To mark the launch this week of the dedicated Facebook page for Neil Nixon’s extraordinary new book about Beatles folklore we have an exclusive extract, Alan goes to see Braniac 5 and The Green Ray, Doug eulogises Talking Heads, Jon reviews a book about The Band and burbles on about Santana, while Corinna talks about jolly nice Traffic Wardens. Just another day chez Gonzo.
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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

3. Music can and sometimes does change the world

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

Welcome to another issue of this singular little publication. As you may or may not have noticed, the magazine is now published in HTML-5, something of which I have only the slightest understanding, and which I'm not even going to attempt to describe to you. However, it does seem that we are now indexable through search engines, and as a result our readership figures have got considerably larger. However, the last time they did this it turned out that it was because the counters had gone haywire and the viewing figures were much the same as they always had been, so we shall wait and see. I am not going to do anything about finding out as I think that I would prefer to let sleeping search engines lie if you know what I mean.

I was actually dictating the above paragraph, and going great guns with the dictation engine on my iPad, when the ASDA delivery arrived and the two badly behaved specimens of *Canis lupus familiaris* who grace my abode went completely apeshit, and any attempt at dictation was lost in a maelstrom of barking.

Recently Santana have released an album called *Santana IV* which would seem a little odd, because it is the twenty third studio album by the band. The album is so called because it reunites the early 1970s classic lineup of Carlos Santana, Gregg Rolie, Neal Schon, Mike Carabello and Michael Shrieve and marks the first time in 45 years – since
1971's multi-platinum classic Santana III – that the quintet has recorded together. Joining the core Santana IV band in the studio are current Santana members Karl Perazzo (percussion) and Benny Rietveld (bass), with vocalist Ronald Isley guesting on two cuts. Santana IV features 16 all-new tracks written and produced by the band.

The origins for the reunion go back several years, when Schon suggested that he and Carlos Santana record together. Santana liked the idea but went on to suggest that they recruit Rolie, Shrieve and Carabello for what would be called Santana IV (picking up where they left off on Santana III). After initial writing sessions and rehearsals took place in 2013, the group recorded throughout 2014 and 2015, amassing 16 new tracks that combined all their signature elements – Afro-Latin rhythms, vocals, blues-psychedelic guitar solos, and percussion work.

About the Santana IV team, Santana stated: "It was magical, we didn't have to try to force the vibe – it was immense. From there, we then needed to come up with a balance of songs and jams that people would immediately identify as classic Santana."

The first review that I read was in Mojo that described it in no uncertain terms as being the "thud of corporate event, a coldly shiny grand-standing work-out where once tunes were played with fluid joy". Other pundits were less harsh. Record Collector, for example, says: "Santana IV rolls back the years to the time when the band melded spicy percussive Latin grooves with searing blues-rock. Seraphic-voiced Ron Isley fronts a couple of tunes but it's the spacey, psychedelic instrumental, Fillmore East, and addictive salsa-rock of Anywhere You Want To Go, that impress the most."

With two such wildly differing opinions,
what is a poor pundit to do? It was simple, I sat down and gave it a listen for myself. And my verdict?

……..well it’s OK. In fact, better than OK in parts, especially those with Ronald Isley on vocals.

But that got me thinking. If you had asked me any time this past forty years, I would probably have told you that I was a fan of the band, and cited their second album Abraxas as evidence. But the sad truth is, I am not a fan of Santana. I am a fan of Abraxas. Over the past week I have been working through as much of the band’s output as I have been able to stomach. And some of it is good, and some of it is not. A couple of things that I have heard have been truly great, and I am afraid that I found most of their recent records difficult to swallow. It’s not the music - 2012’s Shapeshifter is truly excellent - but the constant parade of guest stars which annoys me. If I wanted a Mary J Blige, or a Joss Stone album I would go out and buy one. But I don’t, so I haven’t.

Bizarrely I found some records that I liked
when the first came out, such as Caravanserai from 1976, for example, to be dull and formless once you take mind altering substances out of the equation, and Moonchild was better than I remembered it. But overall the verdict has to be that - in my vaguely humble opinion - Abraxas stands head and shoulders above everything else that they ever did, and sounds brilliant even when one is depressingly sober.

And that got me thinking. How many other bands have I always considered myself to be a fan of, when in fact I am only really a fan of one or two of their records. Although not as drastic, I have always enjoyed Suede, but it is Dog Man Star that is by far their best record. I have only really enjoyed two of Van Morrison’s enormous legacy of albums, for example. And my old boss Steve Harley? Whilst I think that everything he has done post 1975 has something to recommend it, I am truly only a fanatic about the two albums released by the original Cockney Rebel, although Poetic Justice that came out about twenty years ago comes pretty damn close.

It is one of the weird and slightly disconcerting things about being a music journalist, at least if you are going to take one’s role seriously, which is something that I always try to do. You have to start examining your own preconceptions, and in music as in life, when one does that one is often surprised at what one finds.

Oye Como Va by the way, means “hey, how’s it going” according to an online translation engine. I had always imagined that it meant something far more weighty. But that is life.

Toodle pip,

jd


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-30197739
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
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.
The band will be filming their forthcoming London O2 Academy Islington show on June 25th for a DVD/Blu-Ray/CD release later this year.

The response to the current tour has been amazing and the band are really keen to capture the show on film. It may also be one of the last times the band performs in its entirety their award winning album 'Secrets of Angels'. We'd love to see you there!

Tickets are available from: http://www.ticketweb.co.uk/event/YDH2506Y...

Doors 6.30. 10.00pm curfew.

Under 14s must be accompanied by an adult over 18 at all times Minimum Age Restriction: 8

HOW TO GET THERE
The nearest London Underground stations are:
Angel (on the Northern line and about 150 metres away)

Highbury and Islington (on the Victoria line and around 1,450 metres away down Upper Street)

King's Cross St Pancras (lines various and around 1,450 metres away)

The mighty Paradise 9 will be out and about this summer.

First up, 29th to 31st July, will be the mighty Kozfest in Devon. We are very pleased to be returning to this psychedelically delicious festival in Devon, and will be playing on the Daevid Allen Kozmic Stage. Headlining are GONG, HAWKLORDS and ASTALASIA. This festival is now sold out!
"Capitalism is the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men for the nastiest of motives will somehow work for the benefit of all."

John Maynard Keynes

Following that will be a welcome return to the Blind Cat Festival, at the lovely setting of Cabourne Parva, Riby Road, Caistor, Lincs LN7 6DR, on 12th to 14th August. Paradise 9 will be playing on the Saturday. This is the psychedelic festival of the north with HERE & NOW and KRANKSCHAFT headlining.

Anyone interested in this festival please email back to info@paradise9.net

NOT JUST A FLASH IN THE PAN?

British progressive rock pioneer, Ray Bennett of Flash, is reissuing his 2001 solo epic “Whatever Falls” for the first time as a digital release, available now on iTunes, and in most digital stores worldwide for purchase and streaming!

With its original release just days after the Twin Towers fell on 9/11, the hauntingly beautiful title track, “Whatever Falls” was, by eerie coincidence, appropriate and especially moving. But every track of this extraordinary work is an adventure into the innovative mind of an artist who helped define the progressive genre of rock.

Hailing from Sevenoaks, Kent, in S.E. England, Bennett formed his first band, THE BREED, at fourteen with future YES drummer, Bill Bruford. At 21, he and original YES guitarist Peter Banks formed FLASH (EMI/Capitol). This fast and furious, flashy 70’s band was much acclaimed, but short-lived. They toured worldwide and recorded three albums with a hit single “Small Beginnings” reaching #28 in the USA. (FLASH is currently available on the UK Esoteric label.) After numerous reissues of their music over the years, FLASH reformed with Bennett, now on lead guitar, and original vocalist Colin Carter. In 2013, forty years since the last FLASH album, “Flash-Featuring Ray Bennett & Colin Carter” was released on Cleopatra Records.

Describing his solo effort, “Whatever Falls” today,
WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

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

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

Yes sir, I am a tortured man for all seasons, as they say, and I have powerful friends in high places. Birds sing where I walk, and children smile when they see me coming.

Read more at: http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/authors/h/hunter_s_thompson_3.html

Hunter S. Thompson

Ray says: "As it was my first solo record I wanted it to be something special. I had taken so long to get around to it I felt sure it would get some serious scrutiny, so, coming from me, with my background, it had to be something worthy of my previous output. A flop wouldn’t do. An ‘Ok’ album wouldn’t do either…"

"An album is for all time and intended for repeated listening. Each new listen should be the same pleasurable discovery. Some of my favourite albums are like that and I wanted mine to be too. I feel I succeeded."

THE PLOT THICKENS: The story which we ran last week having pinched it from the music news website read:

"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 Quadrophenia by Peter Meadows and approved by Pete Townshend, who created the original characters."

If like me you read that as Townshend approving the idea of the sequel movie then think again. This week the stalwart Bill Curbishley released the following statement:

"Quadrophenia has an enduring appeal and will forever be THE definitive mod film. Quadrophenia is a significant and influential film based on The Who's music not some Carry On franchise. Any follow up to this film could only be made by the authors of the original and would need to be worthy of the name. This karaoke sequel announced recently in the press would be totally ridiculous."

A little bit of digging reveals that last week’s statement was in fact correct. It is just a matter of semantics. The book To Be Someone: Jimmy's Story Continues - Inspired by Quadrophenia by Peter Meadows did, indeed, use Townshend's characters, apparently with Townshend's permission (although sources differ as to whether he paid for the privilege. However, if one looks on Amazon, the reviews are uniformly awful. One
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
I saw this book and snapped it up. At last, the answers to the questions we’ve been waiting for so long. But this book disappoints from almost the first page. The opening scenarios are at least feasible, we can believe Jimmy getting into these situations but as the book progresses the situations become more and more unbelievable until we get to the almost laughable finale, where major events are glossed over.

Another review reads:

Bill Curbishly who owns the rights to the film Quadrophenia refused to give his consent for the book and in fact gave strict instructions that the author had to change all the characters names from the Quadrophenia film and had to remove any linkages to the film, this in turn more or less destroyed the book until Pete Townshend advised the author to make the book’s about his Jimmy from his Quadrophenia Album as Pete Townshend owns the rights to the album the book was published with Permission from Pete Townshend through Eel Pie Publishing Ltd.

I assume rights means rights, by the way. I have not read the book and probably won’t, but I am interested in seeing what is going to happen next.

MAY vs TRUMP: Brian May has taken to the blog on his official website to say he is not happy with Donald Trump using the Queen track We Are the Champions. According to May, he has received a long

ABBA celebrated the 50th anniversary of their founding by performing onstage together for the first time in 30 years. Agnetha Faltskog, Björn Ulvaeus, Benny Andersson and Anni-Frid (Frida) Lyngstad were all in attendance at Stockholm's Berns Salonger Sunday for a private gala honoring the influential pop group, and while the quartet stood onstage together to discuss their career with attendees, ABBA sang a rendition of their 1980 hit "Me and I," Sweden's Expressen reports.

At first, Lyngstad and Faltskog sang the track together as a tribute to Andersson and Ulvaeus, but soon the male half of ABBA joined in toward the end of the song to cap the reunion. The impromptu performance marked the first time since 1986 that ABBA has played music together onstage in public.

list of complaints from fans about Trump’s use of the song at his victory speech on Tuesday night. As he feels the band would never want Trump to use the song, and because permission was “neither sought nor given”, he is looking into what has to be done to stop the presumptive Republican nominee from any further use of Queen music.

May also stated that it is against the band’s policy for any of their music to be used in a political way. “Our music embodies our own dreams and beliefs, but it is for all who care to listen and enjoy.” For a number of years, many artists have objected and taken steps to stop politicians from using their music at rallies or in advertising, usually citing conflicting political beliefs. Many have been successful but it is questionable whether Trump will follow their requests.

CHINESE DEMOCRACY? Singer Axl Rose fears an in-demand autobiography will upset his Guns N’ Roses bandmates. The rock group’s members have had a tumultuous history, achieving great success in the late 1980s and early 90s before beginning to fracture in 1994, with lead guitarist Slash officially leaving in 1996. The band carried on sporadically as Axl recruited an ever-changing line-up before Slash and bassist Duff McKagan reunited with the singer earlier this year (16) for the Coachella music festival in California and other select dates in Los Angeles and Mexico City.

And as the trio prepares to embark on a summer stadium tour in North America, following Axl’s stint as guest AC/DC frontman, the rocker admits he is keen not to rock the boat so soon after finally burying the hatchet with his bandmates. “It’s tough because I haven’t figured out how to word things in a way that doesn’t just look like I’m being negative to everybody else and calling them a liar,” the singer said in a new interview with Sir David Tang, while discussing the possibility of a memoir.

MACCA MUSES: Paul McCartney has revealed the next clip in his six part VR documentary series, titled ‘Early Days’, filmed in his home studios. The ‘Early Days’ film sees Paul talk about writing songs with John Lennon and how they hoped that someone, somewhere might listen to them. George Harrison joins in when they needed another guitarist, and Paul knew him from school. And then Ringo Starr - a local drummer the band met whilst in Hamburg - completed the line up with Paul stating, “This is it - we are The Beatles.”
RHODE ISLAND DEAD
http://tinyurl.com/jz6af2t

Captain Cook's famous ship scuttled off Rhode Island. Researchers in the US believe they have identified the remains of Captain James Cook's HMS Endeavour – the ship aboard which he famously sailed the Pacific Ocean between 1768–71.

Cook was killed by Hawaiian islanders in 1779 while on his third voyage of discovery aboard HMS Resolution, but the ultimate fate of HMS Endeavour was a mystery until The Rhode Island Marine Archeology Project (RIMP) identified the vessel as one of 13 scuttled by the British in Newport Harbor in 1778, in the run-up to the Battle of Rhode Island during the American Revolution.

IT'S A WAKE
http://tinyurl.com/jguag9v

The mystery surrounding this monster of the deep has baffled generations. In a new twist, a holidaymaker has shared a short video of a possible sighting of the Loch Ness Monster. Tourist, Tony Bligh shot a video which reportedly shows mysterious humps emerging from the Scottish waters and posted it on YouTube. The curious footage has already racked up more than 22,000 views. The video was filmed from the Wellington lay-by on the A82 overlooking the famous Highlands loch, on June 1.

But locals are dismissing the footage of the five-humped figure as an 'optical illusion' caused by waves left behind by a passing boat.

HMMM
http://tinyurl.com/zahb9dl

A UFO enthusiast has shared footage which he believes shows a massive unidentified craft hidden in a cloud formation. Scott Wareing has put this video online after he said he though the cloud rectangle, captured on May 12, was impossible. He believes the cloud, recorded in Belgium, was hiding a "weird, giant saucer", and has even shared other instances of this on his website, UFO Sightings Daily. Scott, who lives in Taiwan, wrote: "It is a well known fact that not only do UFOs hide in clouds, but they actually create the cloud around them."
Disabled girl handcuffed by Sussex Police, IPCC finds

http://tinyurl.com/hawom9h

An 11-year-old girl with a neurological disability was handcuffed and restrained with a mesh hood and leg straps while being held in custody, the police watchdog found. Her mother described it as "degrading and barbaric" treatment. The child was arrested by Sussex Police for minor offences and held for 60 hours without an appropriate adult.

The watchdog said a number of officers and staff had a case to answer for misconduct. Officers were found to have used a mesh anti-spit hood [bag with a mesh placed over the head] on the child. Her mother, known as Ms H, told 5 live Breakfast: "The use of spit-hoods shouldn't be used on children - end of story, and sadly not on disabled children who aren't in control of their actions.

"It's degrading, it's actually barbaric and when I saw her with one on it was horrific. I will never ever get the image out of my mind. There's just absolutely no excuse for spit-hooding children."

She said the use of spit-hoods on children should be banned.

"I can't accept that it will ever be appropriate for the police to hood a disabled child, regardless of how they behave," she said. In a report, the Independent Police Complaints Commission (IPCC) said the girl, named Child H, was arrested three times and detained under the Mental Health Act once between 2 February and 2 March 2012. A custody sergeant and an inspector, who failed to ensure an appropriate adult was present, have since retired.
It is both sad and shameful that when night falls and the setts of southern England stir, their gentle folk will be needlessly slaughtered. That in spite of science and public will, the wrath of ignorance will further bloody and bleed our countryside of its riches of life. That brutalist thugs, liars and frauds will destroy our wildlife and dishonour our nation's reputation as conservationists and animal lovers. I feel sick, sad, disempowered, betrayed, angry and crushed by the corruption of all that I know as right.

-Chris Packham
THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVIER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous take a camera
The weak and cowardly take a gun

What sort of person are you?

Celebrate wildlife on World Wildlife Day don't shoot it.
I always promised that this magazine would never endorse a political candidate. I am afraid that, as a person of integrity, that I have no option but to rescind that promise...

In New Hampshire, a man calling himself Vermin Supreme filed for the presidential primary. He said in his administration, every American will receive a pony. He also plans to defeat ISIS by going back in time.
Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price.
arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk
"If you don't want your tax dollars to help the poor, then stop saying you want a country based on Christian values, because you don't."

Jimmy Carter

---

Trying to pick my favorite politician is like trying to decide which STD is just right for me.
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.

Flying Turtle Crashes Through Shell-Shocked Woman’s Car Windshield

Incredibly, the reptile survived the crash.

http://tinyurl.com/z7ypdj
Bye Daddy! I'm leaving for my date tonight!

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

Sex?

No...

Prog

ME TRYING TO FIND GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT
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).

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

The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.
I first came across Friday Night Progressive totally by accident, but I soon found myself beguiled by the style and taste of presenter M Destiny who presents a weekly two-hour show showcasing all sorts of progressive music that you are unlikely to hear anywhere else. This is surely a man after my own heart. I also very much approve of the way that it is the hub of a whole community of artists, musicians, and collaborators. I hope that you enjoy them as much as I do. Welcome aboard, chaps.

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

ARTISTS:
Circuline
http://www.facebook.com/circulinemusic/?fref=ts
Heliopolis
http://www.facebook.com/HeliopolisLAProg/?fref=ts
The Luck of Eden Hall
http://www.facebook.com/theluckofedenhall/?fref=ts
David Cross
Arcade Messiah
http://www.facebook.com/arcademessiah/?fref=ts
PENNA
http://www.facebook.com/pennamusic/?fref=ts
PROJECTiON
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Napier's Bones
http://www.facebook.com/napiersbonesband/?fref=ts
CTU
http://www.facebook.com/CTU-Channel-The-Universe--277196912334710/?fref=ts
Marcel Rocha
2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

99% Terror, 1% Boredom

*Special Show* -- Weird weapons, strange military stories, airplanes that vanish, a report from Iraq. The Greatest Hits from "War Is Boring" are featured in this show. Check out warisboring.com

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

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

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
Subsequent career, helped create greater interest in British traditional music and was highly influential within mainstream rock. After 1970 he emerged as Fairport Convention's leading figure and guided the band through a series of important albums until its disbandment in 1979.

He also played in a series of smaller, acoustic units and engaged in solo projects which have maintained a massive output of recordings, a significant profile and have made a major contribution to the interpretation of traditional British music.

From 1965 he began to work with Martin Carthy, supporting him on his first album. Swarbrick also played on albums by Julie Felix, A. L. Lloyd and on the radio ballads, and became one of the most sought-after session musicians.

It was as a session musician that Swarbrick was first called in by Joe Boyd, the manager of rising folk rock group Fairport Convention, in 1969, to undertake some overdubs on the Richard Thompson-penned track "Cajun Woman".

Subsequently, Swarbrick was asked to join the group and was the first fiddler on the folk scene to electrify the violin. His energetic and unique fiddle style was essential to the new sound and direction of the band, most marked on the medley of four jigs and reels that Swarbrick arranged for the album and which were to become an essential part of almost every subsequent Fairport performance.

Before the album was released, key members of the band, founder Ashley Hutchings and singer, guitarist and songwriter Sandy Denny left, and Swarbrick stayed on with the band full-time, and he soon emerged as the leading force in the band and continued to be so for the next decade, encouraging the band to bring in Dave Pegg on bass.

However, he was already beginning to suffer the hearing problems that would dog the rest of his career.

**David Cyril Eric Swarbrick**
(1941 – 2016)

Born in New Malden, Swarbrick was an English folk musician and singer-songwriter. His family moved to North Yorkshire, where he learned to play the violin. After winning a talent contest with his skiffle band, he was introduced to Beryl and Roger Marriott, who took him under their wing and when Beryl discovered that he had played the violin up until the skiffle craze; she actively encouraged him to switch back to the instrument, and he joined the Beryl Marriott Ceilidh Band.

He has been described by Ashley Hutchings as 'the most influential [British] fiddle player bar none' and his style has been copied or developed by almost every British and many world folk violin players who have followed him. He was one of the most highly regarded musicians produced by the second British folk revival, contributing to some of the most important groups and projects of the 1960s, and he became a much sought-after session musician, which has led him throughout his career to work with many of the major figures in folk and folk rock music.

His work for the group Fairport Convention from 1969 has been credited with leading them to produce their seminal album *Liege & Lief*, which initiated the electric folk movement. This, and his subsequent career, helped create greater interest in British traditional music and was highly influential within mainstream rock. After 1970 he emerged as Fairport Convention's leading figure and guided the band through a series of important albums until its disbandment in 1979.

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These We Have Lost

29
As ex-Fairport Convention members embarked on their own careers, Swarbrick was often called upon to provide musical support, as he did for albums by Sandy Denny and Richard Thompson. He also played on some of the most significant folk albums of the era, including work by John Renbourn, Al Stewart and Peter Bellamy. In the second half of the 1970s, he began to release a series of solo albums.

Without Thompson, Swarbrick shouldered even more responsibility for leadership, writing and singing and the result was a remarkably ambitious folk-rock opera album "Babbacombe" Lee, mostly all written by Swarbrick (telling the true story of John Babbacombe Lee, a man convicted of murder and sentenced to hang. The scaffold apparatus failed three times and Lee survived to spend much of his life in penal servitude). The fortunes of the band rallied when Sandy Denny rejoined in 1974 and on the resulting album Rising for the Moon Swarbrick took more of a backseat in writing and singing.

Apart from occasional reunions, particularly at the Cropredy Festival, Swarbrick’s performing career since 1980 has focused on small venues and acoustic performances. His first project was a highly regarded duo with former Fairport guitarist Simon Nicol, which produced three albums. In 1984 Swarbrick decided to move to Scotland, while Nicol remained in Oxfordshire and the partnership dissolved. This also meant that he was unavailable when Fairport regrouped in 1986, although he has played with them on several occasions, particularly at the Cropredy Festival.

By the time of the Fairport reformation Swarbrick was already occupied with his next project as part of a quartet under the name Whippersnapper, with the highly regarded musicians Martin Jenkins, Chris Leslie and Kevin Dempsey. The group produced four albums between 1985 and 1989. From this point Swarbrick left to renew his partnership with Martin Carthy, but after two albums: Life And Limb and Skin And Bone, he decided to emigrate to Australia in 1994.

There he formed a new partnership with guitarist and singer-songwriter Alistair Hulett. They produced one album in Australia, Saturday Johnny and Jimmy The Rat (1996) and following Swarbrick’s return soon after, made two more. Prior to returning to England, Swarbrick recorded on what would be the first of over 500 recordings of the now legendary Australian composer Pete Hawkes.

For many years Swarbrick suffered steadily worsening health because of emphysema. Swarbrick received a double lung transplant in October 2004 and thereafter resumed his career with fervour, as a solo performer and annually on tour in the UK, every autumn, with Martin Carthy.

In 2006 Swarbrick started touring again with ex-Fairporter Maartin Alcock and Kevin Dempsey. On 10 August 2007, Swarbrick joined the 1969 Fairport Convention line up, with Chris While standing in for the late Sandy Denny, to perform the whole of the album Liege & Lief.

Swarbrick died in hospital on 3 June 2016.

Our good friend Judy Dyble writes:

“I did know Swarb, not very well in the early days, but he did play fiddle at the earliest 1980/81 Cropredy re-unions that I was part of and also the 2007 reunion, which I believe was the last one he played at. But I knew his wife Jill very well and if they were driving near me, we would meet up for lunch at a local pub and Dave would give me good advice, he was fierce about everyone being fair to each other. Conversations were a bit difficult because of his increasing deafness, but I saw him play several times in the last few years and he could still hold an audience spellbound with just a few notes on his violin. He was a One, an Original One and occasionally a Cantankerous One. But always a charismatic and hugely talented One.”
Muhammad Ali
(born Cassius Marcellus Clay, Jr.)
(1942 – 2016)

Ali was an American Olympic and professional boxer and activist, widely regarded as one of the most significant and celebrated sports figures of the 20th century. From early in his career, Ali was known as an inspiring, controversial and polarizing figure both inside and outside the ring. Ali had a highly unorthodox boxing style for a heavyweight, epitomized by his catchphrase "float like a butterfly, sting like a bee".

Cassius Clay was born and raised in Louisville, Kentucky, and began training as a boxer when he was 12 years old. At 18 he won the Light Heavyweight gold medal in the 1960 Summer Olympics in Rome. At 22, he won the WBC and WBA heavyweight championships from Sonny Liston in an upset in 1964.

Shortly after that, Clay announced his conversion to Islam, changed his legal name from Cassius Clay, which he called his "slave name", to Muhammad Ali, and gave a message of racial pride for African Americans and resistance to white domination during the 1960s Civil Rights Movement.

Ali is regarded as one of the greatest boxers of all time. He remains the only three-time lineal world heavyweight champion; he won the title in 1964, 1974, and 1978. Between February 25, 1964, and September 19, 1964, Ali reigned as the undisputed heavyweight champion. Nicknamed "The Greatest", he was involved in several historic boxing matches. Notable among these were the "Fight of the Century", "Super Fight II" and the "Thrilla in Manila" versus his rival Joe Frazier, the first Liston fight, and "The Rumble in the Jungle" versus George Foreman.

At a time when most fighters let their managers do the talking, Ali, inspired by professional wrestler "Gorgeous George" Wagner, thrived in - and indeed craved - the spotlight, where he was often provocative and outlandish.

In 1984, Ali was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease, which he attributed to boxing-related brain injuries, and which led to a gradual decline in his health, though he was still active into the early years of the millennium, promoting his own biopic, Ali, in 2001.

Ali was an influential figure in the world of hip hop music. As a "rhyming trickster", he was noted for his "funky delivery", "boasts", "comical trash talk", and "endless quotables". According to Rolling Stone, his "freestyle skills" and his "rhymes, flow, and braggadocio" would "one day become typical of old school MCs" like Run–D.M.C. and LL Cool J, the latter citing Ali as an influence.

Ali was hospitalized in Scottsdale on June 2, 2016, with a respiratory illness. Though his condition was initially described as "fair", it worsened and he died the following day, at the age of 74, from septic shock.

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

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

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!
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 scratching 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.
“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 instruments and looking for pictures linked to their specific iconography (ancient Egypt, Alchemy, Druids...)

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 drawing on Eastern raga forms, European folk, experimental minimalism and medieval influences. They recorded two soundtracks, the first in 1970 for an animated film by Herbert Fuchs of Abelard and Heloise (which first saw release as part of Luca 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 unique music; 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 stratifying 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 coined the expression "Plunderphonics".
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.
songs, including some of the finest music from Mick's 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.

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.

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
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."
The Beatle myth with crossover appeal and the strongest ongoing legend of all the Beatles’ conspiracy and legend stories. The gist of this story suggests the CIA were behind the brainwashing of Mark David Chapman and the man (almost) universally agreed to be the sole murderer of John Lennon was, in fact, a programmed assassin activated when his handlers decided he should go into action. The decision to unleash Chapman occurred after Lennon had ended his self-imposed exile from the music business and, crucially, a few days before Lennon was due to take to the streets in a protest march in support of Japanese American workers in San Francisco. Seen in these terms Lennon’s killing amounts to a political assassination carried out on someone best known as a rock musician. The reason for the deed – according to most of the conspiracy theory material available in books and online – was specifically to neuter Lennon’s campaigning and political agitation. The general aim of taking out the spokesman for a generation was also useful. Conspiracy theories generally see the timing of all of this as significant both because Lennon was in the process of re-launching his music and activism and also because Lennon was assassinated after the U.S. had elected Ronald Reagan to his first term as president, but before Reagan had taken office. In general, the theorists considering the killing of Lennon in this context don’t suggest Reagan had any knowledge of the plot, or would have approved it if he had. Some theories link Reagan’s impending presidency to the event because they see CIA motivation being driven by the knowledge that American foreign and domestic policy was preparing to veer...
Confidential (here declassified and censored) letter by J. Edgar Hoover about FBI surveillance of John Lennon
strongly to the right; making it less tolerant of activism and the kind of outspoken championing of the downtrodden which had been a feature of John Lennon’s most significant period as a campaigner. As a final twist to the main argument about Lennon’s alleged assassination it should be noted that the man’s fight for permanent citizenship in the USA would – in all likelihood – have ended successfully in 1981 had he lived. His fight for the right to remain in the country was consistent news in the early seventies. The difference between someone whose presence is acknowledged and tolerated (i.e. John Lennon in December 1980) and a permanent resident (i.e. Lennon as he may well have been in December 1981) is considered central to Lennon’s death by many of those who believe the fatal shooting to be an act of political assassination. The argument runs that Lennon’s receipt of full U.S. citizenship would have heralded a period when he ceased to fear deportation and would have become as active and radical as he had in the late sixties, making him a potent and persistent critic of the policies Reagan and his administration were planning to implement.

Before we dive headlong into a morass of mind-bending Fab Four fables, a word of warning is in order. The paragraph above, though complex and teasing out a few threads, is about as simple as any of this gets. Each Beatles tale will demand its own style of telling, some will take flights of fancy likely to make your jaw drop, even if you thought you knew the story before reading it. Beatles myth and legend is not a place for the literal thinker or anyone intolerant of a vivid claim lacking hard evidence. In 1977 The Grateful Dead once gleefully titled a compilation of their best weed-steeped anthems with the title What a Long Strange Trip It’s Been. With all due respects to some of the most successful stoners ever to fumble with a fingerpick, I’d suggest the labyrinthine lunacy of the most outrageous tales offered as explanations for Beatles activity leave strange trips behind and exist somewhere on the outer fringes of human reasoning. Lennon provides us with the best entry into this peculiar world attaching itself to the most successful pop group this planet is ever likely to see, because his story is the sanest and best evidenced. Not – for one second – that I’m suggesting it’s true. It’s also, probably, the easiest to tell because it has already been exhaustively researched and the best researchers in this area have written coherent books. Some of the loose ends are tied up by their efforts, some gaps in the official record are also clearly exposed. Therefore, we’ll begin our consideration of the “assassination” of John Lennon by recounting the research and writing of those who got to the original witnesses and first

Foremost amongst these was Fenton Bresler (1929-2003) a British barrister and journalist. Whatever its merits as a convincing work in support of most of the claims in the first paragraph of this chapter Bresler’s Who Killed John Lennon? (1989) is easily the single best researched investigation of the alleged CIA plot behind the killing. More significantly it is the work that underpins the vast majority of subsequent investigation and theory in this area. Finally, from the point of view of someone who has spent a significant amount of man hours reading all manner of Beatle related conspiracy arguments, Bresler’s book is refreshingly well written and erudite. So, the outline of the main arguments which follows acknowledges Fenton Bresler’s work in compiling a case suggesting John Lennon was assassinated to order. However, in reading this we should consider what a glowing and characterful Daily Telegraph obituary for Bresler stated: “Among Bresler’s own admitted weaknesses was one for conspiracy theories.” The Daily Telegraph further noted Bresler was “invariably good company,” a fact that goes some way to explaining the popularity and accessibility of Who Killed John Lennon? Literary critics were prone to being sniffy about Bresler’s prose style, but his various conspiracy related works sold well and, on the evidence of the websites contributing to this book, continue to be influential.

Who Killed John Lennon? never claims to prove its case. It does, however, dig so deeply in the circumstantial evidence that the argument relating to Mark Chapman’s status as a Manchurian candidate assassin is rooted in as many provable facts as the practiced barrister can muster. Bresler’s unease at the conviction of Mark Chapman grew from things he already knew to be true with regard to activity in the U.S. secret services. His conviction that he was right strengthened when he managed to prove significant gaps in the understanding of the police officers who investigated the death of John Lennon. The strongest test of Bresler’s argument never came to pass because Chapman’s guilty plea effectively ensured that the bulk of the evidence relating to the killing of Lennon would never be tested in court. The legal hearings were mainly limited to a consideration of any mitigation regarding Chapman’s mental state at the time of the killing. The claims about the motive behind the crime and the means by which he achieved them made in Chapman’s statements to police remained on file, and untested in cross examination.
retired by the time Bresler found him but – on 8 December 1980 – the man commanding the duty force of detectives in New York’s twentieth precinct who responded to the initial emergency call and arrested Mark David Chapman. The basis for what follows the opening chapter in *Who Killed John Lennon?* revolves largely around Bresler’s ability to weave plausibility into an arrangement of the known facts that adds them up to support the case that Lennon was assassinated for America’s national good. Perhaps more accurately that Lennon was assassinated for the national good as a group of covert operatives perceived it. In that regard Bresler struggles to find the hard evidence to extend his knowledge of brainwashing experiments, or other covert operations to prove beyond any reasonable doubt that Mark Chapman fits the models he presents. However, the basis of almost all the robust arguments subsequently presented with regard to the killing of John Lennon comes from Bresler’s organisation of the arguments and from the consistent nuggets he personally unearthed through his own investigations. The first conspicuous gem in this collection occurs on page 17 of his book when he quotes Arthur O’
Connor stating “He [Chapman] looked as if he could have been programmed” on the night of the killing.

Conspiracy theories by their very nature are fuelled by believers who gather and interpret the facts. So, it makes sense to break up the main planks of the argument from Bresler’s book to present undisputed facts, and point out the interpretations others have found. The CIA – who are the agency most often implicated in any conspiracy to “assassinate” Lennon – was founded in 1947. Legislation, in the form America’s National Security Act of July 1947 brought the agency into being and tasked them with replacement of the CIG (Central Intelligence Group) which had always been seen as a temporary organisation. In the aftermath of World War Two the nation needed a strong agency, capable of gathering and assessing intelligence to identify and neutralise threats to America’s national security. Technically speaking, both then and now, the CIA functions as an “external” agency, focussed on gathering information from around the world. The FBI (Federal Bureau of Investigation), established in 1908, is the domestic agency investigating home grown threats. Whilst the various domains appear to have clear boundaries, set specifically with regard to being on and off American soil, the realities have never been that clear. There is copious documentation, and much evidence easily found online, of exposure of the CIA’s domestic activity. Some of this evidence concerns investigations and hearings; notably regarding the infamous “Family Jewels” (specific U.S.-based CIA investigations from the early fifties to mid-seventies). Some of the CIA’s U.S.-based activities broke all the major boundaries by using the agency’s resources for purposes never intended when it was brought into being. However, much of what has been proven since clearly made sense to those authorising everything from occasional wire taps to widespread investigations. Finally, it should be remembered that the CIA, the FBI and their various associated organisations are in the business of security, and sometimes this means employing the experts, wherever they might be found in the world, because the job demands levels of talent and expertise that are hard to source. In this regard, covert assassination of targets posing a threat to U.S. national security has – according to conspiracy theory at least – become one area in which the CIA are world leaders. One strength the agency offers is a network of contacts and expertise second to none. Much of the information exposed and leaked over the years has presented a picture of agencies like the CIA operating in full awareness that everything from the rendition of suspects to some surveillance was best done in overseas territories where the less savoury elements of the work could be completed a long way from the watchful eyes of journalists and campaigners. However, sometimes an agency, like the CIA, intent on taking out a foreign target posing a threat to their national security, might find their best opportunity arrives when that target visits their country. So, the best way for the CIA to deal with dangerous foreigners might be to shoot them in the USA.

Defectors including Edward Snowden in recent years, and Philip Agee who wrote Inside the Company: CIA Diary (1974), have been able to expose covert operations hidden from public view. Agee’s book has a relevance to the killing of John Lennon because Agee names the YMCA (with whom Mark Chapman worked around the world) as an organisation providing cover (not necessarily on a voluntary basis) for CIA activity. Snowden’s work in exposing the way U.S. intelligence work revealed a lot about security links between the U.S. National Security Agency (NSA), and other organisations including the CIA and Britain’s GCHQ. Whilst a lot of the material revealed by Snowden related to general data harvesting there were other revelations about the extent of subterfuge employed by the security agencies and some of the tactics used that confirmed suspicions held by many. Snowden revealed the NSA, CIA and GCHQ had infiltrated online gaming and spied on users of Second Life and World of Warcraft. The infiltrations included the creation of make-believe characters as a way to interact with other gamers. The security services also monitored the sexual activity of a number of targets online with a view to using the information gathered to discredit them. A particular focus of this work was to target people they regarded as “radicalizers.”

Foremost amongst the exposure of the infamous CIA “Family Jewels” in the seventies was a New York Times front page report by Seymour Hersh in December 1974. This blew the lid on the way the agency had directly violated its charter through conducting a domestic intelligence gathering operation on an industrial scale during the Nixon administration. The target of the operation was the anti-war movement who sought to get the U.S. forces out of Vietnam. When much of the material relating to the illegal activity finally became public in 2007 there were details of a range of illegal surveillance operations along with specific plans relating to assassinations and experimentation on human subjects. None of which proves anti-war John Lennon was a specific target of CIA assassination
with regard to the way conspiracy theories were viewed. By the time the beleaguered president Nixon resigned in 1974 the machinery of government had been tested to near destruction, the world knew that the most powerful man on the planet was distrustful to the point he routinely taped office conversations and the credibility of his office had been shredded by repeated denials about involvement and assertions that he could ride out the crisis. To put in crudely, his resignation could be viewed as a small victory in an ongoing war between a government and its people. The irony in this being that these events occurred in a nation fond of promoting itself as the leading defender of freedom for individuals and human rights. Bresler was one of many journalists believing that a wealth of secrets lay hidden in documents produced by the U.S. government and its security agencies.

If Fenton Bresler was prepared to admit a weakness for conspiracy theories ahead of his investigation into the killing of John Lennon, he was hardly alone. To his generation of journalists the reality of government conspiracies, usually with the aid of an official security agency, was a given. In the decade leading up to the killing of John Lennon many covert operations had come to light and the Watergate scandal had shown that the most cynical operations could be carried on with involvement at the highest level. Leaving aside whatever Richard Nixon did, or didn’t, know about the Watergate break-in; that story in particular changed the world

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One of the most surprising, exhilarating concerts I ever attended was way back on December 6, 1983, at the San Francisco Civic Auditorium at the height of the “new wave” music era. On that night, my roommate Irene and I arrived to find that the stage area of the cavernous concert hall was nearly empty. The Civic was and still is a hollow concrete shell, built originally to hold 7,000 patrons as part of the 1915 Panama-Pacific International Exposition. On this night, there was a stage riser, but only plywood where normally there would be black flooring. A wooden ladder leaned against the dirty white wall stage right, along with a few racks seemingly bereft of gear. There were no lights, no curtains and no equipment save for a single microphone on its stand at center stage. We asked an usher what the hell was going on, and were told to just take our seats.

After some time waiting and wondering what was about to happen, the house lights dimmed, and the man of the evening, David Byrne came strolling onto the stage platform, a cassette tape player in one hand, acoustic guitar strung over his shoulders. He said “I gotta tape I want to play…” and clicked the Play button on the boom box. Then begins a pre-recorded backbeat to an acoustic version of the first Talking Heads hit “Psycho Killer.” As anyone can imagine, particularly if you’ve seen the outstanding Jonathan Demme film Stop Making Sense (1984), which was filmed over three nights in Los Angeles just a week after the San Francisco date, we were in for a one-of-a-kind art-rock performance.

We expected the Talking Heads to be avant-garde, to present something unique and different, but accounts of their previous shows all the way back to their first, supporting The Ramones in 1975 at New York’s dank CBGB club suggested to us that the show’s staging would be minimal. What we did hear is that the band would be wound tight, that singer, guitarist and principal composer David Byrne was an eccentric, that he could dance and sing while somehow keeping his head straight, or bobbing or moving in some other unnatural way to accentuate the Reagan-era angst of their rock ‘n’ funk songs. We had no idea how far he had developed these skills, that he could truly hold an audience enraptured with every move, and play so effectively off the other musicians, each of whom were accomplished in their own right, dancing together or apart, songs building into manic eruptions of jubilant, rhythmic new wave music.

What we saw that night has remained seared in my memory forever, repeatable to an extent by viewing the film. After the opener, accomplished bassist Tina Weymouth joined Byrne for the song “Heaven.” As she took the stage, road crew members, clad in black, wheeled out a riser for her gear, plugged her into the sound system and exited quietly. During this track the team wheeled out another riser packed with drums, shortly to be occupied by the Heads’ rock-steady drummer, Tina’s husband Chris Frantz. Next up, the fourth member of the core band, Jerry Harrison (guitars, keys) joined in for “Found a Job,” one of the really infectious early Heads tracks. From this point on, an additional guitarist (Alex Weir), keyboards player (Bernie Worrell, of Parliament/Funkadelic), percussionist (Steve Scales) and backup singers (Lynn Mabry and Ednah Holt) joined in succession until the entire band was assembled for then hit “Burning Down The House,” from their album Speaking in Tongues (1983). Now assembled, this expanded band drove through a succession of hits including “Life During Wartime” and “Once in a Lifetime” along with several from the new album, while the rest of the stage was completed with colored lights, video-projection screens, and black matting for every exposed part of the stage. The movie does as good a job as possible of giving viewers an idea of what it was like to have a complete stage built out during such an event, but the necessity of focusing on the musicians precludes the ability to capture the nuanced impact of seeing all the rigging happen before our eyes – literally cabling, matting, lights, screens, everything it took to create a modern day concert was erected by the crew while we watched. It was an absolutely fascinating thing behold. It also ruined the band.

After the experience of staging this massively creative show, the Talking Heads never toured again, despite the fact they went on to record three more albums before officially breaking up, the last including guest guitarist Johnny Marr from The Smiths. The daunting thought of topping the 1983 tour wasn’t the only issue. The band was growing apart, each member working on other projects. Chris and Tina continued on with the Tom Tom Club. David Byrne launched a long solo career. In fact, besides The Smiths’ Morrissey/ Marr split, the demise of the Talking Heads was one of the most unfortunate “divorces” of the 1980s.

I was reminded of all this recently, when our art theater The Alamo Drafthouse in San Francisco screened a print of Stop Making Sense on one of their Monday concert film nights. The effusive sellout crowd led to a second showing, after all these years. It was a potent reminder of the popularity of the Heads and this angular music in general, as we were, midway through the reign of the punk/goth/new wave 80s.

Stop Making Sense (1983) © Talking Heads Films 1984, 1.78:1, 84

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
STOP MAKING SENSE
This is justly considered one of the greatest concert films ever made. The spectacle of the stagecraft, along with leader David Byrne’s jubilant performance, is emotionally impactful, filling attentive viewers with the lust for life he exhibits. After a theatrical release, the movie was originally made available on home video tape in an extended version that included three additional songs from the actual show that had not appeared in the theatrical release. These tracks “Cities,” “I Zimbra,” and “Big Business” are available as extras on the extended “special edition” DVD which also includes audio commentary, promotional trailer, and other features.

p.s. There is also film of the Talking Heads on the prior tour in Rome, December 18, 1980 taken under bright white lights, when the core band was joined by Adrian Belew (guitar), Busta Jones (bass), Steven Scales (percussion), Dollette MacDonald (vocals) and Bernie Worrell (keys). It’s reasonably good footage of the band at this key point in time, before they took three years off prior to their final tour. The show is also captured in B&W footage from the Capital Theater, New Jersey on November 4th, 1980. Both films will be of interest to fans and collectors, particularly as the lineup at the time included guitar wizard Belew, who also harmonized with Bryne perfectly given their very similar voices.

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
Still psych-a-noodling!
Green Ray and the Brainiac 5
at London’s Betsey Trotwood

Alan Dearling delves down into the bowels of London’s live gig scene...

For many bands, young and old, and for their faithful audiences – gigging is way of life. A fix. Can’t do without it!

Such it is with these two bands. Both bands feature players who have seen and lived (just about) through the Old School Days of rock, psych, punk-adelic and more. Sadly, they’ve also seen a fair number of their musical playmates pass off to the Great Gig in the Sky. And so it goes on, as once or twice a month these behemoths, or, dinosaurs of psych-rock, depending on your point of view, dust off their gear and head to such esteemed rock Halls of Fame as the Walthamstow Cricket Club or the downstairs basement of the Betsey Trotwood pub in Farringdon, in the heart of city of London. The Brainiac 5 and The Green Ray are also both scheduled to play the ‘Summer of Love’ Party in July, down in Kent, along with the rather wonderful, and rather younger Trembling Bells, complete with Mike Heron co-founder of the mighty, Incredible String Band. And The Green Ray will probably re-join Barry Melton (the Fish, of Country Joe fame) as his UK backing band.

But, back to the Betsey Trotwood. Deep in the bowels of the one of the world's smallest venues...is there a rock venue in a phone booth or a toilet?...once a month these two bands, their few remaining friends and a smattering of family members gather. To remember past glories. To remember their band mates. Long, long gone.

But, hey. Something stirs...could this 31st
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Leonard bands including, Man. Ken passed on in 2013; and ex-Slithey Toad bass player, Simon Burgin, had died earlier, back in 2000. And then last year, co-founder and guitar noodling supremo, Richard Treece parted the mortal coil. Most bands would have probably called it a day, but The Green Ray actually be just a bit more relevant to 2016 than its ancestors? I've seen various incarnations of The Green Ray. Ken Whaley was a core member, having been a founder of the seminal Free Festival band, Help Yourself and Ducks Deluxe and also a member of various Deke

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Ray are back and actually very good with a new singer/guitarist, Martin James, Jeff Gibbs on bass and vocals, with Mark Callum on drums. Meanwhile, Simon Whaley has moved over from the drum kit to take up lead guitar (and some vocals).

The Green Ray still sound psychedelic, but a bit more grounded. Tracks like ‘Running Down Deep’ and ‘Swedish Detective Movie’. But they are becoming a bit edgier. Lots of nice guitar interplay and inter-planetary, out-of-body phasing and solo-ing. They are keepin’ on ‘Green Raying’ for the Faithful Friends and extended Green Ray Family! Here’s a link to ‘taster’ material from their forthcoming new album:

www.youtube.com/watch?v=xZGb34gyPe0&feature=youtu.be

And here’s a link to a recent live performance of a Ken Whaley tune, ‘Small Springs’ video on Youtube. Lots of old-style Peter Green early Fleetwoods’ style tremolo:

www.youtube.com/watch?v=_RIUwasfwQE

The Green Ray also play pretty regularly with Malcolm Morley, an old musical friend from the days of Help Yourself.

And so, onto Part Two of the Betsey Trotwood gig with the Brainiac 5. They are, like The Green Ray, principally a psych-band, but a bit more punky, with jazzy interludes. And even touches of ska and reggae. They re-formed relatively recently and are now working hard to promote to a new audience. And they have a new album out, ‘Exploding Universe’. Again, like The Green Ray there are plenty of West Coast of the USA influences.

If you visit:
www.brainiac5.co.uk/

‘You’re so haphazard’ blasts out from the website…

“Salt encrusted seashells…pick them up and eat them!”

But even more fun, is the video filmed at Reckless Records for ‘Your body’s alright’ – a dad-dancing epic, a video-land extravaganza of mostly old geezers struttin’ their stuff!

They hail from deepest West Country Cornwall originally, with Penzance being the base for their more punk-infused psychedelic music between 1975 and 1979. John Peel was something of a fan, and
played their track ‘Vegetable’ (which they played at the Betsey Trotwood), along with ‘Endless River’ from the 1978 ‘Mushy Doubt’ EP. They played that too, segued into ‘The Human Scapegoat’.

Back in 1978, they then decamped to London, split in 1980 and have now reformed with what they call a ‘revivified Brainiac 5’. This features Charlie Taylor (guitar/lead vocals), Woody (bass/thumb piano), Duncan Kerr (lead guitar/backing vocals) and Joe Malone (drums). Duncan has replaced former B5 axeman, Richard Wildman Booth, with whom he played in the (apparently) legendary long lost, Plummet Airlines.

Personally, I’d rate them as still managing to be a bit innovative, even dabbling into the edges of world music sounds with Woody on African thumb piano. More old geezers, dressed in black, but with a touch of class!
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This is the most important moment in history to do something for African elephants. Because it's the worst time in history to be an elephant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

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One of the shows on the tour was an open air event in Bad Segeberg. This town boasts a large cowboy theme park where they stage elaborate wild west shows taken from the books of Karl May. He wrote many ‘westerns’ featuring ‘Old Shatterhand’ and ‘Winnetou’, books that were avidly consumed by many Germans from 1900 onwards. Quite an amazing character, Karl May. He had never been to the US but told everyone that he had. He also spent a bit of time in jail for theft and other minor offences, and did not publish his first book until 1893 – when he was 51 - and then went on to inspire generations of weekend German cowboys.

It was this complex of fake log cabins, landscaped to look like the western movies of the ‘60s, that was playing host to Santana. I was mightily confused by this when we arrived, but we found some places to set up stalls, the gates were opened and we started selling merchandise. I had told the lovely Andrea that I would be there, and she turned up with a friend during the afternoon. We had the van parked beside the stall and, pretty soon, we were in the back of that, rolling around on T-shirts again – this time without a follow spot on us. After the gig we drove back to Hamburg and Andrea invited us to stay at her house because her parents were away. Trev and Mick – who had by now been renamed ‘The Easter Bunny’ - slept in Andrea’s parents’ bed – causing a few questions when they got home – which I believe she never really answered. I slept with her in her room. Trev decided to take a bath and was much surprised when a naked Andrea came in and had a pee and sat there talking to him. As she said, ‘well, he was an Aussie wasn’t he, and us continental Europeans don’t give a toss about nudity anyway so that worked out alright…’

He was actually a lot more repressed than he let on, but it was funny anyway.

We left in the morning and that was the last time I would see her for a while. We wrote a lot but none of the later tours came near. Nevertheless the story does not end there by a long chalk.

At the next gig in Germany Mick announced that he would like to take charge of the accounts and that he had orders from his boss to do so.
At the end of the tour we went back to the UK and sorted all the stuff out. I handed in the accounts from the first part, and Mick did the rest. I did not really see what he had done so I had no idea of how he handled it. A week later we were called into the office. Paul Pike, who was Mick Worwood’s main partner in running the office, was there as were a couple of people from ‘Ahead of Hair’. They spoke first.

‘We have checked the accounts and there is either some stock or some money missing,’ they started, looking directly at me.

‘Which part of the tour was this from?’ I asked.

‘At the end of the tour – the final accounts.’

‘Ah, well, if you look at this paper here,’ I said, producing the second copy of the accounts that I had got Mick the stooge to sign, ‘You can see that, when I handed the money and stock over we did an inventory and he signed to say it was all correct. After that it was all down to him. I suggest you ask him what went wrong.’

‘Why did you hand it over to him?’ they asked me.

‘He said you told him to do that,’ was my answer.

‘I’ll leave you to work it out, eh?’ and I stood up and left.

Paul came up to me later, laughing. He said they gave Mick the stooge a right grilling because they had not asked him to take over at all. During the course of the conversation he said that Trev and I were both on drugs, as if that explained everything. The two managers turned to Paul.

‘Is this true?’ they asked. ‘Does Roy smoke cocaine?’

Paul said he replied ‘No – he sticks it up his nose.’

This was a complete revelation to them. They did not last long as partners in the business.
THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

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FREE!
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.

10 VIDEO GAME MOVIES YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT

Warcraft: The Beginning was released the other week, and might even still be in cinemas. We neither know nor care.

Still, it's just one of several game-inspired movies to come out this year, along with Ratchet & Clank, Angry Birds, and Assassin's Creed. By all accounts, it has disappointed at least critically (if not commercially) - much as Super Mario Bros., Doom, Mortal Kombat, Resident Evil, Lara Croft: Tomb Raider, and Street Fighter disappointed before it.

Indeed, the list of video game-to-movie abominations is as long as a vestigial fat-tube hanging from a Subtle Simon. And that's a real long thing! Wibble-wobble.

Here are ten further game-o-movies that you possibly didn't even know existed - none of which we've even seen. Consequently, anything we tell you about them is, at best, guesswork.

http://tinyurl.com/zhd6tks
WE HAVE PRINTED THIS BEFORE, BUT FOR REASONS THAT SHALL BECOME EVIDENT SOON, IT SEEMS LIKE AN APPROPRIATE TIME TO REPEAT IT.

1st June 1985. A date that signifies horror and disillusionment to anyone who knows of it. A date which reveals the poisonous worm at the heart of the British Establishment. The day that the dreams of a whole generation died.

Evil. What we have to face is the presence of evil and what we have to know is that evil is our master.

It runs our lives. It lives in big houses and drives expensive cars. It makes our decisions for us. The law is its tool. the law wears jackboots. The law kicks in the faces of young mothers carrying babies. It destroys people's homes, destroys people's livelihoods. It destroys people's lives. It is the Enemy Within.

You see scenes of Fascist violence in faraway places and you say, "Yes, but that's somewhere else. It's not here. That sort of thing doesn't happen here. This is Britain."
I spoke to someone at an anti-Criminal Justice Bill rally in 1994. His name was Bernard. He'd been on the road since the late seventies. I asked him what kept him on the road, what kept him travelling. "It's the thought of the thousands of friends I haven't yet met," he told me.

For four years, from 1981 to 1985, the numbers of people taking to the road had been doubling, year on year. And the Stonehenge free festival was the focal point for the whole movement. It was natural. It was right. Stonehenge was the symbol of freedom, built by early nomadic peoples to mark off the seasons, as an indication of their intelligence and their ingenuity. Now a new breed of nomad, recognising its importance, was coming back to claim it as its heritage, as its birthright. The festival was as vibrant and alive as the people who went to it. It was a cultural masterpiece: a functioning economy that ran on light and love and mutual respect. Painted faces and naked children. Late-night revels and early-morning cups of tea. Celebration. Hope. Dreams of a better future.

But that sort of thing does happen here.

What I am about to describe is based on a TV film called Operation Solstice. It is a film which should be seen by everyone. It should be on the National Curriculum. Every child should be expected to see it, so that they know that evil exists. Evil is not an abstract principle. It has a name and it has an address.

For ten years the Stonehenge free festival had taken place, mostly peaceably. There'd been that biker riot, back when Crass had appeared. There'd been some trouble with heroin dealers. At one point, the old-style festival people had got together to drive the heroin dealers off the site. They were proving that the people's will was stronger than the strongest drug. And the festival was growing. Year by year, it was growing. It was becoming a beacon to the world. For one month every summer, the anarchist dream was being realised in this temporary autonomous zone. More and more people were taking to the road, buying large vehicles which they lovingly restored and fitted out, with pots and pans and working kitchens, with beds and settees and comfortable armchairs, which they would decorate with posters and ornamental knick-knacks, which they would paint in vibrant colours to represent to vibrancy of their own lives. This was life. For many people, this was the very act of being alive.

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although such things are maybe difficult to tally up. For instance, Dave Brock played bass on the 1975 track "Opa Loka", and lead guitarist Niall Hone has done quite a bit of four-string duty during some gigs. Still, by conventional counting methods, he's No. 8 or thereabouts!

Recently interviewed for the Bristol247 website, the newest (and youngest) recruit had a few things to say... such as:

"The first album I got was a burned copy of Sabbath’s Vol. 4 which really caught my attention, and then I got into Nirvana and Motörhead and that was it. The first gig was actually Hawkwind, April 7th 2006 in Exeter.

Hazel Wheaton is, by Gonzo's counting, Hawkwind's eighth main bass player -
My sister got me a ticket for my 12th birthday. Seeing Hawkwind when you’re that age definitely has an impact... I tried guitar at first but I didn’t have the patience to go beyond two lessons. I thought Geezer Butler was really cool so a year later I got a bass and after I saw Hawkwind, began teaching myself by playing along to the albums.”

Haz first got his chance of playing on-stage alongside some of The Hawks in their alter-ego band “Technicians of Spaceship Hawkwind” (TOSH) and he was asked how this came about.

“I stalked them for years going to as many shows as I could and trying to help out as I’d always have to wait around for the morning train home. I told them I wanted to be a roadie. Dave gave me a call in December asking if I would come and play a few numbers on the upcoming Christmas gigs. Of course I jumped at the chance. It was supposed to be just those two shows, but they decided to adopt me full time.”

Hawkwind fans obviously are long-acustomed to personnel changes, but Haz has been particularly warmly received by fans attending the gigs. In the interview, he said:

“We rehearse a lot so that everyone is on the case and we have a tight core from which we can explore, and then live of course, we do lots of jamming and improvisation so that it’s completely different each night; you never know what’s going to happen. We go off on these spontaneous musical journeys. I can’t really articulate it but with Dave and Richard; they’re so easy to play with, I feel like I’ve been playing with them for years. They’ve been around the block a few times and you learn so much from jamming with them. They’ve been playing together for six years more than I’ve been alive, and you can tell.”

LINK to full interview:

http://www.bristol247.com/channel/culture/music/interviews/interview-haz-wheaton
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The idea is for Hawkwind fans to have access to special Hawkwind events such as Hawkfest, obtain limited edition DVDs and CDs of exclusive material and to attend private Hawkwind parties.

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www.hawkwind.com
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The Song of PANNE
Being Mainly About Elephants
JONATHAN DOWNES
IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

The first book of X tul 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

Most of the low life people with whom I spent much of my thirties are now dead, and - I will admit totally openly that - I lost touch with the rest a long time ago. But at least one of them is still alive, although I haven’t spoken to him in the last fifteen years, and very much doubt whether I shall ever do so again. I have received the occasional friend suggestion on Facebook proposing that I rekindle our friendship, but this is a can of worms that I truly do not want to investigate, and whilst I wish him no harm at all, I decided long ago that I would prefer to leave our friendship well and truly in the past.
He owned, and - so I discovered from Lysistrata, during the blood moon last September - still owns a junk shop on one of the less travelled thoroughfares of Tiverton. He always insisted that what he sold were antiques and *objets d'arte*, but to most people, the disparate collection of furniture, ornaments and vintage hi fi separates that filled his grubby shop window, was nothing but rather noisome junk. I used to hang out there because we had similar tastes in music, and because I enjoyed his company, but as the years went on I realised that he was - totally without meaning to be - one of the most dangerous men in North Devon.

Because he always had a friendly face and a kind word for vagrants, troubled young people, often homeless, and usually hopeless, would gravitate there, and spend their days with him, (and I shudder to admit, often me) listening to music, smoking fragrant hashish cigarettes, and talking surreal nonsense to each other. But his shop was not just a Mecca for these young and often innocent lotus eaters. The lure of so much young and impressionable flesh was an irresistible call to a bevy of more sinister visitors and as the years progressed more and more of these impressionable (and basically harmless, though troubled) young people were sucked into sexual, criminal or chemical adventures that would otherwise never have occurred to them purely because of people that they met at this particular little shop of horrors. Over the years I came to realise that as well as the musicians, poets and dreamers who hung out there, there was a small, but ever-growing coterie of pornographers, heroin dealers, satanists and extortionists who were also regular visitors, and the place began to lose its allure for me. One day I even met a pair of grave robbers who regularly visited the local cemeteries at night to dig up the corpses interred there in search of jewellery and other personal adornments. And can you guess where they took their wares to sell?

I first discovered the sinister little shop soon after I passed my driving test in 1980, and I was a regular visitor there until I moved to south Devon a couple of years later. As I think I have intimated on occasion during these pages, my first marriage was not a happy one especially towards the end, and I am afraid that I took all sorts of excuses to absent myself from the family hearth. And often I would drift aimlessly towards Tiverton and my friend’s tawdry little shop full of rubbish, where I would drift the hours away doing as little as possible. And when Alison’s and my relationship imploded twenty years ago as I write this, I continued visiting, on occasion, until finally I realised that my friend was actually like an emaciated hippy spider in the middle of a web of greed, corruption, and vices that made my own insalubrious tastes seem mild in comparison. So I stopped going, and eventually had a flaming row over the telephone with my erstwhile friend, and that was - as they say - that.

In the basement of the shop was a small occult
bookstore operated by one of the Satanists to whom I alluded earlier, and as Lysistrata told me how the Rev Potts, still weak from his almost fatal brush with pneumonia sought the shop out in his search for magickal answers, I shuddered. I could almost feel the horror that this neat and tidy elderly gentleman must have felt as he negotiated the tortuous back lanes of Tiverton until he found the grubby little shop.

It had once been an undertakers, until it went bust some time in the early 1970s. It had then been squatted by a few renegade members of an outlaw biker gang whom I shall not name because I would like to keep what remains of my kneecaps. How my erstwhile friend had managed to take it over was a mystery that had always mildly puzzled me, but eventually it turned out that one of the bikers had been his brother-in-law, and when he was incarcerated for some nameless crime against public decency, my friend had found out who actually owned it, picked up the lease, paid off the arrears owing, and set up shop.

The rest is rather unpleasant history.

How the Rev Potts heard about the tawdry little establishment history doesn’t relate, and although he had turned his back upon the imperium of the Church of England, I cannot imagine that he took kindly to the rack of T-shirts emblazoned with the motto ‘Jesus is a cunt’ which was positioned just inside the door, or to the seven foot tall rubber skeleton with the devil mask that someone had crucified on the wall. One has to actually admire his bravery at going so far outside his comfort zone in search of arcane knowledge that was even further out.

But the generation of gentlefolk born in the years between the wars were a doughty breed, and - after an hour or so spent in earnest conversation with the aforementioned Satanist, and even more earnest perusal of the grubby shelves - poor Cymbeline left the shop, having spent that week’s pension on a large and unwieldy carrier bag of books on a dozen murky subjects, as he made his way to the bus stop for his long and tortuous journey back to North Devon.
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 Daed 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!!"

TRUTH BY DAYLIGHT MORPHS VIA MOONLIGHT

WHAT WAS TRUE FOR YOU WHEN YOUNG
   No longer Shakespeares when ancient
   Baby womb truth survival dependence interconnection
   Illusion independence economic and personal
   Truth of a tree differs with bulldozers
   We are all in dancing relationships. What matters is not matter.
   More a door that opens to a library of forests.tree talk.Leaf knowledge
   As each particle consciousness sings affirmations
   Each singing daylight hour seeks words for midnight rivers
All life has language and a way of linking. Shell of truth differs from core believing.
All that was once changes with perceiving. There are no absolutes.(Yes! There are!
   But here is where you begin your expedition. Spirit Quest or Pilgrim-
   in micro/macro choices we settle down and settle in for the duration
   Sometimes even a half-life lasts a million..."
from Elliott’s archive of more than 12,000 images, have never been published before. This book is a pictorial history of The Band few have ever seen.”

The Band, sixty percent of whom are no longer with us, was a Canadian-American roots rock group, originally consisting of Rick Danko (bass guitar, double bass, fiddle, vocals), Levon Helm (drums, mandolin, guitar, vocals), Garth Hudson (keyboards, saxophones, trumpet), Richard Manuel (piano, drums, vocals) and Robbie Robertson (guitar, percussion, vocals). The members of The Band first came together as they joined rockabilly singer Ronnie Hawkins's backing group, the Hawks, one by one between 1958 and 1963.

In 1964, they separated from Hawkins, after which they toured and released a few singles as Levon and the Hawks and the Canadian Squires. The next year, Bob Dylan hired them for his U.S. tour in 1965 and world tour in 1966. Following the 1966 tour, the group moved with Dylan to Saugerties, New York, where they made the informal 1967 recordings that became The Basement Tapes, which forged the basis for their 1968 debut album, Music from Big Pink. Because they were always "the band" to various frontmen, Helm said the name "The Band" worked well when the group came into its own. The group began performing as The Band in 1968 and went on to release ten studio albums. Dylan continued to collaborate with The Band over the course of their career, including a joint 1974 tour.

But I would be surprised if most of you reading this didn’t know at least the gist of that already. The Band are most important, not because of their association with Bob Dylan, which is what dragged them into the spotlight most regularly, but because of their early championing of what the late, great Gram Parsons called ‘Cosmic American Music’, and which is now called Americana; defined by the Americana Music Association (AMA), is "contemporary music that incorporates elements of various American roots music styles, including country, roots-rock, folk, bluegrass, R&B and blues, resulting in a distinctive roots-oriented sound that lives in a world apart from the pure forms of the genres upon which it may draw. While acoustic

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Hardcover: 160 pages
Publisher: Applause Theatre Book Publishers
(12 Jan. 2016)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 149502251X

I never know what to say about books like these. On one level they are unimpeachable; this is undoubtedly an important historical document, but on another level I truly wonder who is going to buy it. But just because I don’t buy books of photographs, and believe that whoever it was who said that a picture is worth a thousand words deserves a damn good twatting, doesn’t mean that there isn’t a market for them. It is just that when I did have a coffee table it was too full of rubbish to have books elegantly displayed on it. But this review isn’t about me.

So let’s start at the beginning. The author’s website declares:

“THE BOOK FEATURES MORE THAN 200 PHOTOGRAPHS DOCUMENTING THE BAND DURING THE TIME THEY MADE THEIR FIRST TWO ALBUMS, MUSIC FROM BIG PINK AND THE BAND. MORE THAN HALF OF THE PHOTOS, DRAWN

...
instruments are often present and vital, Americana also often uses a full electric band."

This is a book of photographs taken over a couple of years at the end of the sixties by Elliot Landy, a photographer best known for his iconic photographs of rock musicians. A 1959 graduate of the Bronx High School of Science, ten years later he was the official photographer of the 1969 Woodstock Festival. His photographs have appeared on the covers of such magazines as Rolling Stone, LIFE, and The Saturday Evening Post. Landy's portraits have also graced the covers of many of the best known albums of the era, including such classics as Bob Dylan's Nashville Skyline, Van Morrison's Moondance, and The Band's second album, eponymously titled The Band.

What makes this book most interesting is the sheer volume of material on display. As many of you know, I am also active in the natural sciences, writing about wildlife, conservation, cryptozoology and all sorts of other things, and this book has more in common with the great works of wildlife photography than it does with anything within the rock and roll oeuvre. Like any great wildlife photographer, Landy has gained the trust of his subjects, and photographs them in their natural habitat, going about their daily business without impinging upon them.

The thing that is most interesting to me is how The Band's image - hearkening back to the frontiersmen of a century or so before, seemed to be the same whether or not they were in the public eye. Because these photographs are not staged, and there is no artifice about them. Unless Landy was being completely hoodwinked by the people he was photographing, he was producing pictures of what would otherwise be completely private moments, so much so that reading this book often made me feel uncomfortably like a voyeur. And these five men were about as far from being rock stars as it is possible to be. They always looked uncomfortable with the trappings of fame, and here, about half way through their career together, and on the cusp of making a name for themselves on the international stage, they look more like earnest young theology students than anything else. And I do not use this terminology lightly.

Gram Parsons called this music ‘cosmic’ for a reason. He believed that he was tapping into the musical soul of his nation, and in doing so was doing something truly holy. And the five members of The Band look for all the world as if they are preparing to worship at the same altar.
North Devon Firefly Faery Fayre x Ball
23rd July 2016
11am till Midnight
Stalls, Workshops, Entertainers at The Fayre
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www.spanglefish.com/
northdevonfireflyfaeryfayreandball2016
ALL PROCEEDS TO THE SMALL SCHOOL.
In Victorian times every well-bred Gentleman had a 'Cabinet of Curiosities'; a collection of peculiar odds and sods, usually housed in a finely made cabinet with a glass door. These could include anything from Natural History specimens to historical artefacts.

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

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

The other day, whilst out at work in Hartland, I decided to have a cup of Americano and an egg and rocket sandwich as a treat. 'My treat', I thought – although considering I was on my own it wouldn’t be anybody else’s treat now would it? So I took myself to the café. Before everyone throws up their hands in horror that I was skiving, I will add quickly that this was in my break. I had been working since 7 am, and was in need of a few quiet moments so I reckoned I deserved it, so there!

Hartland is a fairly orderly and quiet village, although I can only vouch for that during the certain hours that I am there; what goes on any at other time I know not, but that is beside the point.

Anyway, there were two couples sitting outside having refreshments and I was inside looking out of the window on to the main road through the village. I do add here, that the word ‘main’ in this instance denotes that it is the central road through the village rather than a ‘main road’; the latter is a phrase that could in no way describe the narrow road that takes one through and out onwards towards the village of Stoke or around the one-way system and back the way you have come.
Across the way is the doctors’ surgery. On the road outside said establishment are double yellow lines. There are quite a few of these lines painted around the village as its main thoroughfare was built long before the amount of modern transport became so intense. Anyway, out of nowhere appeared a lone traffic warden. ‘Oh’, I thought. ‘This is something new, I have never seen a traffic warden out here before.’ (Discussion with the lady in the café later confirmed that recently they had been visiting once a week after over 20 odd years of totally ignoring the place).

There was a car parked on the double yellow lines, which, on reflection, had been there for quite a time, but as I myself have parked on said traffic warning no-nos a couple of times, albeit to drop off elderly patients, I didn’t really take much notice. The traffic warden, however, had I, and the two couples outside, watched as she did her thing. She loitered around for ages, presumably waiting for the driver of the car to emerge from the surgery. No-one did so she then took photos of back and front of car, and wrote out a ticket. Fair enough. Traffic wardens attract a lot of negative attention from drivers, but to give her, her due, she did give plenty of time for the driver noted in this particular diatribe to resolve the problem.

I was just about to pay the ‘my treat’ bill, and leave to get back to work when a woman flew past me from the bowels of the café and out into the road towards the car in question. In the meantime a delivery van had pulled up outside, and the traffic warden had come over to see the dogs that were sat patiently with the two couples mentioned earlier. Her view of the offending car was thus hidden.

I left and as I was walking up the road, the same woman came flying (again) past me back towards the café. She did not look particularly happy, but then again I guess she wouldn’t after having been given a parking ticket – although, to be fair, she should not have parked there in the first place. Then the real show began. I heard her shouting at the traffic warden along the lines of, “How dare you give me a parking ticket. I was only there 5 minutes!”

‘Sorry, love’, I thought to myself. ‘You were there longer than that.’ But that is by the by. It was what occurred next – or rather what I perceive to have occurred next – that is the climax of this adventurous coffee break. I heard a slap – yep, a definite slap. Had she really slapped the traffic warden? I turned around too late to witness the event, so only have my hearing to rely on. “Don’t you do that again,” said the traffic warden loudly, but calmly. Silence…..then “I am going to report that, you know.”

So did the driver slap her? If so, where? Round the face? Oh isn’t it exciting! I must remember to ask inside the café next time I visit.

Well I seem to have taken a lot of time up relating my adventures. I may well get a slap on the wrist from Mr Ed for going off on such a divergent tangent. I had better get on with what I am supposed to add in this column.

BOB DYLAN (Signed/Sealed) Ltd. Edn. "The Lyrics: Since 1962" Book (26/50) w/ COA To bid go to 'EBAY US' (Item #131811509884) ONLY!!! - £52,000.00

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This collector's prize was published by Simon & Schuster in 2014. As publishing president, Jonathan Karp stated, "This is the biggest, most expensive book we've ever published." Personally signed by BOB DYLAN, and individually hand-numbered, this book includes a Certificate of Authenticity, along with a custom slipcase. With only fifty (50) signed books existing, this phenomenal publication is Number 26.

A brief history of ownership...
Frank Reiss, owner of A Cappella Books, purchased this book directly from Simon & Schuster. Mr. Reiss chose to leave this publication sealed in its original Simon & Schuster shipping box. I, in turn, purchased the book from Frank Reiss, and also chose to leave it in its original shipping box, which is where it remains today, still sealed and, in Mint Condition.

Sorry folks, nothing to see here really apart from various photo shots of a box from different angles.

However, I did find this picture from the internet which I believe is what is supposed to be in the box.

Last week I put an art doll of Adam Ant into the cabinet, and enthused as to how wonderful it was, I found out afterwards that the person selling this also had a couple of others on offer.

Mick Jagger (above) and David Bowie. I still think I prefer Adam Ant although Bowie comes a close second.

Not feeling the beat

"Articulation and Dynamics in Music with Kalam Music

If you know someone who claims to “not like music,” you may think they’re crazy or lying. Not so. Some people—anywhere from 1-5% of the population—just don’t derive pleasure from listening to music, due to a psychiatric condition called musical anhedonia. Anhedonia is a general term that refers to the inability to enjoy something that other people generally find pleasurable, like social interaction. Often it’s a symptom of depression, but musical anhedonia can apply to people who are otherwise perfectly happy and healthy. In a recent study, researchers polled 1,000 people on their musical interests and translated their responses into a musical interest score. Participants were categorized as having low, medium, or high sensitivity to music based on their scores. Then the researchers selected a subset of each group and asked them to listen to music while they measured their real-time physiological responses. Whereas the high and medium groups experienced higher heart rates and skin conductance, the low group showed little to no response. The researchers also tested to ensure that the low group had normal sensitivity other kinds of stimuli, which they did. Proof that you don’t need music to be happy. Although for at least 95% of the population, it helps!"

I think I may be a borderline sufferer of anhedonia as sometimes I have to admit that I find music invasive to my thought processes, whilst at others
Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy man - the wildman of the woods. Is he a man? Is he a beast? Is he something in between? Whatever he is, he is spoken about by humans in hushed voices. They are scared of him and they tell tales of him to their children to scare them from entering the hushed darkness of the tree kingdoms. They call him many names; the woodwose, the wudawasa, the wodwos amongst them. The bane of a high-born daughter takes her unintentionally through such a forest on her last journey as a single woman to wed the man of her father's choice. Imposters from another land tramp through such a forest on a mission of their own, killing everything that comes across their path. The lives of some of the creatures that dwell in this place become unavoidably entwined with both these trespassers. The lives of some will change. Some will cease completely.
certain types helps me write when my muse comes to keep me company, which these days is not very often unfortunately.

Paul McCartney MPL Christmas Decorations
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“3 very rare MPL Christmas decorations which are given out at official MPL Christmas functions. Each piece has a MPL crest to the rear with the corresponding year printed on it.

The only way to get to one of these functions is by invitation from Paul McCartney himself, making these extremely hard to get hold of.”

Hey, we are half way to Christmas so let’s start thinking about making some early purchases eh? Or not, as the price tag here would take up my whole budget and then some.

Too damn right.
“Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy”

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

Auld Man's Baccie

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

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

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

**Sebastian Cabot:**

**Sebastian Cabot Actor/Bob Dylan Poet (MGM, 1967)**

What? Golden throat meets greatest of Dylan’s early catalogue…what could go wrong?

Two cuts from this album appear on the iconic first edition of the Golden Throats series. Cabot (1918-1977) was an English born actor who achieved notable fame in Hollywood and on US television, but to a certain group of music fans he has long been the focus of bemusement, a view based on the ironic appreciation of an album of Dylan covers, the like of which few others would have dared attempt. The title – pretty much – says what you need to know. Dylan’s poetry, Cabot’s clear and slightly gruff diction…what could go wrong?

By common consent – Sebastian Cabot Actor… is one of those rare items that is so wrong it becomes profoundly right. Cabot hits on a high proportion of protest songs – including “Who Killed Davy Moore?,” “Blowin’ in the Wind” and “The Times They are a Changin,’” and few notable love related tunes: “It Ain’t me Babe” and “Tomorrow is a Long Time” both feature. He also makes a determined stab at “Like a Rolling Stone.” He’s backed by musical arrangements that throw in strings and a few pop/rock sounds, forming a portentous and serious background against which Cabot can treat Bob’s words as meaningful missives of significance.

That may well be what Dylan intended, but Cabot’s laboured diction is a far cry from Bob’s sneer. His treating of Dylan’s rock ‘n’ roll and blues inspired patter like a Shakespearean sonnet is the main reason this album acquired cult status in the first place, and the reason it continues to line up with William Shatner’s The Transformed Man and a fistful of other long playing thespian audio curiosities as a genuine jaw dropper. Where Shatner hams it up a treat in his attempts to inhabit texts, including “Mr Tambourine Man,” Cabot attempts to drag Dylan into unfamiliar audio territory and interpret him for a middle-American
audience as familiar with Cabot’s star turns on television as they are with the intricacies of Dylan album tracks.

So, it’s best imagined as a battle fought over every line as Cabot takes his turn at covering the iconic songs and Dylan’s original meanings are tested (sometimes to destruction). A post on WMFU’s blog notes: “We’re back here at ringside for the thrilling conclusion to this bizarre audio-matchup…Cunning actor and car-fancier Sebastian ‘Killer’ Cabot pits his able tongue and massive bulk against the barbed and velvetcovered pen of youth favorite Bob Dylan, light and lean but full of fight.”

We concur. The battle is fought out over 12 rounds: “Who Killed Davy Moore?,” “It Ain't Me Babe,” “Boots Of Spanish Leather,” “Don't Think Twice, It's All Right,” “Tomorrow is a Long Time,” “Blowin' In The Wind,” “Seven Curses,” “All I Really Want To Do,” “The Times They Are A-Changin’,” “Quit Your Lowdown Ways,” “Like A Rolling Stone” and “And Mostly They Sing.” Irving Spence’s musical arrangements provide the venue and at no point do Cabot and Dylan ever appear to be in the same place in terms of what they intend. The final result of the “audio-matchup” battle is in the ear of the beholder. To Cabot’s credit he treats political statements with genuine gravitas and also scores points for selecting a few lesser known cuts that don’t jar so badly in the mind, because the Dylan originals are far from ubiquitous.

Dylan’s scoring blows come in rapid flurries with the cynical, ambiguous and attitude-riven turns of phrase in the love songs; Cabot’s mature and rugged diction rides roughshod over these gems with all the artfulness of a man re-assembling a broken vase whilst wearing boxing gloves. Sebastian Cabot, Actor remains one of those car-crash releases that will forever remain timelessly strange, and beyond parody.
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 guitarists Dominic Miller, Bomb da Bass, Osibisa, the cast of the Who’s Tommy, The Chimes’ Pauline Henry, the Who’s former keyboard guru John Rabbit Bundrick and Seal guitarist Gus Isidore.

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia
THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines

He makes a great cuppa.

So, I have heard.

Luke sells his soul.

La la la.

John's singing again.

M. A. Raines

M. A. Raines

M. A. Raines
And so, my friends, we come to the end of another week, and I prepare to aestivate for the weekend. I never used to take the weekends off, but I am afraid that I just don’t have the energy or willpower to do all the things that I used to do as a matter of course.

But I mustn’t bellyache.

I have far more things going for me than many people do, not the least being this magazine which is a constant source of pleasure and interest to me.

I am doing my best to keep my mind off the subject of my blasted DLA assessment. The results could be here any day now, so each day my heart is figuratively in my mouth as the postman arrives. However, today all that came was a copy of Andy Roberts' new book 'ACID DROPS: Adventures in Psychedelia', which I am very much looking forward to reading.

This week I read Frederick Forsyth's autobiography and am surprised to find things that I know full well to be factual inaccuracies, as well as some shoddy editing. I know that I am hardly one to talk on that score, but one would hope that the proofreading department of Corgi books has more in terms of manpower than a brace of ageing and rather dotty hippies.

We are truly living in strange and disturbing times. This week has ostensibly been beautiful, calm, hot summer's days, but I cannot help but feel that something is in the air. As Penny Rimbaud once commented, just because they say that you are paranoid doesn’t mean that you are not on their computers.

I don’t know anyone who is having a good year. People who were in rock solid relationships which had lasted for decades suddenly find themselves single under almost unthinkable circumstances. So many of the children of my friends have attempted suicide, and it seems that every day brings with it more horrors. And that is just amongst ordinary folk; I won’t even start on events on the world stage.

There are far less butterflies than usual, and even the birds are strangely quiet. It feels like one of the snapshots they show of Brits lazing on the beach in the summer of 1939.

Something is happening, but you don't know what it is, do you Mr Downes?
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