Oh wot a luvverly issue we have for you this week: Thom the World Poet introduces a selection of archive pictures of Daevid Allen and Harry Williamson and other Gongfolk in Melbourne, Allan looks at the history of alternative culture in Bognor, John celebrates the life of Paul Kantner with the pilgrimage of a lifetime, Doug talks about Joe Walsh and Bad Company, Jon reviews a book about Paul McCartney, and says goodbye to the irreplaceable Dave McMann, and Biffo

looks at the nastier side of Tellytübbies fan art. Bloody hell we're great!

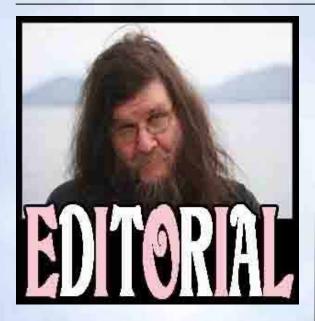


THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKIY:

 Art is as important as science and more important than money

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

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



Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of this singular little publication, which continues to surprise me by going from strength to strength without any visible means of support. A bit like me, really.

Last week my life changed again, irretrievably. When I first went on the Internet, nineteen years ago, one if the first things that I did was join the Fortean discussion list, which is now on Yahoogroups, and which - I believe - was then on something called One List (although I may be mistaken, and it doesn't really matter). On this list were all sorts of people with whom I was familiar from three years of the *Fortean Times* Unconvention, but there were a whole bunch of new people with whom I soon became friendly.

One of them was a bloke called Dave McMann who distinguished himself with a monumentally rude sense of humour, peerless musical taste, and a healthy disregard for all sorts of sacred cows that other people took (and take) seriously.

We soon became friends, and when - about nine years later - I migrated to Facebook, I found that Dave was already there making a nuisance of himself.

Then, some years ago when I started editing the great grandfather of this magazine, Dave was an early subscriber and contributor, and very quickly became part of the Gonzo family. It turned out that we had friends in common in real life as well. Many years ago when I was running the *Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel* fan club with my first wife, we became friends with a bloke called Roy Weard who did the sound. It turned out that he'd had a long and exciting career before and after that, and was an old friend of Dave McMann as well.

When, about three years ago, my nephew Dave B-P



"...it turned out that we liked each other just as much in real life as we had done for fifteen years on the Internet. Sadly, it was the only time that we met in person".

and I went to Brighton to interview Mick Farren, Dave McMann was totally chuffed, introducing us to the inimitable Jaki Windmill amongst others.

Then Mick died, and Graham, Rob Ayling and I went to film the memorial concert which was held, appropriately enough, in Ladbroke Grove. Dave McMann was there, and it turned out that we liked



each other just as much in real life as we had done for fifteen years on the Internet. Sadly, it was the only time that we met in person.

Earlier this year Dave's health declined. I don't know all the details, and indeed they are none of my business, but when I read on Facebook that one or both of his feet were likely to be amputated, I was horrified. Like all his friends, we were cheered early last week when his long term partner Lesley posted that things were not as bad as had been feared. The next day was Dave's birthday, and I truly hope that he had a good one.

The next day I overslept. I have been on a particularly nasty cocktail of medication myself for various reasons, and last week I was feeling particularly grotty. Corinna came and woke me up late morning with the news that Dave McMann had died. Like all his friends I was completely shocked. I had always thought that the old bugger was indestructible. However, I guess that a few days before the death of the old year, Lemmy Kilmister showed that this particular concept was null and void.

I sent my condolences to Lesley who had put up with Dave for thirty eight years ... no mean feat. I then went to his page on Facebook and posted there my favourite passage from *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*:

"Abandon your notions of the past, without attributing a temporal sequence! Cut off your mental associations regarding the future, without anticipation! Rest in a spacious modality, without clinging to [the thoughts of] the present. Do not meditate at all, since

اللعنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



there is nothing upon which to meditate. Instead, revelation will come through undistracted mindfulness — Since there is nothing by which you can be distracted."

- Padmasambhava

And so a surprisingly large part of my life has gone. I shared a few thoughts with Roy and we semi-jokingly agreed that if there is indeed an afterlife (and as far as I am concerned the jury is still out on that one, despite many close family members and friends believing in one) that Dave, Lemmy and Mick have probably found the most insalubrious bar and are busy annoying the angels and generally making a nuisance of themselves.

I was surprised how big the Dave-shaped hole in my life has proven to be. We may have only met in the flesh on one occasion, but for nearly two decades I had read his opinionated utterances, and joyous mischief making nearly every day, and now I shall never read them again. My thoughts and love, and those of all the Gonzo family go out to Lesley.

And my world, is a poorer and a sadder place.

This has been a peculiar and unsettling year. We have lost world beating stars like Prince and David Bowie, both before their time, and we have seen the passing of many other famous faces who have enriched our lives over the years. On a personal level I have lost an elderly but very personable cat, and a friend who was bristling with attitude and who had made my world a more amusing place to be over the years.

I don't think that I know anyone who is having a good time of it at the moment: friends and family members are suffering mental and physical breakdowns, relationships are falling apart, and people whose lives had usually plodded on more or less successfully are having the most terrible misfortunes. There is surely a bad moon rising, and one wonders where it will all end.

Many years ago my mentor Tony Shiels, once upon a time known as the Wizard of the Western World, or the bluesman from PonsawhreverthefuckisthatNooth told me that the only way to combat misfortune was with laughter "because the ol' Devil, he hates the sound of laughter". The trouble is that one of the people who made me laugh more than most in recent years was Dave McMann.

Hey ho

jd

Dave McMann, Paul McCartney, Boris Savoldelli, Elektro Hafiz, Tony Henderson, Pink Fairies, Yes, Steve Ignorant's Slice of Life, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Guy Charles Clark, Paul Alva Smoker, John Berry, Emilio Navaira III, The Beatles, Osibisa, Billy Cobham, Wayne Kramer at the Pink Fairies, Al Stewart, The RAZ Band, The Flying Burrito Bros, Sneaky Pete Kleinow, Rick Wakeman, Gong, Bad Company, Joe Walsh, Alan Dearling, Shoreline Club, Roy Weird, John Brodie-Good, Paul Kantner, Jefferson Airplane, Mr Biffo, Hawkwind, Lemmy, Jimi Hendrix, The Beatles, Pink Floyd, Neil Nixon, Kate Bush

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,

(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife) Graham Inglis, (Columnist, Staff writer, Hawkwind nut) **Douglas Harr**, (Features writer, columnist) Bart Lancia, (My favourite roving reporter) Thom the World Poet, (Bard in residence) C.J.Stone. (Columnist, commentator and all round good egg) John Brodie-Good (Staff writer) Alan Dearling, (Staff writer) Mr Biffo, (Columnist) A J Smitrovich, (Columnist)

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

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

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

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

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

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

So this is what I have been doing for much of my life. I am also naive enough to think that music and art *can* change the world, and as the world is in desperate need of change, I am gonna do my best to help.

9

You will have certainly noticed that it has all changed. In fact there is no certainly about it. But if you haven't noticed I would like to know what you have been smoking, and can I have a large packet of it please.

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

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

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

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MORE MACCA: Phonica Records writes: "A huge amount of hype on those limited 12" test pressings we had in last month which sold out in hours. This is in no small part due to Paul McCartney being one of rock's most iconic figures. From his frontman status within The Beatles to his solo outfit Wings, he trail blazed the 70s with a string of hits. Originally a B side, the luminous 'Nineteen Hundred and Eighty Five' was first released in 1973 and took Timo Maas until 2009 to discover it. Amazed at how fresh the record sounded, he teamed up with musical cohort James Teej to contemporise this classic sound and bring a modern edge into it, now set for official release on Virgin Records Germany on May 13th. The original 'Nineteen Hundred and Eighty Five' was the closing track on the 1973 album 'Band on the Run' and found critical acclaim for Paul McCartney & Wings (the solo outfit the Beatles member founded with his wife Linda) through references to George Orwell's 1984, yet it also tells an unlikely love story through its lyrics. Industry heavyweights Timo Maas & James Teej elevate the track".

http://www.phonicarecords.com/product/ view/136432

B. E. HUTCHUSUT

Weycontes, Jan 16



I'LL SHOW YOU MY DARK SIDE: There's an old joke among instrumentalists:

What do you call someone who hangs around with musicians? Answer: A singer.

While this stereotype is overgeneralized to the point of being offensive, it is sadly too often the case that vocalists, particularly in the realm of mainstream commercial music, lack the deep musical knowledge of their instrumental counterparts. But one vocalist who emphatically puts the lie to this questionable cliché is the protean Boris Savoldelli, whose latest album The Great Jazz Gig in the Sky of his exciting new trio Savoldelli Casarano Bardoscia stunningly demonstrates that he is at least the equal of any instrumentalist - nay, any group of instrumentalists.

Boris didn't take an easy path in choosing to reimagine one of the most sacred albums of all time, Pink Floyd's monumental The Dark Side of the Moon. It surely didn't help that it's also one of the most frequently covered works of progressive music, from symphonic treatments to chamber arrangements to legions of Floyd tribute bands. But Boris always disdains the easy path, and unlike the many sterile, note-for-note versions of The Dark Side proffered by lesser talents, his rendition truly distinguishes itself by taking a strikingly

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imaginative and boldly creative new approach to the familiar material - in this case, a wholly absorbing interpretation that reflects his lifelong love of jazz and improvisation.

Boris pulls out all the stops with his vast arsenal of unparalleled vocal techniques, augmented by his provocative electronic treatments. But The Great Jazz Gig In The Sky is much more than just a vocal showcase, highlighting the formidable creative gifts of his partners, saxophonist extraordinaire Raffaele Casarano and bassist supreme Marco Bardoscia, plus a roster of distinguished guest musicians. The result is a kaleidoscopic marvel of sounds and emotions, delivered with élan, humor, impeccable musicianship, and above all a deep, abiding love for his inspirations, in a tour-de-force album that, we're sure all Lunatics will agree, truly deserves the superlative "Great". Once again, open-eared listeners have been gifted with a truly magnificent milestone from the fertile mind of the singular Boris Savoldelli.

http://tinyurl.com/hade59v

YOUNG TURK

Elektro Hafiz is a musician, born and raised in Istanbul, who has recently moved to Cologne, Germany. Already well known in Turkey, he can look back on 20 years as a professional musician. With his former band 'Fairuz Derin Bulut' he created and released three albums, which represent a milestone in the Anatolian psychedelic rock music of the 2nd

generation in Turkey.

Elektro Hafiz has shown and proven openness to various and sometimes contradicting music styles by mixing eastern instruments like the electric saz, darbuka and finger cymbals with different genres. He loves to play with contrasts and create new compositions from there. This open and experimental approach is still his trademark, as well as his charming provocative style that is complemented by a healthy dose of humour. His diverse compositions are heavily influenced by his Anatolian roots, which are reflected in his instrument of choice, the electric saz, in most of his pieces. A further ingenious characteristic of him is using the electric guitar as a rock instrument while at the same time applying the Anatolian harmony system (scale).

"Elektro Hafiz", his first solo album, showcases a more open and progressive format to his main base influence - the anatolian psychedelic music. On this album he played a lot of different instruments by himself and also invited artists from different countries such as Kenya, France, Turkey, Switzerland, Austria and Germany to contribute for this production.

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Bottlenose dolphins have been observed chattering while cooperating to solve a tricky puzzle – a feat that suggests they have a type of vocalisation dedicated to cooperating on problem solving. Holli Eskelinen of Dolphins Plus research institute in Florida and her colleagues at the University of Southern Mississippi presented a group of six captive dolphins with a locked canister filled with food. The canister could only be opened by simultaneously pulling on a rope at either end.

The team conducted 24 canister trials, during which all six dolphins were present. Only two of the dolphins ever managed to crack the puzzle and get to the food. The successful pair was prolific, though: in 20 of the trials, the same two adult males worked together to open the food canister in a matter of 30 seconds. In the other four trials, one of the dolphins managed to solve the problem on its own, but this was much trickier and took longer to execute. But the real surprise came from recordings of the vocalisations the dolphins made during the

experiment. The team found that when the dolphins worked together to open the canister, they made more vocalisations than they did while opening the canister on their own or when there was either no canister present or no interaction with the canister in the pool.

Have a cow man http://tinyurl.com/j6b6m3q

Typically, free-to-play mobile games try and offer you entertainment in return for regular payments in the form of in-app purchases. Bagra, a mobile game developed by Tunisian company Digital Mania, recently held a competition with an unusual prize: a real-life cow.

Bagra tasks the player with looking after a herd of cows while attempting to steal more cows from other players using a UFO to beam them up. The prize of a real-life cow was offered to the player with the highest score. The couple who won remain unnamed, but have taken delivery of their cow after it spent two weeks living with the game's developer.

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"At midnight, all the agents and superhuman crew go out and round up everyone who knows more than they do."

Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

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

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



I have been working - on and off - for a couple of years on a book written by author Jane Cann with the ex-Head Teacher of the village school, about the men from the village who fought in the First World War. Most of the family names in the book are totally familiar to me because I

went to school with their grandchildren. However, this isn't a state of affairs that would take place today.

Yesterday I was chatting to my adopted nephew Max, (now in his early twenties) and he told me that on his recent visit to his hometown, all his school friends had left. They went away to University and never returned.

Now, much has been written about the scandal of higher education; the way that every young person leaving Uni is likely to be thirty grand in debt. But I had never thought of the fact that the now almost universal higher education brought in by Blair et al to massage youth unemployment figures is also doing more than a bit to break up long-standing communities. I never did like that man!

AND ON A SIMILAR TRAIN OF THOUGHT:

University students have been asked not to throw their mortarboards in the air due to health and safety concerns.

Some graduates at the University of East Anglia (UEA) in Norwich have been hurt by falling hats in recent years, student newspaper *The Tab* reported. Students have been urged to mime the throwing action instead, and have hats added digitally to the photo after. A university spokeswoman said injuries caused by falling mortarboards posed an "unacceptable risk".

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

-Chris Packham

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THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous take a camera

The weak and cowardly take a gun

What sort of person are you?

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



at 6 P. M., lodge in Sprinzfield, leave at 4 Povoresiter and sard" els Albaoy at 15 P. M. The sceins for Troy leave on the arrival the trains at Greenbash.

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WHO GONZO? WHY

GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

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

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

I hate to advocate drugs, alcohol, violence, or insanity to anyone, but they've always worked for me.

Hunter S. Thompson

the week that's pas

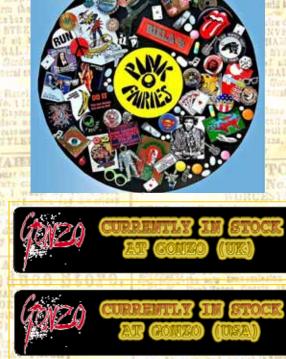


WHICH ONE'S PINK?

Some weeks ago we ran an interview with the immensely talented Tony Henderson who makes very groovy three dimensional models of—amongst other things—the one and only *Pink Fairies*.

What I completely forgot to do was to publish the URL at which these models and more could be seen, and so I am correcting this omission forthwith:

http://athenderson.wix.com/models



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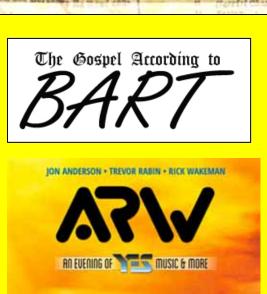
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My favourite roving reporter sent me this news a few days ago with a simple caption: "Read it and??"

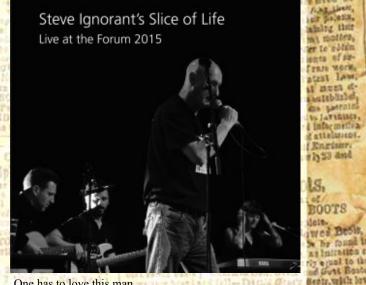
Long-time YES fans, rejoice! Jon Anderson, Trevor Rabin and Rick Wakeman are proud to announce that after a hiatus of 25 years, they are to reform the definitive YES lineup as Anderson, Rabin & Wakeman (ARW).

Since they last played together in 1990 on the highly successful YES Union Tour, there have been various hybrid versions of the band. However, none featured the iconic voice of Jon Anderson, the outstanding guitar talent of Trevor Rabin, and the keyboard wizardry of Rick Wakeman. The aim of the band will be to restore the standard of excellence in performance that they established with their 1990 shows - which saw YES members past and present come together for the first (and only) time of the legendary band's career.

"To be able to sing and perform with Rick and Trevor at this time in my life is a treasure beyond words," explains Jon. "I'm so excited to create new music and revisit some of the classic work we created many years ago, it's going to be a musical adventure on so many new levels."

"Trevor and I have wanted to play Yes music together since the Union Tour," adds Rick. "And as for so many of us, there is no Yes music without Jon. The 'Holy Trinity of Yes' is for me, very much a dream come true."

http://tinyurl.com/j3wp7ev



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One has to love this man.

Live at the Forum 2015 - Release date 6th May - Limited to only 300 copies.

Having cut his punk teeth in Crass, Steve Ignorant's latest project - Slice Of Life - allows for the more contemplative side of his song-writing to reveal itself. Like musical depictions of a British kitchen-sink drama, the songs provide vivid vignettes of the everyday. Both personal and universal, Slice of Life present ruminations from the bar stool honed on the late-night walk home. Musically, the band is built on an acoustic arrangement of piano, guitar and bass. 1712 Bandyis Prob-

Steve's songwriting had been an influence on Sleaford Mods' Jason Williamson who became an instant fan of Slice of Life and requested they support them on their Key Markets tour. Each show would start with Mark Wynn, followed by Slice of Life and ending with the Sleaford Mods playing to capacity crowds. On and off stage the tour was a huge success and clearly showed what could be achieved when working with like minded people.

This album 'Live at the Forum 2015' will give a taste of that tour and will show that having shed the punk noise that defined Crass, Slice of Life retain the emotional impact and compassion that has long distinguished Steve's work. With preparations underway for a second studio album it was decided the pressing should be limited, so it's available as an one-off pressing of just 300 copies. The album contains four live tracks which have yet to be recorded.



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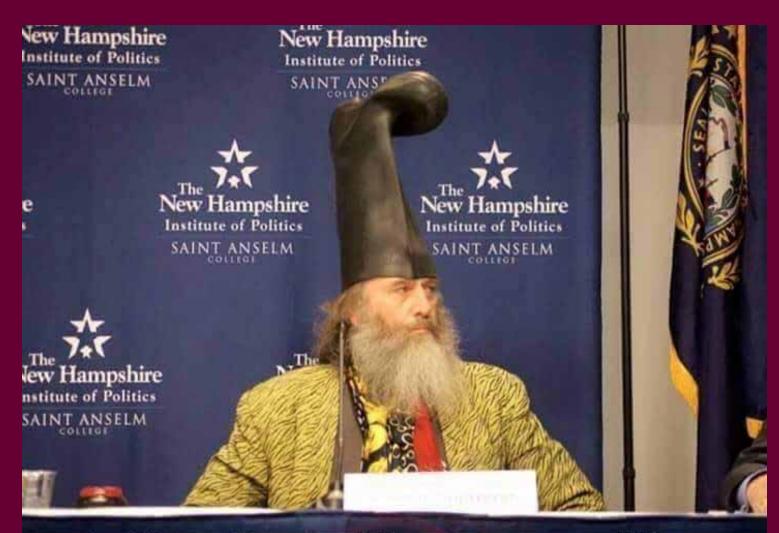
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PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT, BAROROFT.]

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



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

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS

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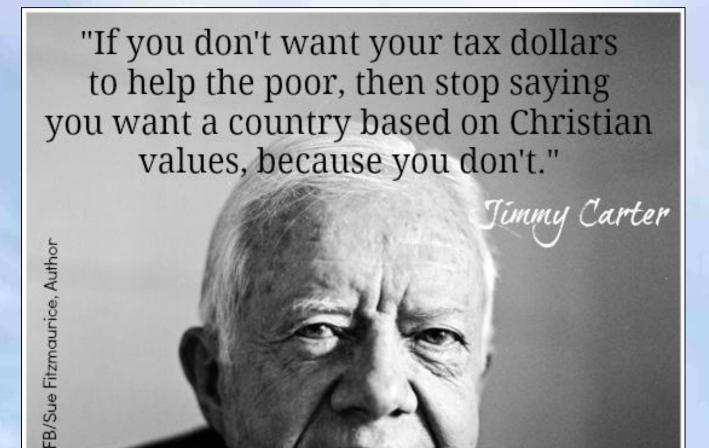


~2000

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

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

FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM







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.

Indonesia police confiscate sex toy mistaken for 'angel'

http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-asia-36189614



WEB RADIO

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

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

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



ME TRYING TO FIND GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT





Strange Fruit is a unique two-hour radio show exploring the world of underground, strange and generally neglected music. All shows are themed and all shows set out to give the most hardened of sound-hounds some new delight to sample. The show is also unique in providing homework for undergraduate students on North West Kent College's Foundation Degree in Professional Writing (who dig up many of the odd facts featured in the links between tracks). The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight. Every other week the show is now presented by Jeremy Smith and as the two promotional pictures that he sent consisted as one of him covered in mud and the other of him covered in guinea pigs he is obviously mad as a bagful of cheese, which means he will fit in here just fine!

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



Strange Fruit 164 – The Murder Mystery

Crime and Punishment Part 1: Songs about murder, murderers and murderees

Featured Album: Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds: Murder Ballads

Tracks:

- 1
 The Adverts: Gary Gilmore's Eyes

 2
 John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett: Murder Man

 3
 The Saints: Getting Away With Murder

 4
 Johnny Dowd: Murder

 5
 The Saints: Getting Control of the Saints
- 5 The White Buffalo & The Forest Rangers: Come Join the Murder
- 6 Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds: The Kindness of Strangers
- 7 Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds: Where the Wild Roses Grow
- 8 Soulfly: Jeffrey Dahmer
- 9 The Smiths: Suffer Little Children
- 10 Fairport Convention: The Verdict
- 11 Fairport Convention: Little Did I Think
- 12 Fairport Convention: I Was Sixteen Part 1
- 13 Fairport Convention: John My Son
- 14 Fairport Convention: I Was Sixteen Part 2
- 15 Fairport Convention: St. Ninian's Isle, Trumpet Hornpipe
- 16 Fairport Convention: John Lee
- 17 Fairport Convention: Newspaper Reading
- 18 The Pogues: Murder
- 19 Public Image Limited: Death Disco
- 20 The Byrds: He Was a Friend of Mine
- 21 The Dead Boys: Son of Sam
- 22 Lucifer: I'll Be Gone
- 23 Vitamin String Quartet: Ted, Just Admit It
- 24 Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds: Crow Jane
- 25 Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds: Death is Not the End
- 26 Counting Crows: A Murder of One
- 27 Dead Kennedys: I Kill Children
- 28 Richard Strange & TV Smith: Dance of Death
- 29 Penetration: Firing Squad
- 30 Van der Graaf Generator: Killer
- 31 Rick Blaze & Walter Lure: Who Killed John Lennon?
- 32 Adam and the Ants: Killer in the Home
 - Bob Dylan: The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll

Listen Here



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

Hello, I am M Destiny host of Friday Night Progressive. You will find it to be an incredible independent internet broadcast



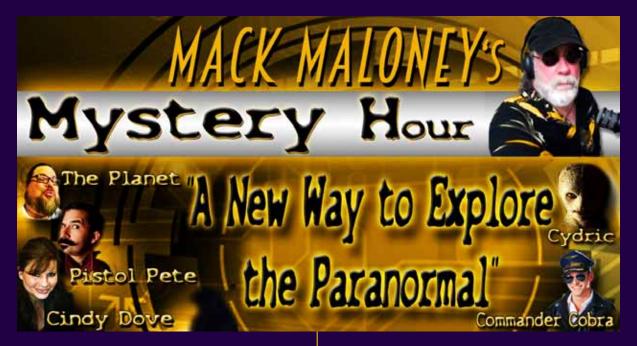
show. But it's more than that. We tend to boast that the musicians played on FNP are above the status quo. This includes the multiinstrumentalist and the educated musician. We tend to shy away from computer generated creations and rely on talent using musical instruments and steer this talent for purposes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

ARTISTS:

Panzerpappa http://www.facebook.com/Panzerpappa-112379508814650/?fref=ts **Paradigm Shift** http://www.facebook.com/pshiftband/? fref=ts Pilgrym http://www.facebook.com/pilgrymuk/? fref=ts Jonathan Downes http://www.facebook.com/ jonathan.downes.75?fref=ts Jones-McGill-DeCarlo http://www.facebook.com/JonesMcGillDC/? fref=ts Marbin http://www.facebook.com/marbinmusic/? fref=ts Jav Tausig http://www.facebook.com/jaytausig/?fref=ts Syncromind Project http://www.facebook.com/ SYNCROMINDPROJECT/?fref=ts ONY http://www.facebook.com/Ony-128343966123/?fref=ts DUSD http://www.facebook.com/MarquissMusic/? fref=ts — with Dani Rabin, Trond Gjellum, Jonathan Downes, Enzo Ferrara, Martin Hutchinson, Scott McGill, Greg P Onychuk, Andy Wells, Ritchie DeCarlo, Reuben Krendel, Jay Tausig and Bad Elephant Music.

Listen Here





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

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

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo



recording artists. He's been a radio host since

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

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

The Central Park UFO Crash & the Great Sci-Fest Love Fest

Mack & Juan-Juan talk to actress Angeline Rose Troy about what it's like to be beautiful in Hollywood. Rob Beckhusen on the war in Syria, Switchblade Steve on a little-known UFO crash in New York's Central Park, and Operation Distant Thunder on scaring the Viet Cong by broadcasting tapes of ghosts crying. Plus, Commander Cobra gets his noodle cooked by psychic Deana Joy in "Ten Minutes of Joy."



Listen Here

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



Guy Charles Clark (1941 – 2016)

Clark was a Grammy Award winning American Texas country and folk singer, musician, songwriter, recording artist, and performer. He has released more than twenty albums, and his songs have been recorded by other artists including Jerry Jeff Walker, Jimmy Buffett, Lyle Lovett, Ricky Skaggs, Steve Wariner, and Rodney Crowell.

Clark eventually settled in Nashville, where he helped create the progressive country and outlaw country genres. His songs "L.A. Freeway" and "Desperados Waiting for a Train" that helped launch his career were covered by numerous performers. The *New York Times* described him as "a king of the Texas troubadours", declaring his body of work "was as indelible as that of anyone working in the Americana idiom in the last decades of the 20th century".

He was an accomplished luthier and often played his own guitars. He achieved success as a songwriter with Jerry Jeff Walker's recordings of "L.A. Freeway" and "Desperados Waiting for a Train". Steve Wariner took his cover of Clark's "Baby I'm Yours" to No. 1 in 1988; Asleep at the Wheel charted with Clark's "Blowin' Like a Bandit" the same year. Clark credits Townes Van Zandt as being a major influence on his songwriting. They were best friends for many years until Van Zandt's death in 1997, and since then Clark has included one of Van Zandt's compositions on most of his albums. In 1995, he recorded a live album with Van Zandt and Steve Earle, *Together at the Bluebird Cafe*, which was released in October 2001. Other live material can be found on his album *Keepers*.

Clark died in Nashville following a lengthy illness on 17^{th} May.



Paul Alva Smoker (1941 – 2016)

Smoker was an American jazz trumpeter from Indiana, who grew up in Davenport, Iowa, and moved to Chicago to play professionally. He worked there in the 1960s, playing with Bobby Christian among others. He took his doctorate at the University of Iowa in 1974, and taught at Coe College from 1976 to 1990, as well as for shorter periods at the University of Iowa, the University of Northern Iowa, and the University of Wisconsin– Oshkosh.

In the 1980s and 1990s, Smoker worked with musicians such as Anthony Braxton, Gregg Bendian, Damon Short, Randy McKean, and Phil Haynes. He was a member of Joint Venture, who recorded for Enja Records in the late 1980s and early 1990s. His records issued on CIMP in the 1990s feature sidemen such as Vinny Golia, Ken Filiano, and Steve Salerno.

Outside of jazz, Smoker is also involved in the

THOSE HE HAVE LOST

performance of contemporary classical music, in his university capacities and with the SOMA ensemble. He has worked out of upstate New York since 1990.

He died on May 14, 2016 at the age of 75.



John Berry (1962 – 2016)

Born in Massachusetts, Berry was a founding member of rap group Beastie Boys, and originally formed the group as a hardcore punk band with three friends in 1981 and came up with the name for the group.

He played guitar on their first EP, Polly Wog Stew, but left before they achieved commercial success. Berry attended the Walden School in New York with fellow band member Mike Diamond, known as Mike D.

The pair were later joined by Adam Yauch and Kate Schellenbach and released their debut EP in 1982. When Berry left the group, he was replaced by Adam Horovitz, known as Ad-Rock, and the band took a new direction as a rap group.

Berry's father said that he had been suffering from frontal lobe dementia, which had worsened in recent months. He died on 19th May, aged 52.



Emilio Navaira III (1962 – 2016)

Navaira was a Mexican American Tejano and country music singer-songwriter, musician, recorder, and performer.

Known to most by the mononym Emilio, he charted more than ten singles on the Billboard Hot Latin Tracks charts, in addition to six singles on the Billboard Hot Country Singles & Tracks charts.

Emilio was also one of the few Tejano artists to have significant success in both the United States and Mexico, and was called the "Garth Brooks of Tejano".

His biggest country hit was the No. 27 "It's Not the End of the World" in late 1995, and his highestcharting single on any chart is "Por Siempre Unidos," which peaked at No. 7 on Latin Pop Airplayin 1996.

Along with Selena, Emilio was one of the most prominent artists that helped popularize Tejano music.

Emilio was found dead by his wife in his New Braunfels home on May 16, 2016, aged 53, of a possible massive heart attack.

THOSE HE HAVE LOST

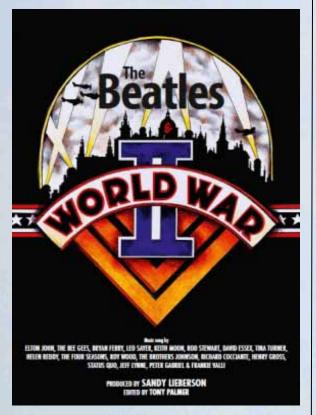


YOU'VE READ THE MAGAZINE YOU'VE MARVELLED AT THE EDITOR'S IMPUDENCE NOW WEAR THE SHIRTS



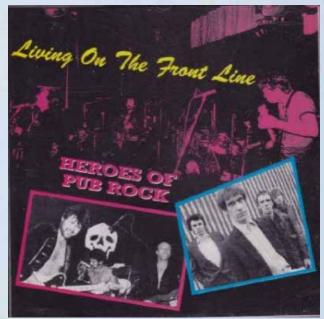
Now, I don't know whether this is a good idea, a bad idea, or just an idea, but - as I believe you know - this magazine is put out each week on a budget of £25, and is free. It will remain free, but I would like to be able to generate some income so I can pay our contributing writers. So, 'why not flog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

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



ArtistThe BeatlesTitleThe Beatles and WWIICat No.TPDVD191LabelTony Palmer

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.



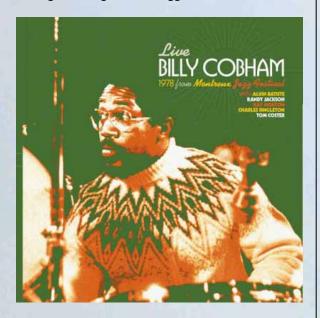
ArtistOsibisaTitleOsibisaCollectionAfroMixwithGoroGoro

Osibisa are a British Afro-pop band, founded in London in 1969 by four expatriate African and three Caribbean



musicians. Their music is a fusion of African, Caribbean, jazz, funk, rock, Latin, and R&B. Osibisa were one of the first African-heritage bands to become widely popular and linked with the world music description.

They even had an album cover by prog artgod Roger Dean. The name Osibisa means "Criss-Cross rhythms that explode with happiness", and the band truly do exactly what it says on the tin! This is a collection of some of their finest work featuring their grooviest guitarist Gregg Kofi Brown.



ArtistBilly CobhamTitleLive at Montreux, Switzerland 1978Cat No.HST359CDLabelGonzo

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.

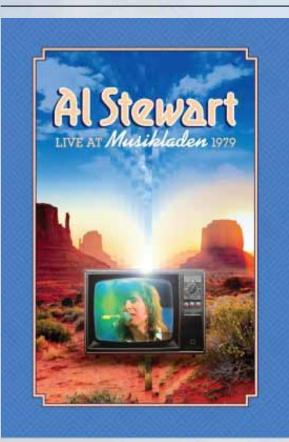


ArtistWayne Kramer at the Pink FairiesTitleCocaine Blues ('74-'78)Cat No.HST376CDLabelGonzo

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 cofounder 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!



Artist Al Stewart Title Live at Musikladen 1979 (Deluxe Edition) Cat No. HST348DVD Label Gonzo

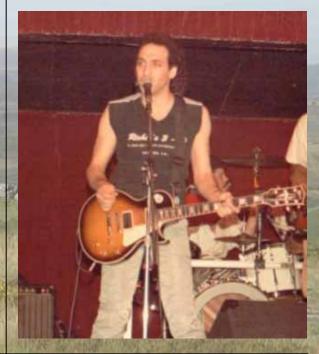
Al Stewart is a Glasgow-born singer-songwriter and folk-rock musician who rose to prominence as part of the British folk revival in the 1960s and 1970s. He developed a unique style of combining folk-rock songs with delicately woven tales of characters and events from history. Stewart is best known for 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!



ArtistThe RAZ BandTitleThe Best of RAZCat No.HST357CDLabelGonzo

This is a CD featuring songs by RAZ starting with Raz's critically acclaimed 1984 debut record, Criminals Off The Streets through Gonzo's release in 2015 of the Madison Park CD by The RAZ Band. This 19 song CD also includes songs from the Raz's album, 1988 and Raz's cassette EP Listen produced by Joey Molland, the Tough Love CD produced by Joe Vitale, the It's All About Me CD produced by Michael Raz, Jeff Hutchinson, Joe Vitale & Joey Molland, + 2 bonus tracks recorded, Live in 1984 at the legendary Los Angeles nightclub, Madame Wong's West.



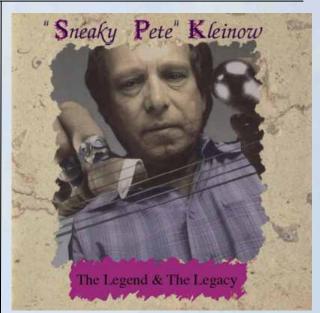


ArtistThe Flying Burrito BrosTitleFrom Another TimeCat No.HST379CDLabelGonzo

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.

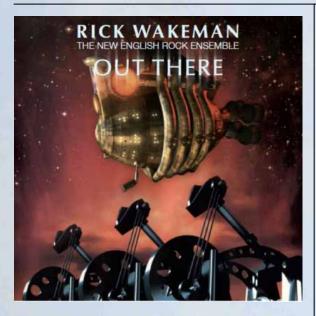
The original band dissolved after the last founding member, Chris Hillman, took Perkins with him to join Manassas. Berline, Bush and Wertz continued with their own band, Country Gazette. Roberts assembled a makeshift Flying Burrito Bros group to fulfill contractual commitments for some 1973 European 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!



ArtistSneaky Pete KleinowTitleSneaky PeteCat No.HST380CDLabelGonzo

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!



ArtistRick WakemanTitleOut ThereCat No.HST403CDLabelGonzo

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. 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."



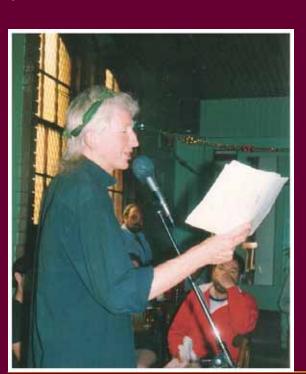


Last weekend Thom the World poet sent me a link to some invaluable archives of photographs of Melbourne performance poetry back in the 1980s.

I wrote to the photographer asking for permission to reprint them in the magazine. Thom told me, to my embarrassment, that she had died several years before.

He wrote:

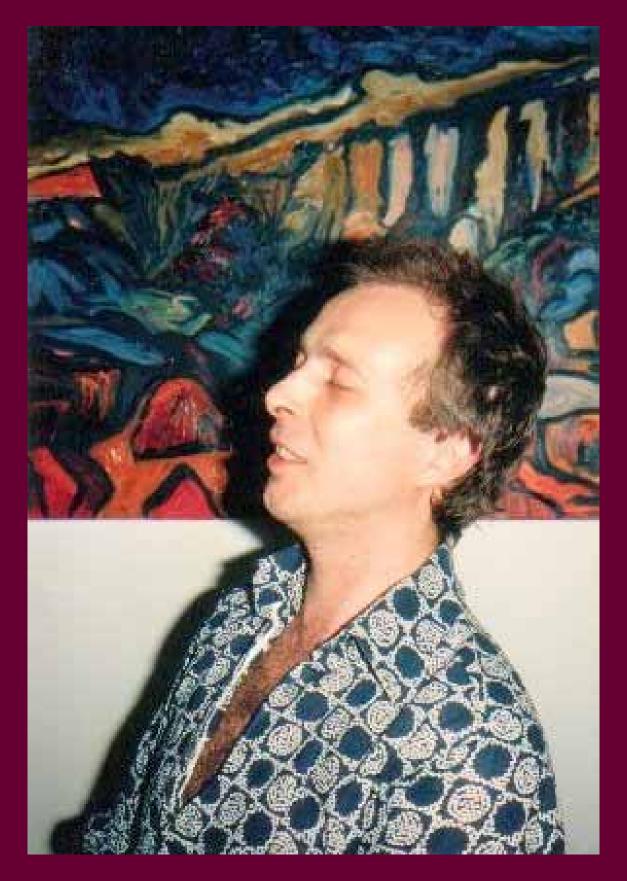
"...btw-these pix are non-copyright-they were taken by Pamela Sidney at Melbourne Poetry



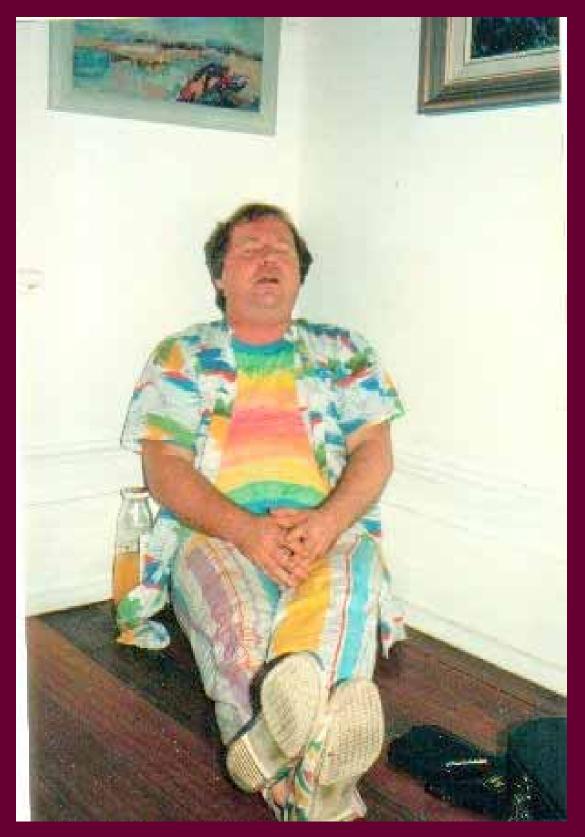




Daevid and Harry



Harry



Thom

PAM'S PHOTOS FROM:

'Rostrum Poets' HIGHBRIDGE HOTEL WINDSOR High St Windsor (began 1989 - finished about '90 '91

PART ONE

PAM'S PHOTOS FROM: THE ROCHESTER CASTLE HOTEL Johnston St Fitzroy MELBOURNE 1987 - 1990

PART ONE: http://rochestercastle.blogspot.com PART TWO: http://rochestertwo.blogspot.com PART THREE: http://rochesterthree.blogspot.com PART FOUR: http://rochesterfour.blogspot.com/ PART FIVE: http://rochesterfive.blogspot.com PART SIX: http://rochestersix.blogspot.com

PAM'S PHOTOS FROM: CARMEL BIRD'S 'CHERRY RIPE' LAUNCH @ LA MAMA THEATRE 1985

http://cherryripepix.blogspot.com/

PAM'S PHOTOS FROM: ROSTRUM POETS READINGS 1989 on.. @ HIGHBRIDGE HOTEL WINDSOR

PART ONE: http://highbridgeone.blogspot.com/

PART TWO: http://rostrumathighbridgetwo.blogspot.com/

PAM'S PHOTOS FROM:

MELBOURNE POETS READING 'Poetica' @ LA MAMA THEATRE (late 80s) 205 Faraday St Carlton

PART ONE: http://pamslamamarandomphtos.blogspot.com/

PAM'S PHOTOS FROM:

'POETICA' ANTHOLOGY LAUNCH 1989 LA MAMA THEATRE 205 Faraday St Carlton MELBOURNE

TWO: http://lamamapix.blogspot.com/

THREE : http://lamamapix2.blogspot.com/

'LIZZARD LOUNGE' 500 Lygon St Coburg (began July 1987 – closed unknown)

PART ONE: http://celebratinglizzardlounge.blogspot.com/

PART TWO: http://lizzardloungetwo.blogspot.com/

PAM'S PHOTOS FROM:

CAFE' JAMMIN' Began 1980/81 Cnr Richardson & Armstrong Sts Middle Park MELBOURNE Photos: 1983/84/85/86 & the final night --- 1986

PART ONE: http://pamscafejamminblog.blogspot.com/

PART TWO: http://pamsjamminphotostwo.blogspot.com/

PAM'S PHOTOS OF:

'GONG' PSYCHEDELIC 70s CULT BAND ST Kilda Art Gallery (photos I took some time ago - probably late 80s)

PART ONE: http://gongatthegallery.blogspot.com/

PAM'S PHOTOS FROM:

THE GREEN MAN CAFE' High St Malvern MELBOURNE (1985 -1989)

PART ONE: http://pamsassorteddphotos.blogspot.com/

PAM'S PHOTOS FROM:

"THE GREEN MAN" High St Malvern MELBOURNE THE FINAL NIGHT OF THE LEGENDARY CAFE` July 16th 1989

TWO: http://finalnightgreenman.blogspot.com/

PAM'S PHOTOS FROM:

SHELTON LEA'S 'RADICAL POETS' THE PUNTERS CLUB HOTEL 1989 Brunswick St Fitzroy MELBOURNE

PART ONE: http://radicalpoetspunters.blogspot.com/

PART TWO: http://tworadicalsatpunters.blogspot.com/ ************

TED LORD'S PHOTOS FROM:

THE DAN O'CONNELL HOTEL Cnr Princes & Canning Sts Carlton MELBOURNE 2003 - 2006

Incl THE DAN'S 10th BIRTHDAY 2004 See Ted Lord's beautiful photos!!!

ONE: http://tedsdanphotosone.blogspot.com/

TWO: http://tedsphotostwo.blogspot.com/

THREE: http://tedsphotosthree.blogspot.com/

FOUR: http://tedphotosfour.blogspot.com/

FIVE: http://tedsphotosfive.blogspot.com/

SIX: http://tedsphotossix.blogspot.com/

SEVEN: http://tedsphotosseven.blogspot.com/

PAM'S COLLECTION OF LOCAL HIS-TORY MELBOURNE POETRY POSTERS FROM: 1980s - 2000s

LA MAMA THEATRE 'POETICA' 80s ROSTRUM POETS 1989 LIZZARD LOUNGE 1986 CAFE GALLEON 1985 CAFE JAMMIN' 1983 Rochester/The Dan/RJ Hawke/Provincial & many more...

PART ONE http://melbournepoetryposters.blogspot.com/

PART TWO http://melbpoetryposterstwo.blogspot.com/

PART THREE http://poetrypostersthree.blogspot.com/

PART FOUR http://poetrypostersfour.blogspot.com/

PART FIVE http://poetrypostersfive.blogspot.com/

PART SIX http://poetryposterssix.blogspot.com/

PART SEVEN http://poetrypostersseven.blogspot.com/

PART EIGHT http://poetryposterseight.blogspot.com/ a

PAM'S PHOTOS FROM:



Venues are put on website then re-loaded to Facebook-so i do believe you do not need to ask for permission-Pamela Sidney (who took the pix)-died two years ago-and she had uploaded these historical pix more than once-so Anarchothom sayz", so I took him at his word and asked him for a few words to place them in context...

"Daevid Allen was a taxi driver and poet/ musician oscillating between BananaMoon Observatory in Northern New South Wales and open mike pub venues in Melbourne,Victoria ,Australia in the 1980s.He would stay with Harry Williamson and Gilli Smyth in St Kilda,and created many radio shows with Harry and Gilli for 3CR (Community Radio) PEOPLE IN PERFORMANCE.

In fact, his poetry and music was the intro to that fine poetry and musical extravaganza.Daevid also worked with his painter friend JOHN HOWLEY (famous for painting robots-and for living in a 19th century roller skating rink.He was often featured at Melbourne pub venues such as the ROCHESTER CASTLE and THE ALBION etcas well as Poetry Theaters such as CARRINGBUSH LIBRARY's 'The Tiger and the Butterfly"and THE LIVING ROOM THEATER in Richmond(run by sculptor/artist/poet ANITA SINCLAIR).Other (theatrical)venues included LA MAMA POETICA in Faraday St Carlton-a venue that survives into 2016,as well as reggae cafes like CAFE JAMMIN.Daevid and Harry and Gilli were a foundation trio in Cafes,Pubs, Theaters and on Community Radio. Harry still runs a recording studio-one that has one of the few vinyl pressing plants in Australia (Spring Studios).

They were an essential part of performance poetry and music in Melbourne -as these pix by PAMELA SIDNEY will reveal. Their work still stands the test of time.."



Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile One Helluva Night still

As pertains to the concert going experience, the definition of what makes "One Helluva Night" sure has changed as the years have gone by. Back in the day, we would dub a night thus if we caught a hard rocking gig at a venue with exceptional sound and light show, if we stayed out until dawn or woke up wondering how we got home. At the concert there was always the chance of some drama – be it equipment failure, excessive stage diving, overindulgence or other typical rock n' roll hazard. Somebody forgot his or her ticket, we ran out of gas, something self inflicted. But more often the show was spectacular, and without issue, particularly in the heyday of the massive concert business in the 1970s. We might have even been lucky enough to meet the band. Good or bad, sh*t went down. Times have changed just a bit.

Now I am as apt to plan a concert-going night carefully, judging the train schedule, traffic patterns, the logistics of the evening. I might even check the set list from recent stops on the band's tour – something I never would have done in the past. I grab earplugs, enough cash for a drink or two, and triple-check that the tickets are correct, and absolutely, positively tucked into my wallet. Of course, proper footwear is now a must. And, I drive, every time. I might have even ensured a chance to meet the band with one of those overpriced "VIP Experience" packages – the ones promising a photo, chance to get an autograph, or sometimes as it turns out, just access to a dodgy buffet, premium stocked bar, and a place to sit and hang out before the show.

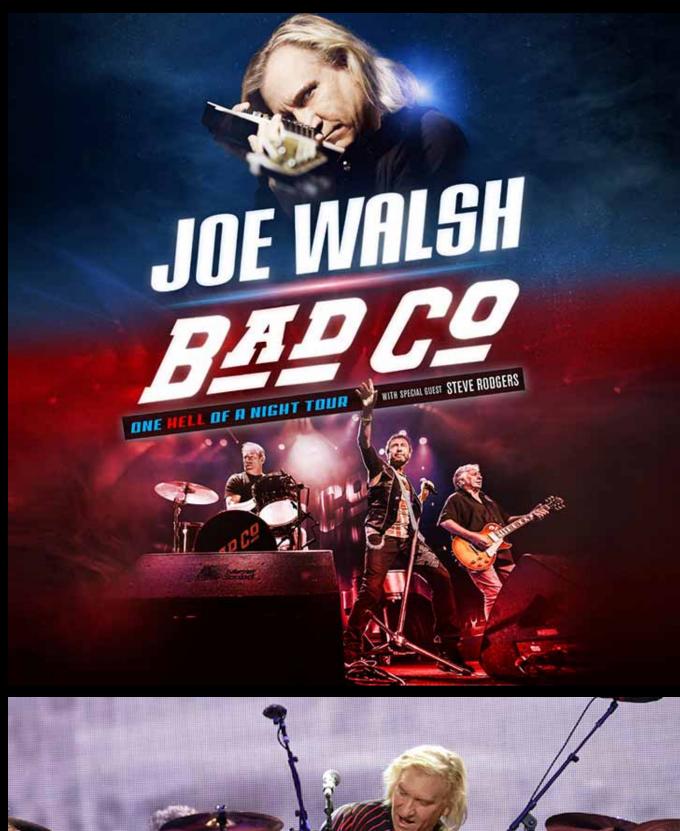
Don't get me wrong, I still get pretty excited about going out to see a beloved band live, but I will say just a bit of the edge has worn off. We've seen some amazing shows over the past several years, averaging 2-3/month, so we are pretty avid concert-goers, and that probably has something to do with a little routine taking the place of the kind of spontaneity of the past. Sometimes, we are catching veteran bands, many on their "retirement" tours or otherwise their almost-final-farewell outing. Most often we've seen these bands before, and find ourselves tempted to see them again, even if the set list is fairly predictable. It feels at times like bearing witness to the end of something, marking the moment, paying respects, supporting our favorite artists, being in traditional terms, a patron. I suppose with "patron" status we are afforded some comforts, no apologies there.

Keeping to the plan for now, we are amassing another list of "best of" shows this year, some old, some new. The schedule is packed with acts from the 60's, 70's, and 80's paired with the newer bands we've been following from the last decade or so. We've lined up The Who, The Specials, Alice Cooper, Echo and The Bunnymen, Peter Gabriel, Rick Wakeman (via a trip to London in June), along with



Bad Company, May 2016 (c) diegospadeproductions, inc.

http://diegospadeproductions.com/







Joe Walsh remembers Glenn Frey, May 2016 (c) diegospadeproductions, inc.

somewhat newer groups like Coldplay, Radiohead, The National, Beach House, Ra Ra Riot and others. Could this year be the last time we see The Who, or Terry Hall (one of your British exports I feel is so underrated), or one of these other artists, fragile as we humans are, and with our limited shelf life. No way to know, but our calculated guess in many of these cases is, "let's see them now if we want to see them again."

The latest show was just this last Tuesday May 17 in Concord, California, at their outdoor pavilion, seeing a double bill titled "One Helluva Night" with headliners Joe Walsh and Bad Company. Everything was in place for us to have the kind of night advertised on the marquee, and yes, it was a fabulous night of rock 'n' roll music, double-shot margaritas at single-shot prices (the register was broken), and good company with my friend Bill. We did, as it turned out, have VIP tickets, and thankfully we had eaten, as the buffet featured a rather tortured looking beef Bolognese. But the drinks were good, and there were free chair massages... know your customer, right? And by and large, most of us didn't cover up all the grey, and wore sensible shoes!

Most importantly, Joe Walsh rocked. He always rocks. It's amazing he can still stand upright given his well-documented hedonistic past. But he does it, delivering the goods in fine if sometimes strained voice, and powerful guitar leads, aided by veteran guitarist Waddy Wachtel, Joe Vitale on drums and a complete band with a tight team of background vocalists. We heard the James Gang hits of course, "Funk #49," and "Walk Away" (excellent!), his solo work like "Analog Man," and autobiographical anthem "Life's Been Good." His choice of the few Eagles songs he did was interesting; one was the relatively down tempo "In the City," and another a nice ode to fallen band mate Glenn Frye, who left us earlier this year, the life lesson "Take it to the Limit," during which photos of Glenn adorned the rear projection screen. And there was the very relevant "Life in the Fast Lane!" Importantly, we got the encore "Rocky Mountain Way," featuring Joe's trademark "talk box" distorting his classic emotive guitar leads. It was really great to see Joe playing live again and actually nailing his leads and vocals – surviving and thriving.

Paul Rogers, Mick Ralphs and Simon Kirke now lead Bad Company with added bass and a new guitarist filling in for departed members. It's a tight outfit, perfectly capable of delivering their brand of rock steady beats, fat guitar riffs, and soulful vocals. The real star of the outfit, depending on your point of view, is Paul Rogers. I happen to love this singer; I consistently marvel at how he has kept his vocal cords in such good condition. He is blessed with one of the greatest voices among classic rock contemporaries. And, Paul knows it. That doesn't bug me, though I've heard complaints, as he is a mannered sort of performer. He makes it look easy to hit every single note perfectly, and maybe that's one reason his showmanship can appear to be a bit strident. But to me, he sounds like a true rock god, he looks great, and importantly, he exudes not just confidence, but real joy. It's inspiring. It doesn't hurt one bit that the band had no new material to promote - we got all the hits, kicking off with "Live for the Music" and "Feel Like Makin' Love." "Burnin' Sky" was hot (yes hot). "Ready for Love" and "Movin' On" were fantastic. Everyone sang along to "Seagull" and the *Rock Band* PS3 game hit "Shooting Star" during which I realized it's hard to hit those "la la la la la la la" verses without the game's scrolling lyric feed! The show ended with my favorite, "Rock Steady" though by then we were outside the venue heading for the car. Gotta get a jump on that traffic, to make sure our helluva night ended smoothly!

 $p.s.\ just\ got\ back\ from\ The\ Who\ tour\ date\ in\ Oalkand....stay\ tuned,$





We're all doomed or gloomed to grow up somewhere. Most of my school days were at the Bognor Regis Grammar School and then the first two years in the life of the new comprehensive school. Bognor Regis is down on the West Sussex south coast of England. In the 1960s it was still the time of decaying amusement arcades, the opening of the new Butlin's Holiday Camp and bucket and spade seaside holidays. In fact, early on in the 1960s,



Tony Hancock and cast had spent some miserable, rain-filled weeks filming the rather sad, 'Punch and Judy Man' film there. If I don't blink, I can even just spot myself as one of the young kids on the beach who got the chance to be 'film extras'. Actually though, if you like slightly seedy, run-down seaside resorts, the film provides a pretty accurate bit of social history

Bognor Regis is often remembered for a variety of mostly jokey images. One: King George V was meant to have muttered, 'Bugger Bognor' (or something far ruder) as he died. Apparently, he'd just been told that he might soon be well enough to return to convalesce in the town (he'd given it the 'Regis' bit in its after his successful earlier name convalescence at Craigweil House in the winter of 1929). Two: The tune that begins Desert Island Discs, is actually entitled 'By the Sleepy Lagoon', which Eric Coates penned about Bognor, around 1930. Why the title, one has to ask? My artist mate, Andy Wood, has come up with answer. Andy told me: "I have a passing interest in all things BBC and I recently visited Selsey Bill near where Coates lived and discovered the blue plaque there dedicated to the writing of 'By the Sleepy Lagoon'. I found that Eric's description is of Bognor as viewed from Selsey as a 'pink hued enchanted city'. His son, Austin Coates, remembers it being inspired by the view across Pagham Lagoon, and the sea at that time being an incredibly deep blue, almost of the Pacific. It was that impression, looking across at Bognor, which looked pink, almost like an enchanted city,

alan dearling





Some musical excursions and All-nite Raves!





Shoreline (to the right, the hotel terraces in the photo)

which gave him the idea for the 'Sleepy Lagoon'. Three: Tony Hancock had been an early star of the summer show, 'Flotsam's Follies'. During that stay in 1949 his warped humour led him to describe Bognor as: *'…*

bright black, with here and there a vivid streak of grey'. I rather like that. Four: The rock band Genesis produced a song called 'Harold the Barrel'. In the song, a Bognor restaurant owner, Harold, feeds his toes to his customers and then tops himself. Suitably black humour. Five: Some have also suggested that Morrisey's line, 'In the seaside town...they forgot to bomb' from the song 'Everyday is like Sunday' is about Bognor. Six: More to my own taste, Frank Zappa, mentioned Bognor Regis in 'Once upon a Time' as one of the places God had created in order to supply the giant oak floor to support an out-of-control, mutant, giant maroon sofa.

Raves On!

For a brief time in the mid to late sixties, at the end of the mods and rockers' heyday of motorbikers in leathers and mods in parkas, Bognor's seafront housed the Shoreline Club and the Caribbean Hotel, billed as Europe's first 'Teen otel'. During our last years at the grammar school a lad called Nicholas St John Foti joined my form. Nick told us that he was one of a large number of children adopted by his dad who had something to do with Arundel Castle and the Duke of Norfolk. Adopting children appeared to be part of 'daddy' Eric St John Foti's Sicilian Catholic way. Nick started to become particularly interesting when we realised it was dad who was running the Shoreline at the old Beaulieu Hotel. Nick and all his siblings were the 'staff'. For your





admission charge into the Shoreline, you became a club 'member' and were then allowed to stay the night in the 'crash pad' spaces. Some of us who were not grounded by our parents, or could tell white lies about 'staying with friends' risking parental and school wrath, actually attended gigs there. The mods and rockers were real enough. In rather superficial terms, rockers were more likely to favour raw rock n' roll, rock-a-billy, wore leathers, smoked cannabis and rode motorbikes. Mods were supposedly fashionconscious, wore parkas, Italian suits, rode on scooters and were 'into' bands like the Who and the Small Faces, ska, soul music and took amphetamine pills, sometimes referred to as 'doobs' or 'doobies', 'bombers' and 'blues'. It's also where the terms' 'dexys' (Dexedrine) and 'bennies' (Benzedrine) come from. I think though, that there was a lot of blurring in musical tastes. Both mods and rockers seemed to like many of the so-called rhythm and blues bands such as the Pretty Things, Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac and the Rolling Stones. Sociologist, Stan Cohen, later made his name with his thesis that the mods and rockers were 'folk-devils' and that their existence spread 'moral panic' amongst the mainstream society. In reality, the local people living in seaside towns such as Bognor Regis, Brighton and Margate did indeed become frightened, frustrated and angry at the regular influx of hundreds and even thousands of bike and scooter gangs to their holiday resorts.

Often the Shoreline gigs were promoted as 'All-Nite Raves'. Were they the first, or among the first, 'Raves' in the UK? I only went twice. The gig I really remember was the Pink Floyd. This was early 1967, the Pink Floyd in its original line-up with Syd Barrett as singer. It was a mind-bending night of liquid wheel projections and familiar songs like 'Arnold Layne' and 'See Emily Play' punctuated by long jazz-style improvisations. Very spacey even if you hadn't participated in the freely available drugs. I can't remember if I blagged my way in as a friend of Nick's. Looking up the Foti clan on the web, it seems as though son Nick ended up as one of the final members of Freddie and the Dreamers.

But looking into our past is a bit easier now with the advent of the internet. Another exschool friend, David Sangwine, spotted that Felixstowe TV has been broadcasting a staggering 20 plus, 'This is your life' type







interviews with Daddy, Eric St John Foti, who is now approaching his nineties. He's led some life, having been an inventor, manic collector of memorabilia (a lot of it of 60s rock including the Freddie and the Dreamers poster and drum kit and Shoreline 'wall'), and photographer which he used to display at 'Collectors' World', near Downham Market in Norfolk - which he sold, and is now closed. He's been an entrepreneur and patron of various charities including a Sail Training School. But he's a true colourful eccentric. Anglo-Italian, in fact. As a 'for instance', last year he pleaded guilty in absentia for clocking up 99 miles an hour. Eric St John Foti in pic, was aged 88 at the time of the offence on December 18, and was driving a Lexus LS 600H when caught by a speed camera at 10.50 a.m. on the A14 in Ipswich. Still living life in the fast lane!

Anyway, back to the Shoreline Club round about 1965-67. Bernie Smith was a member of the local band, Johnny Devlin and the Detours. I knew their guitarist, Arthur Biggs, who had worked in 'Roberts', the wine shop my parents had run in Bognor's High Street. Bernie recalls:

"The 50s were for the Americans, Little Richard, Buddy Holly, all those guys over there. In the late 50s we had Cliff Richard, Marty Wilde, people like that - and then it changed in the 1960s.

It was the permissive society. We even had a teen hotel in Bognor. Can you imagine that! We had the mods and the rockers. The Who came down to Bognor and Brighton, and it was a time when there were massive changes. The Beatles and The Rolling Stones changed the whole landscape. A lot of English bands were doing covers, but they started writing their own music. It started encouraging more and more bands to perform."

Eric St John Foti tells us more about what led to establishing the Shoreline. In episodes 13 and 14 of his interviews with Mike Ninnmey:

"We kept on adding to our family, we were mummy and daddy to them...they weren't free for adoption...we gave them an opportunity for them to have a family. We had a very large family, it was a privilege. We just dealt with Lambeth Council."

Eric and his wife Marion had been living in Seaford, but needed somewhere bigger for their ever-expanding family. In the interviews, Eric tells of chance meetings leading to more boys and girls coming to live in his 'family'. Peculiarly, at least to me, most seem to have taken the family 'name' of St John Foti. And ultimately this provides us with the link to Bognor. A Monsignor brokered a deal for Eric to talk with the Duke of Norfolk at his large home in Arundel Castle. The Duke had been planning to put up some of his wife's horsejockeys in the now empty St Wilfrid's Convent. But Eric persuaded him that the needs of his large family – about 15 children and growing in number - was a social priority. And with interest-free funding from the Monsignor (and possibly the Catholic Church) he took over the 70 rooms and renamed the old nunnery, 'Arundel Priory'. Eric takes up the story,

"We did the work ourselves. It was a very old building. We started with just three rooms...a young decorator asked to come and work for me, aged 15 or 16. Between us we did the electrics and decorating of the rooms...I had to keep up with the income. I'd drive to Seaford and teach at the convent...I started my inventions again and I was the official photographer for the Theatre Royal in Brighton and sold postcards of my photographs to many hotels.

For food we used to economise...we never had roast on Sundays, we had spam. We never had a child run away...we had no heating in the individual rooms, but a huge greenhouse heater, with a five or six foot high chimney in the main hall. The huge walls kept the heat in."

The Shoreline 'youth club business'

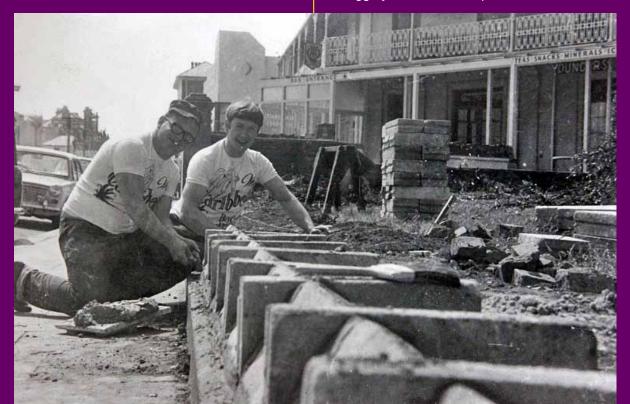
"And then I entered the 'youth club business'. The young people didn't want table-tennis and darts, they wanted loud music. So we started a new kind of youth club in the big hall of the Priory (in Arundel). We used to have large

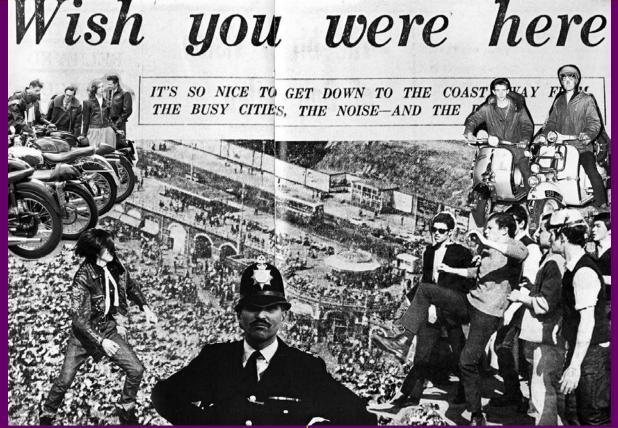


groups, we built a stage, we had a projector and showed psychedelic lights. This was the days of the mods and rockers...it was then we bought the Dutch in – girls who wanted to learn English - au pairs to look after the children. It cost £15 for a beat group to play and we played records...because the club was so successful, Bognor Council asked me; 'Would you please open a youth club in Bognor?'.

They had five hotels along the seafront, with Butlin's staff in them. They turfed the Butlin's people out...presented me with five hotels. 'Use those as your youth club'."

The Bognor Council appears to have seen Eric St John Foti as their saviour from the mods and rockers' problem which was frightening tourists away from the seafront. In Mike Read's book 'The South Coast Beat Scene in the 1960s', the writer (maybe or maybe not Mike R), says, "The council let Eric Foti have the old Beaulieu and Beaulieu Downs hotels at a rental of two thousand pounds a year, with Eric having to put up the initial ten thousand pounds for the conversion into the Shoreline Club and the Caribbean Hotel." St John Foti immediately set about recruiting dozens of teenagers to 'do up' the old hotels. The club and the hotel opened at Easter 1965 with 'Ready, Steady, Go' presenter Cathy McGowan, performing the honours. Eric commented, "We had to knock through all the linking walls - we propped them up when they started falling down. I was on the sledge hammer! Wouldn't get away with it lots of now...We had new ideas...the Caribbean Hotel had space for 70 boys and 70 girls to stay...We aimed it at those causing bother...We had three dance halls. Snuggery. A row of shops. Hairdressers. We





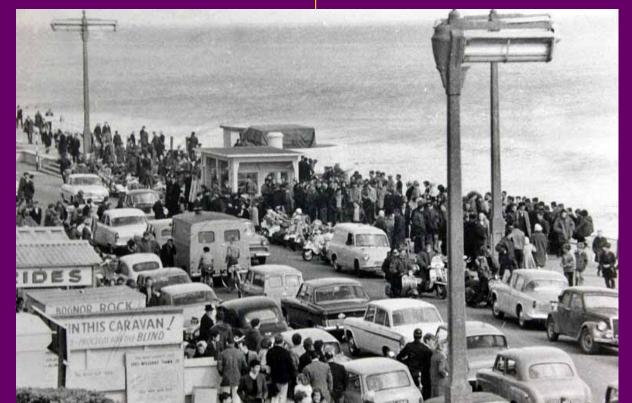
were very strict. We were quickly packed to the seams. Mike Read was one of our youngsters. He played guitar in a BBC film ('Whole Scene Going On')...The film won awards"

"Women's Own' magazine published an article praising the club and including quotes from teenagers, who said of the club, "People don't lecture us. We just enjoy ourselves and no-one treats us like kids...There's tons to do...it's fabulous." And 'The Listener', the BBC's magazine, reported that, "...this (the Caribbean Hotel) will become Britain's first international holiday centre for teenagers...there were doubts among the police and local councillors, but 17,000 teenagers have already been through without a single incident...since the Shoreline Club opened the crime rate in Bognor has dropped significantly." In his book, 'Seize the Day', BBC DJ, Mike Read remembers:

"Every teenager working at the place had to participate in the menial and day-to-day jobs necessary to keep the place going...**The Shoreline** was a unique place, where you could chat, hang out or even play a bit of guitar with some seriously interesting guys. The media, of course, had a field day, assuming it was a den of iniquity...The place had a cast of characters you couldn't have invented, with allnighters full of mods popping pills not for kicks, but simply to keep awake."

And Eric comments,

"We had the first video jukebox (a Scopitone).



TVs everywhere showing groups playing. Three groups on three stages...You could go from one area to another...you could eat as much as you like – beans on toast."

But he had his challenges. First from what he calls, "Bognor's own version of the Kray Brothers...I took them up to the Priory, showed them what we were doing and they became helpful...Had a 70 year old lady on the ticket office...Went and got off-duty Military police – we paid them as bouncers."

However, one gets the impression that Eric St John Foti was either very naïve or a very clever entrepreneur. He suggests, "We never seemed to have lot of drug problems. But I was very innocent...the Council were very supportive...a 'News of the World' reporter spent a week at the club and couldn't get the girls' side (and gave us a good review)...but the police were very cross, as we jammed up their (sea) front."

A friend of mine from Bognor, Roger Nash, who has stayed put in the area, promotes local music festivals, and has even been the town's mayor, reminisces,

"My first car was an old Police drug squad Ford Cortina, about 1967 and when I used to drive up and down the seafront, I saw quite a few people scattering and diving behind hedges



Eric St John Foti

thinking it was the Drug Squad!" Eric remembers, "We had youngsters coming from as far away as Scotland, even from the continent...Residents didn't like this sort of thing...The 'Sunday Express' sent down a reporter to investigate complaints. I told him he could stay and see what it was like. He stayed one hour and went back to the station...on 6th June 1966, they published a story that said that (our) 'seaside youth hotel faces sex and drugs





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charges'. I shut down the club and successfully sued the 'Sunday Express'."

This closure did happen, but only temporarily. So, while the Felixstowe TV account implies that this was the end of the Shoreline, actually many of the main events at the Caribbean/ Shoreline occurred after this date. From the 'Sussex History Forum online' we learn from 'pomme homme':

"Promoted under the by-line, 'The Only Beatscene on the South Coast' and 'Bognor's Teen Hotel Club', the Shoreline Club on the Sea Front at Bognor Regis had something of a reputation in the sixties. It also appears to have attracted some of the better known acts of the time, such as:

22 June 1966 David Bowie (and The Buzz) 26 March 1967 Pink Floyd (apparently an all nighter) 22 April 1967 & 15 July 1967 The Move 13 May 1967 The Who (although one source suggests that they did not appear because the stage was too small) 27 May 1967 Jeff Beck Group

Amongst the less well known acts to have

performed there were The Untamed, whose only claim to fame seems to be that they included onetime BBC Radio One DJ Mike Read!"

The beginning of the end...

From my own personal memory, the so-called 'summer of love' of 1967 was actually still quite scary around Bognor. The large numbers of teenagers, particularly mods, who had made the Shoreline one of the favoured national destinations were not local. And they weren't very loving! Though it was a time of change, and in the next year or three, large numbers of rockers and mods took to smoking dope, wearing their hair longer and sporting kaftans and beads. The sheer numbers involved in invading the south coast resorts, as in this photo from Brighton, were pretty awesome. The 1979 Franc Roddam film 'Quadrophenia' is a pretty accurate social documentary of the mid-sixties. It may seem pretty weird now, but at the time (roughly 1965-68) Bognor's own local youngsters were only rarely visitors to the Shoreline. The Rex Ballroom in Bognor, Bognor's Westloats' Lane Youth Club and the Top Hat in Littlehampton with its glass stage, were more likely venues for local kids. Sadly, it meant that we missed the chance to see Van Morrison who sang with Them, and even very early performances from Elton John, David Bowie, plus Arthur Brown, the Jeff Beck Group with Rod Stewart, John Mayall's Bluesbreakers and many, many more. What a list! But my school colleague, David Sangwine, shared with



'The Shoreline Hotel (the only teenage hotel run by teenagers for teenagers in Bognor)'

me his yearning to have been far more involved:

"I remember Jerry Sherman (part-time Mod) who rode a flashy new Series 3 Lambretta and was known as Jerry the Yid? Also a contemporary local Mod luminary known as The Moonman who rode a stripped-down Li 175 and was famed for having a fist-fight duel with an out of town 'greaser' on the beach opposite the Shoreline in the summer of '67?

The local Mod scene was 'part time' and fairly low key, but I yearned to be part of it with my uncool old LI 150 bought from Colin Crouch!"

"The Shoreline Club was a ground floor dance area (several rooms knocked into one) and hotel rooms above (not mixed sex). I had no money for such things and slept rough on the beach, meanwhile after that escapade some months later I had to appear at Bow street Magistrates court the result of being caught bleary eyed at Victoria station trying to avoid the train fare back from Bognor. Timeline here is 1966 'Good Vibrations' by the Beach Boys."

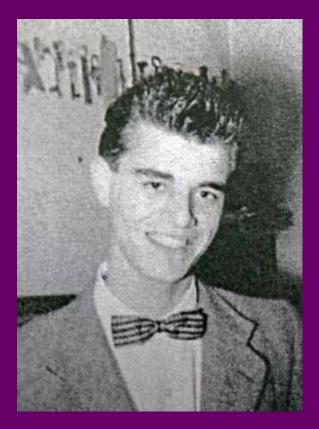
Nigel online at: http:// mcleanmuir.proboards.com/thread/49/ beckenham-junction-nightclub-1966? page=2

My old head of English from the local Bognor Regis Grammar School, Colin Crouch reminisces about the Shoreline, saying,

"The staff at BRGS wrapped their gowns more tightly round them when the Shoreline was being discussed!"

Blair Montague-Drake, (top next column) the 21 year-old Shoreline Assistant Manager and club photographer, and the eldest of Eric St John Foti's clan of children in Arundel, wrote to me from Australia, where he now lives (and thanks, Blair, for use of the Shoreline/ Caribbean pics):

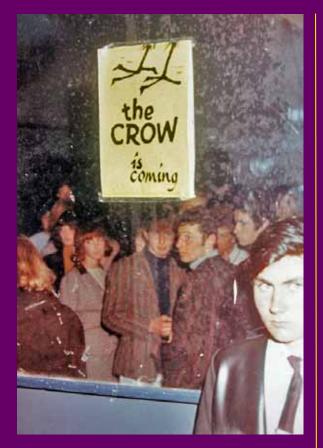
"I doubt if any of the (local school) staff entered the premises. If so it was no doubt borne of fear. I was the assistant manager and we ran a very tight ship so to speak. There was STRICT segregation of boys and girls in the sleeping arrangements, in that one side of the hotel was for girls with a security guards on duty 24/7. We did not serve alcohol and drugs of any kind, other than cigarettes, were utterly prohibited.



We believe we served a vital role in youth development by providing a safe place to be, thus ensuring they were not roaming the streets. Any profits made were donated to charity. Many of the staff worked for very low wages plus keep because they believed in the aspirations of the company. It was fun, exciting and unique as an experience for everyone involved. There are a thousand stories to the Shoreline and Caribbean, this is only one of them."



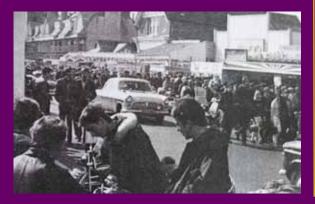
The **Southbeats** were the resident, houseband at the Shoreline (above) and lived-in. Joe Saliba, the lead singer, became a prominent DJ known as 'Little Joe', playing a lot of soul and Stax and Motown. Tracks like, Eddie Floyd's Things get better' and 'Ain't too proud to beg' from the Temptations. And from 'The



South Coast Beat Scene in the 1960s' book, we learn that:

"Beyond the two dance areas, was the entrance, where the membership cards were shown, money handed over or undesirables ejected. Basil Ragless was in charge of the bouncers, none looking tougher than Basil himself; his swarthy looks and 'Popeye' arms with their bulging muscles, belying his gentle character."

1966 was a challenging year for Eric and his Shoreline team. The Bognor Regis Urban Development Committee and the local police were unhappy with the club. One member of the committee referred to living near to the club as like, *"living on the edge of a volcano."* The focus of concern was not only what went on inside the club, but perhaps more on the





impact hundreds of scooters and mods along the Bognor seafront was having on locals and tourists.

Under mounting pressure from the local council as well as from the national and local media, on October 29th 1966, Eric St John Foti signed over the Shoreline and the Caribbean to Harry and Barbara Pendleton, who were running London's famous Marquee Club. According to the Eric St John Foti in 'The South Coast Beat Scene' book, "I didn't get a penny from the Marquee lot. I could and probably should, have sued, however I tried to keep the situation positive by finding someone else to take it over. The people I thought were the right people were the Naylors, who had a nursing home in Slough...they sent in a guy called Philip Hamilton to oversee the place, they were pretty hopeless." Mike Read's book then informs us that the Naylors were actually called McPherson and there were serious financial question marks hanging over them too.

But the 'piece de resistance', has to be the following article that I found after a lot of hunting online, from Ray Baker, now in Australia. It's all about his band 'Frenzy', who later morphed into 'Heaven', and whom I later saw play live at the Isle of Wight Festival. Methinks I've uncovered something closer to the 'truth' (whatever that is!). Ray writes:

"Another very notorious gig haunt of ours was 'The Shoreline Club' at Bognor Regis. New Years Eve 1967/8 saw me playing with two ex Royals, Ray Brook on Tenor Sax and Rick Semark on drums plus the 'Gentle Giant' Ray Todd on Bass. Just after midnight a huge 'on stage' brawl broke out between us and some drunken locals who wanted to get up on stage and sing and they demanded that we give them our instruments to play. Tenor sax player Ray Brook was quite a big guy who rode a Vincent Black Shadow motorbike and I can tell you now that it is a very unwise thing to demand of a very stroppy young guy like Ray Brook that you



want his saxophone, particularly if you are standing looking up from the dance floor and he is standing above you on stage. Ray was pleased to oblige but 'bad accidents' can (and sometimes did) occur ...Have you ever seen the damage that the vertical flange joint under a saxophone can inflict upon a guy's forehead if he should suddenly jump up onto the stage and the sax 'accidentally' strike his head with great force? I can tell you that it's not a very pretty sight to see a guy slowly slide down off the stage as his forehead opens right up between the eyes... Ooooh! very nasty and in that horrible key of B flat as well !

After several minutes of bloody battle that night, I ended up with an old-style solid glass Coke bottle smashed into the back of my skull which rendered me unconscious and during which time I had my night's earnings of about five quid stolen out of my trouser pocket. Fortunately I'd had the very good sense to put my Strat safely away before launching myself into the melee. Further punishment of several hours at Bognor hospital emergency unit with a very unsympathetic, typically obese Matron shaving my long locks off and digging glass out of my skull with a scalpel and pick without any



anaesthetic brings back very nasty and painful memories. I think I got off lightly compared with the two poor buggers that were 'Selmered' in the head by Ray Brook's Tenor sax. Fortunately there was no police follow-up at all although my Dad was absolutely furious at the theft of my wages and he swore for weeks afterwards, 'I'm going to pour 5 gallons of petrol round that bloody Shoreline Club and set light to the f*****g place'. I think it did eventually burn down a year later... didn't it? Oh the joys of being a young muso eh? I can still feel that scar on my head to this day."

From the 'Portsmouth Music Scene' website.

The end of the Shoreline does indeed seem to have been in 1968. I checked on the West Sussex County Records Office website and they have a record, from the local Bognor historian, Gerard Young's collection (GY/PH 1959), of the Shoreline (Beaulieu) Hotel being demolished in 1968.

Some days - and nights! Rave On. R.I.P. the Shoreline Club and the Caribbean Teenotel.



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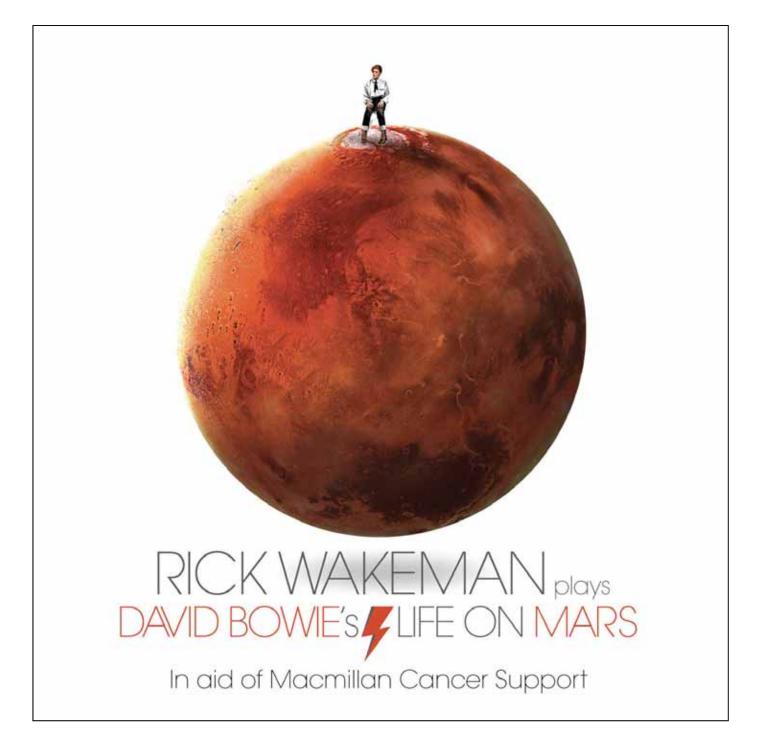


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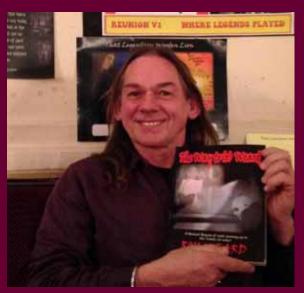
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After a life spent in and around music Roy Weard has finally written it all down. From his beginnings in the folk clubs of the early sixties, to playing the free festivals of the seventies with his own band 'Wooden Lion', to touring as a merchandiser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

Even now he is unable to give up being involved in music. He still fronts the revived band 'That Legendary Wooden Lion', is part of the team that puts on monthly gigs in Brighton and Hove under the name of 'The Real Music Club' and does a weekly one hour radio show on Tuesdays at 4pm on Brighton and Hove Community Radio. As of now, he also writes a regular column in this august publication..

Whilst not 'Britain's Most Wanted', Jacko was still the subject of police attention and they seemed to have decided that he had to be a lynchpin in some big drugs ring. A less likely 'Mr. Big' I have yet to meet. Be that as it may, they continued to call round to try to catch him and finally, months later, arrested him at an open air gig somewhere. Once in custody they obviously began asking questions about his drug dealing. They had him for the drink driving charge and evading arrest so they had no need to go easy and, when he was arrested, he had a little bit of dope on him, but not much as far as I could tell. That made what followed even odder because Jacko proceeded to give them chapter and verse about every illegal substance he had bought and passed on. I got to see his statement and it ran to 19 pages. Everything he did for almost the whole time I knew him. I was fairly surprised that he was able to recall it. The upshot was that he got 18 months in prison. He was originally placed in Wandsworth Prison but later moved to Ford Open Prison. Ford was one of the prisons where they say to you, 'The gates are over there. If you are going to abscond please go through the gates rather than over the wire fence. Remember, though, that when you are caught you will be sent to a closed prison'. That seemed to stop most escapes.

They would send the prisoners out into the local fields to work and we noticed a change in Jacko over the year when we visited him. The grey limp person that he was before was transformed into someone with a tan and muscles. When he came out he looked good – it lasted about a week. After that he was back to being a flaked out wastrel. Jill, Tom's girlfriend, came by one time and, as she was leaving she said, 'Prison has really affected him hasn't it?'

'Yes, but it has worn off now.' I replied.

A few days after he came out we saw that *Stackridge*, one of his favourite bands, was playing at *The Marquee*. We all piled into Tom's bus to go along to see them. Jacko got pretty wasted at the gig and when we came out we could see he was a bit worse for wear. We drove up Wardour Street behind a 3 tonne truck, which came to a halt because someone had parked a Luton Transit half

on the kerb, so that the top of the van overhung the road. The truck driver did not think he could get through.

Now, one of the things Jacko had been doing to earn money was driving a truck.

'You could get a bus through there', he snorted, and jumped out of Tom's bus to tell the driver. We could hear him saying:

'Give me the keys and I'll drive it through'. The truck driver was understandably reluctant to pass control of his vehicle over to a drunken hippie.

He came back to the bus complaining, and Tom put the vehicle into reverse to get back to the nearest turn off. As we shot backwards a police van pulled out of the turning we were going for. We missed hitting it, but stopped. Once more Jacko disembarked and went over to them to remonstrate about the recalcitrant truck driver. As we watched, a door slid open and a hand emerged, grabbed his jacket and hauled him into the van. Another officer got out and strolled over to us.

'Is he your mate?' he asked. 'Yes.'

'He will be spending the night with us.'

'He has only just come out of prison,' I said.

'Well, he'll be used to it then, won't he?'

One other incident with him springs to mind. He came along to our gigs, ostensibly as a roadie. The usual course of events was that he would help us load in, be there for the gig and then we would load out, go off and try to find where he was and then, if we found him, load him into the bus to go home. We were trying to get a gig at The Roundhouse in Chalk Farm and, not knowing any of the agencies that were booking the bands for the gigs, we naively called the number on the adverts. After a preamble about wanting a gig, the guy on the phone asked, 'Do you mic up the drums?' Seemed an odd question, but I said we didn't and he offered a series of shows for the next month. We were elated until we found out that it was not The Roundhouse we were playing at, but a restaurant/club round the corner, and the stuff we were doing was not really what they had in mind. Jacko and Dee, Jimmy's girlfriend, had been arguing about who could drink the most, so they had a competition during the show. Jacko lost and Dee seemed unaffected. When we had finished the load out we went looking for him as usual. He was nowhere to be seen. I tried the toilets and the grounds of the place, but no trace. We were about to leave but I decided to check the

toilets one more time. I had been calling his name and got no answer, but one cubicle was closed so I thought he may have passed out. I climbed on the toilet beside the locked one. There he was sitting on the closed seat, head in hands, but awake. Our conversation went like this:

'Come on, we are leaving.'

'I can't get out.'

'Why?'

'Door won't open', he said pushing at the section in front of him.

'That is a wall. The door is to your right.'

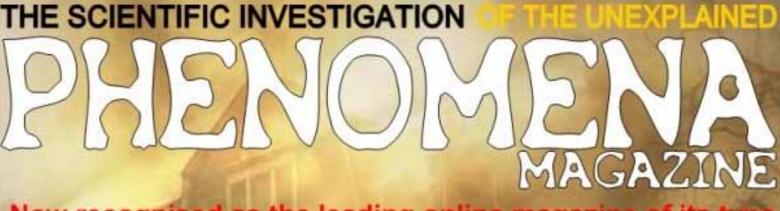
'Oh.'

He opened the door and we left. At the bus Tom refused to take him at first, convinced he was going to throw up. We convinced Tom he was not going to do that, and sat Jacko in the bus.

'If he starts to throw up I am going to push him out,' said Tom, so we followed them all the way home. Jacko did not get ejected, but when we arrived back at the house he was upside down, head under the seat, feet in the air. We helped him in and he lay on the sofa for a while. After a few minutes he stirred and turned the music up really loud. 'Can't hear it,' he slurred.

We turned it back down again, but the sudden movement involved in getting up stirred something in his stomach and he lurched to his feet and made for the back door, and with one hand over his mouth, he stood there tugging furiously at the handle. The door would not budge. It was bolted. I leaned over and withdrew the bolt and the door flew open, smashing into my forehead as he rushed by to throw up in the outside loo. He drifted off to stay with other people after this and we did not see him for a while.





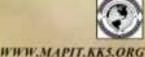
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West Coast Pilgrimage 2016

Paul Kantner Part 2

Of all the people we lost earlier this year, Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Airplane/Starship was the one that seems to have got to me the most personally, which as I mentioned in Gonzo 168, still kinda surprises me because I really didn't realise until that day how much his music meant to me. Since that day Ive been reading about him, the band, and exploring more of his back catalogue.

I've bought and read two books, *Got A Revolution* (The turbulent flight of the Jefferson Airplane) and *Somebody to Love?* Grace Slick's autobiography, who really was the original 'wild woman of rock'. The book that apparently most influenced him when he was young, was Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land*, which Jon our editor mentioned as one of his favourites in his opening column only last week. (If you haven't read it, make sure you get hold of the more recent, original and longer version, first published in the UK in 1991)

I also scored the RSD2016 double album release *Jefferson Starship, Roswell UFO Festival 2009 Live set* (Gonzo 179) which although 'not the best' album ever I find very poignant. One of the last of his recorded output I believe, it includes pre-song rambles which I always think makes a live album





sound really live. To hear Kantner, he sounds so alive, relaxed and confident. "Having a good time.....we are gonna take a short break, so you can go outside and peruse your minds", love it! The standout for me is a 'modern' version of Wooden Ships, one of my all time fave tracks, his spoken poetry intro just sends shivers down my spine for some reason. So a couple of weeks ago, one quiet evening, I'm surfing the web, ending up on one of Grace Slick's pages and there it was. A 'classic-type' San Francisco gig poster from the 60s. I zoomed it up and read it. Paul Kantner Celebration of Life, a free Streetfair in the Haight, Sunday 12th of June 2016. It took me all of a nanosecond to decide, I wanted to be there.....so I'm going. I can't friggin wait! I was too young for those real days, there's almost none of the real band left in it ('Jefferson Starship' are the headliners), apart from David Freiberg, but there might be surprises. Mr Freiberg is going to be a busy

boy that day for sure, before the Starship is 'Quicksilver Messenger Service'. I'm slightly puzzled about that one, because up until now, they have plied their modern trade under one of their original guitarist's name, Gary Duncan. If he plays too, I will be in total heaven! Grace could do with making an appearance (to make up for blowing out Kebworth in the 70s) but fat chance of that I guess. She seems busy being an artist these days, of the painting kind. So I know it won't be the 'real deal', but it's the right place, a free concert in SF on a Sunday, and I just want taste of the atmosphere.

I've been lucky enough to visit the city before, several times, it's always been one of my favourites and any excuse to go again is welcome. Being a 21st century psychedelic tourist is arguably a bit naff, but fuck it, I'm gonna do it whilst I can. I've booked my seat on one of Steve Miller's big old



Jet Airliners, I'm ready to fly (and fly). I am now researching the weekend in detail, and have been checking to see what else is on. Bob Dylan is the answer! Oakland the night I arrive sadly, so I won't be going to that one. But I have found another interesting gig on the Saturday night, and via the wonders of the web, have a ticket to see 'Miles Electric' at the new, purpose built SFJazz Center. 'Fronted by SFJazz Collective trumpeter Sean Jones, a group of fusion-era Miles Davis alumni come together and play wired-up funky music Davis created from the late 1960s to the '80s.' Don't you just love American bullshit! I am going to make the effort and go see the other 'sites' of West Coast Music history, not to mention record shops (Amoeba sounds cool) and a few book shops into the bargain (Heads by Jesse Jarrow, reviewed in last week's Gonzo is also on my hit list). Wish the exchange rate was a bit more positive but you can't have it all. A busy, exciting and fun weekend coming up.....

Planet Earth Rock and Roll Orchestra is one of the first of two albums I've acquired recently, billed as Paul Kantner. A Proud Pork Production (!) It's a belated 'follow-up' to the wonderful Blows Against The Empire work, sometimes subtitled the Empire Blows Back. Another sci-fi concept extravaganza and pretty good it is too, from 1983. It seems to be a bit of 'lost album' but can tracked down easily enough currently (eg Discogs) Side one is titled America, Side two Australia .. Oz and beyond. Amongst the many players and contributors are most of the 'Airplane plus members of other bands and China Kantner (his daughter with Grace Slick) on vocals. Interestingly, he also wrote a book of the same name and the information about that seems somewhat confusing. Chapter 1 can be found as scanned jpegs on a website but I cannot find out if the book was actually physically published although these web extracts seems to suggest it was.....

Paul Kantner explains the premise for the Album Novel in an interview. "The album is sort of a soundtrack to the novel. It's about a rock-and-roll band who gets a hold of a lot of telepathic amplification equipment, essentially, that the government starts coming after. That begins an adventure of them going cross-country. They wind up in a settlement in Australia, and eventually get off the planet in a unique sort of way. There's a sort-of picture of it on the album.

I originally took it (Planet Earth Rock and Roll Orchestra) to publishers in the 80s but they couldn't quite figure out what it was about or if it was any good even. The main question I got from them was "we don't know what shelf we'd put it on the bookstore. Is it a music book, a spy novel, an adventure, a screen play or a science fiction book?" At that point I got pretty disheartened and was doing a lot of other things at the time so I didn't really pursue it. But then some fans among others, not by insistence but more request ... I got back into it. When we got our own website I decided to take the vanity publishing route and I did the whole thing myself on this little homegrown business that we do here on our website. I went and re-edited, type-checked, spell checked and added this and that and put together a 500 page novel and a CD and combined it from the music from the same novel. We are putting it up for sale on our website."

(source http://www.planetearthrocknroll.com)

Another thing to keep an eye out for on my upcoming trip.....My copy of the album is on vinyl, the original US RCA release. It also seems to have re-issued on CD in 2005, just 3000 copies. However, I've just this evening ordered a 2CD version with a bonus CD with interviews and a 'radio show' version, with a CD of Blows Against The Empire thrown in. It will be interesting to see what turns up.

The other album is Jefferson Airplane, released in 1989 on Epic (CBS), again a US Vinyl copy. This was a reunion of the original 'Airplane, instigated by Kantner, and whilst somewhat more AOR than their usual fare, has some high points too from my limited plays so far. (Their drummer, Spencer Dryden is absent) Any music with Grace in good voice has to be good right? I'm not sure about her somewhat syrupy tune 'Panda', about Giant Pandas in China, but her heart is in the right place. It has the overall feel that each core member of the band contributes and sings at least one song, with a couple of full on band type things as well. A successful tour apparently followed. Hearing Jorma's voice again reminds me there's the whole world of Hot Tuna too.

It's only 22 sleeps until Heathrow, bring it all on....

'Carry The Fire' P.K.

Jefferson Starship 2009 Wooden Ships Live (Paul Kantner, David Freiberg & Cathy Richardson et al)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qhxltg-i-s4





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.

21 EXAMPLES OF THE MOST DISTURBING TELETUBBIES FAN ART WE COULD FIND

"Over the hills and far away, Teletubbies come to play." Those ten simple words have been enough for many to ring the starting bell on a nightmarish experience. Much about the Teletubbies seems to disturb those of us who have aged beyond the intended audience - the gurgling sky child, the malfunctioning AI brain of Noo-Noo, the surgically-implanted stomach televisions, the pink goo which they greedily consume... Indeed, we appear not to be alone. Here are 21 examples of creepy Teletubbies fan art captioned with actual quotes from the long-running children's show...



http://tinyurl.com/glzvgq3



This Is The Modern World: Doors Which Open Themselves

The view from the train

I went up to London on the train the other day.

I like trains. I like the sense that I am being carried, that someone else is doing the driving for a change. You can relax on a train. You can look out of the window at the world going by. Even the world looks relaxed somehow. It looks serene, unperturbed, just going about its daily business as it drifts by through the window like a moving picture. It's like you are looking at the world from a new angle, uncluttered by the debris of modern life.

Just think of the difference between the view from a train and the view on the motorway. There are usually several lanes between you and the world on the motorway. Even if you drive on the inside lane, there's the hard shoulder and a wire fence in the way. It's like that fence is dividing you from the world. Not that you have time to look. You are too busy looking at the traffic, too busy worrying what the other drivers might be up to. One slip and you could be dead.

Now think about the train. It's true that there's a verge and a fence, but you don't feel cut off in the same way. The verge is full of trees and plants and wildlife. You feel as if you are a part of the landscape. The world has grown up to accommodate the train. The towns and cities you pass through have nestled themselves around the lines, absorbing them, incorporating them, so that the railway has become an expression of the town's character. Can you say the same about by-passes and out-of-town shopping malls I wonder?

If transport had never evolved beyond the train, I would not be unhappy. On a train, you don't take the journey, the journey takes you.

I like other forms of transport too. I like bikes, I like buses. I can imagine a world in which all of these forms of transport are spliced together to form one, unified, effective, cheap, safe and reliable transport system, and I would never have to suffer the stress of motorway driving again.

But, then again, I'm old fashioned. Sometimes I like to remember the world I grew up in, a world that actually worked, as opposed to the one we have now, which seems to stumble on from one mad crisis to the next, regardless of its apparent modernity.

It's not that I'm against change. I like change.

I remember the first time I discovered predictive text on my mobile phone.

It was my son who showed it to me. He showed me how to use it, patiently taking me through the process: how to read the keyboard, how to change the words, how to find the address, how to send it off. My son became my teacher, and that was a revelation in itself. He's been teaching me ever since. We sent a text to his mother, who was in Turkey at the time. And within a minute I'd got a reply. I fell in love with my mobile phone in that instant. What an incredible facility to possess, to contact anyone anywhere in the world, and to get an immediate reply.



I love computers, and the internet, and websites and Google Earth and digital cameras and have a huge hankering after a Tablet one day. They look like the embodiment of contemporary magic to me.

E EMPIRE

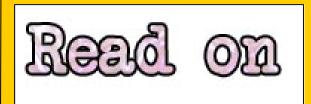
ECTED WRITINGS 2003 - 201

But for every innovation which enhances the world, there are a dozen more which make no sense whatsoever.

Buttons

As I was saying, I was travelling up to London on the train, and I needed to go to the toilet.

I don't know what the toilets on trains are like in your part of the world, but in my part of the world they are these huge imposing oval shaped rooms taking up about a quarter of the carriage. They fill up so much space that there's hardly any room for seats nearby. Not that you would want to sit nearby, as they smell. And instead of door handles they have a button. The button flashes when the toilet is empty, but goes out when the toilet is occupied. Or maybe it's the other way round: maybe it flashes when the toilet is occupied and goes out when it's empty. It's hard to remember. You press the button and the door swings open. You press one of the buttons inside the toilet and the door swings shut.



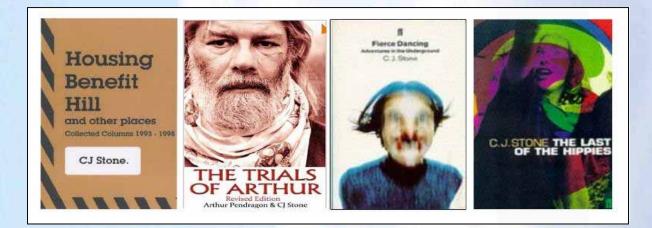
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The Trials of Arthur: http://www.amazon.co.uk/Trials-Arthur-Revised-Ronald-Hutton/dp/0956416314/

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OTHER BOOKS BY C.J.STONE

Weekend

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

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

www.weindweekend.org



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

Die Welt and other German newspapers have reported recently that Lemmy is being honoured with the issue of a German postage stamp. ("Lemmy wird mit einer deutschen Briefmarke geehrt.") A drawback for international fans is that these stamps are only available in Germany.

They are being sold in a booklet of ten stamps reportedly featuring five different Lemmy designs, although images released so far only show two different designs. There are some oddities about the release, however.

Firstly, the face value of each stamp is 70 cents ((0.70)) each but the sets of ten cost (18, which) is a very considerable mark-up - over 125%, in fact. An explanation is that these brands are printed on an 'on demand' basis, which is a strange way of issuing stamps. However, the cost also includes delivery within Germany.

They can only be bought within Germany, and the print-run of these stamps is limited to 7777, based on Lemmy's 'lucky number' of seven. They're currently available in a four-week ordering window, which closes on 17 June.

Purchase of these 'special collectibles' (as they're described) requires logging in to a German website, and it appears they are not obtainable from normal German post offices. Indeed, some people have questioned whether they really are normal stamps at all; whether they could actually be used on an envelope to send it through the mail system, if someone wished to take this expensive route.

It's a valid concern. In the UK, it's fairly routine for coins to be minted and then sold by mail order which are represented as investments but which aren't actually legal tender, and are produced by independent companies rather than the UK's Royal Mint.

Be that as it may, this German action is still a nice tribute to Lemmy, and the first time (so far as is known) a Hawkwind ship member has appeared on a stamp. It's a shame that the UK couldn't have done it first, but (as someone commented on Facebook) a prophet often goes without honour in his own country.

Spirits Burning

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

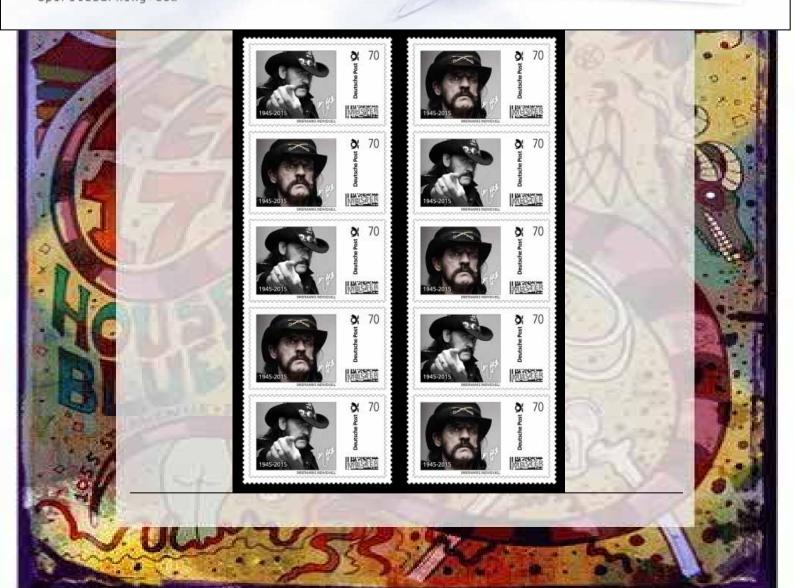
A sci-fi adventure ... resurrected by Don Falcone & Mack Maloney, with Hawkwind family members Dave Anderson, Alan Davey, Paul Hayles, Jerry Richards, Nik Turner, Twink, & Bridget Wishart, plus Daevid Allen (Gong), Robert Berry (3), Keith Christmas, John Ellis (The Vibrators), Kev Ellis (Space Cadets),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



Multimedia spiritsburning.com

Our Crash I Have Iwo Nomes JigSaufian Flies A digSauShip Live Forever Jigsawaan riles A Jigsawani Live Forever My Life of Voices Let's All Go Cloud Puffing Stellar Kingdom Stellar Kingdom
 Spaceships At The Starting Line
 We Move You
 Tripping With The Royal Family
 Xara's Poem
 For Those Who Are Searching
 Rolling Out
 Angel Full Of Pity
 Right On The Mark
 This Time, This Space
 So Strong Is Desire





HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION

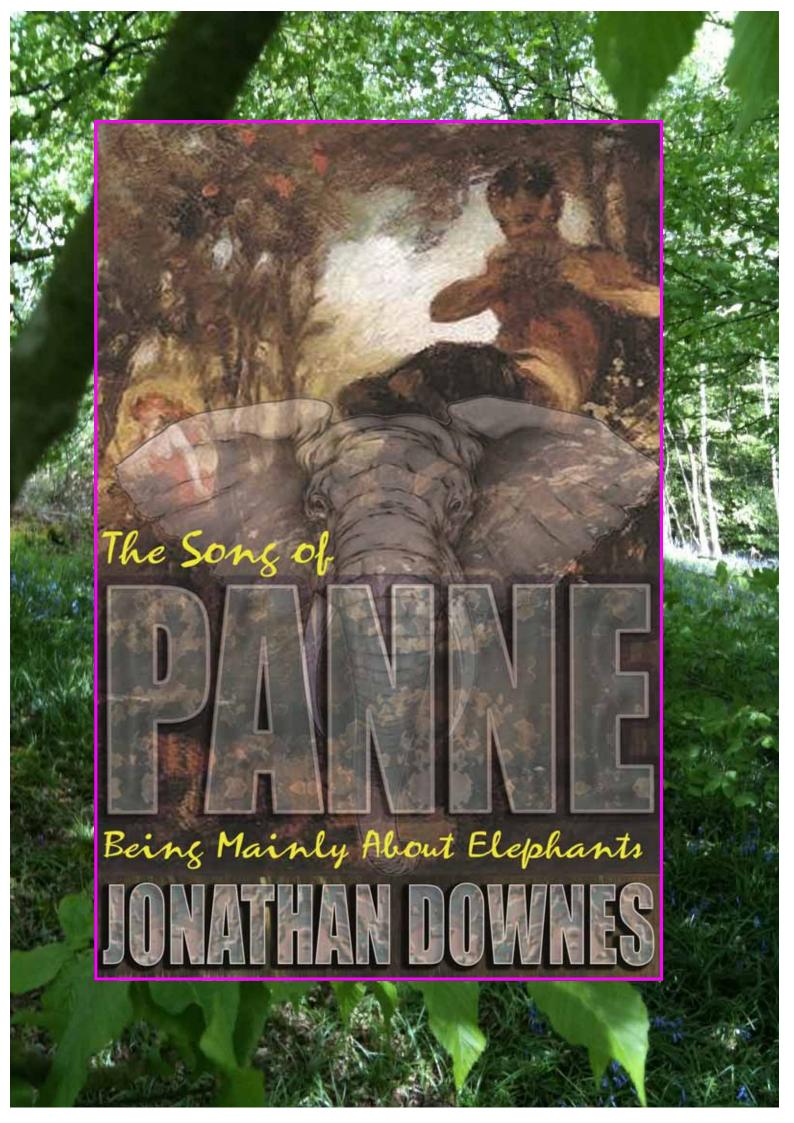
Greetings space travellers! This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

XXI

I was once a nurse, and the remnants of my nursing training are still in the background of my mind, from whence they emerge at the most unexpected moments. So I was not at all surprised to learn that within a few days the elderly clergyman, of whom I had always been so fond, had contracted pneumonia.

Now, before I go on any more with this part of the story, I need to explain something. Remember, that it was the middle of the night on one of the most astrologically significant full moons of the year. I was half cut, having drunk



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THE STORE STORE

well, if not wisely, on the remains of a bottle of particularly good brandy that my boss had given me for the previous Christmas. And I was out in the lane outside my house, leaning against my ageing Vauxhall Astra communing with a woman whom I had always known as the disfigured, brain-damaged housemaid of some quondam friends of my parents, and who now seemed wildly and un-naturally beautiful like a dryad in some piece of annoying new age art from the sort of shop Pete Loveday always used to lampoon as "Gaias and Dollars".

She was undoubtedly telling me her story as we stood bathed in the pus red moonlight, with the distant sound of chanting wafting towards me on the warm September wind. But whether it was verbally, or by some psychic or psychological connection, or a mixture of all three, I truly can't tell you. Elsewhere I have written how little Panne communicated its story to me at great cost to its own life and limb. Then I was immersed in its experiences, experiencing them for myself as if they were my own. But this was nothing like that. I saw no visions except for the exceptionally beautiful woman who was standing with me. But her narrative seemed to be compressed into an impossibly short time. In real terms I was not out in the lane for more than twenty minutes, but the conversation - if I can call it that, although it was certainly nothing of the kind if one is to use the conventional meaning of the word - seemed to go on for many hours.

Once again I am handicapped by the fact that my writing skills are totally inefficient for the task

that I have set myself. Or perhaps it is that the Queen's English just doesn't have the words to describe what I am trying to say. But I think that it is probably the former.

Anyway. Not to my great surprise, the Rev Cymbeline Potts, a retired clergyman in his midseventies, had contracted pneumonia.

The Potts household possessed neither a car nor a telephone, but there was a rusty old bicycle in the garden shed, and Britannia mounted it and wobbled intrepidly, if unsteadily, towards the nearest telephone box half a mile away, so she could telephone the doctor. By 1997 the brave new world that had been ushered in by the twin gorgons of Mags and Di left little room for medical house calls, but the medical practise that had cared for the Potts siblings for so long, was of a pleasantly old fashioned variety, and within an hour or two the battered old Rover belonging to the family doctor was pulling up outside the tumbledown cottage.

Cymbeline flatly refused to go to hospital, although that was the preferred course of action proposed by the doctor, and so he was given a course of strong antibiotics, and instructions to have plenty of fluids and rest, whereupon the doctor went about his business and promised to return in a few days.

The peculiar trio that made up the Potts household were therefore left to their own devices. And what happened next was really rather interesting from a theological point of view

83

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NEW SEVITAL CHEERER BOWE, NEV BL.



(and that is something that you don't hear me say very often).

My aunt was a Deaconess, my father a Lay Preacher, and my brother is a Clergyman, but I have a problem with theology. The dictionary definition of the subject is that it is the study of the divine. And I believe that some things are unknowable, and this includes the nature of Almighty God. And I believe that each person individually can choose to have a relationship with God, whether or not they choose to do so through a religion. And as such all religions are equally true, equally false, and only effective if the supplicant wishes them to be so.

And so it was with the Reverend Cymbeline Potts. I have written about his long, slow, alienation from both the society of his fellow gentry and the Church of England (which even as recently as 1997 was still basically the same thing). It was a nasty, inexorable, and pretty much unstoppable slide away from the belief in everything that he had always held dear. But now something came along to replace it.

His horrible journey back home from Holsworthy, in the mud and water of a North Devon gale, which had ended up leaving the already frail old man with a life-threatening condition, had sorely tested his faith, and his faith had - not particularly surprisingly - been found wanting.

I have explained how Britannia had borrowed three books by Margaret Murray from my mother, swallowed the convoluted theses contained within hook, line and sinker, and together with bits and bobs taken from The Golden Bough constructed a complex theology all of her own based on nothing more concrete than her own preconceptions. And I have written how Cymbeline was increasingly interested in his sister's new beliefs. But now, confined to his bedchamber except for the occasional visits to the lavatory, with nothing to do but think (his glasses had been lost somewhere on his long and tortuous journey home the day before) he became a sickbed convert. And like all sickbed and deathbed converts to any belief system throughout history, he became a confirmed zealot.

And his world, and that of his peculiar little household, was never to be the same again.

84



Rob Ayling writes:

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

ALL EYES ARE BLUE

YOUR SKY IS NOT BLUE (It is black/cut by dust and clouds Not like a diamond-more like a pollution layer gravity grabs and holds to us.(and our eyes)

Of course, baby's eyes change from basic blue Of course , from space ,Gaia appears ocean blue Of course, this reflects in the skies from high above And blue means secure, deep, strong love Not so much the red of passion and of Pele, fire and brimstone More the sapphire blue of reflection.Of Zen silence.Of Light itself And when Light Blue appears, it sings a lullabye When Deep Blue snores, it is deep ocean whale Between, we dream-a Theme in Blue-a Rhapsody We hear the Blues and resonate daily.Night dreams range from panther sheen to baby blue new Your colors do not belong to you.



Hardcover: 864 pages Publisher: W&N (5 May 2016) Language: English ISBN-10: 0297870750 ISBN-13: 978-0297870753 Product Dimensions: 16.4 x 6.3 x 23.7 cm

PHILIP NORMAN

CHIN

10

PAUL McCARTNEY THE BIOGRAPHY

It was the summer of 1982, and I just about to go on holiday with - if not my first girlfriend - the first girl that I could actually truthfully *call* a girlfriend who had actually let me see her naked. So it was a big deal for me.

At the time I was a first year student nurse working with, what were then called, the mentally subnormal, and for some reason that totally escapes me, I had taken a party of my patients to Plymouth and were all waiting on the platform of Plymouth railway station to catch the train back to Dawlish where the hospital in which they lived was. I popped into the station bookshop to buy a packet of cigarettes, and I saw a box of discounted books. One of these was called *Shout* and it was by Phillip Norman. It was only a couple of quid, and when I saw the eulogistic pull quotes on the cover, all from the quality press, claiming that this was the best book about *The Beatles* ever written, I bought it.

And I will admit - not entirely for the better - it changed my life.

I was looking for something to pass the hours until I could meet up with my inamorata, and it did the job perfectly. However, although it was far from being the first *Beatles* biography that I had ever read, it was certainly the most in depth, and it broadly shaped my view of the history of The Fab Four for the next three and a half decades.

And basically the view of Beatle history that I gleaned from this book was that if Paul McCartney was not singlehandedly responsible for the break up of the band, he was certainly a bit of a dickweed.

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DISCOVERY

Over the years I read other books by Phillip Norman. His biography of *The Rolling Stones*, for example, was awesome, but again it set various things in motion in my - admittedly susceptible mind. He implied, however that the semilegendary "Acid King" David Schneidermann was a phantasm of the times, and probably never actually existed; his role in the 1967 drug bust which landed Jagger and Richards in the clink and which spawned a million *Mars Bar* jokes, was just the stuff of myth.

Three decades on, however, in his excellent biography of Mick Jagger, which showed the uber-Stone up to be very much a prick, the truth about Schneidermann was admitted. He was very real indeed and even has a Wikipedia entry:

"David Jove (December 14, 1942 – September 26, 2004), born David Sniderman, was a Canadian director, producer, and writer, particularly of underground and alternative music-themed films. After spending the mid-1960s in London He reputedly became acquainted with the Rolling Stones' circle of friends and calling himself "Acid King Dave" allegedly participated in a government drug set-up of Jagger and Richards, resulting in the infamous 'Redlands' bust. Later he moved to Los Angeles, where he would be based for the rest of his life."

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Then Norman returned to The Beatles with an excellent biography of John Lennon, which told me all sorts of things I hadn't known, totally exploded the myth that Lennon was by anyone's standards a working class hero, and - once again - gave the impression that Paul McCartney was a bit of a dickweed.

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Imagine my surprise, therefore, when I read that Norman has just published a biography of Paul McCartney, and furthermore, has done it with McCartney's tacit consent. The pretty Beatle rocketed about thirty points up my approval rating meter.

And in fact he continued to rise in my estimation as I read this book. OK he was a bit of a prick at times, but which of us isn't? I found the description of his living arrangements at Jane Asher's parents quite illuminating, as well as the account of Paul and Jane's breakup, which appeared to be far less exciting than it has often been described. In fact it is the accounts of his emotional relationships all the way through the book which are of most interest, and one finds oneself feeling completely for him during his disastrous relationship with Heather Mills, who - like JoJo Laine, earlier in the book comes over as having been a complete nightmare from start to finish.

So, in many ways Phillip Norman must have redeemed himself in the eyes of Paul McCartney. This certainly appears to be a fair and balanced account of the life of a remarkable man. However, there are some flaws. Quite major ones.

I am an author and editor and have a list count of the number of books that I have been involved with over the past twenty odd years. It is certainly over three hundred, and this figure does not include another three hundred plus issues of various periodicals. And I am perfectly aware that mistakes *do* slip through the net, no matter how diligently one tries. However, our proofreading department currently consists of me, Graham and Corinna, all three of whom are often busy doing something else.

This book was published by a major publishing house. George Weidenfeld and Nigel Nicolson founded Weidenfeld & Nicolson in 1948 and among many other significant books published Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* (1959) and Nicolson's *Portrait of a Marriage* (1973), a frank biography of his mother, Vita Sackville-West and father Harold Nicolson. In its early years Weidenfeld also published nonfiction works by Isaiah Berlin, Hugh Trevor-Roper, and Rose Macaulay, and novels by Mary McCarthy and Saul Bellow. Later it published titles by world leaders and historians, along with contemporary fiction and glossy illustrated books. One would like to think that they have more resources at their disposal than a trio of ageing hippies in a tumbledown cottage in rural North Devon.

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I began noticing mistakes from the start, but it only occurred to me to start listing them about two thirds of the way through. So this list is far from exhaustive. However, I think that it is a pretty poor show that they have managed to slip through.

• The science fiction author is Isaac Asimov not Azimov

The band is Wings not Wing's

• The Sex Pistols' Anarchy in the UK tour was six months before the Jubilee not after it

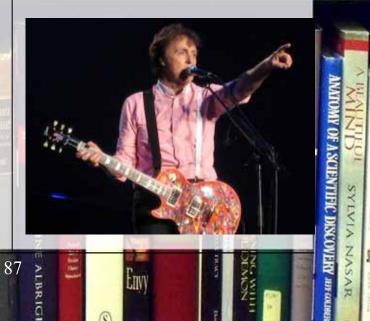
• Paul's first song "I lost my little girl" made its post fame debut on the *South Bank Show* in 1978 not on the *Unplugged* show in 1991

And, sadly, there were more. I just cannot remember them.

So, sadly, although this is an exhaustive and entertaining book, this level of boo boos is - I believe - unacceptable and makes the book significantly flawed.

Sorry.

Oh yeah, and if you were wondering, me and the girl split up acrimoniously a few months later, mostly because I was being an arse.



North Devon Firefly Faery Fayre & Ball 23rd July 2016 11am till Midnight Stalls, Workshops, Entertainers at The Fayre 6 live bands & more at The Ball Food all day, Bar from 7.30pm Clovelly Parish Hall Wrinkleberry Lane Clovelly Devon EX395SU Contact: 01237 441999 www.spanglefish.com/ northdevonfireflyfaeryfayreandball2016 ALL PROCEEDS TO THE SMALL SCHOOL



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

So another car bites the dust, and again I am left shuddering that I had been driving the thing around almost daily back and forth blissfully unaware that any of several major flaws could have caused something horrible to happen. I wish I knew what had occurred to the vehicle since it had received a 'no advisory clean bill of health' at its last MOT to have instigated such a catalogue of disasters that suddenly appeared during the twelve months since. Sure you get the odd things happening, but sudden onset of necessary welding and bits threatening to fall off bodywork causing severe and fatal lacerations to tyres seems a bit far-fetched to me unless something fairly major had urged them on. But we shall never know I guess. I expect the previous owner does, but they, of course, ain't going to tell. The hazards of second-hand car purchase will forever rule the waves. Anyway, we have another motorised form of perambulation parked outside, and can but hope that this one has a more positive future.

There is not much of note to share in the cabinet this week, but then after the magnificence of last week's 'Genesis bowl', it should not come as too much of a surprise that there isn't anything that can really top

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Jimi Hendrix Manuscripts - Only Existing Copies Made Hours After Jimi Wrote Them - US \$27,500.00



"Well-browned-with-age original copies (circa 1969-70). Many are the only known surviving copies of poems & songs by Jimi that have never been seen before seen. Written in Jimi's hand, most are on the letterheads of now long-defunct Pan American World Airlines, Eastern Airlines, National Airlines, (written en-route) & various hotels; Navarro (NY), Beverly Rodeo (LA), Londonderry (London), etc. telent train of special train.

49 pages, total. Many of the songs are 1st drafts, some later refined and released. Many include corrections, doodles, and alternate words/concepts/lyrics that document how Jimi created his work.

Amongst the manuscripts: "Black Gold," 11 pgs, Jimi's autobiography (work cassettes of which disappeared the night of Jimi's death in 1970). These copies may be the only documents that memorialize this masterwork.

Provenance: All material was included in files belonging to Jimi's publicist during 1969-70. No other copies of these materials are known to exist. They come from the same source as did 62 hours of 1/4" private tapes acquired by Paul Allen for the Experience Music Project."

'Only Existing Copies Made Hours After ... ' is a strange expression. They weren't' going to be made before were they? And it almost implies there are some that were made before, but that is just plain nonsense. And what exactly does that 'made hours after ...' actually mean anyway? It is one of those weird phrases used to usually denote that it was not long after one thing that another thing was done. But when you think about it, it could mean 1 hour or anything up to an infinite number of hours. But for sake of this, and to cease from getting deeper into some weird exercise of discussing the English language, let's assume that it does mean a couple of hours or so.

Does this make this auction more exciting? If you are an avid Hendrix collector then, yes I guess it does. But it does narrowly allow itself to squeeze into a corner of the cabinet, which for the purposes of this exercise – does warrant its inclusion here.

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SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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Check it out now...

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The trains of the Hudson and Berkele

This is fun:

Yay for the yaybahar

Exploring String Instruments

"What do you get when you combine two long

springs, two steel strings, and two drumheads?

Turkish musician and inventor Görkem Sen found

out one day in his workshop. He now admits the

first prototypes of his new acoustic instrument

didn't sound very good. But after some

experimentation, he settled on a final design -- and

name: the yaybahar, which roughly translates to "spring maker." It produces rich and beautiful

space-like sounds using only natural reverberations.

The two drum membranes are attached to a y-

shaped frame, which holds two long springs. The springs hook onto a string that is strung on a guitar-

like neck. When the string is plucked or bowed, it

creates wild sounds that could easily be mistaken

for a digital synthesizer. Şen says he was inspired

by the thunder drum, the didgeridoo, and the ney.

His first prototype had 30 separate coils and

membranes, but his much simpler design worked

better. Still, the yaybahar is huge. Unfortunately for

Sen, his yaybahar narrowly lost this year's Guthman

Musical Instrument Competition to a sitar made out

of a golf club. Click below to watch a video of Şen

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v= aY6TxC1ojA

Give the video a watch - an interesting 7 minutes.

Unfortunately, though, the cabinet is not big enough

to place a yaybahar inside it, and get the doors

The Beatles Figures Abbey Road - Album Cover

playing his mesmerizing instrument."

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I think we are dangerously close to getting a little LEGO corner in the cabinet. But one can't refuse these entry if one is being really honest. And it gets the little plastic bricks of pain off the floor, which cannot be bad. Any chance to thwart their ambition of causing severe tenderness to feet and knees has to be applauded.

Coil COLOUR SOUND OBLIVION open edition 16 x DVDs box set Throbbing Gristle - £999.99

REPAIRING dis 1017 000 "Rare. As new" Ah the band with such an enticing name. Mr Ed methinks. Steam Propeller Fro

Mixing music in your ear

How to Mix a DJ Mustard Beat with Busy Works Beats

"Mix this up. A company called Doppler Labs has invented earphones that can modify how you hear the world. Here Active Listening earbuds use noisecanceling technology to edit the volume, equalization, reverb, and flange of nearby sounds in real time. External sounds are picked up by a tiny microphone inside the earbuds, then processed through frequency filters and played through a speaker in your ear. The earphones sync with a mobile app via Bluetooth. You can choose from outof-the-box settings that filter out common background noises like airplanes and loud restaurants. Or you can custom mix the sound to get special effects. At this year's Coachella festival, one stage was customized specifically for the earbuds' use. Festival-goers reported "losing it" during sets where they were using the earbuds. I think that means they liked it? Some musicians are apparently not so keen about fans being able to remix what they are hearing live, calling it "dangerous." Great. Another threat I wasn't aware of that now I have to put on my list of things to worry about."

Don't you just love technology?

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Custom Made from LEGO parts - £18.99

Beatles figures made using all Lego Parts Each figure is 2 inches approx

N. E. HUTUMMOUN

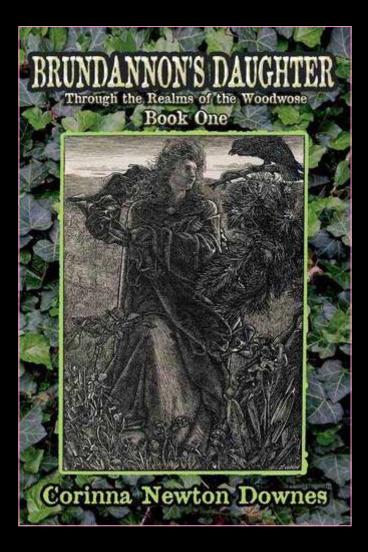
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high"



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

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MIKE DAVIS

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?

Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

pink floyd the wall paint replica - US \$7,000.00 The Wall album Replica hand painted replica with oil paint, in 1993. The show must go on"

This would look quite nice on our landing. It kind of explains how I feel first thing in the morning, in fact it explains how I feel most of the day.



JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE **EQUIPMENT/ MITCH MITCHELL** PREMIER ACE GREEN SNARE DRUM - US \$1,999.00

"THE JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE MITCH MITCHELL OWNED AND USED VINTAGE **GREEN GLITTER PREMIER ACE SNARE** DRUM AND HARD CASE A GREAT ITEM USED BY THE DRUMMER FOR THE JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE. THESE WERE PART

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OF A COLLECTION OF VINTAGE INSTRUMENTS, TOURING GEAR, CLOTHING AND PERSONAL ITEMS IN AN ORIGINAL JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE TOURING TRUNK THAT WAS STORED IN THE US AND WAS SHIPPED BACK TO THE UK BY MITCH MITCHELL IN 1972 AND WAS KEPT IN A STORAGE LOCK UP WITH OTHER ITEMS AND DRUMS OF MITCHS FOLLOWING MITCHS DEATH"

I don't usually find much Hendrix-related memorabilia and along come two items in one go. Howzat!

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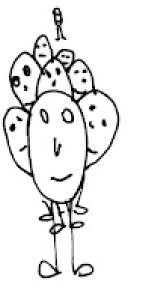
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RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

THE NINE HENRYS





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

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

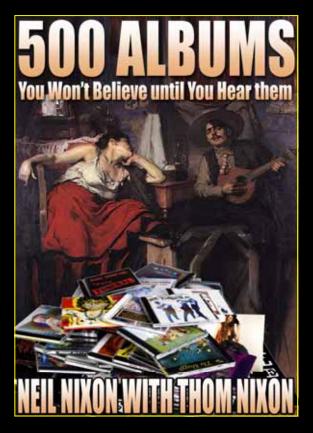
THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

mcdada@ninehenrys.com

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



"Let go! Let Go" were the last words Henry heard before he did his Bungee Jump



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.

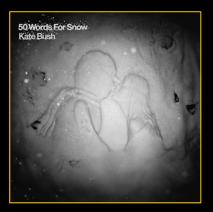
Each issue we are featuring one of these remarkable and peculiar records in a crass attempt to flog you the book.

Kate Bush: 50 Words for Snow Fish People/EMI 2011 What? First new release on own label is Bush at her best.

When cinema felt television encroaching on its audience in the late fifties it went widescreen and technicolour to provide an experience television couldn't match. When downloads provided a new threat, 3D propelled movies like Avatar and Gravity towards a market who could only experience the work in its intended, auditorium, setting. Kate Bush has gone in a similar direction with regard to her records. Having only done one tour, a short run around the UK in 1979, she compensated for the lack of live promotion with increasingly ambitious records.

As downloads devastated record sales Bush cut down the productivity, concentrating on denser, more nuanced and longer running collections, lavishly packaged and strong in their celebration of the artistic possibilities of the long playing recorded work. In her 34th year as a professional musician 50 Words marked only her tenth studio album. When she, finally, began bucking this trend by announcing a series of dates in London in 2014 many, initially, wondered if the announcement was some kind of early April Fool's joke. Bush has long been a national treasure in the UK and valued cult artist elsewhere. 50 Words is a genuine album in all senses of the word, a perfectly sequenced collection with shifting moods and ideas, all contributing to an overall artistic vision. The collection is akin to a chamber work, repeating certain themes, like the use of spoken word, and a central motif linked to snow which is referenced in song titles, lyrics, sounds and a title track in which the different words are explored. Despite her lack of live work, Bush remains a very theatrical artist often prone to assembling the right cast and building the work on a set of dynamics. On 50 Words Bush's keyboards and Steve Gadd's expressive and sympathetic drumming anchor the sound. Much of it is very English and much of the Englishness comes from a notion of storytelling as a complex and subtle art. It doesn't sound Dickensian, but sometimes it just feels like that. The other lead vocals include Elton John in duet with Bush on "Snowed in at Wheeler Street." To some ears his familiar tones, apparently as Bush's love interest, or the ubiquitous voice of Stephen Fry taking the lead on the title track are distracting because each voice comes with its own baggage. Then again, if you are Kate Bush and your address book includes their numbers...

Distractions aside, 50 Words stands out in Bush's catalogue because everything that makes for a great album is writ large somewhere in this work. The music combines complexity with a deceptive simplicity on first hearing as the melodies entice you in. Lyrically the album drops reference points and narrative arcs capable of withstanding questions about their precise meaning. The whole fifty words for snow theme might be built on a myth, but it still has the ability to suggest varied meanings, and responses. Bush remains a consummate artist. Cliché or not, the studio is her real instrument and she continues to approach her music like a novelist of the pre-media age, expecting her audience to engage, meditate and live with her work. 50 Words is somewhere beyond being a mere collection of songs, and someway short of being a complete lifestyle choice. Few other artists still thought in those terms by 2011, but this is a territory Bush continues to make her own.





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

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

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

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

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

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Every Friday when I sit down to write this bit I seem to have a tendency to write that "it has been a peculiar week", but this one has been weirder than usual. Perhaps it is the looming 'flower' full moon, I don't know.

But this week we have lost the old car, bought a new car, dealt with an embarrassing, painful and rather nasty health problem for me, and one of the girls in our extended family has taken an overdose. And this is just the major stuff. And all this in the same week. And believe it or not I have stayed sober throughout.

Of course the girl in hospital is the most important of these events, and our thoughts and prayers are





with her and her family at this impossibly difficult time. I was up late last night talking to her mother in the hospital (via Facebook), and up early this morning doing the same thing, and to be honest - I am feeling more than slightly punchdrunk, and am looking forward to a weekend of doing as little as possible.

Much love and gratitude goes out to everyone who has helped and supported us this week. You know who you are, but I would like to single out Martin and Nursey, and of course, my lovely wife, but for whom blah blah blah....

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