Webring you up to date with Chose and the sufficiency of the second seco magnumopus, Dead Frei goes to a desert Island, Alangoes to Sheles peaces own theatre, Doug goes to see The Cure, John reminds us all how to be hippics and remembers **The Whole Earth Catalog** and Alternative London, Jon drools over **Beatles**' guitars, and is surprisingly kind about The Preacher, and Biffo looks at some ridiculous Teenage **Mutant Turtle Cosplay!** There ain't another magazine to touch us...

up before the

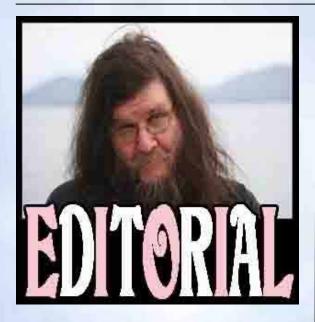


THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKIY:

 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,

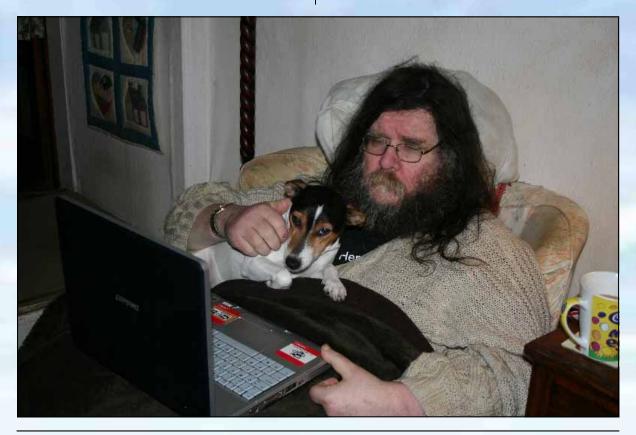
Welcome to another edition of this peculiar little magazine, that I started some years ago, approximately 20 minutes after I got bored with writing a conventional record company newsletter. I had been attempting to write, edit, and publish the sort of music magazine that I personally would enjoy reading on and off since 1974, but for various reasons it all went tits up. About 30 years ago the first of the glossy monthly music magazines hit the newsstands, and I was quite impressed at first. Over the years I

read a lot of these, but - after a while - they all followed the same path, and the first few exceptions became smug and self-congratulatory. My favourite was *The Word*, like most of them founded and edited by Mark Ellen, but I personally would have found having been in a university pop group with Tony Blair something to be ashamed of, rather than an excuse to interview the egregious little turd burglar just before a general election. Pah!

But I digress. A few weeks ago I was holding forth in this column on the subject of truth, more specifically, the subject of television adaptations of real events. I didn't plan it like this, but this week's editorial is almost a companion piece.

Many years ago I was the reviews editor for a UFO magazine called *Beyond*. It was my first experience of the syndrome of getting a load of free stuff in return for writing about it. I enjoyed myself massively. And after a while, I no longer even needed to phone up for things; companies started to send me stuff unprompted. One of these companies was a spin-off from DC Comics, and one fine day in 1997, they sent me a comic book called *Proud Americans*. I remember going to bed one afternoon after having ingested some interesting substances, and reading it, with my dog Toby and my cat Carruthers for company. It was my introduction to the world of the Preacher.

Over to those jolly nice fellows at Wikipedia:



One of these companies was a spin-off from DC comics, and one fine day in 1997, they sent me a comic book called Proud Americans

"Preacher tells the story of Jesse Custer, a preacher in the small Texas town of Annville. Custer is accidentally possessed by the supernatural creature named Genesis, the infant product of the unauthorized, unnatural coupling of an angel and a demon. The incident flattens Custer's church and kills his entire congregation.

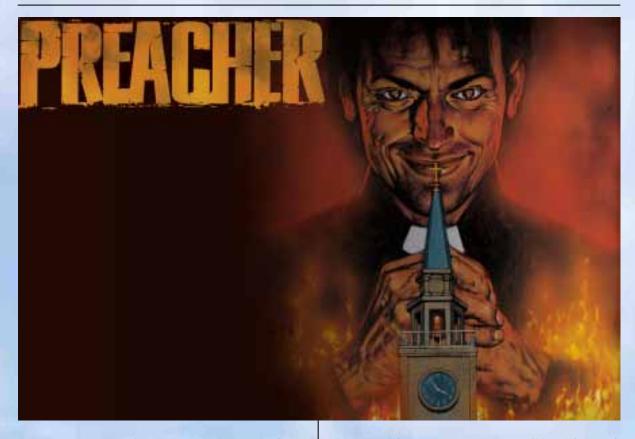
Genesis has no sense of individual will, but since it is composed of both pure goodness and pure evil, its power might rival that of God Himself, making Jesse Custer, bonded to Genesis, potentially the most powerful being in the universe.

Driven by a strong sense of right and wrong, Custer journeys across the United States attempting to literally find God, who abandoned Heaven the moment Genesis was born. He also begins to discover the truth about his new powers. They allow him, when he wills it, to command the obedience of those who hear and comprehend his words. He is joined by his old girlfriend Tulip O'Hare, as well as a hard-drinking Irish vampire named Cassidy.

During the course of their journeys, the three encounter



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enemies and obstacles both sacred and profane, including: The Saint of Killers, an invincible, quickdrawing, perfect-aiming, come-lately Angel of Death answering only to "He who sits on the throne"; a disfigured suicide attempt survivor turned rock-star named Arseface; a serial-killer called the 'Reaver-Cleaver'; The Grail, a secret organization controlling the governments of the world and protecting the bloodline of Jesus; Herr Starr, ostensible Allfather of the Grail, a megalomaniac with a penchant for prostitutes, who wishes to use Custer for his own ends; several fallen angels; and Jesse's own redneck 'family' — particularly his nasty Cajun grandmother, her mighty bodyguard Jody, and the 'animal-loving' T.C."

For years people have been talking about filming it.



But I have always had my suspicions that it was unfilmable, and that even if it was filmed, no network in the United States would dare to show anything quite so blasphemous. In 2002 director Mark Steven Johnson was commissioned by HBO to write a script for a series based on the comics. It so happened that at the time, I was working with Mark on a completely different project, and over dinner one night I told him of my misgivings about the project. He, however, was convinced that *Preacher* could be filmed, and - like me - was obviously a massive fan of the comics.

Then everything got held up because of the Hollywood writers' strike. The movie that Mark and I had been working on singularly failed to happen, and the *Preacher* series likewise vanished into development limbo. Then, last year, my mate Richard Freeman emailed me to tell me that the project was not only back on again, but there was a broadcast date of May this year.

There is a website that I used to watch American TV shows before they are officially broadcast in the UK. I suspect that it is of dubious legality, if only because every time that one tries to press play, up pops a picture of a sour faced naked woman with enormous breasts. The picture is accompanied by a semi literate caption exhorting one to "Press a button and look after yourself Press a button and look after yourself". So I won't quote the URL here. Sufficient to say, that I sat down one evening last week, with a bottle of wine, and Archie the Jack Russell, and watched the pilot. Not entirely to my surprise, it bore very little resemblance to the plot of the comic book. It all seems to take place in Texas, for example. The character of Tulip, instead of being blonde, is now African American, and the congregation of Jesse Custer, the preacher of the title, all seemed to be alive and kicking at the end of the hour-long episode, when they had actually been destroyed by a nuclear explosion in the early scenes of the comic book. But despite all that I actually enjoyed it immensely. The bloke playing Cassidy the Irish vampire was very good indeed, as was Arseface and his redneck dad.

Normally I am the sort of person who raises hell when a TV adaptation of one of my favourite books differs from the original. And this doesn't just *differ*. It takes a hatchet to the original. But it does so with wit and a stylish good humour, and I will be interested to see how the series develops.

No doubt I shall be writing about it here. Watch this space.

jd

Preacher, Songs from the Black Meadow, Crass, Iona, Dave Bainbridge, Sally Minnear, Roger Daltrey, Quadrophenia, Paul McCartney, Oasis, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Carla Lane, Harambe, Alan Wise, Marshall "Rock" Jones, Thomas Fekete, Rick Wakeman, Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come, Brand X, Third Ear Band, Captain Beefheart, Jim Jones, Gram Parsons, Mick Abrahams, Barbara Dickson, Judge Smith, The Cure, Alan Dearling, Taming of the Shrew, Roy Weard, John Brodie-Good, Mr Biffo, Xtul, Dead Fred, The Beatles, Rolling Stones, Adam Ant, Bob Dylan, Joy Division, Neil Nixon, Cabaret Voltaire

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,

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

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

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

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

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

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

so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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BLACK IS BLACK IS

Mega Dodo is proud to announce the forthcoming release of Songs From The Black Meadow.

The Black Meadow sits atop of the Yorkshire moors; a remote and mysterious place where strange things have happened. In 1972, Professor R. Mullins of the University of York went missing on the site. He'd collected an extensive body of work that provided a great insight into the folklore of this mysterious place. Odd then that he should go missing in the very spot that fascinated him

The Black Meadow continues to fascinate Chris Lambert who is the mastermind behind this re-

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D.I.Y. + STEVE IGNORANT'S SLICE OF LIFE Saturday 18th June 2016, 12pm - 11pm

LCB Depot. Daytime FREE Entry. Evening £8 Tickets from LCB Depot reception and the Art of Crass Website

WWW.THEARTOFCRASS.UK

THE NAME IS CRASS NOT CLASH

The 'Fight War, Not Wars - The Art of Crass' exhibition, curated by Sean Clark, opens in Leicester on Wednesday 1 June, running until Saturday 18 June. Running

Grites -HANNEN & CO'S Q Grites - HANNEN & CO'S Q Besten J. H. ENIGHT'S HAT ST Warestin Fub Sh 1977.

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Wednesday 1st June 2016 6pm - 10pm LCB Depot Lightbox, FREE Entry

PENNY RIMBAUD & LOUISE ELLIOTT **THE COBBLESTONES OF LOVE' - A LYRICAL REWRITE OF 'YES SIR, I WILL'** Friday 10th June 2016, 8pm - 10pm LCB Depot Lightbox. £10 (inc. booklet)

EXHIBITION OPENING

1st - 18th June 2016 **LCB Depot Lighthox** Leicester LE1 1RE **FREE Entry** See website for opening hours

release of the various artists compilation album he

curated to accompany his book Tales From The

Black Meadow. Songs From The Black Meadow

features music and songs inspired by the mystifying

and somewhat spooky Black Meadow. It has been

out of print for sometime but Mega Dodo is helping

Chris re-release a limited edition CD in a hand

finished letter press sleeve. The profits from the



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alongside the (free to enter) exhibition are a series of (ticketed) gigs, performances.

Fight War, Not Wars - The Art of Crass 1-18 June 2016 LCB Depot Lightbox 31 Rutland St, Leicester LE1 1RE Free entry to exhibition [More details]

Wednesday 1 June 2016 18:00-22:00 LCB Depot Lightbox Free entry [More details | Book]

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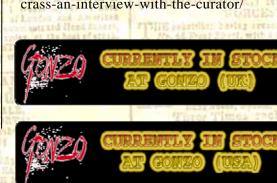
Penny Rimbaud, Eve Libertine and **Louise Elliot** Yes Sir, I Will Friday 10 June 2016 LCB Depot Lightbox Entry £10.00 (including booklet) [More details | Book] Exhibition open from 18:00, Anerki at 20:00, Penny Rimbaud and Louise Elliot at 21:00, the exhibition will remain open until

DIY + Steve Ignorant's Slice of Life Saturday 18 June 2016 team Fromeller Fre 12noon-23:00 LCB Depot Free entry to daytime event Evening gig: £8.00 [More details | book]

Fight War, Not Wars: The Art of Crass: http://www.theartofcrass.uk

Greg Bull has published an interview with Sean Clark in the online Subculture magazine.

Greg Bull. 2016. 'The Art of Crass: An Interview With The Curator', Subculture, 27 May http://subcultureldn.co.uk/the-art-ofcrass-an-interview-with-the-curator/



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Gonzo Multimedia. It would have been

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Without Hunter Thompson there would be no

A potted history of his life and works

Rob Ayling explains why he called his

C.J.Stone suggested that as well as explaining

"There was an awful suspicion in my mind that

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IONA are looking forward to their first gig in over a year at a festival in the Czech Republic in just over a week's time. Whilst there is still no news of any UK dates for the band, Dave Bainbridge will be back on the road later in June playing some Iona music in his 'An Evening of Iona Music and More' duo dates with the multi-talented Sally Minnear.

Also now on sale are tickets for Dave's Celestial Fire band gigs in September, featuring the same stellar line up as on last year's dates (Sally Minnear, Iona's own Frank van Essen, Dave Brons, Simon Fitzpatrick and Dave). We hope you can make it along to one (or more!) of these gigs. Full details below. For more info on the Dave & Sally duo and Celestial Fire band visit www.opensky121.wix.com/davebainbridge

2016 UK TOUR DATES

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JUNE

DAVE BAINBRIDGE & SALLY MINNEAR (AN EVENING OF IONA MUSIC AND MORE) Saturday 25th June

Amblecote Christian Centre (ACC), Brettell Lane, Stourbridge, DY8 4BS, UK Doors open: at 7pm for 7:30pm start Tickets from: ACC 01384 370365 or email office@amblecotechristiancentre.org.uk

JULY

DAVE BAINBRIDGE & SALLY MINNEAR (AN EVENING OF IONA MUSIC AND MORE) Friday 1st July, 7pm



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Sign the Petition to USDA's Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service

Posted By: Stop Animal Cruelty (campaign leader)

Last week an endangered gorilla, affectionately named Harambe, was shot and killed after a child fell into his exhibit at the Cincinnati zoo. Videos show Harambe was protecting the child, not harming him, and killing the gorilla was unnecessary and beyond cruel. Please take action to hold the zoo and its director accountable to this tragedy.

This cannot happen again at any zoo anywhere!



http://tinyurl.com/jupm36q

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My favourite roving reporter checked in this week with a brief note "I never realised he was that sick!" he wrote. He being Roger Daltrey. And the truth is, that neither did I.

Check this out:

"Last week, the Who wrapped up the final North American leg of their Who Hits 50 World Tour months after it was originally scheduled to conclude. The group postponed the gigs last year when Roger Daltrey contracted viral meningitis, an inflammation of the tissue covering the brain and spinal cord. After he rested, the band picked up again in February of this year, but the singer says the illness affected him greatly.

"I'm not bullshitting you; the meningitis last year took quite a heavy toll on me physically," Daltrey tells Rolling Stone. "My legs aren't good. My feet aren't good. But I think being able to manage it with the adrenaline of the show, that's all the matters. It's two hours of losing myself and forgetting about my feet. But when I come off ... " The singer laughs."

Read more:

http://www.rollingstone.com/music/news/ roger-daltrey-on-meningitis-battle-iwould-have-welcomed-death-20160602#ixzz4ASNavDEH



Wegottickets http://www.wegottickets.com/ folkinthebarn DAVE BAINBRIDGE & SALLY MINNEAR (AN EVENING OF IONA MUSIC AND MORE) Saturday 2nd July, 7pm The Megacentre Rayleigh - 7 Brook Road, Rayleigh, UK Tickets from https://megacentre.yapsody.com/event/ index/33856/dave-bainbridge-in-concert Steam Propeller Fre! SEPTEMBER

website www.folkinthebarn.co.uk

Canterbury, Kent CT4 6PB

- Norwich and **CELESTIAL FIRE BAND** (Featuring Dave Bainbridge, Sally Minnear, Frank van Essen, Simon Fitzpatrick and Dave Brons) Friday 9th September, doors 7.30pm for 8pm start Fibbers, York, UK Tickets / Info http://www.fibbers.co.uk/live-events/ detail/celestial-fire/

St John the Baptist Church, Church Lane, Barham,

Box Office info@folkinthebarn.co.uk 01227 831493

CELESTIAL FIRE BAND Saturday 10th September Wesley Centre, Maltby, UK Tickets / Info http://www.classicrocksociety.co.uk/ shop/celestial-fire/

CELESTIAL FIRE BAND Monday 12th September The Robin 2, Bilston, West Midlands Tickets / Info http://www.therobin.co.uk/whats_on/ giginfo.asp?gigid=4537



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Shooting is said to begin this summer with the return of stars from the original 1979 film, Phil Daniels (Jimmy), Mark Wingett (Dave) and Toyah Willcox (Monkey) with one source adding Trevor Laird (Ferdy). Ray Burdis (Love, Honor and Obey) is set to direct. Read on...

BIGGEE THAN THE BEATLES? NAH! Paul McCartney believes Oasis harmed their careers by predicting they'd be "bigger" than The Beatles. Noel Gallagher made the comments in a 1996 interview with MTV when Oasis were at the height of their popularity, having seen their first two albums top the U.K. charts.

Paul says the comments were damaging to the group, as it meant their music was judged against his band, who are revered as one of the greatest musical acts of all time "Oasis were young, fresh and writing good tunes," Paul told Britain's Q magazine. "I thought the biggest mistake they made was when they said 'We're going to be bigger than The Beatles'.

"I thought 'So many people have said that, and it's the kiss of death.' Be bigger than The Beatles, but don't say it. The minute you say it, everything you do from then on is going to be looked at in the light of that statement."

Noel has himself tentatively disavowed the comments, telling TMZ.com that he, "might have been high (on drugs)" when he made the remark.

The Oasis rocker's original comments deliberately echoed comments made by The Beatles' John Lennon in a 1966 interview that his group were "more popular" than Jesus Christ. John's turn of phrase, which is often misquoted as him saying the band were, "bigger than Jesus", caused huge controversy in the U.S. where religious groups and even the white supremacist organisation the Ku Klux Klan protested outside the band's gigs. Read on ...

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CAN YOU SEE THE REAL ME? If you've ever wondered what happened to the characters from the Who's classic rock opera Quadrophenia, you may not have long to wait.

A sequel is being planned for the story bringing the characters up into the modern day. The film will be based on the book To Be Someone: Jimmy's Story Continues - Inspired by Quandrophenia by Peter Meadows and approved by Pete Townshend, who created the original characters. Originally published in 2011, the book description read:

The swinging sixties. They say if you can remember them, you weren't there. A new generation of fashion-conscious, pill-popping teenagers emerged. Jimmy was there and he can remember the sixties because he spent most of them behind bars. To Be Someone is Jimmy's story. He was no different from any other 18-year-old from 1964; he lives for the good times. Life was one big laugh - but the difference was that Jimmy had more than his fair share of bad luck. In this amusing cult novel, we hear how he goes from a very cocky, happy and sometimes confused teenager to a scooter-wrecking, car-taking, drug-dealing, cocaine-smuggling phoney gangster. Jimmy's met all them good guys, bad guys, gangsters, psychos, weirdos and even ghosts and ghouls. To say he's had an interesting life is an understatement.

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Greek archaeologists believe they have discovered the lost tomb of Aristotle, the greatest philosopher in history. Kostas Sismanidis said he was almost sure that a 2,400 year-old domed vault he unearthed in ancient Stagira was the burial place of the man credited with formalising logic. I. MARCHON, SIA MARKS

Archaeologists have been working painstakingly at the site – the philosopher's birthplace in 384 BC in the Greek region of Macedonia - for 20 years.

CAVING IN http://tinyurl.com/gn5u9jt

ROOTS MANOUUVRE

http://tinyurl.com/hgbw93b

Turns out we know a whole lot less about Neanderthals than we thought, because our cavepainting, tool-wielding, fire-conquering cousins were sophisticated enough to build complex subterranean structures as far back as 176,500 years ago, according to new archaeological evidence.

Enquirer in an interview on Thursday that he has

demonstrated the well-known manoeuvre many

times through the years but had never before used it

on a person who was choking. An employee at

Deupree House in Cincinnati said the retired chest

surgeon was in the room when an 87-year-old

woman began choking. The employee said

Heimlich dislodged a piece of hamburger from the

woman's airway and she quickly recovered.

Deep inside a dark, underground cave 50 km from the city of Toulouse, France, researchers have uncovered the remains of six ancient structures crafted from stalagmites. The find forces us to rethink our assumptions about these archaic humans, because what they appear to have built is far beyond anything we thought they were capable of.

N. E. HUTUMMOUN 417710 r to WM. LEGGATE,) 180 MAIN ST.

dete. wes Bes The 96-year-old surgeon credited with developing he found his namesake Heimlich manoeuvre recently used at Initation the emergency technique for the first time himself in eraal to the to save a woman choking on food at his retirement Beote, weich low home. Dr Henry Heimlich told the Cincinnati

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J. H. Pat 85, 1967.

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Sismanidis was due to give further details at a world congress in northern Greece of scholars specialised in Aristotle's work. He said the architecture and location of the tomb, close to Stagira's ancient square and with panoramic views, supported the belief that it was the philosopher's final resting

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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...

ANIMAL ABUSING SCUM SHOWING THEIR TRUE COLOURS

An animal rights activist was left with blood streaming down his face after being attacked by a masked man when a peaceful hunt protest turned violent.

The saboteurs were staging a peaceful protest against The Cheldon Buckhounds, who were out with their hounds in South Molton, north Devon, say campaigners.

Horrifying footage apparently shows the moment Andy Kane, of the Hunts Saboteur Association, clashed with several men wearing balaclavas.



In the video, a man in a motorcycle helmet wrestles Andy, 53, to the ground, grappling for a few seconds before others arrive and begin raining punches.

Violence flared when the saboteurs interrupted the activity by distracting the hounds, according to the animal rights activists. **Read on...**

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-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.

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Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous take a camera

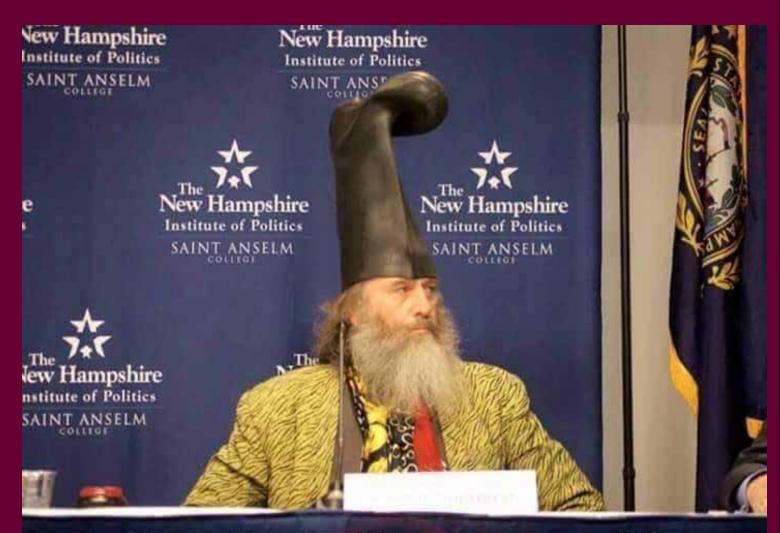
The weak and cowardly take a gun

What sort of person are you?

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



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



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

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

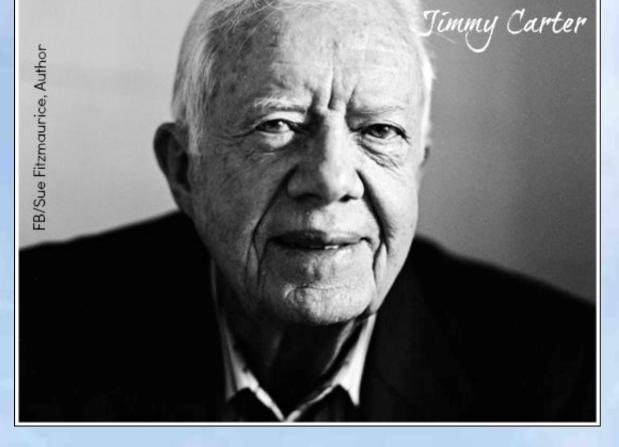


Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price. arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk

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

FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM

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









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.

Boy, 7, lost in bear-infested mountain region - after parents left him there 'as a punishment'

http://tinyurl.com/hjjrsvm

"Ace punishment for naughty lad" says Freeman.





ME TRYING TO FIND GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT



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!



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 166 – Jail Guitar Doors

Crime and Punishment Part 2: Songs of Retribution or Jailbirds' Laments

Featured Album: Hot Tuna: The Chance New Jersey, 30th June 1990

Tracks:

- The Only Ones: Prisoners
- 2 Yo La Tengo: Stockholm Syndrome
- The Kinks: Holloway Jail
- 4 5 The Clash: Jail Guitar Doors
- Jackie Leven: Men in Prison
- 6 7 Hot Tuna: Fulsom Prison Blues
- Johnny Cash: I Got Stripes
- Johnny Cash: Cocaine Blues
- 9 Johnny Cash: 25 Minutes to Go
- 10 Punishment of Luxury: Funghi
- 11 The Blues Brothers: Jailhouse Rock
- 12 Leadbelly: The Gallis Pole
- The Stone Roses: She Bangs the Drum 13
- 14 Bessie Smith: Send me to the Electric Chair
- 15 The Stranglers: Don't Bring Harry
- Devo: Whip It
- Wayne Kramer: Ramblin' Rose 17
- Merle Haggard: Mama Tried
- 19 The Long Ryders: Prisoners of Rock'n'Roll
- 20 Chickasaw Mudd Puppies: Prison
- 21 Hot Tuna: Embryonic Journey
- 22 Hot Tuna: Parchmen Farm
- 23 The Dum Dum Girls: Jail La La
- 24 25 Love: My Little Red Book
- The Allman Brothers Band: Whippin' Post
- 26 The Byrds: Sing Me Back Home

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.

There was no FNP last week. Why? You had better ask the man himself:

I would like to officially thank Don Cramer for hosting the VICKISTOCK FNP 5 year Birthday Celebration at his home. It went as predicted with lots of food, drink and Jams. But mostly the atmosphere seemed very relaxed as if we were all old friends sharing cheers and stories. Well, we have known each other, some of us anyway in the FNP chat room virtually for 5 years. Talented musicians and fans of the show united from all over finally meeting in real life. As Roland has said "in the future thousands will say they were a part of the celebration but only we will know who" haha. Everyone contributed their good looks, pasta dishes, veges, salads, fruits and a dam good potato salad that arrived a little late which I had



Friday Night Progressive



the opportunity to sample more than once. Don's burgers and dogs were to scream for!

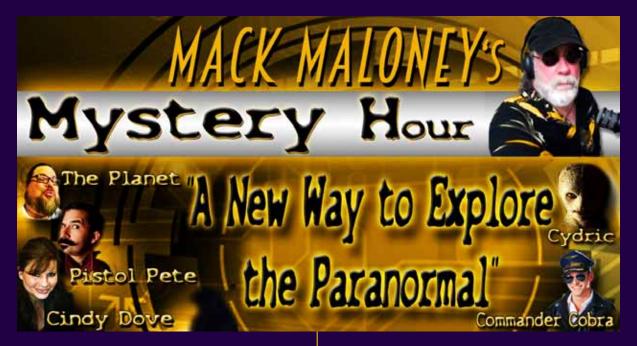
There is nothing more a true musician loves, show him where the instruments are and tell them to go for it. True musicians will always find something to play even if they have never played with one another before. And we wound up with some truly epic jams. My son Jordan held down the rhythm section all day (I sat behind the kit too) while Joe Compagna, Jerry McGowan, Joe Geiger, Farzad Golpayegani and me held down the guitar and bass duties. I was waiting for the guitar god Bill Berends to show ... well he did but not until it was all over, the typical true night bird musician. I did receive a Mastermind T shirt as a gift from the man!

Our good friend Vicki came to visit all the way from Brazil. It's a good thing too because in reality the FNP party probably would not have happened. It was because of her trip to the USA that spawned the idea we could kill two birds with one stone and piggy back the FNP celebration with her arrival. So in her honor Bill Berends christened the event VICKISTOCK. Thank you Vicki!

The King of Progtropolis



Friday Night Progressive



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

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

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo



recording artists. He's been a radio host since

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

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

The Trillion Dollar Mistake

Special Show Mack, Juan-Juan. Cobra and Rob Beckhusen of "War is Boring," talk about America's latest jet fighter, the F-35 Lightning II and how some say US taxpayers paid more than \$1 trillion for a plane that doesn't fly. Also, Juan-Juan reports on the mysterious town of Ong's Hat, New Jersey and Switchblade Steve Ward tells the story of a top official in the RAF making contact with aliens.



Listen Here

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



Carla Lane (nee Roma Barrack) (1928 – 2016)

Born in Liverpool, Lane was an English television writer responsible for several successful sitcoms, including *The Liver Birds* (co-creator, 1969–78), *Butterflies* (1978–82) and *Bread* (1986–91). Described as "the television writer who dared to make women funny", much of her work focused on strong women characters, including "frustrated housewives and working class matriarchs".[4] In later years she became well known as an animal welfare advocate.

In the 1960s, Lane wrote short stories and radio scripts. Her first successes came in collaboration with Myra Taylor, whom she had met at a writers' workshop in Liverpool. With Taylor, she submitted some comedy sketch scripts to the BBC, where they were seen by the head of comedy Michael Mills. He encouraged them to write a half-hour script, which was broadcast as a pilot episode of *The Liver Birds* in April 1969. A short first series followed, to little acclaim, but Mills then declined to produce a second series, changing his mind when Lane and Taylor wrote a series of new scripts. The series became one of the most popular of the time, characterised by Lane's "ability to conjure laughs out of pathos and life's little tragedies", and, from 1973, Lane took sole responsibility for writing the scripts.

Her successful screenwriting career continued through the 1970s and 1980s, in particular with the TV series *Butterflies* and *Bread*. In *Butterflies*, described as "undoubtedly... her finest work", she addressed the lead character's desires for freedom from her "decent but dull" husband.

In *Bread*, which ran for seven series, "she became the first woman to mine television comedy from sexual and personal relationships through a galère of expertly-etched contemporary characters, developed against a backdrop of social issues such as divorce, adultery and.. alcoholism." In the late

THOSE HE HAVE LOST

1980s, *Bread* had the third-highest viewing figures on British television. However, Bread was criticised by some in Liverpool for portraying a stereotypical view of people in the city, an opinion that Lane rejected.

Lane had been a vegetarian dedicated to the care and welfare of animals since 1965, and in 1993, she converted the grounds of her mansion, Broadhurst Manor in Horsted Keynes, Sussex, into a 25 acre animal sanctuary. She operated the sanctuary for 15 years before having to close operations due to financial constraints. In 2002 Carla returned her OBE to then prime minister Tony Blair in protest against animal cruelty.

She published her autobiography, *Someday I'll Find Me: Carla Lane's Autobiography*, in 2006. She died at Stapley Nursing Home in Mossley Hill, Liverpool, on 31 May.

Harambe (1999 – 2016)

Harambe was a 200-kilogram (440 lb) male critically endangered silverback gorilla,. He was shot and killed after a child climbed into his enclosure at the Cincinnati Zoo and Botanical Garden and fell into the moat.

Harambe was bred at the Gladys Porter Zoo in Brownsville, Texas. He was named by Dan Van Coppenolle after the song "Harambe" by Rita Marley. On September 18, 2014, Harambe was transferred to the Cincinnati Zoo and Botanical Garden to learn adult gorilla behavior and join a new social group. Harambe was fatally shot by zoo officials on May 28, 2016, after a three-year-old boy slipped into Harambe's enclosure. The incident was recorded by a bystander and uploaded to YouTube, where the video went viral. Zoo director Thane Maynard stated, "The child was being dragged around ... His head was banging on concrete. This was not a gentle thing. The child was at risk." The shooting was controversial, with some observers stating that it was not clear whether or not Harambe was likely to harm the child, and others calling for



the boy's parents and/or the zoo to be held accountable for the gorilla's death. Police are investigating possible criminal charges while the parents of the boy defended the zoo's actions.

The incident received global publicity; Ricky Gervais, Brian May, and Piers Morgan criticized the shooting, while Donald Trump and Jack Hanna defended the zoo's actions. Primatologist Frans de Waal also gave his opinion on the controversy.

Alan Wise (?-2016)

Wise was a key figure in the birth of The Haçienda and Factory Records. He was a popular figure in the Manchester music scene in the 1980s, and 1990s, promoting and managing a number of acts, including Nico, as well as being a big part in the birth of Joy Division, New Order and the promoter of the Fall. He was one of the key architects of the Manchester scene. He died in his sleep on 1st June.

Allegedly the true figure portrayed as "Dr

THOSE HE HAVE LOST



Demitrius" in James Young's massively funny Songs they never play on the radio he leaves an enormous gap in the contemporary culture of Manchester. Some pundits have claimed that Wise died of a broken heart, after his daughter's tragic suicide earlier this year.



Marshall "Rock" Jones (1941-2016)

Jones was bassist when the group that later became the Ohio Players started in Dayton in 1959 as the Ohio Untouchables. The Ohio Players were founded in 1967 and became the trailblazers of a virtual Rhythm & Blues empire with its roots in Dayton. This band popularized a specific genre of R&B music known as Street Funk. They were the first American band from the Dayton area to go gold with an album earning over \$1 million and the first to go platinum with an album selling a million copies. They have been called the premiere R&B band in the nation during the 1970s, popularizing a distinctive Midwestern sound and reaching an international following with European and Japanese tours. The Ohio Players music continues to energize artists of subsequent generations, and many young hip-hop musicians cite the influence of their sound. Members of The Ohio Players continue to be involved in the community through donations of time and money to local parks, schools, churches and other worthy charities.

He died in Houston, Texas, on 26th May aged 75.



Thomas Fekete (1989 ? - 2016)

Fekete was Florida indie band Surfer Blood's guitarist. He suffered from a rare form of cancer, his treatment partly funded by donations from fans and other bands. During December 2015, he released a solo LP called *Burner*, which he recorded solely from his bed while recovering from chemotherapy. "No multiple takes, no expensive mics, no outside direction," he said in a statement when *Burner* was released. "Just me in my bedroom with a very cheap, bare bones setup."

He died on 30th May, aged 27.

THOSE HE HAVE LOST

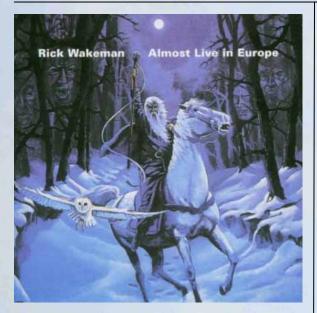


YOU'VE READ THE MAGAZINE YOU'VE MARVELLED AT THE EDITOR'S IMPUDENCE NOW WEAR THE SHIRTS



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

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



Artist	Rick Wakeman
Title	Almost Live in Europe
Cat No.	HST420CD
Label	Gonzo

This is another unjustly overlooked live album from the legendary keyboard player Rick Wakeman, who explains: "This was recorded in Italy with a very strange line up of the English Rock Ensemble with no guitar player. The tour was a disaster and badly organised and I had the crew from hell out with me as well which just about took the biscuit!!! When I finally got to hear the tapes they were really not acceptable so I dragged some of the guys back in and we re-did quite a lot and added guitar as well, hence the title, Almost Live in Europe". And its really good to see it available once again!



ArtistArthur Brown's Kingdom ComeTitleThe Lost EarsCat No.HST345CDLabelGonzo

Joe Viglione of A;; Music writes: "The Lost Ears compiles almost 90 minutes of Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come from the years 1968-1972. There is nothing of the perverse majesty that his "Fire" single boasted, save Arthur Brown's personality sprinkled over these four sides. There are three unreleased tracks by Brown's Puddletown Express band and extensive liner notes from Chris Welch of Melody Maker, dated 1976. Those notes remind listeners that Alice Cooper cites Arthur as an influence, and the story of a night this band opened for Alice adds to the intrigue as the heavy progressive music plays.



Andy McCulloch of Greenslade and Carl Palmer of Emerson, Lake & Palmer went through the revolving door of Arthur Brown's musical ministry, and his influence on those groups -- at least musically -- is documented here. "Love Is a Spirit" is an almost a cappella opening to side two, with just the keyboards creating an eerie church-like feel before the band kicks in and gets heavier, a thick dirge that is the rule, not the exception, and maybe a reason why this extraordinary artist never fully caught on. "The Experiment" is Deep Purple during their Tetragrammaton phase, and maybe Arthur Brown would have been better off following their lead and reinventing Joe South material. That Vanilla Fudge formula launched Deep Purple while Goodge Harris does his best Jon Lord, but the music remains somewhat inaccessible. Brown shifts somewhere between Sylvester & the Hot Band to some Frank Zappa-inspired nightmare.

"Time Captives" is excellent science fiction rock, and one gets the feeling that, had the Crazy World of Arthur Brown, Kingdom Come, and Puddletown Express had a Shep Gordon managing or an Andy Warhol endorsing him, this controlled insanity would have reached a wider audience. The concise and succinct power of his 1968 smash is missing on The Lost Ears, and despite the excellent musicianship, this lengthy collection becomes an ordeal. The two and a half minutes of "Conception" have Arthur Brown howling like some whacked-out witch doctor, and it's entertaining, but you aren't going to play it three times in a row, and Dr. John the Night Tripper learned how to bring that persona full circle. The Lost Ears is an important document of an innovative figure, a Screamin' Jay Hawkins from a far distant future. Missing are hit singles, and Alice Cooper could have repaid the musical debt by helping Arthur Brown out with that. The Puddletown Express material sounds like Syd Barrett escaped from the asylum to make another record, and who's to say that's a bad thing?"





ArtistBrand XTitleX-CommunicationCat No.HST416CDLabelGonzo

Brand X are unfairly best known as Phil Collins's side project when he wasn't singing and playing drums for Genesis. This is of course true but they were so much more than that. The interplay between bassist Percy Jones and guitar player John Goodsall has seldom been surpassed, which is why the band have become synonymous with the concept of jazz fusion.

After a 10 year hiatus, Brand X returned as a trio in 1992 with some hard hitting immensely groovy power fusion. The pared down format allows greater freedom for Jones's awesome bass technique and the use of Goodsall's midi guitar to trigger keyboards is an interesting departure. One of the highlights is the fabulous drumming of Frank Katz (recruited from Jones's own band Tunnels), who lends to the music a sense of timing that only Phil Collins had previously achieved some 15 years earlier. The is masterful music with (or is it just me?) is a somewhat sinister, aggressive underlying tone. Listen to Jones's solo track "Strangeness" on which the bassist showcases his full technical repertoire including scatching strings with the thumbnail, pulling strings off the fingerboard, and making the strings buzz and rattle against each other. You have to hear it to believe it.

THE THIRD EAR BAND ROBERTO MUSCI



MOSAIC a tribute to Third Ear Band

ArtistThird Ear BandTitleMosaic (with Roberto Musci)Cat No.HST411CDLabelGonzo

Third Ear Band were a British musical group formed in the London in the mid-1960s. Their lineup was unusual, at first consisting of violin, cello, oboe and percussion, and most of their output was instrumental and partly improvised. Members came from The Giant Sun Trolley and The People Band to create an improvised music drawingon Eastern raga forms, European folk, experimental minimalism and medievalinfluences. They recorded two soundtracks, the first in 1970 for an animated filmby Herbert Fuchs of Abelard and Heloise (which first saw release as part ofLuca Ferrari's Necromancers of the Drifting West Sonic Book in 1997) and then in 1971 for Roman Polanski's film of Macbeth.

The way of improvisation and composition that Third Ear band generates is a uniquemusic; a music that wrap and alienate you. The use of modal improvisations, with pentatonic and eptatonic scales derived from Arabian and Indian music culture, the mixing of particular timbre, the use of percussive rhythms with a metric dilatation, that ancestral call to the ritual music (from the ancient Egypt to the Druids). It's a strange sensation, but listening to their music it seems that sounds are stratificating on different levels and the listener loses the cognition of time.

The Mosaic Project

The lure to recreate that old music atmospheres for letting them live is still great in me. Basically the project was inspired by John Oswald's work who c o i n e d t h e e x p r e s s i o n "Plunderphonics" (Plunderphonics : taking one or more existing audio recordings and altering them in some way to make a new composition). His work on Michael Jackson repertoire (with related legal case, i.e the cover: Michael Jackson's head on a female body...) was really clamorous. The idea was to record a tribute to the Third Ear Band just using their original music for recreating that musical poetic and the sensations they gave to me, playing the right instrumentsand looking for that pictures linked to their specific iconography (ancient Egypt, Alchemy, Druids...)



Artist Captain Beefheart Title Live at the Country Club, Reseda, California 1981 Cat No. GZO109CD Label Gonzo

Don Van Vliet (born Don Glen Vliet; January 15, 1941 – December 17, 2010) was an American musician, singer-songwriter, artist and poet known by the stage name Captain Beefheart. His musical work was conducted with a rotating ensemble of musicians called the Magic Band (1965–1982), with whom he recorded 13 studio albums. Noted for his powerful singing voice with its wide range, Van Vliet also played the harmonica, saxophone and numerous other wind instruments. His music blended rock, blues and psychedelia with avantgarde and contemporary experimental composition. Beefheart was also known for exercising an almost dictatorial control over his supporting musicians, and for often constructing myths about his life.

As Beefheart.com put it: "Autumn 1980 through January 1981 captain Beefheart and the Magic Band promoted their latest album, doc at the radar station, with a tour in Europe and the States. However, as don hadn't performed live for well over a year and a half, it took a while before he found the right groove. After a terrible first week, the group came into shape (also because last-minute member Richard Snyder 'fell in place') and when the band returned to the USA in late november it was tight. One of the last concerts of what would turn out to be Beefheart's last tour, took place on 29.01.81 in one of the many towns surrounding Los Angeles"

REV. JIM JONES

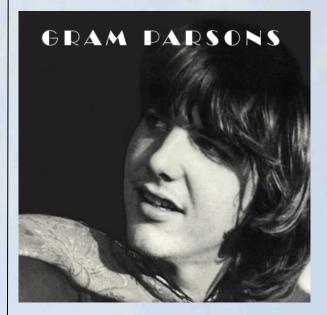


THEE LAST SUPPER

Artist	Jim Jones
Title	Last Supper
Cat No.	GSGZ004CD
Label	Gonzo

Neil Nixon, Gonzo's resident expert on the weorder end of recorded music writes: "If you haven't sussed it yet this is the Jonestown massacre. The final sermon of the Reverend Jim Jones, recorded live in Guyana on 18 November 1978 and ending with the clearly audible screams of his followers dying after drinking Flavor Aid laced with a potent cocktail of drugs, including Cynanide. In all 918 people involved with the People's Temple died, including their charismatic, increasingly erratic, paranoid and rambling Elvis-alike leader: Jim Jones. Until 11 September 2001 this was the greatest loss of US civilian life at one place, at one time, by means other than natural disaster.

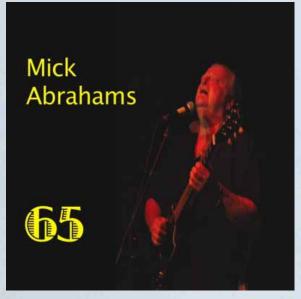
The convoluted story of how so many US citizens ended up in their own compound in Jonestown, Guyana, how their increasingly concerned relatives sought to extricate some of them, how Congressman Leo Ryan flew to Guyana to investigate and how his murder as he attempted to fly back with a handful of defectors promoted the mass suicide of the beleaguered group is well chronicled elsewhere. So, are the words on the "Death Tape" which forms the final track here: "Mass Suicide."



ArtistGram ParsonsTitleGram ParsonsCat No.HST381CDLabelGonzo

Ingram Cecil Connor III (November 5, 1946 – September 19, 1973), known professionally as Gram Parsons, was an American singer, songwriter, guitarist, and pianist. Parsons is best known for his work within the country music genre; he also popularized what he called "Cosmic American Music", a hybrid of country, rhythm and blues, soul, folk, and rock. Besides recording as a solo artist, he played with the International Submarine Band, The Byrds, and The Flying Burrito Brothers. His relatively short career is described by AllMusic as "enormously influential" for country and rock, "blending the two genres to the point that they became indistinguishable from each other."

Parsons was born in Winter Haven, Florida and developed an interest in country music while attending Harvard University. He founded the International Submarine Band in 1966 and, after several months of delay, their debut Safe at Home was released in 1968 (by which time the group had disbanded). Parsons joined The Byrds in early 1968, and played a pivotal role in the making of the seminal Sweetheart of the Rodeo album. After leaving the group in late 1968, Parsons and fellow Byrd Chris Hillman formed The Flying Burrito Brothers in 1969, releasing their debut, The Gilded Palace of Sin, the same year. The album was well received but failed commercially; after a sloppy cross-country tour, they hastily recorded Burrito Deluxe. Parsons was fired from the band before its release in early 1970. He soon signed with A&M Records, but after several unproductive sessions he canceled his intended solo debut in early 1971. Parsons moved to France, where he lived for a short period at Villa Nellcôte with friend Keith Richards of The Rolling Stones. Returning to America, Parsons befriended Emmylou Harris through his friend and former bandmate Chris Hillman. She assisted him on vocals for his first solo record, GP, released in 1973. Although it received enthusiastic reviews, the release failed to chart. His next album (Grievous Angel) met with a similar reception, and peaked at number 195 on Billboard. Several years of alcoholism and drug abuse severely deteriorated his health, and he died in 1973 at the age of 26."



Artist Mick Abrahams Title ''65'' Cat No. HST276CD Label Gonzo

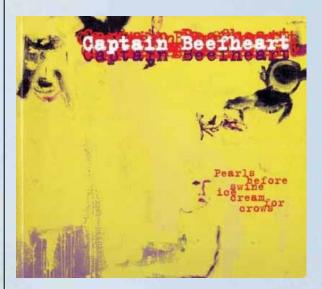
This live double CD/DVD of Mick's 65th Birthday Concert features a fabulous 11 piece band that Mick put together especially for the occasion, including Paul Jones, Elliott Randall, Geoff Whitehorn, Alexis Abrahams, Riki Massini, Steve Dundon, Jack Lancaster, Clive Bunker, Andy Pyle and Sharon Watson. Recorded and filmed live in front of a capacity audience at The Open University in July 2008 by The Snakes Alive 24 Track Mobile and The Bletchley College Media Group, both audio and video quality are absolutely superb and truly capture all the energy of this remarkable concert.

Unquestionably the best live performance ever captured from Mick and, in his own opinion, the best band he has ever put together: amazing musicians and friends who honoured Mick by adding their very special talents to this project. Introduced by the legendary 'Whispering' Bob Harris from BBC2's The Old Grey Whistle Test fame, 65 ... The concert features a host of great

38

songs, including some of the finest music from Micks long history right up to date. There are great surprises too: a brief but fantastic reformation of the original line up of Blodwyn Pig, playing classics from the band's heyday, and a tribute to Jethro Tull featuring the legendary drummer Clive Bunker and 'flute pixie' Steve Dundon.

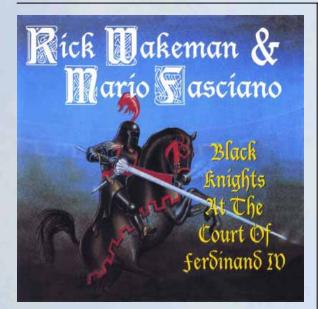
Includes backstage interviews with Mick and his guests, and - as you would expect from Mick - some amusing out-takes. A great energetic recording with Mick at his best.



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

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

Italian author Luca Ferrari has curated a fascinating collection of words and sounds dedicated to the man who is possibly the most enigmatic rock and roll artists of all time. Contains a 24page deluxe booklet.

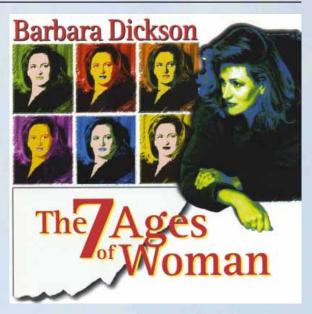


Artist Rick Wakeman Title Black Knights at the Court of Ferdinand 4th Cat No. MFGZ002CD

On this extraordinary album, legendary keyboard player teams up with an Italian singer named Mario Fasciano. Stavros Moschopoulos writes: "Recorded on the Isle of Man, the CD contains 8 new Neapolitan songs and it is the result of a prodigious concurrence of a number of talented artists that have somehow reached a propitious zenith of creativity here, in this album. Exotic, Mediterranean, evocative, timeless, classic and classical, and wonderful are a few of the adjectives I use to describe this exciting CD". Rick's signature piano playing and Mario's warm Jon Anderson' like voice weave a web of medieval fantasy which won round up on Wakeman records on the internet described as being: "musically somewhere between prog and new age, with Italian vocals.". This is an unjustly overlooked record which fans of Rick Wakeman are certainly sure to enjoy

ArtistBarbara DicksonTitle7 Ages of WomanCat No.CTVP008CDLabelChariot

Barbara Dickson was born in Dunfermline, Scotland. Her singing career started in folk clubs around her native Fife in the sixties, exposing her to a rich combination of traditional and contemporary music. In the early seventies she sang at a Liverpool folk club run by a young student teacher called Willy Russell. He showed Barbara the first draft of what would later become the award-winning musical John, Paul, George, Ringo....and Bert and asked her to perform the music. The combination of



fine writing, a superb cast of young unknowns, (including Antony Sher, Bernard Hill and Trevor Eve) and Barbara's idiosyncratic interpretation of Beatles songs made the show hugely successful.

During the seventies and eighties Barbara Dickson enjoyed huge success in both the pop field and also moved into acting and was featured in a number of high profile stage and television productions. This is the original soundtrack album to accompany her one woman stage show. Features many of the songs from the show, including several Beatles numbers, including the perfect "She's Leaving Home". The album has so many different songs in different styles and is a must buy.

In 1998 the Derbyshire Times wrote:

"As she and her top-notch instrumentalists took the show through its fascinating paces, she assumed a myriad of roles, from the frightened child to the reluctant bride, the hard-up mother to the whore to the junkie. Sometimes it was so touching it hurt, like Lennon and McCartney's 'She's Leaving Home'; deliciously funny, as with The Worst Pies in London, or raunchy and upbeat with 'It's Money That I Love'...

It's a brave show with music and words showing women as they are and what they often have to endure. I admired such honesty as much as the production's considerable polish."



I have been interviewing people for a long time, and there are some who are better interviewees than others, but the rarest (and most valuable, to my way of thinking) interviewee is the one, with whom you immediately have a rapport, and find yourself talking with so naturally that you forget that you are doing an interview with them.

One such interviewee is Judge Smith. He was actually the first person that I wrote about on the Gonzo Blog all those years ago, and was the first person that I contacted by email. And he was one of the first people that I interviewed. It turned out that we had quite a few interests in common. He is a reader of *Fortean Times*, a magazine that I have written for over the years, and even has a copy of *On the Track of Unknown Animals* by Bernard Heuvelmans (he pronounced it correctly, "Hoy-vel-mans" rather than "Hugh-vel-mans") which, as my day job is the Director of the world's largest cryptozoological organisation, is quite a coincidence, and over the past three or so years we have become friends.

I remember exactly where I was when I first heard of Judge Smith. I was sitting in the car park behind what is now Chope's department store in Bideford High Street. I had just bought a copy of the *Not the Nine O'Clock News* album. Being somewhat inclined toward anal compulsiveness I was happily perusing the

liner notes on the back, and I noted that my favourite song on the album had been written by a guy named Judge Smith. What a strange name, I thought.

Over the years, I heard quite a lot about this guy. It turned out that he was a founder member of cerebral proggers Van der Graaf Generator, and had also composed a number of witty and erudite stage musicals.

Roll on about 20 years. My first wife was working for a very dodgy concert promoter. Said concert promoter had a friend called Charlie Salt, and one day, after a meeting with this bloke, Alison came back and asked me if I'd heard of a composer called Judge Smith? I told her that I had, and recounted roughly what I have already told you SO FAR in this article.

Roll on another few years; Alison and I are divorced. And I am living (but not in the Biblical sense) with a gothic cryptozoologist called Richard Freeman. Someone sends us a copy of a remarkable opera based around Edgar Allan Poe's novel 'The Fall of the House of Usher'. We both fell in love with it, and guess what? It was written by the two founding members of Van der Graaf Generator, with the lyrics being by... you've guessed it. Judge Smith.

Roll on another 15 years and I start doing the daily

IN WORDS AND PICTURES ANNOTATED BY JUDGE



The splendid Nigel Richards.



Judge and Nigel trying to work out what on earth I was getting at in 1975.



Judge and Nigel with Tucker at the controls. I can't remember what we found so amusing about the Pro-Tools monitor screen.



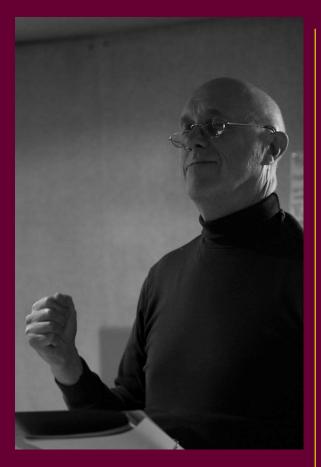
Lunch Break.



Maybe this one wasn't the right take ...



Mr Richards at full-throttle. (Shot through the studio window, as Sean Kelly would want me to point out.)



blog for my old mate Rob's company, Gonzo Multimedia. And who is the first person I interview? And you've guessed it. Judge Smith. He is a charming man, and over the last four years we have become friends. My own company has published two of his books, and I have worked with him on a number of 'Gonzo related projects'. This rambling diatribe brings us up to the present day.

A few months ago Judge told me about a project that he had started way back in the 1970's. This was his first major composition, and was nothing less than a Latin requiem for choir, rock band, and full brass section. He sent me an mp3 of a demo he'd had done. It was fantastic. I told him this and urged him to record it properly.

I am not used to people taking my advice. In fact they usually don't, but on this occasion Judge did, and as this truly is a lost Prog Rock Masterpiece, we in the editorial team of *Gonzo Weekly* magazine are following the project through its various stages. The project has come on a long way. He writes:

"Hi there. Well, I'm back, as of yesterday. Sorry I'm a bit 'en retard' in posting, but I can't get on with doing this writing stuff on a phone. I'm old, and in my mind a phone is a PHONE, for talking on, and is preferably made of black bakelite and sits on a small table in the hall... However this trip was a particularly good event. The cosmic Powers-that-be seem to have a soft spot for this project, and the crucial solo singer came to us by chance, and through the kind recommendation of Tim West.

Nigel Richards http://nigelrichards.org/, who I had never met before, turned out to be a great guy; a complete professional who has sung with the like of Nick Cave and Tom Waites, and has voice like Calvados and honey. He is also a hoot, and we had a lot of laughs throughout the day.

Photographer Seán Kelly kindly travelled a considerable distance to document the proceedings, and a few of his images (ones that are not destined for the CD/LP artwork) can be seen here in a hour or so. We were recording in Pat Collier's other studio, as the great man himself is in such demand, but Engineer Tucker Nelson (from Idaho) was brilliant. The best Recording Engineers seem to combine amazing technical skills with a sort of Zen calm, that this jumpy rabbit finds very therapeutic. The rabbit has been particularly jumpy on this project because it's PROPER music, written down in black dots which I can't read! The eight-hour day concluded with a couple of hours of 'comping', compiling sections of the different takes into the perfect performance, a process in which Tucker's advice and musical discernment was crucial.

A good day".

I couldn't wait to hear more so I gave him a ring ...

Listen Here



There are lots more words and pictures on the facebook page **http://tinyurl.com/hxnoukh**



I saw The Cure (http://www.thecure.com) back on October 10, 1985 in Santa Barbara, California supporting their smash album The Head on the Door, from that same year. While it was a powerful and emotional show in parts, I was ultimately disappointed with the stoic stage presence of the band. In particular, founder Robert Smith seemed to be napping through long stretches of the set list, only coming alive it seemed for the couple of hits at the end of the concert. In part my California roots drove my perceptions at the time; the gloomy mysteriousness of goth music, while connecting well in gritty San Francisco, was in part lost on the audience in sunny southern California. The band at the time was also right on the cusp of greater stardom, with just a few popular hits like "Let's Go to Bed" and "In Between Days" overshadowed by darker dirges such as "A Forest." A standout memory for me was their performance of "A Night Like This," which bridged the two forms, it's prolonged menacing prologue leading to a heartfelt reading of the chorus:

I'm coming to find you if it takes me all night Can't stand here like this anymore For always and ever is always for you I want it to be perfect Like before I want to change it all

Smith's songs while sometimes quirky and playful are most often laden with sadness, relating stories of lost love, unbearable pain, or outright anger and hatred. While that might sound like torture to some, these songs have an ability to access deep-seated emotions in listeners, unlocking these feelings, even allowing for their release. The greatest melancholy music can do this. It can support a bit of wallowing, but a lot of healing as well. The Cure has always walked this line skillfully. That fact was gloriously on full display last Thursday May 26^{th} at the Shoreline Amphitheater in Mountain View, just south of San Francisco where so many of us first fell in love with the band. I took my daughter Elaina for her first Cure



http://diegospadeproductions.com/







show, and my second, 30 years on. It was everything my first time wasn't.

On this night, The Cure took the stage beginning with the bluesy dirge "Open" from *Wish* (1992). It was clear from the first minutes that Smith was in top form, fronting one of the tightest lineups of his oft-changing collective. Robert Smith has been the only consistent member of The Cure since it's inception in 1976 and as principal composer and vocalist, its driving force. In addition to some of his punk/goth contemporaries, Smith pioneered a style of guitar playing that drives so many Cure songs, a type of short repeating chord cycle, which relentlessly drives the music forward, allowing the listener to get lost in the sound. Consider the aforementioned "A Forest," one of the purest examples of the form.

Smith's band is now composed of Simon Gallup (basses since 1979), Roger O'Donnell (keyboards on and off since 1987), Jason Cooper (drums since 1994), and relatively new guitarist Reeves Gabrels (since 2012). The rhythm section of Gallup and Cooper were a major part of what made the concert so exceptional. Cooper is able to execute the start-stop hiccups of so many Cure backbeats with precision and endurance. Cooper brings movement to the stage, pinning down deceptively complex bass leads that often drive the melodic force of these songs, ambling about, punk posturing, on fire.

After the second track "alt.end" from *The Cure* (2004) the band made this fan a happy man, as they dove into five consecutive

tracks from *Head On The Door*, followed by "The Walk" from the 1983 EP of the same name (and from b-sides collection *Japanese Whispers*), one of the best tracks of the set. Incidentally this rare track, along with the unexpected rendition of "Kyoto" before it, were two of those songs that showed off drummer Cooper's ability to execute complex polyrhythmic leads, while "Screw" showed off bassist Gallup's chunk funky lines.

The Cure on this tour has been playing crowd-pleasing set lists that change each night, with a core of consistent selections from their most popular mid period work. The band played several tracks off *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me* (1987), *Disintegration* (1989), which included career highlights "Lullaby," "Fascination Street" and "Pictures of You," about which my daughter says "If you wanted to play one song to someone who did not know The Cure's music, this would be it – so sad but beautiful." Truer words. The other featured album was *Wish* (1992) from which the band pulled off a most unexpected pleasure, set closer "End." This raw, psychedelic funeral march was absolutely overwhelming live, a perfect ending that summed up everything I came to love about The Cure. After verses like "I think I've reached that point where every wish has come true, and tired disguised oblivion is everything I do," follows its poignant, desperately sad refrain:

Please stop loving me Please stop loving me I am none of these things

I watched the crowd, many of whom had clearly never heard this coda to *Wish*, slowly come around as the band cranked up its







intensity, realizing they were witness to an immensely powerful moment, joining in the refrain, despite its despairing message. Smith's uncanny way of putting words to music, making the sum of the two something more than its parts, awakening dread, a cry for help, and ultimately survival, even transcendence is unparalleled. And, fortunately for us, he is a survivor and, as seen last week in concert, he continues to thrive, in apparently good health and surprisingly strong voice. Long may this artist persevere. In the meantime, catch this tour if you can. You might just find a bit of healing yourself, a salve for the ills of this world, a new reason to love this enduring band.



The Cure's Robert Smith, May 2016 (c) diegospadeproductions, inc.

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Taming of the Shrew

Globe Theatre, London, playing until 6th August

Perhaps 'a once in a lifetime experience' suggests Gonzo writer, Alan Dearling

Last week, I witnessed a superb theatrical performance (perhaps one of a lifetime) at the opento-the-elements (and aircraft noise) Globe Theatre on the Southbank, near London Bridge in London. You can be a member of the audience any afternoon matinee performance, in the 'pit' or the 'yard', for just \pounds 5. This is where jesters, buffoons and musicians used to 'loosen up' the 'rabble' before a show, back in Shakespeare's day. And so it still is at the Globe. But mostly shows begin and end these days with music. And I can vouch that it is always a memorable experience, just being there. It's immersive theatre and the low entrance charges act as a school-children magnet for countless thousands of pupils and their long-suffering teachers.

I have a strong dislike for the play, Shakespeare's appallingly sexist, 'Taming of the Shrew'. But it was Aoife Duffin who stole everyone's hearts and minds. She had to come in to this major role, when she wasn't even the understudy. Aoife has had to learn her lines and stagecraft 'on the hoof'. I understand that she is the second actress to join Caroline Byrne's Irish cast after Kathy Rose O'Brien was indisposed and unable to fulfil her role as Katherine (Kate). It turned out to be memorable, captivating and heart-wrenching performance of this disturbing, often sadistic play. Even though at times, she had to refresh her memory of lines from crib sheets held clearly in audience view, Aoife (pictured right) held-us in awe. Much Respect to Aoife!

To refresh your (and my memory) of the play, this

alan dearling





is the **synopsis** of the play provided by the Globe team:

'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.' "Two sisters are being married off. Bianca is hellbent on it and can't wait to fly the nest. Kate, on the other hand, balks at the thought of losing her independence and struggles to think of anything worse. That's all well and good, but Kate has to marry first for Bianca to be allowed. And whilst Bianca has no shortage of offers, who will get hitched to Kate, the fabulous and ungovernable shrew? Perhaps Petruchio might take her on for a bet: he's a bit of a gold-digger and as wild and rebellious as our Kate..."

An Irish makeover...

Caroline Byrne's production moves the action to Ireland. More specifically, Ireland at the time of the Easter Rising of 1916. The cast are Irish and costumes reflect the time and place. The new artistic director at the Globe, Emma Rice, provides an insight into the meaning of performance and the theatrical experience on offer at the Globe. She tells us:

"Being childlike is underrated. It takes commitment. A commitment to try and see everything for the first time, to approach people and situations with an open mind, and to create theatre as if every story is freshly born in that moment. I am not talking about being childish; seeing the world through a simple lens or trying to hold onto some romantic idea of innocence. No, I am describing something far more essential. The preservation of wonder.

Wonder is the natural territory of the child. Not in an airbrushed, happily-ever-after way, but in a way that reflects a deep and immediate relationship to the people we meet and the things that happen to us. This 'wonder' reveals the world in its truest and most surprising form and glows at the heart of why we make theatre."

What makes this production full of wonderment?

I'm not even going to try and recount the 'story' of the 'Taming of the Shrew' to answer this question. The power of this production is in the staging – lots of muscular, theatrical slapstick to underline the nature of the intrigues and power stuggles represented. Frequent, humorous ensemble-playing, with plenty of opportunities to share the 'action' on stage with the Globe audience, especially those close at hand in the 'pit'. Particularly notable and adept in the physical-humour department are Aaron Heffeman, as the scholar/tutor, Lucentio and his servant, Tranio, played with great skill and imagination by Imogen Doel.

The play provides lots of character-full roles, with actors and actresses swapping roles, costumes and embellishing many elements of farce. It's performed at a break-neck pace, as suitors try to woo Bianca



using a variety of ingenious subterfuges, and as they and the girls' father, Baptista, try to find a suitable suitor for the wild-child that is Katherine. Music, and especially the powerful, traditionalstyled Irish singing from Aoife, transforms and transcends the malicious atrocities meted out by Edward MacLiam as the exuberant and largely abhorrent, Petruchio. A 'taming', that is denigrating in extremis; involving starving, beating, and even (we are led to believe), the raping of Katherine on the wedding bed.

'Kiss me, Kate', has never been filled with such double-entendre. But then, by end of the performance, with all the cast led by Aoife, singing and dancing, taking off their shoes and boots and banging them together in time with the handclapping audience, we are filled with emotion. Hardly a dry-eye at the Globe. We've seen Kate demeaned in the most despicable ways possible. Yet, somehow, her spirit and her indefatigable courage reigns supreme. Thanks, not to William Shakespeare's words, but largely down to Aoife Duffin, powerful musicianship, and some clever staging by producer, Caroline Byrne. I, for one, would buy the music CD from this production if it ever goes on sale.

I'll leave the last words to Emma Rice. For this is what Aoife and the cast of 'Taming of the Shrew' did for me, one memorable afternoon in May.

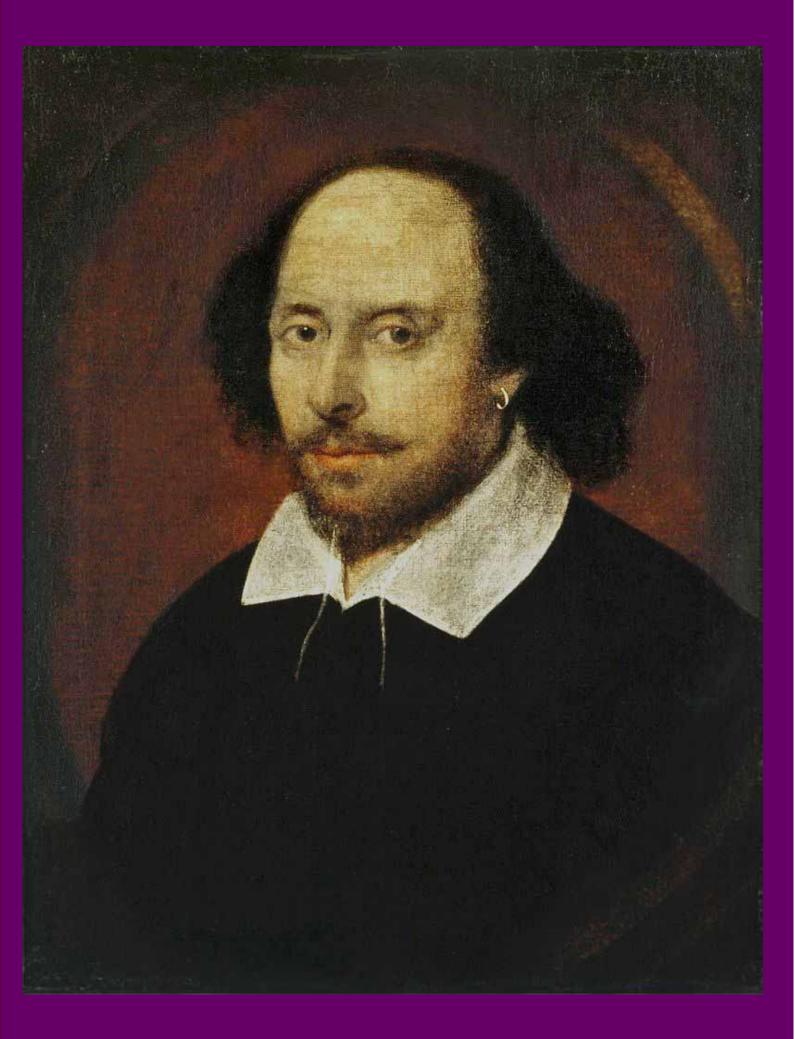
"And so, Shakespeare's Globe demands wonder at its best. It demands that you look from the stage to the sky and feel the heartbeat of the fellow adventurers around you as you see some of the greatest stories, hear some of the greatest words and experience some of the greatest emotions that this life has to offer.

I thank the stars in the London sky for giving me custody of this precious space and hope that my first season will inspire joy, sorrow, fear and laughter in equal, glorious, wonderful, childlike measure as we all choose to get lost in the woods together."

The full cast comprises Amy Conroy (Widow/ Haberdasher), Louis Dempsey (Vincentio), Imogen Doel (Tranio), Sean Fox (Ensemble), Colm Gormley (Hortensio), Aaron Heffernan (Lucentio), Genevieve Hulme-Beaman (Bianca), Raymond Keane (Gremio), Gary Lilburn (Baptista), Molly Logan (Biondello), Edward MacLiam (Petruchio), Helen Norton (Grumio), Aoife Duffin (Katherine) and Ayoola Smart (Ensemble).

The Globe informed me that Aoife Duffin most recently appeared in the critically acclaimed, award-winning solo show A Girl is a Half Formed Thing (Corn Exchange and Young Vic). Theatre credits include Spring Awakening (Headlong UK Tour), The Crucible (Lyric Theatre), Christ Deliver Us! (Abbey Theatre, Dublin) and The Importance of Being Earnest (Rough Magic). Screen credits include Behold The Lamb (Film 4), What Richard Did and Chris O'Dowd's MooneBoy (Sky One).

For bookings and more: http:// www.shakespearesglobe.com/theatre/whatson/globe-theatre/the-taming-of-the-shrew-2016



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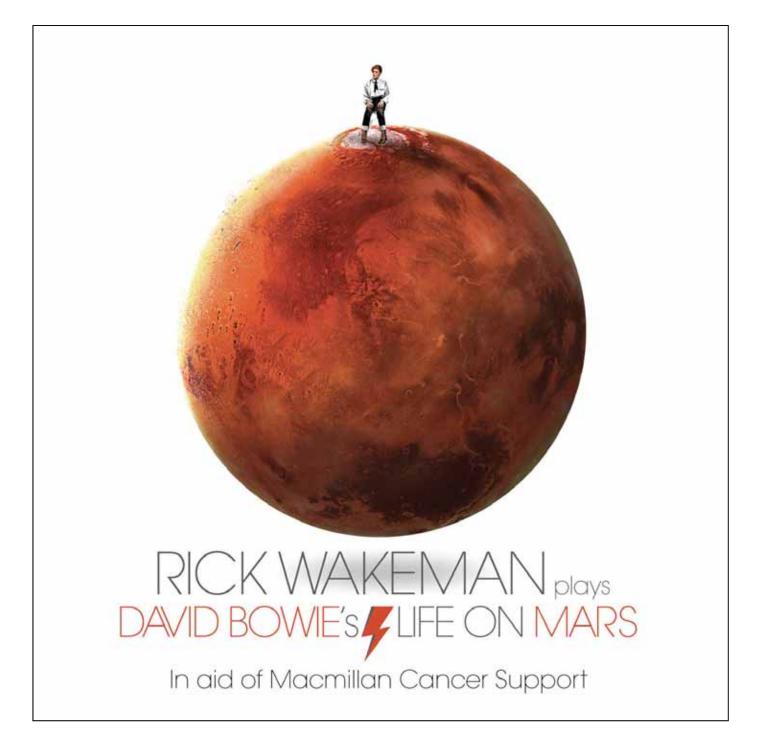


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Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks Director, Africa Region The Nature Conservancy

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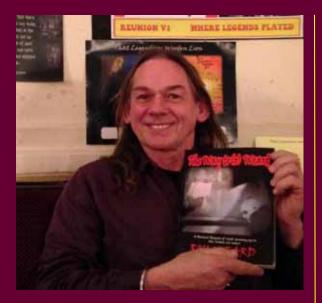
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After a life spent in and around music Roy Weard has finally written it all down. From his beginnings in the folk clubs of the early sixties, to playing the free festivals of the seventies with his own band 'Wooden Lion', to touring as a merchandiser 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..

he plan was to join the other two and travel to the first show, which was in The Hague. We had a Ford Camper van – a transit with windows, beds and a set of sub-MFI kitchen units in it. We drove down to the ferry and emerged, a few hours later, in Belgium. At this point my two travelling companions said they were too tired to drive - so I had to do it. My first trip onto foreign soil, driving a vehicle I had never driven before - a lumbering shack on wheels - on the wrong side of the road. I had looked on the map and had a good idea where 'The Hague' was so, while they slept, I drove.

It all went very well until we were in Holland itself. The Hague is on the coast of Holland, just up from Rotterdam, and I had made a list of the towns I needed to head for on the way so it was not too bad. There does seem to be some sort of rule in Holland though. You cannot use a town name in more than one format. If it is on a signpost you cannot use it on a map. I was struggling, but getting there, and then all signs for 'The Hague' vanished. I was already off the motorway and heading in, towards the area of Rotterdam and that whole industrial / dockland complex. I stopped and asked directions, and was pleased to be told straight on. Still no signs for The Hague though. Finally, in a town in which I was completely lost, I stopped and asked someone. 'Here', they said, 'This is it.' I was puzzled. I was in a town called 'Den Haag' and then it dawned on me, Den Haag was The Hague in Dutch. How dumb!

We set up a couple of stalls and sold the merchandise on the football pitch they were holding the concert on and it all seemed to go OK. I had to spend a bit of time making the shirts – using a hot press to transfer the lip and tongue logo onto a pile of plain shirts. It was a good day, we could hear the music and the punters were friendly, and it seemed like a stupidly nice way to earn money. After Holland we set off for Dortmund for the next show.

This was held in the Westfallenhalle, a vast cavern of a building that was the venue for many of the larger gigs in that area. We were outside the main hall this time but that was not so bad because I had not thought much of the Rolling Stones performance at the first show. It seemed messy and a bit out of tune. The Meters, who were the support act, were no better really. I could not see why the audience applauded so much. It was only much later I realised that, for many people, especially the 'real fans', just being there is enough; seeing your heroes live on stage. These were the days before tuners of any kind and long before the kind of technology that would hold a guitar in tune.

I also began to appreciate the job for a different reason. We were out there with the punters, loads of impressionable women, all of whom wanted to know what it was like to be on tour with the Stones. One could not afford a T-shirt but wanted me to iron the transfer onto her own shirt. I agreed a price and she promptly took off her shirt and stood there, bare breasted until I had done the job. That night one of these women came back to the camper van and joined me. I had the bed over the driver's compartment, which was lucky because it was a bit bigger that the fold out ones on the sides of the vehicle. The drawback was that it was an enclosed space and we got very hot up there. In the morning, Bill, one of my companions said, 'If I had known the crossing was going to be so rough I would have taken a sea sickness pill'. I had not thought about what effect our night's exertions might have had on the soft suspension of the camper van.

From Dortmund we headed off to Cologne, and then to Paris. Paris, that city which evokes images of chic sophistication in many people's minds, chose to put the Stones in a disused abattoir, which they cunningly disguised by calling it *Pavillon de Paris* (Les Abattoirs).

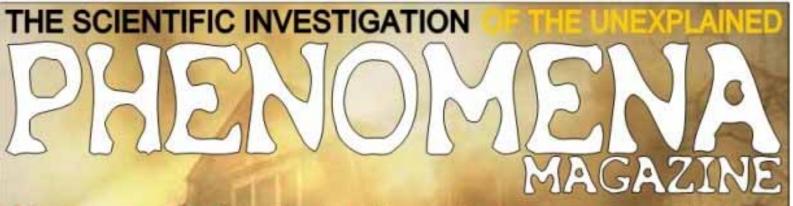
This was a cold building, even in the hot June weather of 1976. It still had the runnels down the floor that would have carried the blood. It was a pretty horrid place that I would come back to a few times in my career as merchandiser – some of which have their own story. It was also the place I met a dodgy Moroccan called Jean. Jean was also one of those loveable crooks. People you shouldn't really like but did anyway. He came along and manned one of the other stalls we set up to make sure we had all the exits covered. Paris was never a city I liked very much, but I did have a couple of adventures there with some interesting women over the years and tours. More of that later.

The Stones tour moved on to Lyon and then down to Barcelona. We had traded our camper van for a standard Transit now and it was just Bill and I doing the selling but, for the Barcelona gig, Bill headed off back to London for more stock and I took a train down to Spain alone. The mysterious 'ill person' had not returned yet, but I was enjoying the gig. Jean came down to meet me in Barcelona to help us out and brought his girlfriend. The gig was being held in a bullring, the *Plaza de Toros Monumental*. This was a classic bullring, like something off a picture postcard – in fact they were selling postcards of it. There was only one entrance to the outer building itself, which is via a smallish courtyard flanked by two towers. The public entered via a series of metal gates set in front of the building. We had set up our stand in the courtyard and were hanging around in the warm Spanish sun as the punters gathered outside. Suddenly there was chaos as a smoke bomb was thrown over the gates and the assembled crowd decided to force their way in. The police responded by closing the gates and standing against them and it looked, for all the world, like some ancient battle was about to take place. I went up into the tower so I could get a better view, and so that I did not choke on the smoke. By this time the police were firing their guns over the heads of the mob and lobbing the odd tear gas canister. They were fighting a small group of would-be freeloaders back along the streets, but the opposition were not giving in easily and, as I watched, I saw people with guns hiding behind cars and firing back at the police. It was all like some mad movie was taking place. Several hours passed before order was restored and the people with tickets were allowed in.

The following day we headed off towards Nice in Jean's car. His driving matched his personality completely. We hurtled round narrow roads at high speed with Jean arguing with his girlfriend in French the whole time. We had two days to make the journey in so we were able to stop in a small hotel along the way to rest. A welcome experience after Jean's driving and the constant jabber of argument, followed by sullen silences. Mind you, after a day of that, they still retired to their room and tried to reduce their bed to wreckage, just as noisily, that night.

Nice was hot and sunny. The Stones crew were mainly travelling in hire cars, most of which were demolished by the time that they had moved on to the next country. I was told, but I could not confirm it, that in Nice the tour manager picked up a new Mercedes from Hertz Car Rental, drove it out of the compound, turned into oncoming traffic and wound up racing up a grass verge. In the middle of the verge was a stone which neatly took off the car's sump. He walked back into the office before the clerk had finished dealing with the rest of the crew and said, 'Can I have another one? I have broken this one'.





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How to be a Hippy?

Alternative London & The Whole Earth Catalogs

Excuse the almost tabloid title of this piece, I want to revisit two hugely influential books, one British, one American, which were attempts at 'users guides' to the new alternative society's, that seemed to be building on both sides of the Atlantic in the early 1970s, as a result of the cultural explosions of the late 60s, led by the new music at its fore. Books children, were how we discovered most of our information before the interweb, back in the golden/dark ages, oh and talking to people we met. No mobiles, no texts, no online social media....imagine that?

Nicholas Saunders comes across as a very likeable, positive kind of chappy, described as an 'alternative entrepreneur of genius', he selfpublished the first edition of Alternative London in 1970, selling many copies himself and founding an army of street sellers to sell the rest. The book was basically a guide on how to thrive on a low income, and with alternative and communal values throughout, with some amazing tips and advice thrown in. A very British, how to beat the system, a bit. My much-thumbed copy is the 4th Edition, from 1974, each of the three previous had sold around 50000 copies. Sections include housing, home making (how to squat), eating, money (how to claim benefits), self development, drugs (an excellent potential users guide!), sex, community development and getting around to name a few. His little 'money saving' and 'practical' tips which are peppered throughout, cannot fail to put a smile on your face at times. Phone phreaking anyone?

The section called Sounds (in the bargains section) is a classic example. After suggesting where you can buy 'cheap' stereo gear eg *Comet* and *Exchange and Mart*, he adds this classic advice 'rather than buying a stereo you can get the same quality at a quarter of the price. Buy two s/h mono power amps instead, the only downside is you



Alternative England and Wales

Alternative London

John Brodie-Good

have two volume controls to operate'. Pseudo stereo could be had by wiring a larger and smaller speaker to the same amp, 'the larger one will give more bass, the smaller more treble, so it sounds like stereo', bless. Cheap records are covered by the few shops in London that used to get reviewers records in, secondhand shops (eg The Record & Tape Exchange 'chain') plus discount stores including the new (then of course) Virgin shops, 'really nice with big cushions and stereo headphones'. Bootleg record stall locations also get mentioned, as does some good basic advice on buying cassette tapes (branded C90s) and where to find s/h musical instruments. The next section of the chapter is entitled 'discounts and dodges'..... Later on in the book, the recommended musical publications are Andy Warhol's Interview, Rolling Stone & ZigZag, a surprisingly American In 1975, Saunders expanded the selection. concept and published a much larger book, Alternative England & Wales. He researched it by travelling around the country in a converted van. The concept expanded across the whole country at last. His summary of towns and cities up and down the land is hilarious....

eg

Hull

A draggish city trying to be smart and not making it. But it's had an active freak set-up for some time.

North Devon

Is the most interesting part – there's a small but established freak community who are accepted locally and dominate a market hall in Barnstaple with their stalls.

All the other good stuff is in the expanded edition too, the Sounds section remains almost the same, but with a selected national listing of record shops, including all the Virgin locations (clever Mr Branson, always the breadhead) and Toadstool in Barnstaple (who you could rent records from for 25p a week apparently).

In 1976, Saunders started what was to become Neal's Yard near Covent Garden in London, with a wholefood shop, coffee house, bakery and apothecary. In 1988 he dropped Ecstasy (MDMA) and became fascinated by it, and it's potential healing for depression. He wrote a number of books on the subject, one of which is in the growing pile to be read by my bed. He was unexpectedly killed in a car accident in 1999 but definitely deserves to be remembered as a key figure in the UK underground. S/H copies of *Alternative London* can be picked up for about £7 currently, with copies of *Alternative England & Wales* going for around £21, both plus p 'n p. Try abebooks.co.uk

On the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, a certain Stewart Brand, a biologist by education, was trying to persuade NASA to release the first rumoured photographs of the whole of the our planet, floating freely in space. He had realised that such an image would have a very powerful effect on people, which of course it did. Funnily enough similar images appeared on the covers of his subsequent Whole Earth Catalogs, which were published between 1968 and 1972, and rather more sporadically since. The first edition, published in autumn 1968 had 64 pages, two 30 page updates followed in subsequent months and by Spring 1969 the second edition contained 132 pages. The nature of the beast meant that continual updating was required and so some of the later editions grew to a whooping 614 (oversize) pages.

'Access to Tools' was the catalog's strapline, which was to some degree, a list of recommended/ reviewed products (usually low cost or high quality), with essays and articles, that were focussed on self-sufficiency, ecology, alternative education, DIY and holism. Whilst there were a lot of specific products on offer, WEC did not actually sell them, but published details of who did. It was a kind of giant mail order counterculture catalog, ideal if you wanted to try and live outside of 'straight society' at the time. Taking a hindsight view, it was almost like an offline 'green Amazon', a resource for freethinking people and the ways they could live. Products and services were effectively constantly being reviewed by their staff, and their ever growing number of readers, with written feedback actively encouraged by Brand and his team.

Interestingly, Apple's Steve Jobs gave the WEC it's due in a speech in 2005, which he quotes it 'as a bible for his generation', 'a paperback Google', 35 years before Google was invented.....

My copy is a *The Next Whole Earth Catalog*, one of the last full ones published, and is from 1981, this final 'full' version had over 350000 copies printed, it was a movement in it's own right by then. Music has 11 oversized pages devoted to it, (in the Communications section), with sub-titles such as Musical Instruments, Instrument Making (you know, build your own violin etc), Electronic Music including books and recommended synthesisers, Records (top 100 World Music

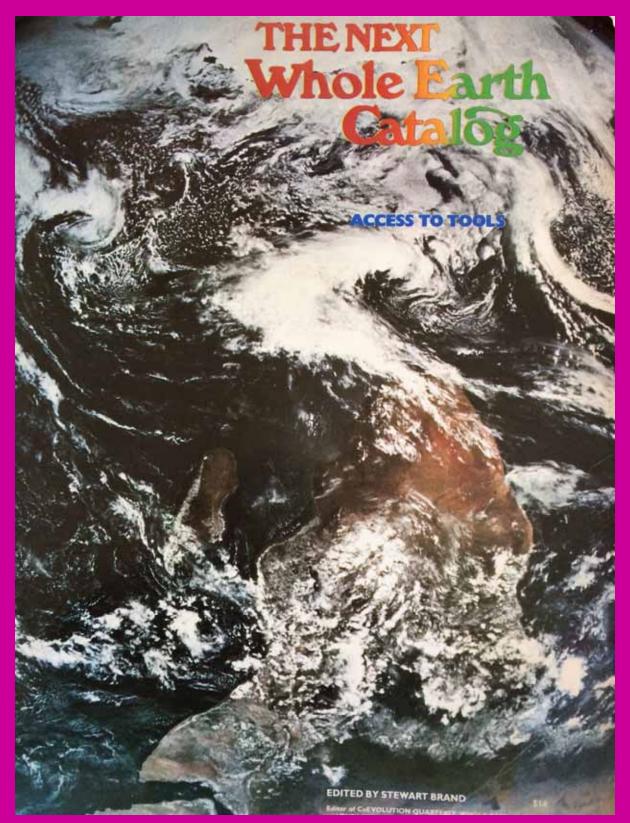
John Brodie-Good

titles), buying records by mail order, (I remember Rather Ripped Records of San Francisco, think I bought my 'Dan bootleg from them years ago) plus information and advice for people who wanted to get into the musical industry such as home recording and how to make and sell your own records. Brand really wanted to help you do it, Saunders got you by.

A website still exists for Brand's projects, www.wholeearth.com Samples of the catalogs,

and much more detailed information is available from the site. Alternatively, s/h physical copies are also still around, abebooks have a number of copies of the *Next Whole Earth Catalog*, published in 1981, for around £10.

Saunder's books helped you along in the 'new' world in an English way, WEC was for if you really wanted to try and be part of building the new world, the American way. Both were, and still are, inspirational references.





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.

THIS LIST OF TERRIBLE NINJA TURTLE COSPLAY IS SLIGHTLY TOO LONG, BUT DON'T WORRY, BECAUSE THERE'S A PICTURE OF A GOOSE AT THE END

By rights, the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles should've had their moment, but they seem to be going stronger than ever. A new movie, a new video game, and tons of new merchandise suggests there's plenty of life left in the socalled "Heroes in a Conch-Shell".

To celebrate, we've put together this list of bad TMNT cosplay. Unfortunately, it is slightly too long - but we promise to reward your patience with a picture of a goose.



http://tinyurl.com/guuxqgd

The biker dads

Driving used to be a pleasure. Right now I'm inching forward in first gear, watching the tail lights of the car in front flicker on and off, tasting the traffic fumes like bitter porridge, steaming in this damp, heavy heat, seeing yet another red light up ahead, yet another set of road works, waiting, waiting - moving - waiting. Where's the pleasure now?

And then motorbikes come skimming by, dodging through the traffic, weaving in and out with uncanny agility, and I watch them with a combination of resignation and faint resentment, moving up to the front of the jam. And then they're off when the lights change - like that! - with a snarl or a growl, off into the distance. That's when it strikes me. Driving to them - or riding, rather - is still a pleasure.

I'm on my way to the Ace Cafe on the old North Circular Road, just off Hangar Lane in Stonebridge, London. Back in the Fifties and Sixties, Saturday evening, thousands would turn up here, from all over. They'd sit around in the steamy cafe and drink tea and smoke fags. Or they'd hang around in the car park, "shooting the breeze", talking about bikes usually, offering advice, asking questions, bragging, joshing, having fun. And then there were the races. West to Hangar Lane and back. Or east to what was then the Neasden roundabout (it's an underpass now), doing a ton along the S-bends through the iron bridges. A lot of bikers were killed. Only they weren't called bikers then. They weren't even called Rockers in the early days. They were "the Lads".

The Ace closed down in 1969. It was the end of an era. Young people could afford cars now. Why ride

around on a dirty old bike, when you can sit in comfort and listen to music? Or if you wanted a bike it was more likely to be Japanese. You don't wear black leather on a Japanese bike. You wear an allin-one jumpsuit, bright like an ice-cream sundae.

The demise of the Ace Cafe reflected the loss of interest in motorbikes as a means of transport and the decline of the British motorcycle industry. The few bikers left on the road, the old-fashioned sort - the diehards - were seen as an anachronism, as faintly ludicrous somehow. Most of the Lads had settled down. They had jobs, wives, mortgages. They drove whatever cars they could afford, to work and back. After that the cafe building had a variety of other uses. Recently it was a tyre place. It still is a tyre place in the week. But now, and for the weekends at least, it's the Ace Cafe again, once more a hangout for bikers.

Last year saw the highest motorcycle sales for 12 years. In all, 120,416 bikes were sold, a 36 per cent rise over the previous year. Biking is back, and in a big way. More teenagers are riding bikes. More women. More young men. And - surprisingly perhaps - more older men too, men in their forties or fifties, greying, balding, going back to biking after all these years, or taking to bikes for the first time, looking for something "out- there" they no longer find in their ordinary lives. These are the "bornagain" bikers. A phenomenon.

I pull into the side road next door to the Ace. I don't want to risk trying to park up in the car park. Too many bikes. Rows and rows of them, gleaming in the sunlight. Every kind of bike. Old British bikes - Nortons, Triumphs, BSAs, lovingly restored, gorgeously polished. BMWs, all growling efficiency. Trikes. These are customised monsters, really cut-down cars with handlebars instead of a steering wheel. Harley-Davidsons, with their distinctive, low-slung shape, the epitome of American cool. Japanese bikes. The other riders call these "plastic rockets" or "plastic missiles". The British bike owners call them "Jap Scrap". Which is ironic given that these bikes always were more efficient - faster and more reliable - than their British equivalents. Hence the demise of the British motorcycle industry.

I must admit I'm intimidated at first. What am I doing here, pulling up in a Mini? I know nothing about bikes. And bikers always had a certain reputation. Well, they just look hard in all that black leather. I quickly get out and cross the forecourt to get a cup of tea, hoping that as few of them as possible have seen the connection. I'm trying to deny all responsibility for that little yellow Mini parked up over there.

I'm sitting indoors cooling off, when an kind-faced old chap comes in to pick up his leathers. He's talking about his bike. He's saying it's no good on the motorway. "It was designed for the North Circular," he says. "It only wants to go at 55. I can push it up to 80, for overtaking. But then I have to

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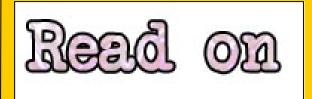
keep listening to it to make sure nothing has broken."

I say, "Do you come here every week?"

"Yes," he says, "of course. The wife knows, it's my drug. Luckily I've done a lot of work this week, putting up shelves, so she didn't mind me coming out. But she knows I couldn't live without it."

And then he's wrapping the white silk scarf around his neck and pulling on his helmet, pressing in all the studs on his heavy-weight jacket up to his neck, slipping the goggles over his eyes. Anonymous. From a kindly old chap to a deadly looking biker with the aid of a few studs.

Outside the bikers are posing about. It's part of the scene. There's a couple of young Rockers with their Triumphs. They can't be much more than 20 years old, but they've got the Rocker style off to a tee. Slicked-back hair with a quiff. White T-shirt. Key chain hanging from their belts, and the obligatory handkerchief tucked into the back pocket.



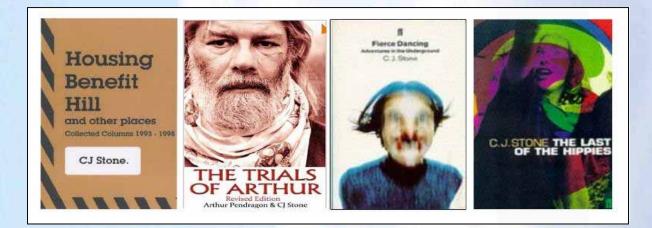
NOW AVAILABLE FROM GONZO MULTIMEDIA

"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

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

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Housing Benefit Hill: http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X

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

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

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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..

The recent Hawkwind album "The Machine Stops" reached number 29 in the official UK charts, but the corresponding single, "Solitary Man" (released last week) is unlikely to make a showing in the UK singles chart. It's been mentioned on Hawkwind's internet pages that only 750 copies have been pressed.

Fans who have bought and heard the single report that the B side, "Tunnels of Darkness", sounds like an outtake from the album recording session. Many Hawkwind fans will find that the least



Spirits Burning

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

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

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



Multimedia spiritsburning.com

L. Our Crash 2. I Have Iwo Nemes 3. JigSauffan Flies A digSauShip 4. Live Forever 5. My Life of Voices 6. Let's All Go Cloud Puffing 7. Stellar Kingdom 8. Spaceships At The Starting Line 9. We Move You 10. Tripping With The Royal Family 11. Xara's Poem 12. For Those Who Are Searching 13. Rolling Out 14. Angel Full Of Pity 15. Right On The Mark 15. This Time. This Space 17. So Strong Is Desire





surprising news so far this year... but one fan intriguingly referred to it as a "good bit of Hawkdin". I remember my father describing Hawkwind's stuff as a "din" in the mid-1970s, but of course he didn't intend it as a compliment.

A reminder that "Brockworld" by Dave Brock and another vinyl single saw release earlier this year. The 7" was a reissue of the Italian "Hassan I Sahba"/"Damnation Alley" pressed on clear vinyl and with a picture sleeve. The quality of cameras and videos at gigs is increasing all the time, but Hawkwind's stage shows are as colourful as ever. One fan photo from the recent UK tour is here reproduced with the kind permission of Natham Holmes.

The band members shown are (L-R) the current full band, comprising Nial Hone, Richard Chadwick, Mr Dibs, Haz Wheaton (bass) and Dave Brock.



HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION

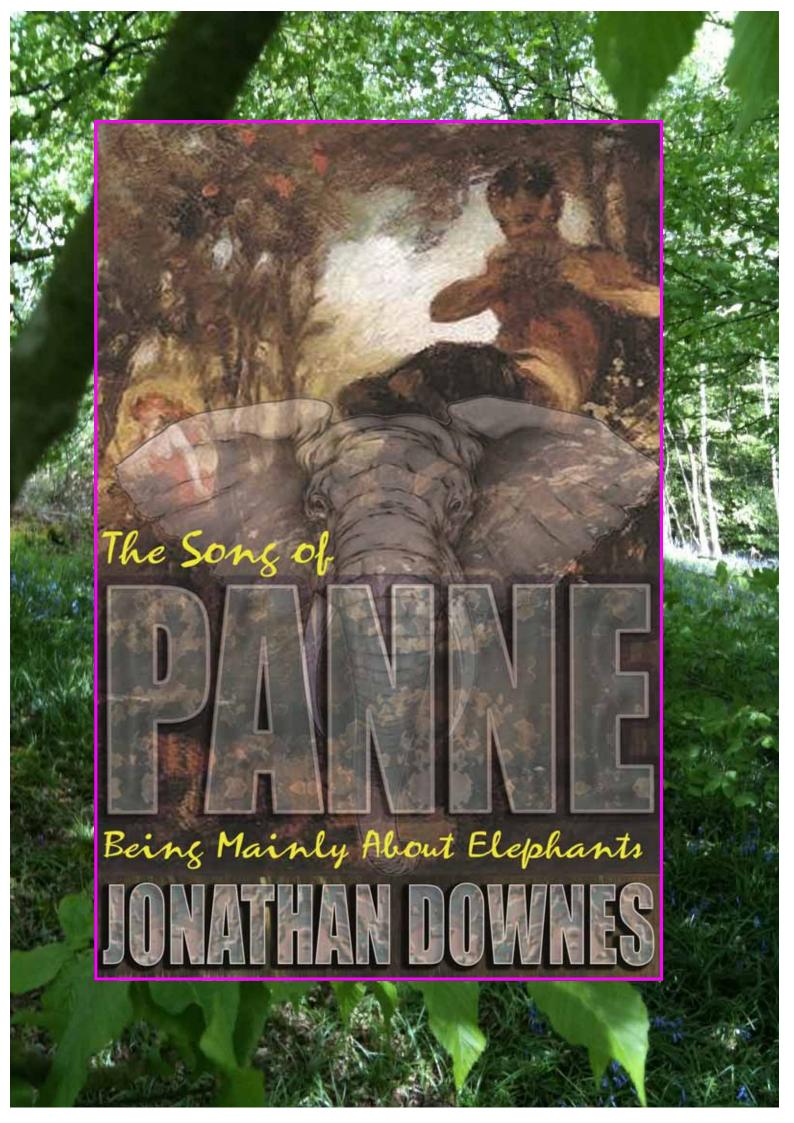
Greetings space travellers! This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

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

XXIII

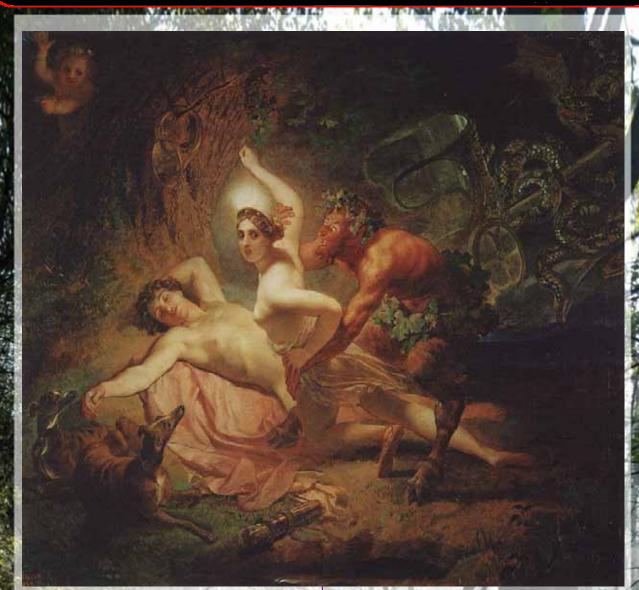
Magick is a strange thing. It is basically the process whereby somebody imposes their will upon the universe. It is often described as being a process whereupon the practitioner entreats a deity for their aid in solving some earthly problem or other. And so, in many ways, there is no difference between magic and prayer. It is just that magic is a little bit more proactive.

Anybody who's read my writings here or elsewhere, will know that I have a wide range of



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friends and acquaintances covering an even wider range of social, academic, and life skills. Some are Christian, many are various brands of Pagan, there are a whole slew of atheists and agnostics, a couple of Buddhists and some with much less mainstream beliefs.

Some years ago I was having a conversation with an acquaintance of mine who amongst other things is a Church of England lay preacher. She was telling me about her study towards her Masters degree in theology. Now, I have already vented my spleen about the study of theology in these pages, and so I won't do it again. However, she was trying to explain to me about how miracles differ from magic. She had done her Masters dissertation, or thesis, or whatever the bloody hell it is, on the precise nature of the miracles attributed to Jesus Christ both within the canonical Gospels and the various apocryphal

ones.

Those people reading this who believe that the Bible is the literal word of God, probably don't realise that it is more like a sort of ecclesiastical Wikipedia. This is not the time or the place to enter into a scholarly examination of biblical history, but by the time that the Emperor Constantine made Christianity - or at least his version of Christianity - The state religion of the Roman Empire, about 300 years after the death of Christ, there was already a fair amount of disagreement as to what should and what shouldn't be part of the Bible. And over the years a whole slew of Gospels, Epistles and whatever have been rejected by the ecclesiastical establishment for one reason or another, mostly because they don't fit into whatever the current orthodoxy is.

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The best known apocrypha contains those books of the old Testament which - for some reason or other - were not included in the Jewish Scriptures by the rabbis who were the most notable authorities on the subject. But, less well-known, until the books of Dan Brown that is, are the books which purports to describe the life of Christ, and the events that happened soon after his death. And, I have to admit, that I can see no good reason why some of these have been excluded, when the more well-known gospels remain canon.

And when it comes down to the reasons why various of the Epistles were chosen whilst other ones were not, I can only imagine that it all comes down to politics. Either that or money. My father always insisted that St. Paul had been a bit of a prick, and - although I have never made it my business to study the matter, what little I know has basically made me tend to agree with him. All that stuff on the road to Damascus always smacked of opportunism to me!

And I have always thought that although not very elegantly put, John Lennon had a point when he told Maureen Cleave that: "Jesus was all right, but his disciples were thick and ordinary. It's them twisting it that ruins it for me".

So I did not share my acquaintance's knee jerk reactions concerning the less well known and attested documents purporting to tell the story of our saviour. One of these books - *The Infancy Gospel of Thomas* - which purports to tell the story of Christ's childhood, and which was probably written by a Greek dude about fifty years after the crucifixion, tells a story that I remember being told as a child at Peak School in Hong Kong about how the child Jesus breathed life into clay models of birds.

The same story is in The Q'ran:

"Then will Allah say: "O Jesus the son of Mary! Recount My favour to thee and to thy mother. Behold! I strengthened thee with the holy spirit, so that thou didst speak to the people in childhood and in maturity. Behold! I taught thee the Book and Wisdom, the Law and the Gospel and behold! thou makest out of clay, as it were, the figure of a bird, by My leave, and thou breathest into it and it becometh a bird by My leave, and thou healest those born blind, and the lepers, by My leave.

And behold! thou bringest forth the dead by My leave. And behold! I did restrain the Children of Israel from (violence to) thee when thou didst show them the clear Signs, and the unbelievers among them said: 'This is nothing but evident magic.''

My acquaintance wrote her *magnum opus* on the difference between the attested miracles performed by Jesus as described in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John and the magickal acts attributed to him as described elsewhere, and the idea that our Saviour performed magick was completely anathema to her. The Q'ran evidently makes no distinction between them and, truly, neither can I. Miracle Shmiracle. It's all magick to me.

But the conversation took place at a dinner party thrown to celebrate the birthday of a mutual friend, and so social niceties precluded the opportunity for me to tell her that she was talking bollocks. However, even if we had been in other circumstances I probably wouldn't have done so because it would have caused a lot of upset and done no possible good.

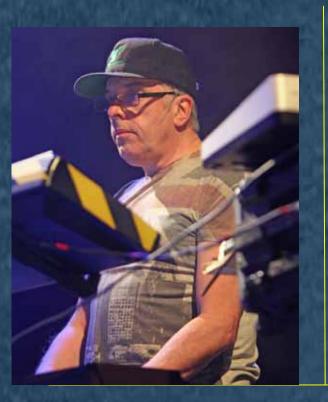
But basically, according to what a radiant Lysistrata told me that moonlit night last September, as he slowly recovered from his ordeal, and from his subsequent bout of pneumonia, the Rev. Cymbeline Potts soon came around to my (and - apparently - Mohammed's) way of thinking.

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YP GONLO BRAND DSES

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

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



Dead Fred (aka Phillip Reeves) (born 1948) is mainly known as the keyboard player in space rock / hard rock bands Inner City Unit and Hawkwind. Prior to ICU/Hawkwind he had a long and varied career in the UK music scene. In the mid-1960s, he was signed to The King Agency as part of "The Thump". In the early 1970s, he played with The Steve Gibbons Band. In 1973/4, Fred toured Germany with Rufus Thomas (The Dog), Gene Knight, King Floyd, & other soul acts. From 1975-78 was part of "The Light Fantastic", a midlands-based rock horror band. In 1979 he played white reggae with China Street.

In 1979 Inner City Unit was formed by Nik Turner from Hawkwind with Fred as Keyboard player. In 1984, Nik Turner and Fred both joined Hawkwind for an extensive tour of the UK. Following this tour, they re-formed Inner City Unit.

1986 saw Inner City Unit split from Nik Turner. Fred, along with Steve Pond and Mick Stupp, formed a power trio called The Maximum Effect, releasing one 7" single before teaming up with another former Hawkwind member, Robert Calvert. In late 1986, Calvert was asked to play a solo date at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall and he asked Fred and Steve Pond to be his band Krankschaft. This show was subsequently issued as a live album on vinyl and CD.

Twenty years after the death of Robert Calvert, a tribute concert was arranged in his memory. Fred and Steve Pond re-formed Krankschaft and played a set of Robert Calvert songs, which was well received and became the impetus behind a full-scale revival of the Krankschaft name. In October 2009, a studio album of Robert Calvert songs called The Flame Red Superstar was released. Krankschaft are currently active on the alternative festival scene.

Then in 2012 he began to gig with Hawkwind...

Dead Fred's Top Six

Aero space age inferno Bob Calvert In my life Killed by death Smokestack lightning Baba O'reilly The future

Beatles Motorhead Howling Wolf The Who (or Bethnal) Leonard Cohen

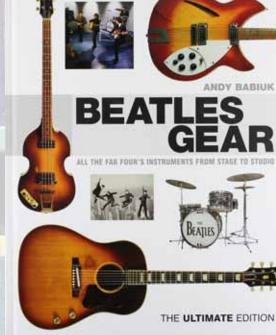
Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

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

WHEN THESE RAINS CAME

WE WELCOMED THEM AS A SPRING GIFT We were glad they were antidotes to drought They brought our gardens back to life And they came wrapped in thunder and in lightning which we took as auspicious(a celebration of elements Then they came again..and again..Roads broken, creeks flooded Even a woman drowned in Barton Springs! More cars under water .YOUTUBE clips of rising waters swallowing ordinary vehicles/then jeeps/SUVs FLASH FLOOD warnings over Travis/Hays county DISASTER !scream the headlines.We love water-Jacobs Well/Cypress Creek/Barton Springs Even they are overloaded with rushing fast past waters Soon all will seep in to soil. Silence will return. We will have learned another water story. One that burns..



Hardcover: 512 pages Publisher: Backbeat Books (12 Jan. 2016) Language: English ISBN-10: 1617130990 ISBN-13: 978-1617130991

I have been a guitar player for about as long as I have been a Beatles fan. 42 years. Both events occurred in the spring of 1974, although after all these decades I truly can't remember which one happened first. I still have the first guitar that I ever played; the old Hofner classical, dating from about 1953, which my mother gave to my father for his 30th birthday present two years later. It languished for years in one of my father's wardrobes, which was where I discovered it after his death. It took me a long time to get it repaired, but last year I give it to my old schoolfriend Martin Dowding who did a remarkable job repairing it, and restoring it to playable condition.

10

I own several other guitars, most of them fairly rubbishy, but for the last 30 years or so I have played an Ovation Celebrity which together with my amplifier, cost my finance company the best part of a thousand pounds, and which I don't think I ever did get around to finish paying for. She is a stubborn old instrument, and most people find her impossible to play. Luckily, I am not most people.

Now, I have a confession to make. When I was sent a copy of this book, I put it to one side with the shudder. Whilst I appreciate good musical instruments and enjoy playing them, I have never been one of these guitar fetishists who enjoy reading, and salivating over books like these. So I just put it to one side, and it passed out of my mind. However, a couple of weeks ago, the publicity company who first sent it to me send me a very polite nagging email, and I realise that I really should get around to review it.

So, I sat down to read it, and guess what? It is bloody brilliant!

Not being a devotee of musical instrument porn, I was expecting a dry document full of serial numbers, and wiring diagrams. Much to my surprise, not only was it a gripping tale, but it brought several new perspectives to the story of The Beatles which I thought that I knew so well.

For example, quite a few pundits have noted that the relaxation of the hire purchase laws at the end of the 1950s were of pivotal importance in the genesis of the crop of beat groups that sprung up in Liverpool and elsewhere at the time. However, until now I had never understood the sheer financial mechanics of it all. When I was a boy in the 1970s, there were guitars hanging up in Woolworths for about 35 quid, and insofar as I had thought about it at all, I had assumed that the early instruments owned by the Beatles fifteen years before were of a similar sort of

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cost. Not at all. Even the early instruments bought by the penniless Lennon, McCartney, and Harrison cost many hundreds and even thousands in today's money. They were not only a significant, but an enormous financial, investment.

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Another thing I found particularly surprising was the way that - especially regarding amplification - The Beatles not only led the industry, but drove it during the sixties. Time without mind I have read sneering authors commenting that the band only used Vox AC 50 amplifiers, even at the height of their touring fame, but I didn't realise that the AC 50 wouldn't even exist if it hadn't been for the fab four. The band were tied in to a gentleman's agreement with Vox by Brian Epstein, and in return, the company gave them first dibs on every new piece of equipment. I was also interested to read how, even in the very early days, they had remarkable custom made amplification courtesy of the legendary Adrian Barber. The account of Paul McCartney's early amplifier set up which was nicknamed 'The Coffin' because of its size, shape, and material was not only interesting but presents the sort of belly laughs that one really doesn't expect from a book about musical instruments.

As with so many books about the band, you are left - by the time you get to 1969 - wondering what would've happened if the four musicians had managed to make amends. The account of the equipment that they used during the abortive Get Back sessions shows them with the sort of equipment that would not have looked too shabby on stage in the early 1970s. Indeed, all four Beatles appeared in front of audiences using that very equipment over the next few years.

Probably the most heartwarming story in the book concerns a guitar which Eric Clapton gave to his friend George Harrison some years before buggering off with his wife. The guitar was subsequently stolen, and Harrison was so upset that he spent a small fortune recovering it, eventually despatching roadie Mal Evans to the depths of Mexico in order to retrieve it. It is

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still a proud possession of his estate.

Another interesting saga is that of Paul McCartney's Hofner violin bass. There were actually three of them, although one was stolen, and another one was made for him but never delivered. It is a long, and fascinating story, and I am not going to spoil anybody's enjoyment of this book by telling it here.

I have to admit that this book has awakened an interest in me in the subject of vintage musical instruments, and I will even admit to having spent some hours, subsequent to me finishing the book, pottering around on eBay looking at the prices of instruments that I will never be able to afford. Carpal tunnel syndrome means my days as a guitar player are numbered, and nearly all the music I make now is done on computer. However, much to my surprise, this remarkable book gave me many hours of pleasure and is now in pride of place as part of my ever-growing library of books about The Beatles.

Much to my surprise, I truly cannot recommend this book highly enough!

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APPENDANIC

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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



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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...

Lady supermarket, with some shopping in her basket

Knocks on the in-store bakery door Grooving to the music from the speaker in the background Says she dropped a jar of Bovril on the floor

Yes I did, I DID. Quite by accident of course. Either my mother moved the trolley slightly as I was putting the jar into it, or my spatial awareness was ever-so-slightly off kilter, but down the jar went almost in slow motion – till it landed with a (quite satisfying if I tell the truth) thud on the floor. The brown molasses-like sticky contents then slowly oozed forth as I stared in disbelief at the result of my clumsiness. So I went to the in-store bakery which was nearby and explained my predicament. "Nothing to do with us," said the girl with a huff. "We aren't allowed to touch it."

Cloaking the desire to poke my fingers into her eye sockets, I took a deep breath and explained that I was well aware of this but could she please inform someone on my behalf as she must have some kind of communication aid, tucked away amongst the yeast, buns and dried fruit, by which she could

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someone, who could then dispatch the inform necessary clean-up brigade, or at least pass the message on. This she did, so - still with my darkest desire of ABH well hidden under my sickliest smile -I thanked her for her help and returned to my mother, the trolley and the oozing broken jar of meat-eaters' flavoursome delight. Only to find that my mother had now struck up a conversation with a complete stranger who had come to her aid (my mother always seems to attract helpers if she is standing with a trolley in a supermarket. I have no idea why). Goodness alone knows what she was telling the woman, but every so often this stranger would give me a look, and I still can't work out, nearly a week on, what those looks meant. Was it a look of distaste for my general behaviour towards my mother or was it a look of 'oh dear, your poor mother is suffering from dementia isn't she?' I guess it depends a lot on what my mother was telling her in those private moments whilst I was trying very hard to keep my hands to myself instead of attacking the in-store bakery woman.

Hey ho, on with the show.

Bespoke The Rolling Stones Patchwork Real Leather Chair - £695.00

"* hand made The Rolling Stones chair upholstered in black real leather and designer textured semi-plain weaves Loion, Graffen, * image on hight quality F/R moleskin velvet * solid beech wood frame, glued and screwed * durable serpentine seat springs * upholstery nails in the chrome/nickel finish * 10 Year Frame Guarantee * professional hand made in our workshop in UK **MEASUREMENTS:**

The following measurements are

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maximum dimensions taken from the highest, widest and deepest points.

height: 90 cm width: 75 cm depth: 86 cm seat height: 45 cm"

Not a good idea to lean back against a rolling stone to my mind. You never know where you'll end up. There is also a "Bespoke The Beatles Chair Andrew Martin fabric" for the same price if you are interested.



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



Check it out now...

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What an absolute joy for Joy Division followers.....

Art Deco Jazz Musician Decanter Set On Display

contect at

Tray - US \$520.00 (Approximately £353.33)

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B. E. MUTURENSUR

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

(Buccessior 16 W m. Landow to S.) AND MARNERSS, BAD MANUFACTUR BU end Dealer in HARNERSSS, BAD M. DLES, BRIDI.SS, Conch. Ghains and Deals GOL LASS. Also, Franks, Bellars and Carpet Bags. Couch Gig and Toly WIHPS, doi. Br Realpring dans at short mollos. 9 Weycontes, Jan 16

Front Ste "A stunning Art Deco whiskey decanter set, on matching tray. Hand decorated in Bohemia with a stunning artistic

WHOLESAN quality Jazz musician scene/motif Consisting of a classic whiskey decanter 6 larger sized whiskey glasses and a large serving/display trav

Made in Bohemia, ca 1930's to 50's. Hand decorated with a classic and very popular Art Deco black enameled design.

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"A limited edition set of 7 harmonicas, in the seven natural keys - A to G

Harmonica maker Hohner and rock-folk legend Bob Dylan collaborated to create a one-of-a-kind harp. The harmonicas include gold-plated reed plates on these 20 reed, 4" models with select wood comb and stainless steel covers.



The top cover plate has Bob Dylan's signature engraved onto it, the bottom cover has Hohner's trademark, medals won at trade fairs and Made In Germany engraved on it.

The set comes in a special leather carrying case, with Bob Dylan's 'Eye' logo on the front, with separate pouches for each harmonica. The set is 'unblown'."

Pob 85, 1967.

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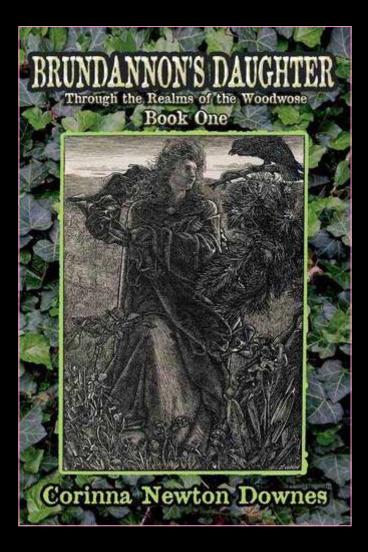
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PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT, BARDEOFT.)







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

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MIKE DAVIS

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?

Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

There just has to be something witty to say here incorporating Blowing in the Wind, but for the sake of propriety and to spare any embarrassment of trying to be funny, and failing miserably, I shall refrain from any attempt.

Adam Ant Hand Made 21" Art Doll Prince Charming Ant Music - £65.00



N. E. HUTURINSUL Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 188 MAIN ST. ANUFACTURER and Dealer in HARNESSES, SAD Couch, Ghales and Dr. a, netot.sa, RS. Also, Trunks, and Tuly WILL'S ing donn at short



push button sound device. This Adam Ant Art Doll is not suitable for small children due to the small parts.'

Whiler/Genocide

I have been wanting to try my hand at making some art dolls myself, and this is adorable, brilliant and I want it.

And on that note I shall say ta ra for this week.

'This is a unique one off hand made 21" Adam Ant Art Doll. He has lovely curly black hair and hand made pvc boots, leatherette jeans, white blouse, red satin waistcoat with gold braid and pearl beads hand sewn on the front. Red waist sash and leatherette belt with tiny silver stud embelishments. I have also given him a hand made mike stand/

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

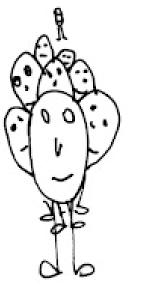
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RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

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...



"Oh! My God! I had a nightmare I was in a badly drawn cartoon"



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.

Cabaret Voltaire: Red Mecca Rough Trade 1981 What? Analogue synths drive industrial/ post-punk watershed work.

Sheffield's Cabaret Voltaire (named after a 1920s nightclub frequented by Dadaist artists) were already well established performance artists and musicians when punk and the post-punk industrial wave of musicians hit their native Sheffield. Their intelligence and familiarity with electronic sound gave them a head-start on a slightly younger generation still learning their craft. By the late seventies Cabaret Voltaire were combining their sound experiments with samples and music that managed to challenge pop music norms and make cultural comments into the bargain. Well, either that



or their native cunning and natural skill allowed them to put together sounds so compelling that John Peel and a generation of music journalists couldn't help but notice.

1981's Red Mecca is the culmination of the first phase of their existence and the parting shot of founder member Chris Watson (pushing 30 by the time the album was released). Red Mecca is lyrically obscure, favouring vocalising as part of a mix that is also rich in guitar, analogue synth (though notably less than on the band's earlier releases), along with samples of radio. There are random other sounds imported and nods to reggae influences, psychedelic echo and delay and a host of twists along the way. So, it's an uncomfortable and frequently perplexing listen that manages to communicate concerns (both personal and political). Red Mecca frequently presents music that allows what tune there is to be constantly attacked by the individual instrumental sounds (using them more as blasts of competing sound than comrades in presenting a coherent melody) and cuts these into bite size pieces so most of the tracks are short enough to be singles. The ten and half minute monster of "A Thousand Ways" is the one lengthy noise-excursion that apes the nihilist noodlings of some of their competitors of the time but Red Mecca remains as uncompromising as the darkest work of its era. The only real allowances it makes to explaining itself literally are in the looped - darkly trippy - grooves of "A Touch of Evil" - which both opens and closes the album and in the staccato vocals of Stephen Mallinder who often keeps things so short and focussed that his contributions work more as chants to urge the tracks forward than lyrical statements.

Red Mecca is an uncompromisingly abstract assault on your ears, a work about paranoia and the possibilities of sound; as much a travelogue as a focussed text.



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

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia





A BIT OF A DINOSAUR TAM 74E POSH MENUL NO ONE STUDIE M. A Maines

I don't want to bellyache on about my problems, but as I believe most of you probably know - last week I had my interview with the DWP via ATOS as to whether I am eligible to continue receiving the Disability Living Allowance which I have been getting since 2002.

I have never hidden the fact that I am disabled, or that I have been in receipt of non means-tested state benefits for many years. Back in 1996 the doctor told me that I should never work again, something which I have roundly ignored ever since. However, if you are to believe the arbiters of public opinion I should be being despised by everyone, because public opinion is - apparently - totally against those who claim any form of state benefit.

So, I have been doing an experiment. I have been totally open and honest in blog posts and in this magazine about the fact. And guess what? Although I have had many messages of sympathy, I haven't had a single snide remark. And nobody has called me a scrounger or a parasite.

So I am left with two possible conclusions. Either the British public are much nicer than I thought, or the newspapers and politicians have been lying to us all. Goodness me, fancy that!

I think the message of support which touched me most was from Mick Abrahams last week. He has his own health issues which are far worse than mine, but he



took the time to phone to see how I was doing, offer me his help, and regale me with dirty and completely unrepeatable jokes. Mick, ever since I first saw you demonstrating guitars at a tiny show above Bill Greenhalgh's musical instrument shop in Exeter back in 1977, I have been a fan. But now you are a friend, and I value our relationship very highly.

This has been a surprisingly mellow issue to put together, and I am rather proud of it. Poor Corinna has to work this weekend, whereas I have every intention of hiding somewhere in the more remote parts of my skull.

God bless you. See you next week.

j

THE BEST LAID PLANS

BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST Live on stage







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