nazis and cops, though most of the people were really nice, but the direct action movement seemed to be cooling and it seemed like time to come home".

He hung out with me for a year or two and then disappeared from the public eye. I know most of what happened to him then. It is not a pleasant story, and it is not mine to tell, so I won't. However, last year he...
Well, to cut a very long story short, my Mother had cancer when I was 8, and she had a nervous breakdown, leaving me with a cruel stepfather and two not too warm half brothers. By the time I was 12 I'd had enough beatings to last a lifetime so I started looking for a better life. So it was as a child refugee that I arrived in London, got mugged, then roughed up by police, then rescued by two lovely scouse lasses who took me to meet white panther friends in Ladbroke Grove. I was captured and returned to my abuser a number of times, but I'd just make my way back again. It was great, there were loads of really nice loving young people who were trying to change the world. And facing so much resistance from behind, like in that song.

And at that point he disappeared. Trying to catch hold of Ve is like trying to catch quicksilver with a shrimping net. Nigh on impossible. But he is one of those rare Wild Talents like the people from Ladbroke Grove with whom he spent his childhood. I intend to release some of his music on my increasingly eclectic Wyrd records. So watch this space.

No sooner had I written that than he sent me what seems like a perfectly normal rock musician soundbyte:

"I will be finishing the songs for the 9 track album on Wyrd Records, also the songs for the 4 track EP on Wyrd Records, and I think TMC (Transatlantic Musicians Collective) is about to be very fruitful, as you know we have American Rhythm section wizard Greg Stuver on Perc and Drums, Liquid Bassist Mark Reiser on Bass, Me on Concepts, Lyrics Vocals and production, and two other members who will step in when we have material for them. I am also now starting a new piano songs project, with minimum instruments. I'm just writing nice chords and writing songs that way for a refreshing change. I expect something fairly R&B'ish to come out of it later."

As I said, watch this space.

I always knew vaguely that he had spent a most unusual childhood amongst the bohemian culture of Ladbroke Grove, but I had never known why before.

Well, Swan Lake is my first delving into Rap, and I also sing on it. It started as a doodle on the first main theme of Swan Lake, and sort of took on a life of it's own and expanded into a love story and dance track. I was quite surprised to be told people were complaining about it on Facebook, because it's a light hearted funny song, but some people are just uptight I suppose.

"My friend Mark Reiser, the graphics artist, told me it was a sign I was doing something right, and that encouraged me.

"I'm now working on the production for the first proper heavy rock treatment of "Terrifying Baby" which was always a comedic 12 bar before, and Daevid Allen's favourite of my funny songs. I'm doing quite gravelly vocals for that, and I took Lemmy's bass sound as the inspiration for heavy rockifying it. I'm still looking for a great saxophonist for it, as it'll be a tribute to Daevid."

Like me, he has nothing but fond memories of Daevid Allen, the inspirational artist behind Gong and Soft Machine:

"Yes, I met him when I was very young, in the Ladbroke squats scene, and stayed in touch till he went back to Australia in the late 80's (I think it was), but sadly, being on the road and whatnot, I never reconnected. Then last year when I finally got on this social media thing I found out he'd passed on. I was devastated, I always thought I'd sing with him again.

"He always loved that song "Terrifying Baby" and would laugh like a drain when I sang it. He always called me "Bluey", and could always turn my heart when I was down, and I want to dedicate a special version to him."

I always knew vaguely that he had spent a most unusual childhood amongst the bohemian culture of Ladbroke Grove, but I had never known why before.
FRUITS DE MER & MEGA DODO

GAMES FOR MAY

SENDELICA,
THE HONEY POT, MAGIC BUS,
SOFT HEARTED SCIENTISTS,
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After the Genesis gigs we went out with Santana to do a few shows in Italy. Italy, in 1977, was a hotbed of student unrest. There were lots of riots and strikes going on and much argument about the activities of the CIA. One of the other things that they had complained of was that the ticket prices for gigs like this were too high, and they were petitioning the government to rule that they should be lower. That was the background to us setting off to do a series of gigs in a few Italian cities. We flew down to the first show in Turin, and with all the merchandise loaded onto the trucks we could just travel with a bit of personal luggage. This tour looked as if it would be a doddle. We were quite wrong about that. The Turin show was in a velodrome – first one I had ever seen actually. The stage was set up against the opposite side of the arena to the main audience entrance, and we had a stand set up in the foyer. There was some trouble going on outside in the street, some of which I could...
We entered a room at the side of the foyer – which was packed with Carabinieri. He put his arm around my shoulders, ‘Hey, this is my friend from England,’ he cried to the assembled police. They gave me a cup of coffee and then they all shook my hand. This was not the outcome I was expecting at the start of all of this.

The tour moved on to Milan and the concert was held in a football pitch in blazing sunshine. The promoter came up to me and asked how it had all panned out the day before. I told him we had sorted it all out in the end, and thanked him for his help. He then said that he could not give me any dope to replace the stuff that was confiscated, but pressed a small packet of coke into my hand. He told me that he got it shipped over especially for him by some Mafia friends in Sicily.

‘Do you know why people snort cocaine?’, he asked me.

I assumed he meant the history of the drug and I said I knew that the native South Americans chewed the coca leaves with lime, and that the lime worked to convert the substance in the leaves to cocaine hydrochloride which was the active version of the drug.

‘Ah’, he said, ‘the history is much more interesting. Back in the early 1900s there was a wine made from cocaine and ethyl alcohol known as the ‘Peruvian Wine of Coca’. This drink was very popular in the US and Europe and especially favoured by Pope Leo XIII, who carried a hip flask full of it at all times. When the narcotic and addictive properties of cocaine were uncovered, the drink was banned but the Pope was hopelessly addicted to it. The Mafia, wishing to help the Pope, manufactured the white powder and supplied the Pope with it. The Pope used to have it in a small container and inhaled it from his thumbnail saying it was ‘white snuff’.

I have no idea how much truth there is in this story, but it was a fascinating tale.

Like most sports stadiums, the velodrome in Turin had some pretty big extractor fans in the roof and they were going full tilt in the heat. This had the effect of drawing in air from the ground level of the building, and that air came complete with tear gas! Pretty soon the auditorium was beginning to look a little hazy and our eyes were smarting from the gas. I decided that I would abandon the foyer and go downstairs to the crew rooms to have a spliff. I opened my briefcase and took out the dope, papers and cigarettes. At that point a large hand came over my shoulder and closed on mine. I turned to be confronted by a member of the Carabinieri, one of the military style police.

He spoke to me in Italian and gestured I should accompany him somewhere. I declined, in English, saying I had to do the show. He took my passport from my briefcase and went away. I realised I was in trouble here so I sought out the promoter. He told me not to worry, he would go and have a word with them. I was feeling a bit apprehensive about it all, but we carried on and did the show.

During the evening the promoter came back and said, ‘It will be OK, I have spoken to him.’ That made me feel a lot better but the Carabinieri did still have my passport. At the end of the show the officer approached me. He pointed at the T-shirts, held up two fingers and then pointed at himself. I decided to co-operate and handed over two shirts. He then gave me back my passport. Well, that was a big relief. A short time later he came back and repeated the process. I decided I would comply, but was not going to give him anything else. He accepted the two shirts and produced the dope and made to hand it back to me. He changed his mind, produced a knife and cut off a little piece, which he popped into his pocket. ‘I smoke this later,’ he said, and handed the rest to me. Well!

I put all the stock into the trunk and applied the padlock. At this point he came back again.

‘Come,’ he said.

Everything was safely locked up and the drugs were securely in the flight case so I followed him.
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Recognised as the leading online magazine of its type, now distributed worldwide, 'Phenomena Magazine' is a FREE monthly publication. Phenomena looks into the whole realm of the Strange, Profound, Unknown and Unexplained, delving into subjects of the Paranormal, Ufological, Cryptozoological, Parapsychological, Earth Mysteries, Supernatural and Fortean Events. Guest writers along with reviews of books, movies and documentaries add to the content as does recent news from around the world. Phenomena Magazine can be downloaded from our site every month for FREE in PDF Format.

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Before you can break the rules, you need to know what the rules are. Perhaps there should be a reference website that says ‘kids, you need to hear...

Generation Y & Z, where are they at?

With my recent huge upsurge in going to gigs again in the last year or so I keep finding myself trying to get my head around today’s ‘youngsters’ (I’m late in my late ‘50s) and keep end up thinking in many ways, my generation and those of you still living, who grew up in the second half of the 1960s, certainly had the best in contemporary music and life in general.

The recently published book by David Hepworth (a former NME writer when that weekly was a real music rag, it’s a ‘sponsored’ joke now), called 1971, which I haven’t read yet, is apparently being hailed as more than ‘my generation is better than yours’ which I’m trying to convince myself is not the issue. The mid-60s through until the mid-70s (I’m including ‘punk’) simply was the most original and creative period surely? I really find myself going backwards and sideways in exploring music, or buying more recent material from older artists, most of which it has to be said, isn’t quite as good, with a few exceptions. I really struggle to appreciate anything since my period, and I have tried. Or does the nature of modern music simply lock us down into the period of each of our lives, when we were growing up, say ages 16-20 or so? My recent gig experience does seem to strongly suggest that, which I find a bit sad.
even a smartphone can create and record ‘music’ nowadays. It amuses me that the early synthesizers are now regarded as analogue (like records and tapes), and you can now get software to make your modern one sound like a VCS3 or Mini-Moog. I have a young relative who is a budding DJ, and remixes stuff. I offered him a night out to see Hawkwind live a year or so back, one of the real pioneers of electronic sounds in music, ‘no thanks’. He’s planning a European trip to visit the origins of his genre, which I understand is techno. Just don’t get it. But then our parents didn’t get us either I suppose….. ‘Turn that noise down!’ ‘But Dad, it’s the ‘Fairies Live at Glastonbury!’ I can’t imagine his parents were too thrilled at Frank Sinatra and the jazz he listened to. But if Beethoven and Mozart’s music still live on forever, so should Gong and Quicksilver Messenger Service.

what most of these guys did first’, before you start consuming the newer stuff. If only. There’s a real chance the greats will be forgotten 20 years or so down the line when we finally go.

So what have they got? Computers, in all their various guises, with software that allows you to create your own ‘music’ in your bedroom. They’ve got colleges and summer schools where you can learn to be a guitarist, bassist, drummer, vocalist, whatever you want. Really? Isn’t it all far too contrived? What happened to making your fingers bleed with a shitty old cheap guitar in your bedroom? Going round to your mate’s house who had a couple of drums and an old cymbal. Really learning to play a real instrument, practice, practice. Learning to play with other budding musicians too. Or even having traditional lessons on an instrument, eg piano, and then doing your own thing. Even a smartphone can create and record ‘music’ nowadays. It amuses me that the early synthesizers are now regarded as analogue (like records and tapes), and you can now get software to make your modern one sound like a VCS3 or Mini-Moog. I have a young relative who is a budding DJ, and remixes stuff. I offered him a night out to see Hawkwind live a year or so back, one of the real pioneers of electronic sounds in music, ‘no thanks’. He’s planning a European trip to visit the origins of his genre, which I understand is techno. Just don’t get it. But then our parents didn’t get us either I suppose….. ‘Turn that noise down!’ ‘But Dad, it’s the ‘Fairies Live at Glastonbury!’ I can’t imagine his parents were too thrilled at Frank Sinatra and the jazz he listened to. But if Beethoven and Mozart’s music still live on forever, so should Gong and Quicksilver Messenger Service.
The recent copy of Classic Rock magazine I bought is fascinating. A double-page ad for the “StoneFree Festival” at the O2 in London next month. In addition to the gigs on, there is ‘rock and roll stories’, ‘meet and greets’, ‘vintage merch’, merch? oh yeah, merchandise, isn’t that a word imported from America? That bastion of the free world, as long as it’s priced in Dollars of course. You can get ‘rock royalty VIP packages’ too. Right on, up the revolution, as long as you have a Gold credit card. What you won’t be able to do is get stoned of course, oh no. I’m sure the sniffer dogs will be out in force at the entrances. Don’t remember them in the past either. I took my grandson to London last weekend to see the Motor Show, and they had them there too, for what I’m not quite sure. But by lunchtime, the burger vans and hot dog stalls were warmed up and the poor mutts didn’t seem to know what direction to sniff in!

There’s also a feature on ‘an entire amp collection in one digital box’. Just about sums it all up. Lots of ‘new’ bands who look the part, have ‘great names’ but I wouldn’t give any of them tuppence. I go and see Arthur Brown last month and there’s only 20 other people there, no respect for the really good and great at all.

There should be new music of course, but it all just seems so derivative, just stick to the good old stuff I’m concluding. I’m also still finding out that most of it has been done before the ’70s (my time) even, as I hear more from the fantastic ’60s. To be fair, the main article in the mag, The 100 Greatest Albums of the 70s, has some really good stuff in it (IMHO of course), Beefheart, Can, VDGG, Bob Calvert, FZ, Khan (!) and Caravan to name a few amongst the expected names (AC/DC are no 1, not quite sure how Buckingham Nicks made it to 21 though). Still, ultimately it is promoting music man….

It all just seems to be a bit safe and sterile today. Perhaps it really is smartphones that are at ‘fault’. Generation Y (born between early ’80s and early 2000s) and of course the current crop, Generation Z, born since (and up to 2025 apparently.) They are too engrossed in their phones to behave ‘badly’. Some of it arguably is good, us baby boomers are starting to take some flack now after all. Alcohol and drug consumption is down, teenage pregnancies are down, crime is down. They are keeping fitter, arguably are better educated (this of course is largely good, better environmental awareness for example, our beautiful planet sure needs it), more tolerant of others etc. Their virtual lives are replacing our more experimental ones. Society is always moving forward, this one more so than what has gone before perhaps, I just hope they don’t forget the past, the real world. They may all wake up one day and realise it just ‘aint real at all. Why does nobody love Hipsters though?

I recently visited the artist Grayson Perry’s exhibition in Bath, a set of fantastical detailed and colourful tapestries depicting modern day Britain. It was astonishingly thought provoking, very accurate and witty, I can’t help but include an image from it with this article.

I also read a spot on letter in a recent FT weekend magazine (not my usual source of inspiration I might add). The subject was reliving the ‘70s “You could escape work and the world the second you closed the door – no internet, no 500 news channels, no mobiles. Your children weren’t zombies staring at their phones, being manipulated 24/7 by global corporations. I’d choose that decade over the 1984-style monstrosity we have now”. Kinda hard to disagree in many ways.

Thought for the week (courtesy of a recent NME I have to admit!). The recently departed Howard Marks (Mr Nice) is quoted as being asked what song he wanted played at his funeral. ‘Birdsong, not played, but uttered spontaneously by nature.’ Another top human being has left the building. Enjoy it all while we still have it.
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.

WILL YOU CLICK THE LINK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE SO THAT PINGU CAN CONGRATULATE THESE AMERICAN POLITICIANS FOR HAVING STUPID NAMES?

The world is currently faced with the terrifying prospect of Donald Trump becoming the president of the USA - the first US president since Harry Trousercough to take his name from a slang term for breaking wind. But Trump isn't the only US politician to have an inexplicably bizarre moniker, which seems to have been plucked out of thin air. Indeed, if the current US primaries have taught us anything, it's that the US political system is riddled with the stupidly-named.

The cartoon character Pingu would love to congratulate some of these oddly-appellated individuals for getting through life despite being afflicted with a mockery-provoking denomination. Will you accept the challenge, and help Pingu in his quest?

http://tinyurl.com/jzzs3mn
Everybody knows
Everybody knows there’s something wrong with the world but nobody can say what it is.

We've got people going hungry in the UK for the first time in nearly a century; wages are falling and living standards are in decline; our schools are failing, our National Health Service is being privatised, the retirement age is rising, child benefit is means tested and large numbers of our young people are finishing their education massively in debt.

£50,000 used to buy you a decent house not all that long ago. These days it doesn't even buy you an education, something we once got for free.

Everyone is blaming everyone else. The Tories blame Labour. Labour blames the Tories. Britain First blames the immigrants. The English Defence League blames the Muslims. The bosses blame the Trade Unions. The people blame the politicians. The politicians blame the economy.

No one knows what to do.

Meanwhile the rich are getting richer and we’re involved in our sixth war since 1991.

Insane
Just to list them for you, in case you've forgotten:-

In 1991 we invaded Iraq. On false pretences, it was later revealed, as Saddam was suing for peace and had agreed to leave Kuwait. That part of the story never gets repeated in the mainstream media for some reason. Prior to that Saddam had been our ally. It was George H. W. Bush who first used the term "The New World Order" in the run up to the first Gulf War.

In 1998 we intervened in the War in Kosovo. That was the first of the wars of “Humanitarian Intervention” which meant, basically, that there was no Security Council resolution backing our action, which meant that it was against international law and strictly illegal; we intervened anyway, in defiance of international law. This was the New World Order showing its face.

Also in 1998 we bombed Iraq again, on the basis of those Weapons of Mass Destruction which later turned out not to exist.

In 2001 we invaded Afghanistan in the wake of the 9/11 attacks on New York. This was despite the fact that not one of the 9/11 attackers was from Afghanistan, or that anyone living in Afghanistan was ever shown to have had any part in the attacks. This included Osama bin Laden, who always denied having had anything to do with 9/11. He was on the FBI’s Ten Most Wanted List for many years, but they never claimed that he was involved in the 9/11 atrocity.

In 2003, of course, we were part of that clinically insane “Coalition of the Willing” which invaded Iraq: probably one of the most disastrous military interventions in the whole of human history. The only other countries involved in it were the United States, Australia and Poland. There was never any Security Council resolution for this war so, once
more, it was illegal. It was also, according to the Royal
United Services Institute (RUSI) “a strategic failure”
and was directly responsible for the increase of
radicalism of young Muslims in the UK. In other
words, we illegally invaded another country in order to
counteract the threat of international terrorism and, in
the process, greatly increased international terrorism.

We used the excuse of a threat to our national
security which didn’t exist, and by this act created a
threat to our national security which is now all too
real. If this isn’t “clinically insane” then I don’t
know what is.
Housing Benefit Hill:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X

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

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

The Last of the Hippies:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Last-Hippies-C-J-Stone/dp/0571193137/
You know the score as well as I do. I’m not even going to try to pretend that this is an original idea of mine; the BBC thought it up decades ago and it was Rob Ayling’s idea to apply it to the Gonzo Weekly. The concept is a simple one: one takes a celebrity and plonks them on an unnamed desert island with a bible and the complete works of Shakespeare. Although any of our celebrities would be welcome to take a copy of the Bible and the complete works of Shakespeare with them, this being Gonzo, we can think of other, more appropriate accoutrements – what was it the good Doctor took with him on his most well known expedition? “We had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers and also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls.”

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

Matthew is best known as a mathematician. He holds an honorary research position at Exeter University’s College of Engineering, Mathematics and Physical Sciences as well as teaching part-time at the University of Kent at Canterbury’s School of Mathematics. He writes: "I completed a Ph.D. in mathematics at UKC in 1994. This essentially concerned the embedding of Riemannian manifolds in spaces of compactly-supported distributions."

As someone who counts on his fingers and can just about manage his nine times table, this completely baffles me, and I have no idea what he means. However he is also the presenter of Canterbury Sans Frontières which we syndicate on Gonzo Web Radio and which is jolly groovy indeed.
Matthew’s Top Ten albums

Terry Riley - "A Rainbow in Curved Air" (album, 1967)

John Coltrane - "A Love Supreme: The Complete Masters" (reissue, 2015)

Soft Machine - "Third" (double album, 1970)

Mbutu Pygmies of the Ituri Rainforest (1950s field recording)

Robert Wyatt - "Rock Bottom" (album, 1974)

The Raincoats - "Odyshape" (album, 1981)

Henry Cow - "The 40th Anniversary Henry Cow Box Set" (2009)

Grateful Dead - "Europe '72: The Complete Recordings" (box set, 2011)

Pablo Casals - "Song of the Birds" (recording of unknown origin on a tape I found somewhere)

Sandy Denny - "The Quiet Land of Erin" (lo-fi home recorded demo)
Three Days of Monsters, Ghosts, UFOs and more
19-21 August 2016, The Small School, Hartland

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

YOU’VE NEVER HAD IT SO WEIRD

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

With much of the recent internet conversation about Hawkwind focussing on the recent tour and the April release of their "Machine Stops" album, one item about Steve Bemand might have given a few fans pause for thought. Although an ex-Hawk, he's not all that well-known, despite having played with them on occasions - most notably in 1989 at Treworgy Festival, and especially when he replaced Dave Brock on a European tour in 1991 after Brock was unable to attend. He's also played with the "Second Hawkwind" bands TOSH and The Elves from Silbury Hill.

A few months ago, online magazine 'PerfectSoundForever' did an interview with Bemand, and he was asked about his band the Timelords. The reply contains a sprinkling of Hawks, both ex- and current:

"Dani Speakman and myself were drafted into the Starfighters for Kozfest 2011 and hoped that would continue but it didn't, and we just decided to get a band together after a jam with Richard [Chadwick] on drums and Sammy Percival on bass ... Haz Wheaton played bass for the first two gigs. After that we found it hard to find the right musicians for the band, leading to me playing bass and programming drums for the first album, Convergence, which has sold quite well through streaming sites and as physical CD's."

He continues, "Martyn Wood joined on bass, an excellent musician and character, but left due to a lack of commitment on my part. Barry played drums at a couple of gigs, but I'm not sure where he is at the moment, possibly Portugal. We have only played small festival gigs so far, including Hawkeaster 2014, different line-ups each time but with Dani and I as the core. This year we got Basil Brooks on synth, Niall Hone on bass, and Richard on drums for Kozfest..."

Richard Chadwick has (or is about to) become Hawkwind's second longest serving band member, that title previously being Alan Davey's. Haz Wheaton is Hawkwind's current bassist, and Niall Hone has filled various roles, and currently does electronics.

And, somewhat more up to date is a post and photo from Mr Dibs on Facebook, saying "Nice review of Eastbourne in current issue of 'Prog' and accompanied by a snapshot of the review!"
The music adaptation of Mack Maloney’s sci-fi novel “Starhawk”

Over 70 minutes of music, over forty crew members
Includes bonus 8-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 Daedalic Allen (Gong), Robert Berry (3), Keith Christmas, John Ellis (The Vibrators), Kev Ellis (Space Cadets), Matt Malley (Counting Crows), Nigel Mazlyn Jones, Pete Pavi (High Tide), Ken Pustelnik (The Groundhogs), Billy Sherwood (Yes), Judge Smith (Van der Graaf), Steifie Sharpstrings, Cyrille Verdeaux (Clearlight), Steve York, & 24 more musicians...

for all their global success, Hawkwind have never lost their garage roots, and this is obvious too. The band members have a rapport between each other and with the crowd—and that keeps everything real. While the myth of technology has always been a pillar of Hawkwind’s appeal, the overriding sense is that this music is defined by humans for humans.

The new album is based around a20 footer’s dystopian science fiction novel of the same name, and the tale is developed through stark, stripped down incursions such as Alien: The Machine. It all adds to the impact.

“Despite the technology, this is music defined by humans for humans.”

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

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

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

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

Volunteer Crew Register

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

Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty roster (optional)
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Post Code .............................................................................................................

E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly) ........................................................................

Telephone Number: ................................................................................................

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

***

It was a grey, wet day of the sort that the people who write novels about the idyllic English countryside like to pretend doesn’t happen at the beginning of May when we are all supposed to be living within an Alfred Bestall watercolour. It would be good at this point to point the finger at climate change, and rant on for a few paragraphs about how mankind has royally screwed the environment, and how we are all reaping what we have sown blah blah, but the truth is that the English weather has always been unpredictable,
and North Devon is far more unpredictable than most.

As the dark rain clouds scudded across the sky, distinguished only by being a slightly paler shade of grey than the rainclouds, the elderly clergyman sat in the corner of the pub as if he had been poleaxed. Having turned his back in disgust upon the people that he had once called his friends, and upon the society that he had once believed to be equitable and fair, until he discovered that it was actually nothing of the sort, he found himself unexpectedly alone, and that his little family - an elderly and eccentric sister already showing the first spring shoots of senile dementia, and a brain-damaged and surly child (she would never be anything else but a child) some forty years younger - were now vulnerable to attack, and quite possibly death at the hands of someone who, as a boy, had been a violent and sadistic brute, and who had now had fifteen years of close confinement with other like-minded souls, to perfect his craft.

He sat nursing his nearly empty half pint glass until the landlord called time, and so he shuffled outside to find that he had missed the one and only bus back home. And so, in a long raincoat that had seen better days, but bare-headed, he started to walk the fifteen miles home.

If this were a story, then it would be lovely to read how he was picked up in his hour of need by a mysterious stranger who somehow made everything right and saved the day. But it isn’t, and he wasn’t. He stumbled along the dank and overgrown lanes, which are picturesque and beautiful in broad daylight, but in the shifty half light of what had become a full-blown rainstorm, just looked increasingly squalid and unpleasant. Even the gay (and I am using this word in its traditional terminology) wildflowers: the foxgloves and the honeysuckle, which make the Devon lanes at this time of year such a thing of wonder, looked down malevolently at the old man as he shuffled along.

Occasionally a car would come past, and he offered up a silent prayer that the driver would take pity on him, pull over and offer him a lift. But it was the early summer of 1997, Thatcher had decreed that there was no such thing as society a decade and a half before, and so her words had come to pass. The cars didn’t slow down. They just went on in their own inexorable way showering him with muddy water as they did so.

It began to get dark. Nightfall comes late in Devon of a Maytime, but the Rev Cymbeline Potts was an old man, and it takes a long time for an old man to stumble fourteen miles in the pouring rain. But slowly and unsteadily he continued, until there was hardly light enough to see. When he reached the little village of Bradworthy, he knew that not only was there only
a mile and a bit left to walk, but that he knew the way like the back of his hand. And so, heartened by this knowledge, he picked up his feet and tried his best to march on bravely. He even whistled The British Grenadiers as he did so. But, as everyone is so proud of telling us, pride comes before a fall, and he was only about a quarter of a mile away from the safety and solace of his own front gate, when a motor bike being driven far too fast by a surly looking young man who didn’t even bother to stop for more time than it took to pick himself and the machine up again, swerved round the corner, careered into the old clergyman and threw him into the muddy ditch, tearing the ligaments in the poor old man’s left leg as he did so.

“Fuck off you stupid old cunt,” the lout snarled, and went upon his way, leaving the old man injured and sobbing with pain and humiliation in the ditch.

Eventually he recovered his strength enough to pull himself out of the ditch, and, stumbling, half crawling and half limping he eventually managed to reach the tumbledown cottage where his sister and ward - distraught with worry - were waiting for him.

Even in 1997 some people didn’t have telephones in their houses, didn’t have cars, and had no conception of what The Internet was, so the two women, with only each other for comfort, had been waiting for him since about three o’clock, and when the battered old man, clothes torn, plastered with mud, with big bruises and swollen tissue up his left leg, and with his knuckles and the palms of his hands bleeding from having crawled along the rough tar-macadam road finally crawled up to their front door, they were out of their mind with worry and anguish.

They undressed him, washed and dressed his wounds as best they could, and tucked him up in his own bed, where they left him reading The Bible and wondering what on earth he had done to deserve all the woes that he had experienced that day.

The answer is, of course, nothing. It is one of the biggest fallacies of most organised religions that bad things never happen to good people, unless - like Job - they are somehow being tested by a deity who is moving in even more mysterious ways than usual. When the stark truth is that there is no rhyme or reason or underlying morality behind the way that things work. Some people are good, some bad, and there are a million ill-defined gradients in between. Good things happen to bad people, and bad things happen to good people, and so it is, and so it always has been, and so it always will be.
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 Daedel 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!!"

**WHEN FISHING (CATCH AND RELEASE)**

ONE DOES NOT EXPECT TO NECESSARILY CATCH ANYTHING

- Like liquid golf or train sleeping. It is a healing
- Any expectation breeds disappointment. Despair is broken stringed puppets
- If you consider an O ring-its function and failure(Lives depended upon this
- And the subsequent autopsy of opinions revealing reasons for failure
- It is the weight of evidence that contradicts. Warren Commission. 9/11.
- Conspiracy Theories rise when facts and explanations are on different trains.
- Fishing for clues of thermite or Mossad, or Saudi Arabian financing
- might not stop beheadings or bombings. Yet we will still ask
- and are puzzled at inadequate answers-UFO? Yeti? Loch Ness Monster?
- Each Myth survives when science fails to convince us
- anything more than a movie or TV mini-series. We watch more TV than we read
- A good story evokes mysteries. If you hold on too long to the caught fish of facts
- it too will die in your eyes and in your hands will be-another unexplained mystery.
Sergeant Joseph Campbell, a Catholic Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC) officer, was shot dead on 25 February 1977 as he locked up the local RUC station by the Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF). The circumstances regarding the murder were suspicious and the case was referred to the police ombudsman amid rumours of security force collusion with loyalists. RUC officer Alexander Bell died as a result of his injuries on 25 July 1989 from a previous Provisional Irish Republican Army land mine attack on his patrol car.

But there was a history of violence in the area. The Curfew Tower in the centre of the village was built by then landlord of the town, Francis Turnley, in 1817, to confine riotous prisoners. Dan McBride, an army pensioner, was given the job of permanent garrison and was armed with one musket, a bayonet, a brace of pistols and a thirteen-feet-long pike. The tower is now owned by Bill Drummond and - I think - Mark Manning aka Zodiac Mindwarp.

Since roughly the end of ‘The Troubles’ it has served as a residential art project thingy. In fact, the more that I know about it, it is increasingly difficult to explain what it is. On the Curfew Tower’s website, Drummond writes:

“We have a trust that runs the residency. The trust is called In You We Trust. The trustees are Marcus Patton, Susan Philipsz, John Hirst and me - Bill Drummond.

Marcus Patton lives and works in Belfast running an organisation called Hearth that restores and looks after historic buildings in the north of Ireland. It was from Hearth that I originally bought the Tower in 1994.

Susan Philipsz is a Berlin based, Scottish artist who I got to know in the mid 90s when she and her partner were living in Belfast. She went on to win the Turner Prize in 2010.

John Hirst is an artist who is currently living in Anchorage, Alaska. Hirst has worked with me on numerous projects since 2002. Hirst is also the webmaster of the Curfew Tower’s website:

I am currently living in London.
As the NOTICE states, artists have to finance and organise their own journey to and from the Tower. We provide no financial incentives. That does not mean that artists cannot apply for funding from other sources. As also stated on the NOTICE, we expect residents to produce work that is somehow inspired by their stay in the Tower; the locality, or the people they meet while here. We also expect them to leave something of the work behind – this could be the real physical thing or documentation of the process, depending on what form their work takes. We discourage artists who think they are going to come to the Curfew Tower to get away from it all and finally have the space and time to realise a work based on some half-baked notions that they have had floating around their head for the past few years. You get away from nothing while staying at the Tower – the locals will see to that.”

And that is what this book is about. Except, of course, that it is nowhere near that simple. But, although the zeitgeist of the tower runs thickly and glistening through the DNA of this book, this book is not about the tower. It is a collection of selected writings from people who have been the artist in residence there.

And did I say that I was confused about Drummond the anti-capitalist still running a shop? The shop itself explains:

“This book was printed in an edition of 1,000 copies, there will be no second edition.

Off these 1,000, 100 copies have been distributed across the small town of Cushendall, Ireland during their Heart of the Glens Festival in August 2015. 200 copies have been given to the Seamus Heaney Centre for Poetry in Belfast to be divvied up between the contributors to the book and who ever else they see fit. 250 copies are being sold to the public via Alimentation or direct from the kitchen at The Curfew Tower in Cushendall. 20 copies are being kept for Penkiln Burn Libraries. All the remaining copies of the book are being randomly left in bars and cafes across the island of Ireland by Bill Drummond over the coming weeks, months and years.”

And they go on to explain this book:

“The Curfew Tower Is Many Things is a book containing many words.

The words this book contains were written by the eleven people who did residencies in The Curfew Tower, Cushendall, Ireland during 2014.

These words take the form of poems and prose.

The people were selected by The Seamus Heaney Centre for Poetry in Belfast, from the best contemporary writers currently working in the north of Ireland.

The book also contains an introduction by Bill Drummond and email dialogues between him and the eleven other people.

The book will be / was launched at The Curfew Tower on Wednesday, 5th August 2015

The launching will be / was done in two parts.

Between noon and 6pm you are / were invited to The Tower and in exchange for allowing yourself to be recorded while reading a section from the book you will be / were rewarded with a cup of tea (or soft drink) and a freshly baked scone with cream and jam.

Between 8pm and midnight you are / were invited to the annual bonfire in the back garden of The Curfew Tower. There will be / were free bowls of Curfew Curry (both chicken and vegetarian) freshly made in The Tower’s kitchen that day. There will also be / were free glasses of wine while stocks last / ed. And they usually last until midnight.

Around the bonfire will be / were a selection of the writers of the words in the book reading their poems and prose. Many things will be / were discussed around the bonfire, including the past, present and future of poetry and prose. And whether this years curry is / was better than last years curry. And whatever you want to talk about.”

I don’t know why it took me the best part of a year to discover and buy this book. It truly is a delightful and thought provoking little tome, and I am sure it will continue to give me pleasure throughout the years. If you can find one buy it. You will not be disappointed.

Trust me, I’m a Cryptozoologist.
North Devon Firefly Faery Fayre x Ball
23rd July 2016
11am till Midnight
Stalls, Workshops, Entertainers at The Fayre
6 live bands & more at The Ball
Food all day, Bar from 7.30pm
Clovelly Parish Hall
Wrinkleberry Lane Clovelly
Devon EX39 5SU

Contact: 01237 441977

ALL PROCEEDS TO THE SMALL SCHOOL.
In Victorian times every well-bred Gentleman had a ‘Cabinet of Curiosities’; a collection of peculiar odds and sods, usually housed in a finely made cabinet with a glass door. These could include anything from Natural History specimens to historical artefacts.

There has always been something of the Victorian amateur naturalist about me, and I have a houseful of arcane objects; some completely worthless, others decidedly not, but all precious to me for the memories they hold.

But people send me lots of pictures of interesting, and, may I say, peculiar things. But once again this week it is over to my lovely wife...

Nothing much to report this week, other than I trumped Mr Ed’s desiccator, which – as I wrote last week – I prefer to call a food dehydrator, as apart from it being a bugger to spell (I always want to spell it with two ‘s’ and one ‘c’ which is wrong) a desiccator, as described on good old Wikipedia, is a ‘sealable enclosure containing desiccants used for preserving moisture-sensitive items such as cobalt chloride paper for another use’. Call me old-fashioned, and delicate, but this does not lend itself to encouraging one to dry out fruits, veg and herbs to my mind. But that is somewhat beside the point. How did I trump his purchase? I bought a microwave steamer and a couple of microwave egg poachers, that’s how. Now don’t they sound much more aesthetically pleasing? And there is no cobalt chloride paper in sight. And, what is more, one doesn’t feel the necessity to don a white coat or protective gloves before even touching them.

So, what have I spent an hour or so trawling through listings for this week? Let us swing open the laboratory door and replace the white coat with a cosy, homely apron and have a look, with feather duster in non-gloved hand ready to tickle away the discarded epithelial cells and animal hair ... sorry, dust ... before placing said items in the cabinet.
And yes, I know the first on the list cannot actually be put into anything, let alone a cabinet but it does give me more leverage in requesting a small TV for the grandiose cupboard with windows, henceforth enabling such items to at least be watched. A bit like listening to someone speaking in your chosen language whilst walking around a museum with headphones clamped to one’s lugholes, in fact it wouldn’t be such a bad idea bidding for such a contraption as that either.

Musicians making money in their sleep

“Understanding Digital Music Distribution with Dr. Gigi Johnson

Music streaming services haven’t been very good for independent musicians. Which makes this story especially sweet. In March 2014, the American funk band Vulfpeck released an album called Sleepify. According to the band’s leader Jack Stratton, it was the “most silent album ever recorded.” All 10 tracks on Sleepify were 30 seconds long and contained complete silence. As in, the album didn’t contain any music according to most people’s definition anyway. The track names ranged from “Z” to “ZZZZZZ.”

One reviewer wrote: “Opening track ‘Z’ certainly sets the tone, a subtle, intriguing work... followed by ‘Zz’ and ‘Zzz’ which continue along similar lyrical themes while staying true to Sleepify’s overriding minimalist aesthetic.” The album was actually a brilliant grassroots marketing campaign. You see, artists receive about half a penny in royalties on Spotify for every “spin” of their song. Since the songs on Sleepify were so short—and quiet—the idea was fans would play the album on “repeat” while they slept. Thus, each all-night listen yielded about $4 in royalties for the band! The band promised to use all proceeds from Sleepify to fund an admission-free tour, with stop locations determined by where the most Sleepify listeners lived. After seven weeks, Spotify pulled the plug on Sleepify, claiming it was too derivative of John Cage’s famous 4’33” recording. Yeah right, Spotify. Even so, Vulfpeck made $20,000 in royalties, which funded a six-stop Sleepify Tour as promised. So genius!”

Watch the video here…

Car Registration 2004 plate WHO 4 ROB is up for Sale

Okay unless your name is, for example, Bert

RARE - 1964 - The Beatles 8mm FilmReel - approx 150ft of film - £75.00

“The Beatles 1964 Film Reel on Standard 8mm Reel.

A stunning and rare 8mm film reel showing The Beatles leaving London Airport on their own Beatles livery plane, and arriving in the U.S.A, also shows them during interviews and in concert / playing live...... silent movie reel in black and white. plays perfect with no known defects: please see the photographs I managed to take whilst running this movie on a standard

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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

Check it out now...
8mm projector.

Comes supplied in a PETCO, reel holder with title and date sticker on the front. Film on the reel is 150ft in approx length. Standard 8mm.

Gosh. I wonder how many whistles this is whetting.

Handcuffs owned by Elvis Presley - Certificate of Authenticity Attached - £660.00

“Handcuffs owned by Elvis Presley
Comes with Certificate of Authenticity
Recently donated to our charity and they had been purchased from Julien’s Auctions USA for $3,200
Wording on Certificate:
This is to certify that the following item was the personal property of Elvis Presley. It has been part of the world famous Jimmy Velvet Collection. The largest collection of authentic Elvis Presley items in the world”

Yep. These belonged to Elvis P. And as of yesterday the auction had just over 20 bidders. Fifty Shades of Grey (and no, I have not read it nor have I seen it) meets Love Me Tender?

You know, sod the other lot of this week’s contenders. The following is the piece de resistance in my book. And I would quite happily sweep away the rest with a flourish to accommodate this. Oh how I wish I had £800 spare.

Hand engraved "GENESIS" bowl - £800.00

“This glass bowl size 31 inches around is hand engraved and totally UNIQUE. This took months to make by myself and is a treasured piece of my Genesis collection and art work hence the price!!!

It was engraved and sandblasted and rubbed with grate polish in order to create the dark positive
Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy man - the wildman of the woods. Is he a man? Is he a beast? Is he something in between? Whatever he is, he is spoken about by humans in hushed voices. They are scared of him and they tell tales of him to their children to scare them from entering the hushed darkness of the tree kingdoms. They call him many names; the woodwose, the wudawasa, the wodwos amongst them. The bane of a high-born daughter takes her unintentionally through such a forest on her last journey as a single woman to wed the man of her father's choice. Imposters from another land tramp through such a forest on a mission of their own, killing everything that comes across their path. The lives of some of the creatures that dwell in this place become unavoidably entwined with both these trespassers. The lives of some will change. Some will cease completely.
images of the album cover "The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway" and the images are the exact same size as on the vinyl album cover. I didn't want to sell this but needs must and bills to pay any questions please ask? Good luck.

I have relisted this bowl as it didn't sell first time around and lowered the price but the price will not drop any lower that's for sure!

This is stunning. Absolutely - no question about it. It kicks most of the bits and pieces that have ever been featured in his column into a giant cocked hat.

if you ask me. I weep that I cannot buy it myself. But at least it gives me one of those rare excuses to adorn this oft lacklustre column with THE man himself.

How does one follow this? I am at a loss for words.
“Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy”

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

AULD MAN'S BACCIE

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

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

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

**Burzum:**
**Daudi Baldrs**  
(Misanthropy, 1997)  
What? A voyage to the dark side.

The nineties Black Metal scene in Norway is well chronicled in the eminently readable Lords of Chaos. A major player in the most extreme goings on was Varg Vikernes, Burzum mainstay and a man with a vivid and dark vision he’d channelled into intense and chilling black metal albums. With churches burning and the competition to be the blackest of the Black Metallers also hotting up, something had to give. Burzum and their rivals Mayhem were the clear leaders in deeds of extremity, until Mayhem found themselves a member short, their lead guitarist - Euronymous - having been fatally stabbed, by Vikernes. Vikernes was convicted and imprisoned, he argued self-defence but his broad smile at the moment of receiving a 21 year sentence did little for his chances on appeal, even if it confirmed him as a Black Metal cult hero. He was also convicted in connection with arson at several churches.

Denied access to the usual tools of his trade – guitars and drums – Vikernes spent time in jail composing and recording two albums of an altogether different type; dubbed “Dark Ambient.” The first of these releases; Daudi Baldrs, is – arguably – a masterpiece of disturbing musical ideas. It bears repeated, if uneasy, listening. Recorded mainly on a synthesiser, Daudi Baldrs is a concept piece, the title meaning “Baldr’s death” and the storyline dealing with the legacy of Baldr, the second son of Odin in Norse mythology.

Aurally the piece repeats simple, sometimes grating, notational patterns that hint at classical and dark-folk structures and hark back to melodic references from the middle ages. The lyrics, appearing in Norwegian, remain elusive to most listeners. The presence of a choir intoning the words works mainly as an added melodic device. For the most part, the work is instrumental.

The repetitive, unrepentantly dark and frequently intense clusters of notes give Daudi Baldrs the feel of the kind of chamber music that might just work in Hell. Still, the album remains both accessible and compelling. The same ideas and approach were subsequently used on Hlíðskjálf. Now released and recording again, Vikernes continues his dark and highly individual musical journey. Burzum’s first post-jail release, Belus, was a return to Black Metal ways, but packed an intro and outro that owed much to the music Vikernes made in jail.
Gregg Kofi Brown has transcended many genres of music...

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia

www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk
Les Batards du Nord (or in English: North Bastards) was a folk metal band formed in 2003 at Quebec in Canada. The band’s lyrical themes were Viking and Medieval Folk. Sadly, the band announced their split immediately after a farewell concert during "Le fabuleux festival international du Folk Sale 2013" at Sainte-Rose-du-Nord on June 29th, 2013.

A great loss. They were magnificent.

Members were:

- Mortaok (Oliver Hudon) singing, cittern, the jaw harp and tin whistle
- Olwen (Dominique Côté) singing, tambourine and oak stick (Oak Stick)
- Frak (Francis Grangé) on vocals and bass
- Ostrich vocals and flute
- Croak (Benoit Lavallée) on drums and bells
- Murdok on bass and drums
- Friga (Julie Bélanger) on vocals and violin
- Emilia violin

Wikipedia

Facebook

You Tube

Levons La Corne | Full Album
le fer, la mere et la biere
This week I have gone through a rite of passage. I have bought my first wheelchair. Coincidentally I also have the appointment through for my Disability Assessment. I will admit to you guys that I am terrified. No matter how many people point out that I can’t walk without pain, I can’t hear properly, I am as mad as a bagful of cheese and my fine motor skills are a thing of the past, I cannot help but pay heed to the newspaper reports of people who are in a much worse state than me who had their benefits stopped and had to wait months—even years—before having the decision overturned on appeal.

So yes. I am terrified.

I remember my Father saying - about the Army (which was weird as he was in the Merchant Navy) - that no matter how bad the stuff that you are going through, there is always someone worse off.

Well, I was feeling massively guilty earlier this week. Dave McMann - a friend of us all - is in the middle of a medical emergency, and I had no idea until Corinna told me by accident.

I had been so tied up with my own problems that I hadn't registered any of his. Our love and good vibes go out to you and Lesley.

Whilst on the subject of good vibes - Deanie I hope that your hamsters are ok, and Martin and Marianne the same goes for Chloe the cat.

However, there is one piece of good news.

My office becomes more and more like Spahn Movie Ranch as there is a weird looking bearded bloke and an ever changing bevy of pretty girls. Well my new assistant Chloe has arrived and is doing very well indeed. I think that she will be fitting in just fine.
BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST
Live on stage

ADMIT ONE $5.50

'Somewhere Over Detroit'
11 Dec 1980 FROM HARP'S CONCERT THEATRE, DETROIT
11 Dec 1980 ON STAGE 20.30

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & THE MAGIC BAND
Eric Drew Feldman * Robert Williams * Richard Snyder * Jeff Tainter/White * Jeff Morris Tepper

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