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# THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKIY:

- 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 sthuid then you should probably give by reading this magazine now.

Otherwise... enjoy



Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of the *Gonzo Weekly* which is (just in case you didn't realise) the thing wot you are reading at this moment. But I am sure that you all knew that didn't you, and if you didn't you would probably have closed the file down by now.

This magazine is, of course, as regular



readers will know, the culmination of vague attempts on and off over the past forty years to produce a music and culture magazine that is the sort of thing that I would actually like to read. I tried over again, but in the predigital age it was the method of dissemination that banjaxed all my efforts. I could never afford anything more sophisticated than photocopying, and - as a result - the magazines always looked fairly



## "For decades strips have appeared to glorify immoral behaviour"

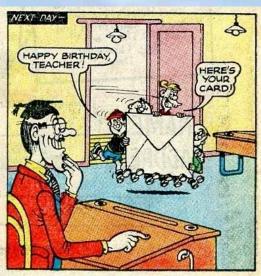
crappy and I could never afford to bring them out on schedule.

But now the digital age has been a game changer for everyone, and I am now in the enviable (or at least I think that it is enviable) position of editing a weekly magazine which several thousand people appear to read and enjoy.

Despite the fact that with hindsight it seems completely obvious, those put in charge of my career development whilst I was at Bideford Grammar School between 1971 and 1976, and later on at a minor public school on Exmoor that I hated with a vengeance, and from which I was expelled in my third

term, never told the schoolboy Jonathan that he really should train to be a journalist. So, I never did, and pretty much everything that I know about journalism except what I learned from Steve Harley when I edited his fan magazine back in the day, and later from my mate Marco with an unspellable Italian surname who is now freakishly high on the staff of the *Daily Express* and Craig Glenday (now editor of the *Guinness Book of Records*) for whom I worked at Marshall Cavendish about twenty years ago, I taught myself, usually lifting concepts wholesale from some periodical or other which I admired at the time.

This issue is a case in point.





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# MINNIEtheMINX



















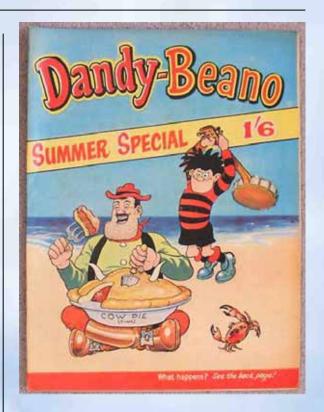






I am not sure what the Transatlantic equivalent is here, but when I was a boy I used to read *The Beano* and *The Dandy*, two (sadly functionally defunct) comics which were published by a company in the Scottish town of Dundee. I say 'functionally defunct' because whilst *The Dandy* has gone the way of all flesh, *The Beano* is still published albeit in a form unrecognisable to those who - like me - were aficionados of the comic back in the sixties.

As Wikipedia explains: "the style of Beano humour has shifted noticeably over the years, though the longstanding tradition of anarchic humour has remained. For decades strips have appeared to glorify immoral behaviour, e.g. bullying (Dennis Menace), dishonesty (Roger the Dodger) and even robbery (Baby Face Finlayson and The Bears). Although the readers' sympathies are assumed to be with the miscreants, the latter are very often shown punished for their actions. Recent years have seen a rise in humour involving gross bodily functions, especially flatulence (which would have been taboo in children's comics prior to the 1990s), while depictions of



corporal punishment have declined. For example, the literal slipper (Dennis the Menace's father's instrument of chastisement) has become the name of the local chief of police (Sergeant Slipper)."

Every summer there was a double issue, called the Bumper Book of Holiday Fun or something like that, and it was only since I reached Man's estate that I realised that the reason for this was that the staff, probably specifically the folk who worked in the print works, could have their annual holiday.

I used to massively enjoy the holiday special, because by the time it got to Hong Kong where I lived at the time, it was always the week before my birthday, and I used to consider that it was a special gift to me from the jolly nice editorial team, instead of being a piece of old fashioned capitalism allowing the bloated plutocrats to save on maintenance costs by insisting that everyone on the payroll take their holidays at once.

Well, just like most things that happen in this magazine, this seems like a jolly good idea and I am going to nick it. Next week I have a

family wedding in Staffordshire followed by a visit to my granddaughters in Norfolk, and there is a fair amount of pootling about the countryside on matters appertaining to my elderly mother-in-law, and I also want to go and see the Indopacific crocodiles at Thrigby Hall whilst we are in Norfolk, and I want to buy my granddaughters colourful sun hats, and so I am going to be away from home for about a week.

It would be possible for me to try and mastermind the production and dissemination of this publication from my ipad in some motorway service station somewhere up or down the M6, but it seems like a far better idea to take a leaf out of the rulebook of the creators of Desperate Dan and Corky the Cat and inaugurate the first ever Gonzo Bumper book of Holiday Fun and Games.

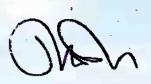
#### Gosh!

So here you have, presented on your conceptual plate, an extra specially large issue of this increasingly peculiar little magazine, which I sincerely hope will delight and amuse you. Whilst you are being delighted and amused, I would like you to think of a crippled old hippy and two little girls (both wearing colourful hats) all looking in wonder at a pair of juvenile specimens of Crocodylus porosus. In the meantime I hope you enjoy this extra large magazine which contains yer normal level of incisive journalism and high strangeness combined with a bunch of stuff from the early days of the magazine that you may well have missed!

And once again I, the editor, have learned an important life lesson from the experiences of my childhood.

Slainte

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Karnataka, Gorillaz, Erik Norlander, Lana Lane, Ringo Starr, All-Starrs, Cliff Richard, Morrissey, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Helen Joanne "Jo" Cox, Henry Campbell Liken McCullough, Lincoln Wayne "Chips" Moman, Robert Allen "Bobby" Curtola, CM, Tom Leppard, Rick Wakeman, Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come, Brand X, Third Ear Band, Captain Beefheart, Jim Jones, Gram Parsons, Mick Abrahams, Barbara Dickson, Bridget Wishart, Spirits Burning, Peter Gabriel, Alan Dearling, Neil Young, John Brodie-Good, Paul Kantner, The Jungle Book, Roy Weard, Orrin Hare, Krautfolk, Mr Biffo, Xtul, Hawkwind, John Hughes, Frederick Forsyth, Marc Bolan, Elvis, Mitch Mitchell, Robert Johnson, Ginger Spice, Neil Nixon, Robert Calvert

#### 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 convigible law

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

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

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

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



#### THE GONZO WEEKLY

all the gonzo news that's fit to print

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

#### NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

#### Corinna Downes,

(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife) **Graham Inglis,** 

(Columnist, Staff writer, Hawkwind nut)

Douglas Harr,

(Features writer, columnist)

Bart Lancia,

(My favourite roving reporter)

Thom the World Poet,

(Bard in residence)

C.J.Stone.

(Columnist, commentator

and all round good egg)

John Brodie-Good

(Staff writer)

Alan Dearling,

(Staff writer)

Mr Biffo,

(Columnist)

A J Smitrovich,

(Columnist)

#### Richard Freeman,

(Scary stuff)

Dave McMann,

(He ain't nothing but a Newshound-dog)

Orrin Hare,

(Sybarite and literary bon viveur)

Mark Raines,

(Cartoonist)

**Davey Curtis,** 

(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee

(Pop Culture memorabilia)

**Dean Phillips** 

(The House Wally)

**Rob Ayling** 

(The Grande Fromage,

of whom we are all in awe)

and Peter McAdam

(McDada in residence)

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

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

Jonathan Downes,

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

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

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# so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS Between Norwich and Phindelphin. The Line is composed of the following Pacials:

# NEWSROOM.



### LIVE DVD **RECORDING:** Tickets still available

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

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:

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#### **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)

This week I had a brief chat with Ian Jones about the new DVD project.

bridge, and Sturbrid

Check out the band's page at Gonzo: de Front Sin

er Freight Line.







Gorillaz, the virtual band created by Damon Albarn of Blur and comic artist Jamie Hewlett, are on track to release their fifth album in 2017.

Originally expected sometime this year, the Gorillaz fan Gorillaz page North America is now reporting that the album would be

out until next year according to Hewlett.

The site posted the following note on Instagram:

WE GOT JAMIE NEWS! This here is HIM and our friend Linda. JAMIE says new GORILLAZ is special, really fuckin special. Can't be rushed. 2017, yo. Fuck. So, guys, that Gorilla Fund, we got time. Go shop, take vacation, that shit aint happening this year. BUT its gonna be all that and more. And....Jamie follows us. So....you got something to say to him and don't wanna get yelled at on his IG by his very serious followers, say it here! HE IS HERE. Watching, reading and digging it. He loves this account and appreciates our repping.

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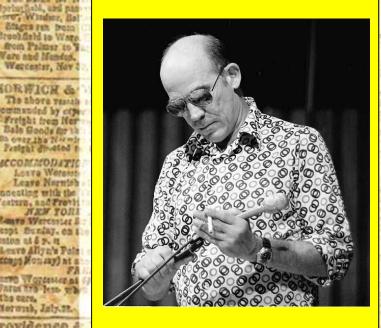
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The Line is composed of the following Pacials:



#### WHO GONZO? WHY **GONZO? WHAT** GONZO?

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

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

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

"Most of my friends are into strange things I don't really understand - and with a few shameful exceptions I wish them all well. Who am I, after all, to tell some friend he shouldn't change his name to Oliver High, get rid of his family, and join a Satanism cult in Seattle? Or to argue with another friend who wants to buy a single-shot Remington Fireball so he can go out and shoot cops from a safe distance?'

Hunter S. Thompson



### ERIK NORLANDER'S SURREAL THING

Veteran California artist releases new solo album June 21st featuring keyboard-heavy prog rock

Surreal is the new full-length visionary album from California keyboardist Erik Norlander. After two recent highly-acclaimed releases with his Rocket Scientists project, Norlander now presents the follow-up to his 2009 solo epic The Galactic Collective released in several forms including a live DVD/CD set. Surreal continues in that spirit with traditional rock band instrumentation fronted by Norlander's own timeless, signature keyboards. Surreal gives both a nod to the past and puts an eye on the future with lush analog soundscapes, real living human grooves, and unforgettable melodic lead work that will keep the songs playing in the listener's head long after the music stops.



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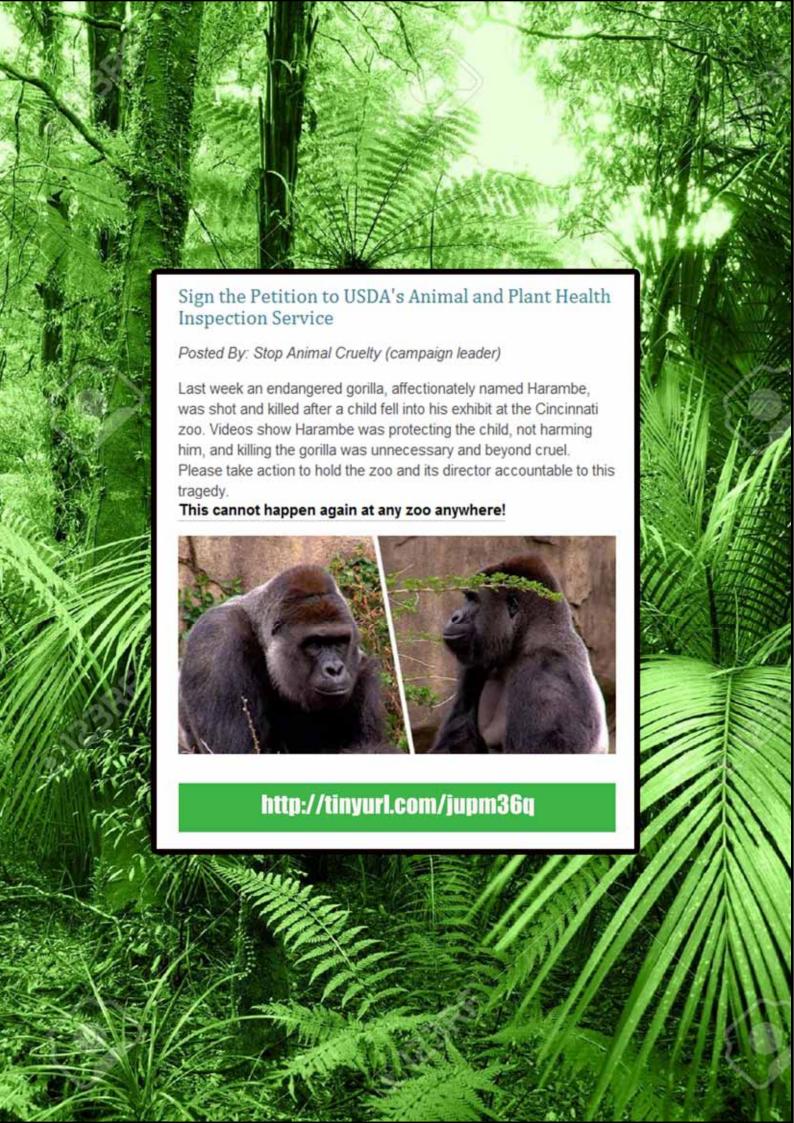
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My favourite roving reporter has a habit of sending me interesting stuff. This week he sent me a piece where Ringo Starr - in his 76th year - explains why he still enjoys touring, half a century after The Beatles stopped playing live:

"I never know if the All-Starrs are going to work 'til we get to rehearsals. I know in my head, "Well, we've got this guy, he's got these great numbers. But we need a bass player!" Bass players are usually the most difficult. That's why Richard [Page] has been with me for years now. He has such beautiful songs. Then Gregg Rolie was the find – he's so great. And that's how I do it. We know everyone can play. But when we turn up at rehearsals, that's the only time we know. What's great with this band is that we really jell as human beings. I have had some All-Starrs where everybody wasn't as excited as I was [laughs]."

Read more: http://tinyurl.com/jssuyn2

For years the new technology of streaming has been accused of being unfair to artists. With one word - "interesting" - Bart sent this news story which suggests that the imbalance may soon be corrected:

"A new music rights initiative aims to streamline the way labels and artists get paid when their works are streamed. The Open Music Initiative (OMI), a joint effort by the Berklee College of Music, MIT and others, has managed to attract support from the three major labels, several major streaming services, an agency that grants licenses to use copyrighted material and other industry leaders for a total of more than 50 founding associates. OMI will be hosting an inaugural gathering, welcoming reps from all of the organizations, in New York City on June 22nd.

Read more: http://tinyurl.com/hqbdkcw



Like The Galactic Collective, Surreal is mostly an title track, that features vocals by Norlander's the album liner notes, "If there is only going to be one vocal track on an album, it had better be great, right? The vocal range of 'Surreal' is rather wide, going from ballad-like warm lows to stadiuminspired powerful highs. And I think as Lana performs these vocal acrobatics in such an honest and skillful storyteller's style, you don't even realize the register shifts as they are happening."

Surreal employs the same rhythm section of The Galactic Collective with Mark Matthews on bass and Nick LePar on drums. The two have toured with Norlander extensively in the 7 years since The Galactic Collective was released and have become an essential element of Norlander's signature style. Another familiar face is percussionist, Greg Ellis, who played on 3 other Norlander solo albums including his 1997 debut Threshold. "There's actually a real thread of continuity with Greg," says Norlander. "Since The Galactic Collective rerecorded existing compositions, Greg is really the percussionist on the last album of 'new' music released under my own name, Seas of Orion, 12 years ago back in 2004!"

Ellis also played on the epic 2014 Rocket Scientists instrumental track, "Traveler on the Supernatural Highways." And to make the Rocket Scientists connection complete, Surreal also features Don Schiff on cello and NS/Stick, and Mark McCrite on acoustic guitar. Surreal also highlights the guitar work of the always-in-demand Alastair Greene and Jeff Kollman - two of Los Angeles' finest axemen and stellar musicians that Norlander has worked with on other projects. All three guitarists - Greene, Kollman, and McCrite - toured with Norlander's band in recent years ahead of this album's recording, and the well-defined interplay between

instrumental affair with 5 tracks driven by keyboard and guitar melodies. But there is a sixth song, the chanteuse spouse Lana Lane. Norlander writes in

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guitar and keyboards is evidence of that finely built foundation.

Surreal launches with a YouTube and Facebook video of the song, "The Galaxy Collectors," with more videos in the works. A short version of the "The Galaxy Collectors" (the "Proxima Centauri Mix") will also be available as a free download on Norlander's Bandcamp page.

Erik Norlander is an accomplished keyboardist, composer and producer with over 40 album credits including 8 previous solo albums, 7 with his Rocket Scientists project, and 10 albums with vocalist wife Lana Lane. He toured with the Asia spinoff Asia Featuring John Payne for 6 years and co-wrote the band's only original release "Seasons Will Change."

He is currently touring with Last in Line featuring original Dio members Vinny Appice and Vivian Campbell. Outside of the music world, Norlander was the co-designer of the legendary Alesis Andromeda analog synthesizer, and has led many synthesizer and sound design projects for major companies around the world. Norlander also actively works with The Bob Moog Foundation to advance the legacy of the maverick synthesizer pioneer.

Web sites http://www.eriknorlander.com http://www.thetank.com

de Front Sin

http://www.facebook.com/erik.norlander.artist.page https://eriknorlander.bandcamp.com





# TRIAL BY HEADLINE

Cliff Richard has been cleared of all sexual abuse charges with the Crown Prosecution Service saying the case has been "carefully reviewed" and there is "insufficient evidence to prosecute". The home of Sir Cliff Richard was raided in 2014 and the singer



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"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

questioned over a 1980's era sex crime. The police action was vague and given the time it was uncertain what a raid could possibly achieve.

Despite a lack of evidence the UK witch hunt continued with police later claiming their investigation had "increased significantly in size". In 2014 UK detectives were certain of a final decision before the end of the year. Instead, they chose to harass Sir Cliff for another two years.

Sir Cliff Richard issued the following statement:

"After almost two years under police investigation I learnt today that they have finally closed their enquiries.

"I have always maintained my innocence, co-operated fully with the investigation, and cannot understand why it has taken so long to get to this point! Nevertheless, I am obviously thrilled that the vile accusations and the resulting investigation have finally been brought to a close.

"Ever since the highly-publicised and BBC-filmed raid on my home I have chosen not to speak publicly. Even though I was under pressure to 'speak out', other than to state my innocence, which was easy for me to do as I have never molested anyone in my life, I chose to remain silent.

"This was despite the widely-shared sense of injustice resulting from the high-profile fumbling of my case from day one. Other than in exceptional cases, people who are facing allegations should never be named publicly until charged.

"I was named before I was even interviewed and for me that was like being hung out like 'live bait'. It is obvious that such strategies simply increase the risk of attracting spurious claims which not only tie up police resources and waste public funds, but they forever tarnish the reputations of innocent people.

"There have been numerous occasions in recent years where this has occurred, and I feel very strongly that no innocent person should be treated in this way.

"I know the truth and in some peoples' eyes the CPS' announcement today doesn't go far enough because it doesn't expressly state that I am innocent; which of course I am. There lies the problem.

"My reputation will not be fully vindicated because the CPS' policy is to only say something general about there being 'insufficient' evidence.

"How can there be evidence for something that never took place! This is also a reason why people should never be named publicly until they have been charged unless there are exceptional circumstances.

"To my fans and members of the public, to the press and media, all of whom continued to show me such encouraging and wonderful support, I would like to say "thank you" it would have been so much harder without

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EGULAR LINE OF PACKETS Between Norwich and Paincelphin. The Line is composed of the following Pacials:

Hate-rosexuality

Although the gunman who massacred 49 people at an Orlando gay club is said to have been 'repulsed' by homosexuality, he nonetheless left behind a slew of self-adoring 'selfies'; a handsome man gazing enchantedly at his own face. It is therefore acceptable for him to lovingly admire his own maleness, but it is not OK for other men to like other men. Does Islamic scripture say it is fitting for a man to sit alone taking adoring photographs of himself? I doubt it.

Meanwhile, Donald Thump, probably America's next President, reacts to the Orlando massacre by explaining how, if the people within the club were themselves armed with guns, then there would have been fewer casualties. This, of course, is his way of avoiding any words of support to the Orlando gay community (it is their own fault for going into a nightclub without hand grenades). Donald Thump would therefore probably claim that the massacred children of Sandy Hook would still be alive today if only they'd had the common sense to carry sawn-off shotguns to school. The Thump response to Orlando is therefore anti-gay and pro-gun possession. Ann Coulter will be waving her baseball cap and cheering. It's all going so well for America!

Unfortunately, CNN obliged the gunman once again

with a flashing flood of publicity – which is all he ever wanted, and which will encourage the next shooter to prepare for international fame. Why show the gunman's face? Nobody needs to see it. The larger disaster is the two leading faces in the presidential race, as the world prepares to shake its head in disbelief when the new president is named. Clinton is the face and voice of pooled money (and will therefore repay the established elite with whatever they want if she is elected), and Donald Thump is George Wallace – hating just about anyone who doesn't happen to be Donald Thump. Surely this is not 2 0 1 6 A m e r i c

Thump's only achievement so far is in making Sarah Palin seem intelligent, which, admittedly, is so difficult as to be a colossal strike in his favor.

The true victory of the presidential race has been the independent success of Bernie Sanders, whose approach has been so sane and intelligent and measured that he has been therefore all but entirely ignored by the U.S. media, who cannot understand anyone who is not blood-thirsty. This is because Bernie Sanders is human, and one who unusually did not gain his position because of several billion invested dollars. His many primary successes in the presidential race have been headlined as LOSS FOR CLINTON, whereas a Clinton win has not ever been headlined as LOSS FOR SANDERS. Bernie Sanders has been pushed out by the media because the idea of a selfmade man who does not crave international war is completely alien to such as Fox News. The idea of a man who is popular because he calls for world peace and for rescue of the environment cannot provide outraged headlines for CNN, who have devoted their online news page to Donald Thump long before Thump was even a logical contender. Thump doing absolutely nothing has been more newsworthy to CNN than Sanders' state-to-state victories.

Ballot papers for 2016 should include a NO CONFIDENCE IN EITHER NOMINEE box, and it is this box that would collect the most votes.

Clinton and Thump may be popular with the party faithful – but the party faithful aren't that large, and are not America, therefore a sad day looms in November a day that only Bernie Sanders could have saved – had he been allowed his rightful share of media support. But, clearly, the presidential election really is none of your business. Did you ever seriously think it was?

> MORRISSEY June 2016

## **MORRISSEY ON DONALD TRU**

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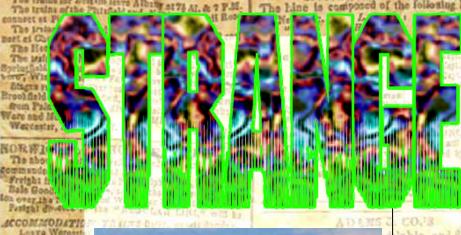
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#### MEXICAN VOLCANO UFO http://tinyurl.com/jd74eph

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UFO chasers are hailing footage of an alleged flying saucer over an active volcano as one of the clearest captures in years. The dark UFO was recorded by Webcams de Mexico, a network of cameras locked on active volcanoes in the central American country to watch out for eruptions, as it appeared to pass over the Colima Volcano on June 13. But despite all the fuss one UFO sceptic has already debunked the sighting saying it is just a blurred bird in flight known as a blurbo.

paranormal website report on Inexplicata.blogspot.co.uk said the network of webcams had now acquired a worldwide reputation for capturing unusual phenomena such as this over Colima and the Popocatepetl Volcano. It said: "A new UFO photo has gone viral on social media, shown near the Volcan de Fuego in the state of Colima. "Through its Facebook account, Webcams de Mexico displayed the photograph last Friday, showing an object crossing the sky near the fiery colossus.





#### RETURN OF THE ENFIELD POLTERGEIST http://tinyurl.com/hxrk506

Two sisters who were apparently terrorised by a poltergeist as children have returned to the scene of the haunting for the first time in almost 40 years. Margaret and Janet Hodgson, were aged 13 and 11 respectively in 1977 when there was a series of unexplained disturbances at their home, including disembodied voices and levitation of the girls. The episode is on record as one of the most dramatic incidences of supposed poltergeist activity and has been retold in films and books. Most recently it was the subject of a TV drama The Enfield Hauntings staring Matthew McFadden and Timothy Spall.

Now, as part of the research for a new blockbuster film, the girls returned to the house on Green Street, in Enfield, for the first time since their lives were turned upside down.

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

Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

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

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

BRITIS**B GÖVERNM**ENT SCANDAL

The UK government is set to face a grilling from UN experts next week over its alleged breaches of international obligations on disabled people's human rights. The government will be examined on Wednesday and Thursday (15 and 16 June) by the UN committee on economic, social and cultural rights on its record on issues such as social security, employment, housing, health and education.

The discussions will take place in public, in Geneva, Switzerland, with the committee's findings likely to be published the following week. A list of issues published by the committee – one of 10 bodies that monitor the implementation of the UN's main human rights treaties – shows

that among its concerns is the steps the government has taken to ensure that "austerity measures" introduced through the 2012 Welfare Reform Act do not "disproportionately affect" the rights of "disadvantaged and marginalized individuals and groups", including disabled people. The committee's list also raises concerns about the government's decision to lower the benefits cap and freeze working-age benefits, and its efforts to address the housing crisis.

It also asks what the UK has done to reduce poverty among "the most marginalized and disadvantaged individuals and groups", and questions "the reliance on emergency food aid from food banks".

http://
www.disabilitynewsservice.com
/uk-government-set-for-ungrilling-in-geneva-overbreaches-of-disability-rights/

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REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS Between Norwich and Palindelphin.

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The Line is composed of the following Pacials:

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 f stop.the.cull





Right On Chris

Mart, Barbets, go. 40

### IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE

COUNTED

R. E. HUTCHLINDUR Buccessor to WM. LEGGATE,) 180 MAIN ST.

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#### THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

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

**ELIDRIDGE CITEVALES** 

## Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

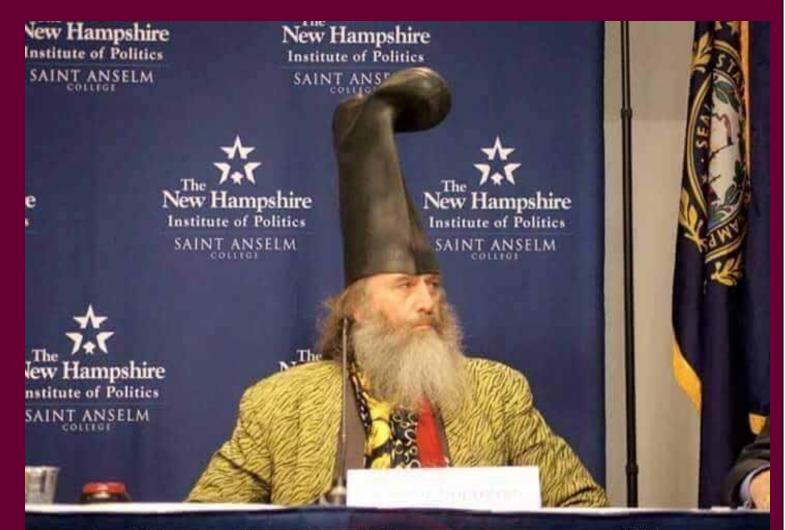
The strong and courageous take a camera

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...

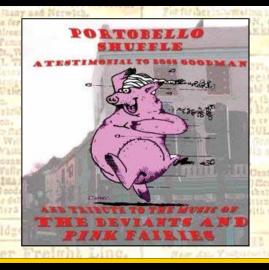


In New Hampshire, a man calling himself Vermin Supreme filed for the presidential primary. He said in his administration, every American will receive a pony. He also plans to defeat ISIS by going back in time.



## I'M ON BOARD!

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



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

Line.

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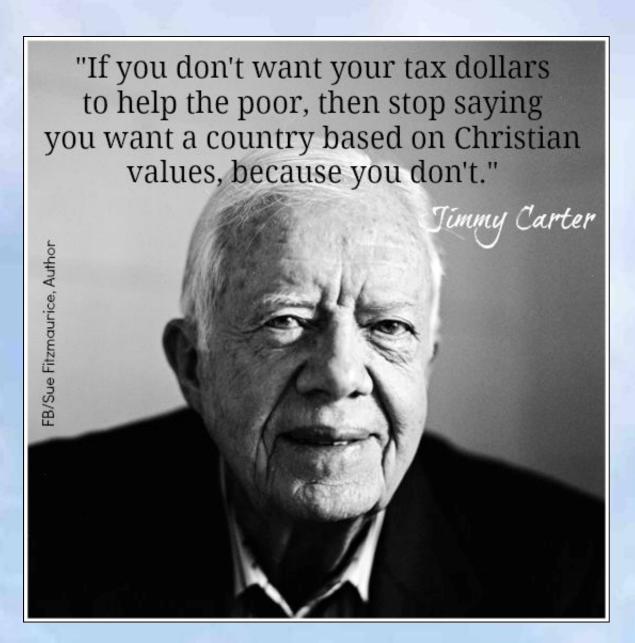
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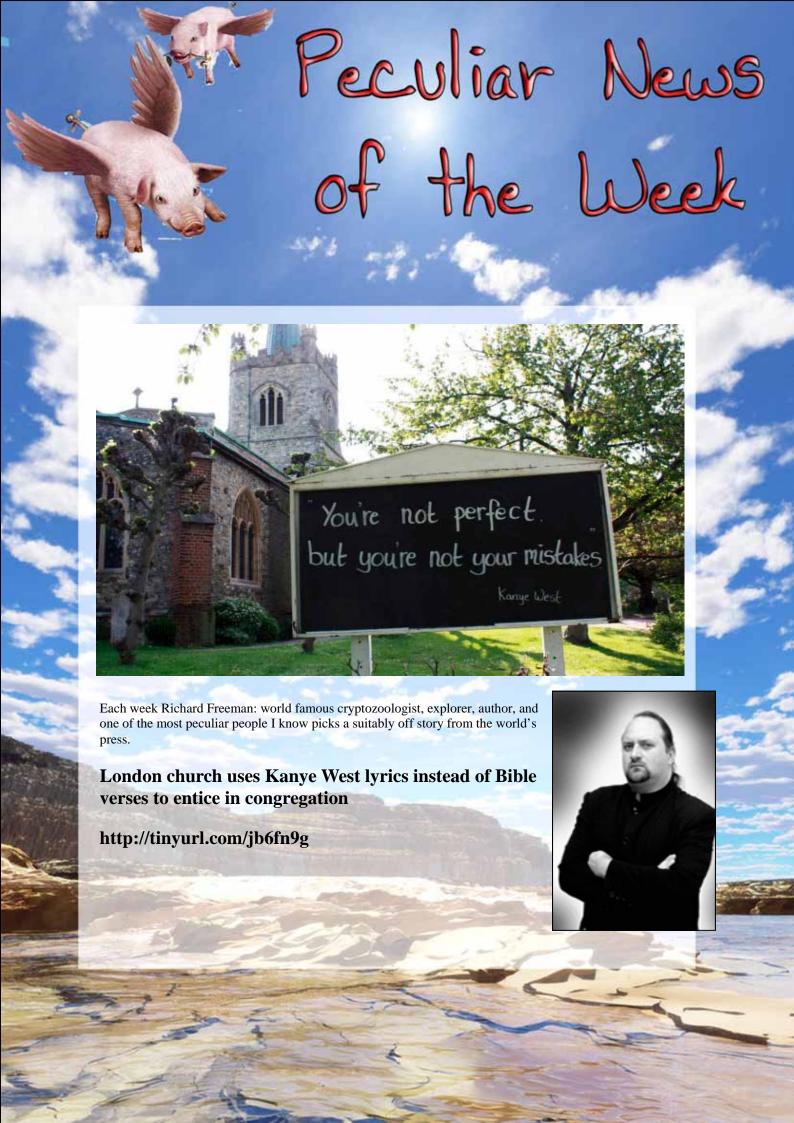
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FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM









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

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

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

Bye Daddy! I'm leaving for my date tonight!

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

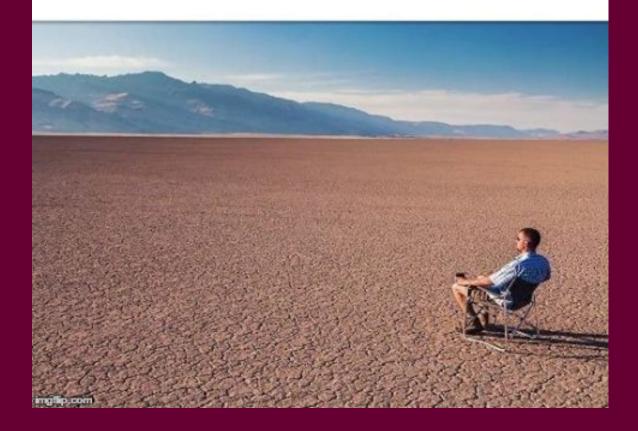








# ME TRYING TO FIND GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT





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

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

#### **Strange Fruit 168 – 60's Folk & 70's Punk**

60's Folk & 70's Punk: Two Quite Short Movements that Transformed Music



Featured Albums:Bleecker Street: Greenwich Village In The 60's

Anarchy in the UK: 30 Years of Punk

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1	Judy Collins: Both Sides Now
2	The Damned: Neat, Neat, Neat

The New Christy Minstrels: Green, Green

4 5 6 7 8 9 Generation X: Ready Steady Go Donavan: Catch the Wind Jonathan Brooke: Bleecker Street

Jules Shear: Darlin' Be Home Soon Penetration: Don't Dictate

Peter, Paul & Mary: Leaving on a Jet Plane

10 Chelsea: Right to Work Hamilton Camp: Pride of Man

11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 Spizz Energi: Where's Captain Kirk The Vibrators: Automatic Lover

Ian & Sylvia: Early Morning Rain

The Ruts: In a Rut

Riff Raff: I Wanna Be a Cosmonaut

Riff Raff: Romford Girls

Tim Hardin: How Can We Hang on to a Dream?

Slaughter and the Dogs: Cranked Up Really High Simon & Garfunkel: Homeward Bound 21 22 Stiff Little Fingers: Alternative Ulster

Mimi and Richard Farina: House Un-American

**Blues Activity Dream** The Clash: 1977

Marshall Crenshaw: My Back Pages

John Cale & Suzanne Vega: So Long, Marianne

23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 Buzzcocks: What do I Get? Judy Henske: High Flying Bird X Ray Spex: Germ Free Adolescent Alternative TV: How Much Longer?

Phil Ochs: I Ain't Marching Anymore

UK Subs: Stranglehold

Bob Dylan: Desolation Row

The Heartbreakers: One Track Mind

Simon & Garfunkel: America

The Sex Pistols: Pretty

#### Listen Here



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

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



#### **ARTISTS:**

MOONJUNE 15 Year anniversary Show http://www.facebook.com/ moonjunerecords/?fref=ts Beledo

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Mark Wingfield

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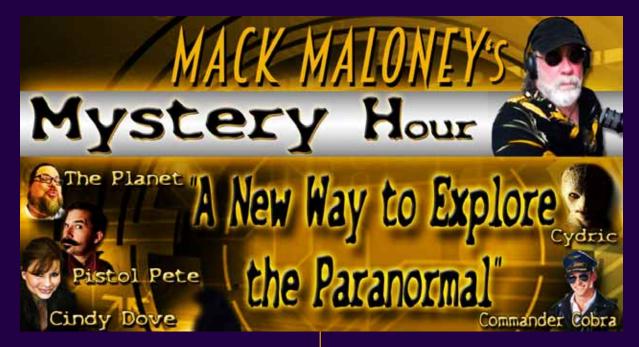
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Vasil Hadzimanov Band

Listen Here





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

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

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo



recording artists. He's been a radio host since

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

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

#### Et tu, Juan-Juan?

Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk to war reporter Benedetta Argentiere on the frontlines in Iraq and Syria, "Bookie to the Stars" Bill Mazzili comments on reports of alien manipulation in sports betting, Nancy Two Turtles on the proper way to talk to an alien on the phone; Chuck Stansberge on his latest adventure in the on-going Galactic War; Switchblade Steve talks about UFOs behaving badly in Brazil, and Cobra on a 1930s plan by some of America's elite to stage a coup in America and overthrow FDR. First show on the new Distant Thunder Radio Network.



Lister Here

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E



Helen Joanne "Jo" Cox (née Leadbeater) (1974 – 2016)

Cox was a British Labour Party politician. She was the Member of Parliament (MP) for the constituency of Batley and Spen from her election in May 2015, having retained the seat with an increased majority for Labour in the 2015 general election.

Born in Batley, West Yorkshire, and raised in nearby Heckmondwike, Cox graduated from the University of Cambridge in 1995 before working as a political assistant. She then joined the humanitarian charity Oxfam, where she rose to become head of policy.

On 16 June 2016, Cox was shot and stabbed multiple times in Birstall, where she had been due to hold meetings at a drop-in advice session for her constituents. She was left in critical condition and died from her injuries about an hour later.

This was "the first murder of an MP for more than a quarter of a century", since Ian Gow was assassinated in 1990, and the first serious assault on an MP since Stephen Timms was stabbed in an attempted assassination in 2010. Another example of

an attack on an MP while carrying out their constituency duties was the attack on then-MP Nigel Jones in 2000, resulting in the death of his assistant local councillor.



#### Henry Campbell Liken McCullough (1943 – 2016)

McCullough was a Northern Irish guitarist, vocalist and songwriter. He was best known for his work as a member of Spooky Tooth, Paul McCartney & Wings, The Grease Band and Sweeney's Men. He also performed and recorded as a solo artist and session musician.

McCullough first came to prominence in the early 1960s as the teenage lead guitarist with The Skyrockets. In 1964, with three other members of The Skyrockets, he left and formed a new showband fronted by South African born vocalist Gene Chetty, which they named Gene and The Gents.

In 1967 McCullough moved to Belfast where he joined Chris Stewart (bass), Ernie Graham (vocals) and Dave Lutton (drums) to form the psychedelic band The People. Later that year the band moved to London and were signed by Chas Chandler's management team, who changed the group's name to Éire Apparent. McCullough joined what was primarily a folk group called Sweeney's Men, by May 1968.

## THOSE WE HAVE LOST

After a year in Ireland, McCullough returned to London to work with Joe Cocker as a member of his backing band, the Grease Band.

In 1971 Paul McCartney asked McCullough to join band, Wings, alongside Denny Laine and Denny Seiwell. His guitar solo on "My Love" has been described as one of rock music's greatest solos. Musical differences with McCartney, however, saw McCullough leave on the eve of the Band on the Run sessions. He spent two years in the band, playing lead guitar on "Hi, Hi, Hi", "Live and Let Die" as well as "My Love". McCullough's spoken words "I don't know; I was really drunk at the time" can be heard on the Pink Floyd album The Dark Side of the Moon, at the end of the song "Money". He was recalling a fight he had the night before with his wife.

McCullough played concerts as a session musician with Roy Harper, Frankie Miller, Eric Burdon, Marianne Faithfull, Ronnie Lane and Donovan. In 1977 he temporarily joined Dr. Feelgood, following the departure of Wilko Johnson.

McCullough suffered a heart attack in November 2012, leaving him in critical condition. His death was mistakenly reported on Ronan Collins's RTÉ Radio 1 show on 7 November.

He died on 14th June 2016.

### Lincoln Wayne "Chips" Moman (1937 – 2016)

Moman was an American record producer, guitarist, and Grammy Award-winning songwriter. During the 1960s, Moman worked for Stax Records before founding the American Sound Studio in Memphis, Tennessee, and later worked extensively in Nashville. He was also a session guitarist for Aretha Franklin and other musicians.

During the late 1960s and early 1970s, American Sound became one of the most successful recording studios in the country, producing more than 120 charting singles by pop, soul, and country artists and



at one point contributing over a quarter of the hits on the Billboard Hot 100.

Moman left Memphis in 1971 and briefly operated a studio in Atlanta. He settled in LaGrange, Georgia, where he operated another recording studio. Moman recorded the first demo cut on the song "Always on My Mind". Mark James was working for him as a session musician and Wayne Carson was in the studio recording songs, Carson asking the co-writers to add a bridge to the song that Moman insisted it needed. The musicians felt the song was complete, but Moman refused to record it unless they came up with a bridge on the studio's old piano. The two-line bridge was then added. The song was passed to Elvis via a bodyguard and, consequently, it was not recorded by the studio despite originating in it.

Moman died on June 13, 2016

## THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Robert Allen "Bobby" Curtola, CM (1943 – 2016)

Curtola was an early Canadian rock and roll singer and teen idol, who began performing at age 15 with a band called Bobby and the Bobcats, singing at high school assemblies. Over the subsequent years, the singer had many songs on the Canadian music charts beginning with "Hand In Hand With You" in 1960. He was backed by the Corvettes, a group who changed their name to the The Martels (named after Curtola's manager, Maria Martell).

Curtola went on to record hits such as "Indian Giver", "Aladdin" and his biggest chart topper, "Fortune Teller" in 1962, which was also successful internationally, selling 2.5 million copies. Between 1960 and 1968 he had continual single and album releases on the Tartan label in Canada. The managers and main songwriters were brothers Dyer and Basil Hurdon. The Del-Fi label released some of those singles in the US. He wrote and performed the song "Things go better with Coca-Cola" in 1964 for advertising and was a pitchman for the company.

During his career, the singer achieved 25 Canadian gold singles and 12 Canadian gold albums. In 1998, in recognition of his long service to the Canadian music industry as well as his humanitarian work, particularly with children's charities, he was made a member of the Order of Canada.

In addition to his musical work, Curtola was a business entrepreneur, marketing a brand of tomato clam Caesar cocktail called SeaCzar for three years.

He died on June 4, 2016.



Tom Leppard (ne Tom Wooldridge) (? – 2016)

Also known as Leopard Man or the Leopard Man of Skye, Leppard was an English-born soldier previously considered by Guinness World Records to be the world's most tattooed man, and later recognised as the most tattooed senior citizen. He is said to have spent £5,500 on his extensive body modifications, which cover his skin nearly entirely with a leopard-like coloured pattern.

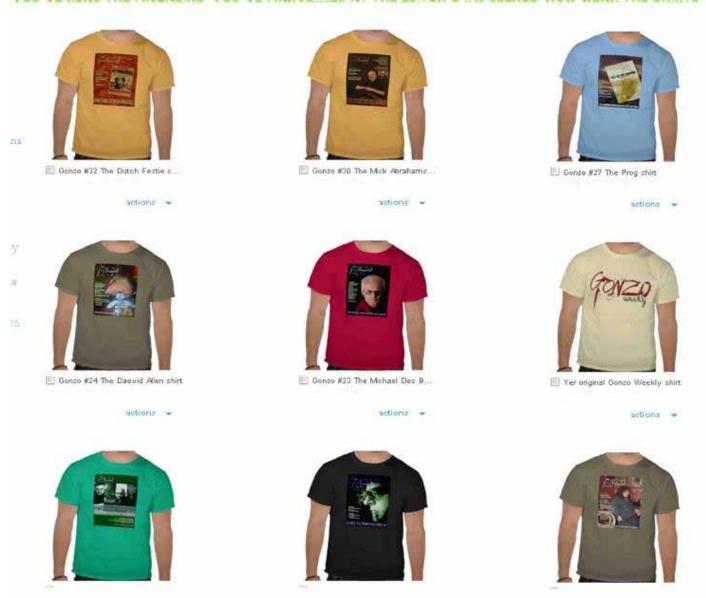
After nearly 30 years service in the armed forces he moved from London to a small bothy (hut) without electricity on the Isle of Skye, Scotland, where he lived for 20 years until 2008. He would travel by kayak to the mainland to buy supplies and pick up his pension once a week. He then moved to a larger house in Broadford, Skye. followed by sheltered accommodation on the outskirts of the city of Inverness.

He died aged 80 on 12 June 2016.

## THOSE WE HAVE LOST

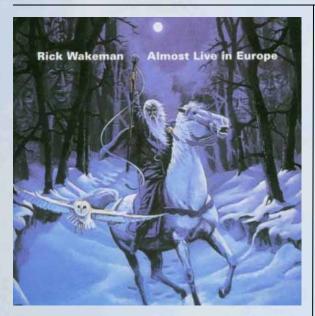


#### YOU'VE READ THE MAGAZINE YOU'VE MARVELLED AT THE EDITOR'S IMPUDENCE NOW WEAR THE SHIRTS



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

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



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

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



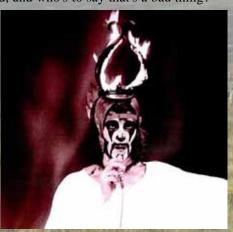
Artist Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come
Title The Lost Ears
Cat No. HST345CD
Label Gonzo

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



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

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

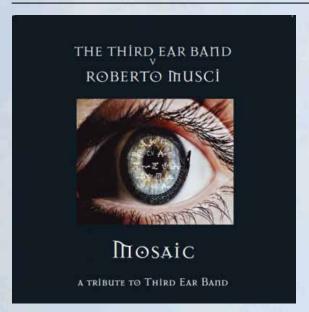




Artist Brand X
Title X-Communication
Cat No. HST416CD
Label Gonzo

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

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



Artist Third Ear Band
Title Mosaic (with Roberto Musci)
Cat No. HST411CD
Label Gonzo

Third Ear Band were a British musical group formed in the London in the mid-1960s. Their line-up was unusual, at first consisting of violin, cello, oboe and percussion, and most of their output was instrumental and partly improvised. Members came from The Giant Sun Trolley and The People Band to create an improvised music drawingon Eastern raga forms, European folk, experimental minimalism and medievalinfluences. They recorded two soundtracks, the first in 1970 for an animated filmby Herbert Fuchs of Abelard and Heloise (which first saw release as part 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 uniquemusic; a music that wrap and alienate you. The use of modal improvisations, with pentatonic and eptatonic scales derived from Arabian and Indian music culture, the mixing of particular timbre, the use of percussive rhythms with a metric dilatation, that ancestral call to the ritual music (from the ancient Egypt to the Druids). It's a strange sensation, but listening to their music it seems that sounds are stratificating on different levels and the listener loses the cognition of time.

The Mosaic Project

The lure to recreate that old music atmospheres for letting them live is still great in me. Basically the project was inspired by John Oswald's work who coined the expression

"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 that pictures linked to their specific iconography (ancient Egypt, Alchemy, Druids...)



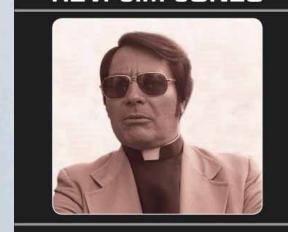
Artist Captain Beefheart
Title Live at the Country Club, Reseda,
California 1981
Cat No. GZO109CD
Label Gonzo

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

As Beefheart.com put it: "Autumn 1980 through January 1981 captain Beefheart and the Magic Band promoted their latest album, doc at the radar station, with a tour in Europe and the States. However, as

don hadn't performed live for well over a year and a half, it took a while before he found the right groove. After a terrible first week, the group came into shape (also because last-minute member Richard Snyder 'fell in place') and when the band returned to the USA in late november it was tight. One of the last concerts of what would turn out to be Beefheart's last tour, took place on 29.01.81 in one of the many towns surrounding Los Angeles"

#### **REV. JIM JONES**

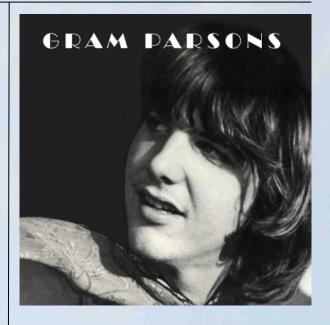


THEE LAST SUPPER

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

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

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



Artist Gram Parsons
Title Gram Parsons
Cat No. HST381CD
Label Gonzo

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

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



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

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

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

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

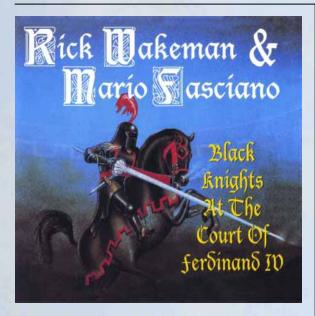
Includes backstage interviews with Mick and his guests, and - as you would expect from Mick - some amusing out-takes. A great energetic recording with Mick at his best.



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

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

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

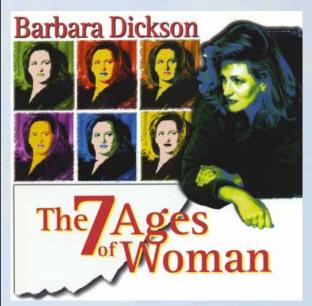


Artist Rick Wakeman
Title Black Knights at the Court of Ferdinand
4th
Cat No. MFGZ002CD

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

Artist Barbara Dickson
Title 7 Ages of Woman
Cat No. CTVP008CD
Label Chariot

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



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

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

In 1998 the Derbyshire Times wrote:

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

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



Bridget Wishart sang with Hawkwind during what some people (including yours truly) think was one of their most interesting periods. But what happened next?

#### 1. How did you first get involved with Spirits Burning

Good question!...I like telling this story. :-)

My daughter Hannah was a baby, so this must have been around 2003, and while she was napping one day I thought I'd Google what Hawkwind were up to...I came across the Hawkwind Museum, I hadn't done much surfing and found the site really interesting.

I hadn't realised how much interest there was in past and present band members so I posted on their guest page to let everyone know that I was still alive, married with a young daughter. Shortly after posting Dave Law got in touch, and arranged for me to do an interview for the website. He also kindly let me know that my posting left me open to being emailed by anyone

who read the post...he kindly removed the post but not before Ian Abrahams, the writer, had found the post and been in touch, that was how he found me and got an interview and some photos for his Hawkwind book, *Sonic Assassins*.

We got on well and went on to write *Festivalized*, a book about the free festivals. Sadly our publishers went bust at the crucial moment...anyways, I got off track a bit there...back to the question. Don, Spirits Burning's trusty multi-limbed leader read the



interview and asked Dave if he could pass on a message to me, inviting me to contribute to a track. At that time in my life I was adamant to stay 'retired' but had a few unused vocal tracks kicking around from a previous band that hadn't made it out of the living room. I sent Don one of these...It was the vocals for Salome. A month or so later he asked if I wanted to add another track...I had one more good recording; Another World, so I sent that. I didn't hear what became of the tracks until Don sent me a CD and vinyl copy of Alien Injection. I loved Salome but was less sure about Another World. That was the start of a long distance partnership that has been the most creative of my career.

#### 2. What did you do in the intervening years between Hawkwind and Spirits Burning?

Ahhh, this question covers a fair amount of ground. Some rather rocky...

After I left Hawkwind, I formed a duo called Daze with 2000DS guitarist Danny Smith. We wrote some great songs, did a few gigs and had a song or two played on local radio but Dan had some life issues to address so we folded the band. I got quite depressed. I'd given up my teaching job to tour and record with Hawkwind and it wasn't easy to find another one. I had a few interviews at schools and colleges in the area but remained unsuccessful in finding work.

My folks were really supportive and helped out financially so I could retrain. I did an intensive TEFL course. Got work teaching a student one to one and a few days at the local college but I knew to get proper work I'd have to go abroad. It was at this point that Klive (Farhead) approached me about his Techno Pagan project. He'd been Alan's roadie on the European Tour 90 and knew my interest and abilities with costume, performance and dance. He was interested in forming a UV theatrical dance troupe who would perform while he played. I was captivated by the idea and loved the music.

TEFL went out the window and in thru the outdoor came stripy costumes, metal trees, giant UV jellyfish and a troupe of crazy young people to choreograph. The gig I remember best was in Larkhall Square, Bath. Klive organised their local mardis gras on condition his band got the headline slot. We had a huge rig, Anarc Lights



Techno Pagan, Larkhall Square



Siam Tent WOMAD



A popular design and a fun shape...very tall:)



Ooops...Can't remember what the title of this collage is...it was sold from an Art Gallery in 2003



(Hawkwind's light show) and a massive crowd.

All the tree protesters came down from their trees and joined the crowds. Local kids sat on the stage and screamed in semi fear whenever a new costumed character came on stage. Chris Pink cranked the volume up and the neighbourhood quaked. Jeremy Guscott's wife came out of her cottage which was a few scant yards from the stage and screamed at the local butcher to pull the plug...the butcher looked at the shouting, dancing crowd and rightly decided to leave well alone...ahhh them were the days:-)

We did a Temple Ball gig in Reading at the Leisure Centre...there was a chap (Tim Carroll RIP) there who I met who was putting up some UV decor. I was struck by the idea of covering large areas of mundaneity (is that a word?) to create a conducive environment for gigs. When I was at Art College I worked with Installations and loved creating them. So when Klive and I had a falling out (I can be very stubborn and pigheaded!) I knew exactly where to go and what to do. Within a few weeks Tim and I had formed

a company called Temple Décor. We worked with the Temple Ball crew; Electric Groove Temple (host band) and Pogle (Anarc lights). I designed and we painted, sewed and created sympathetic, psychedelic UV drapes in order to create a Temple-like environment for raves and gigs.

We got a lot of work with WOMAD who loved our environments. By WOMAD 96 I was overworked, underpaid and highly stressed. I resigned but the damage to me wasn't so easily resolved. I became unstable and suffered a complete breakdown.

I was hospitalised after stowing away on an aeroplane at Heathrow. (Thought I was catching a flight to Mars) I spent four months in hospital, was sectioned twice, ran away twice, got as far as Gatwick, saw the inside of a few police stations and throughout all of it, everyone, the police, my friends, family and the hospital staff, they were all brilliant. As I gradually

recovered my health and stamina the thought of being creative through art or music was just unapproachable. I felt like I'd never draw another picture or write another song, ever! I wanted to find work where I could make a positive input into people's lives.

I worked for four years in the care sector looking after children and young adults with special needs. Now there's a challenging and rewarding and low paid job for you! The job played havoc with my back and after leaving to have Hannah I decided not to go back. I got a cleaning job which was the same money, not as fulfilling but totally less stressful. Gradually my creativity was seeping back. I became interested in designing cards, I did individual cards for friends and their children and was slowly setting up a business selling cards and collages.

The local art gallery took my collages and cards.



Jasper recording for Spirits Burning & Bridget Wishart

I was on the verge of expansion when I found that I had my music mojo back thanks to Don and to Steve Palmer from Mooch who played guitar on Another World, but only on condition that Don passed on my email address so he could invite me to contribute to his best CD ever; Dr Silbury's Liquid Brainstem band. The songs on this CD; Cycad, Sandman and Silver Violet Flame were my first song writing ventures in many years and then, once started, writing the first SB/BW CD, Earthborn, became a passion that overtook everything.

I still do collage and make cards for friends and family and also gain an immense amount of pleasure designing our CD covers. Karen Anderson does a fantastic job taking the artwork into the graphics world and creates a whole package that is always beautiful and carefully thought out.

#### 3. Where were your parts recorded?

I record all my parts at home. We have Ntrack recording software on the computer (designed by Flavio, an Italian programmer) and though Martin has since moved on to Reaper I'm a stubborn old dog and stick with what I know. Martin records

all his parts in Reaper :-)

We have a good recording mic, a Rhode I think, and a recording shield which is ace, plus the usual sound cards and a diddy mixing desk and a tone port that the mic's and guitars use.

When recording with the EWI my preferred option is to use it as a midi controller and use the Garritan software... a fab sampled orchestra...so I can be playing oboe or violin, cello whatever, but not sax, orchestras don't have a sax in them...too recent an invention I hear. Musicians local to us use our house to record their parts too...eg Richard Chadwick, (Hawkwind) and Jasper Pattison (Citizen Fish).

I have been in a professional studio to record; Rockfield, in Monmouth, with sound engineer Paul Cobbold, (fab bloke!) when we recorded Space Bandits. It was an unforgettable experience but I have to say I prefer no one around when I record, I quite often don't know where the song is going to go, what harmonies I'll find and quite often the lyrics need some rewriting as I go along. I need an empty house for the creative process to take place. I also like to make my experiments and mistakes in private :-). Once my parts are done to my satisfaction (tho' I have been known to later change my mind and do them again) I clean them up, bounce them down and upload the wavs to Don.

Then, once there has been more work done to the track by him/others, he uploads the results and we give each other feedback on the track, the process of addition and subtraction continues until we say yep that's it, that's our song! Sometimes they takes years to finish, sometimes just days.

#### 4. How long did the recording process take?

I guess you're talking about our third CD, Make Believe It Real? I checked with Don the other week as it seems to have been going on forever, we reckon this album has taken about three years start to finish.

Some musicians do take their time when contributing parts. It's understandable; they have other agendas and priorities and it's important they record when they feel ready



to...though it can be hard to be patient. :-)

We sent one of the songs, Skyline Signal to Keith Tha Bass (Here & Now) he said he wasn't too keen on it, so I sent a different one and passed the 1st song to Jasper (Pattison) who loved it.

Then around six months later when Keith sent his bass for Journey Past The Stars, it turned out he'd also decided to record a line for Skyline Signal too! Hah! :-) Don and I decided, as both performances were really good, to have both basses play on the track and, unusual though it is, they complement each other perfectly! Luckily, one is high and the other low.

#### 5. How does the compositional process work?

There are no hard and fast rules. Don or I usually start a track. If it's Don it usually has synths and a beat, if it's me it usually has just a BPM and the sung lyrics and lots of space. On the odd occasion we'll invite someone else to start a track. Don sometimes invites musicians to play on a track before it comes to me and sometimes I do the same. Martin might put some guitar on a song.

If I have a fixed idea of who I think would sound great on the track I might mention it to Don. Usually we go with the flow and send pieces out to musicians and see if they like the track and want to work on it. Some people find it challenging to be presented with a track that has nothing but a vocal line on it and prefer to play their part once others have filled in the gaps and others are inspired by the freedoms offered.

Quite often a piece will come back from different directions at the same time and the guitar will have been recorded at the same time as the bass but neither will have heard what the other musician did, and it will be up to Don and I to 'marry' the two tracks.

Sometimes the songs seem to have been already written with just vocals and a guitar there and the rest of the music is kind of filling out and adding to the song. At other times a song isn't written till the very last musician records their part and all of a sudden it all hangs together perfectly. There aren't many songs that fail to work. I think we left one off the first CD, one off the second and none off this one.

The last CD we did together, Bloodlines, had a historical theme running through it and many of the songs I felt needed a tight rein on them to ensure they stayed true to themselves...it is hard to argue for edits via email but I did! Lots and lots! This time round I vowed to let the songs flow more and that has been much easier for us both and our servers. Also with a Sci Fi/Fantasy theme running through the album space rock should always have galaxies far and wide to explore. So, although there are odd corners in the tracks where my fussy hat perks up, mostly, I am totally pleased and very proud with what we have created. The best yet! Oh yes:-)

#### 6. What is your next project?

Uhhh, lets see... I'm in the middle of recording tracks on an album called Moments with Hola One. Once finished the music will be available for free download. You can find Hola One on FaceBook and his music on Sound Cloud, a breath of fresh air :-) ...check out Mandragora's vocals they are exquisite.

With Don, I have some EWI parts to record for his SB/Starhawk project and we'll be starting work on our second Astralfish CD in the near future. Myself and Martin are still recording our Chumley Warner Bros CD, we are doing less live work this year with the plan that we will record more. Watch this space!

That's enough to be getting on with methinks. :-)



# Pouglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile SECURE AGAIN

The stage darkens. A tribal drumbeat, distorted into a machine-like grind, begins an ominous drone. From the rear of the auditorium, five musicians enter and walk slowly through the aisles, each beating a drum to "Rhythm of the Heat," the first track on Peter Gabriel's fourth album, his masterpiece Security (1982). The band reaches the stage and stands in line, continuing to pound out the opening meter, before Peter Gabriel slowly ascends a set of risers and climbs atop what looks like a jungle gym. He breathes in short huffs to the rhythm, then let's out a gut-wrenching, prolonged Jungian wail. So began the return of Peter Gabriel in his most physical, theatrical performance since departing from Genesis seven years prior. The Security tour presented Gabriel completely clad in black, in monkey-face makeup, using mime and kabuki moves to communicate the emotional highs and lows of his melancholic yet uplifting third and fourth records. It was and remains his most transcendent performance and just last week on May 25, 2016, I was witness to a sort of tribute show to that tour by the band security project (http://securityprojectband.com/ go/).

The *security project* band is more than tribute, more than a cover band. They alternate between faithful reproductions and re-interpretations of Gabriel's music and to a lesser extent his stagecraft during the period between 1980 and 1983. By that point in Gabriel's career, his band had gelled into a tight unit featuring David Rhodes (guitars), Tony Levin (bass), Larry Fast (keyboards) and Jerry Marotta (drums). Gabriel recorded three solo albums before *Security*, all self-titled, but referred to now as *Peter Gabriel (Car)* (1977), *Peter Gabriel (Scratch)* (1978) and *Peter Gabriel (Melt)* (1980), each based on the cover art. By the fourth self-titled album, referred to as *Security*, he had completely returned to form, equaling work with Genesis both on record and in concert. It's this album and the tour that followed which is the focus of the security project.

Drummer Jerry Marotta was a key member of Gabriel's band on the second through fourth records and he leads the security project. Marotta famously used almost no cymbals on the third and fourth albums, and for the tours supporting them. It was a fantastic concept, and the decision and execution contributed



http://diegospadeproductions.com/

# security project LIVE<sup>1</sup>



mightily to what was so special about the band at that time. The combination of Marotta and Levin as rhythm section not only grounded the music in deeply resonant tribal beats, but their output was often the most prominent sound on stage, leading songs and even melodies, while so often Fast and Rhodes were busy coloring the music with psychedelic or industrial flourishes. Appropriately, accomplished bassist/guitarist Trey Gunn is part of this project. Like Levin, Gunn is a unique and masterful musician, and his work in particular with this band does honor to the original sounds while carving out new territory with his trademark Warr guitar. Guitarist Michael Cozzi on guitar and David Jameson on keyboards and a unique keyed instrument called the Eigenharp round out the group with their exceptional playing.

Critically Marotta's search for a vocalist capable of capturing Gabriel's sound yielded gold. Brian Cummins excels in his interpretation of those classic vocals, down to very detailed inflections, growls and wails. Cummins does not attempt to recreate Gabriel's kabuki moves from that era, so key to the appeal of his performances, but it's no issue – better that he gives ever so slight nods to Gabriel's presence and movements, as this brings additional focus on the incredible combination of atmosphere and music that was the basis for this classic era.

The show began with "Lay Your Hands On Me." Famously during the latter song's original performance, after the call-response lyrics, "I am ready, I am willing, I believe, lay your hands on me" Gabriel stepped to the edge of the stage, turned his back to the audience, and fell into the sea of waiting arms. Cummins wisely skipped this bit of stagecraft but nailed the songs deeply evocative vocals, while the band firmly established their credentials. During the evening we were treated to examinations of the unwanted voyeur of "Intruder," the emotionally neglected sniper of "Family Snapshot," the man with "No Self Control," and a fantastic version of "Games Without Frontiers" which drifted into an extended musical interlude led by Gunn's unique serpentine

leads on touch guitar. Cummins' brilliant reading of the somber Gabriel classic "Here Comes The Flood" was spectacular. During the evening, Marotta came out from behind the drums to address the audience, telling us stories of his time with the band, recalling the show in San Francisco which came after a very cold swim in the pacific ocean with Gabriel, continuing with other recollections of their time together. The show ended as Gabriel's had so many times, with a somber performance of the protest anthem "Biko" written about the tragic 1977 death of South African anti-apartheid activist Stephen Biko while in police custody. It was easy to bring to mind images of the vintage concerts while Cummins sang the words "and the eyes of the world are watching now, watching now" and the entire audience him for the fist-pumping chant.

This was a thoroughly enjoyable celebration of the music of Peter Gabriel during his early solo career. It definitely suggested that Gabriel's recent long tour celebrating the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary of *Security's* follow-up *So* would have been so much more rewarding for his original fans had it been focused instead of *Security* and that era's lineup. *So* though packed with great music and it ushered in a period of much greater commercial success for this artist. From that point on, Gabriel worked with a procession of keyboard players and drummers who more easily fit the comparatively lighter mood of that work. For those of us who like our Gabriel a bit more dark and disturbing, who are open to music that's a bit more emotionally overpowering, the security project comes highly recommended.

#### The Band:

Jerry Marotta - Drums & Percussion, Backing
Vocals
Trey Gunn - Warr Guitar, Backing Vocals
Brian Cummins - Lead Vocals
Michael Cozzi - Guitars, Backing Vocals
David Jameson - Keyboards, Eigenharp



### NEIL'S PROMISE OF REAL PSYCHEDELIC DREAMS



#### NEIL YOUNG AND PROMISE OF THE REAL

Glasgow's Scottish Exhibition Centre Hydro. Hardly an intimate venue for a 2016 meet-up with The Man, Neil Young. A venerable, veritable deity. Still making waves, pushing boundaries and being noisily, publicly grumpy.

We in the UK were anticipating a treat, or two, or even half a dozen. We get those and more. A mighty mix and mash-up of a performance. Starting slow and intimate with Neil in absolutely great voice firstly on just solo piano and harp - old favourites from the tapestry of many of our lives, commencing with, 'After the Goldrush', then followed with 'Heart of Gold', 'Comes a Time' and 'Needle and the Damage Done'. Members of his young band, Promise of the Real, had first shambled on stage, spreading grain symbolically - we know that 70 year-old Neil's current passion is to campaign with his new lover, Daryl Hannah, against GM crops and Monsanto in particular, anticipation of the release of his new album, 'Earth', due out mid June.

'Will this just be an anti-Monsanto evening?' many of us were thinking. We got plenty of that later, but first we were re-acquainted with shambling Neil, in an old grey-black, shapeless

hat and matching coat, t-shirt and baggy trousers. Music's ultimate drifter, an ageing loser, a share-cropper long out-of-time, place and fashion. An icon from the wrong side of the tracks. But, his voice is more powerful and lonesome than often of yore. A spell-binding, joyous blend of magickal and epic proportions. And from the first moment on stage Neil was playing tricks on us. We hadn't even spotted him crouched, indeed slumped, at the piano.

Following his solo spot on piano, acoustic guitar, semi-acoustic and harmonium, we were treated to string of more greatest hits, interspersed with his eco, Mother Earthfriendly newer numbers, at first presented with fairly reverential support from his obviously talented and musically accomplished band. Two drummers, one on congas, and three guitarists.

From accord to discord. Every long song is real long tonight. And every twisted guitar chord and scream is teased out. The words of songs resonate, but the guitar and wall of sounds interplay is the special ingredient of this particular Neil Young in 2016. Still 'ornery,

#### alan dearling



A pic of Neil from Howie Armstrong above.







cantankerous, pleading for the safe keeping of old traditions, the days of outlaws and of small farms and a caring attitude for the 'Earth'. And every song, every refrain is sung back by the lovelorn crowd. It is somehow ultimately majestic. With songs stretching into two, four, six and seven near-endings as the incendiary guitar duels rise and wail around the massive Hydro Arena. Elongated, elevated versions of 'Mansion on the Hill', 'Words', 'Monsanto Years', the inevitable, 'Down by the River', 'Wolf Moon', and a toe-curling, 'Love and Love Only'. This is Guitar Terrorism that brings a smile, yet also raises the hairs on the back of the neck and leaves the ears and head echoing and reeling for hours after the sonic bombardment. Neil waved and smiled at us,

with us, and with his bandmates. Twenty-one songs in all. A rare and special treat.

And look out for Promise of the Real. Excellent musos, making new friends in Glasgow and around the Eco-World! And for those of us at Glasgow's Hydro, we were blessed with two and three quarter hours of Pure Neil and more than a few Promises of the Real. Such memorable hours and minutes in the company of the Maestro and his new musical magicians. Lots of senile delinquents and a few younger music fans rockin' their socks and a few other parts off. The only slight measure of 'disquiet' discussed afterwards in the Glasgow pub, 'The Griffin', is the relative quality of the lyrics in the newer songs compared with the old favourites. The



newer ,anti-war, anti-commercial agriculture songs seem anthemic enough, but slightly lacking in subtlety. But, the energy and verve of the psychedelic musical interplay is great.

And a very, very extraordinary shared experience even by Neil Young's high standards. And they even encored 'Fuckin' Up!" Just for fun...

And as a rather sad footnote: Our tickets had promised us 'special guests'. And my friend Howie had heard in advance that this would be Laura Marling in Glasgow. Indeed it was. Exactly at 7.30 pm, perfectly on time, the stage lit brightly up and Laura announced herself and her band, "We are Laura Marling." As an artist she has an interesting Joni-like vocal range and some good songs. Sadly for her and us in the audience, her performance was swamped in wave after wave of bass resonance. An unpleasant engulfment of rumbling noise sweeping up into the Hydro, at least from all the vantage points in the higher seating areas. It actually became unpleasant and even a bit painful. Someone at the sound console either couldn't care less or was being lazy. Thankfully it wasn't the Hydro acoustics or the mixing gear or PA - these proved superb throughout the various sections of Neil's musical play!

Here's a link to fan site and one of their pics of the final bow taken by Promise of the Real, plus video from the concert in Glasgow:

http://www.rusted-moon.com/2016/06/neil-young-glasgow-2016.html

This was the first stop in the 2016 'Rebel Content' Tour.

Promise of the Real actually includes:

- Neil Young vocals, acoustic guitar, electric guitar, piano, pump organ, harmonica
- Lukas Nelson electric guitar, piano, vocals
- Micah Nelson electric guitar, electric charango, piano, vocals
- Corey McCormick bass, vocals
- Anthony Logerfo drums
- Tato Melgar percussion

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

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





ME ARE MACMILLAN CANCER SUPPORT

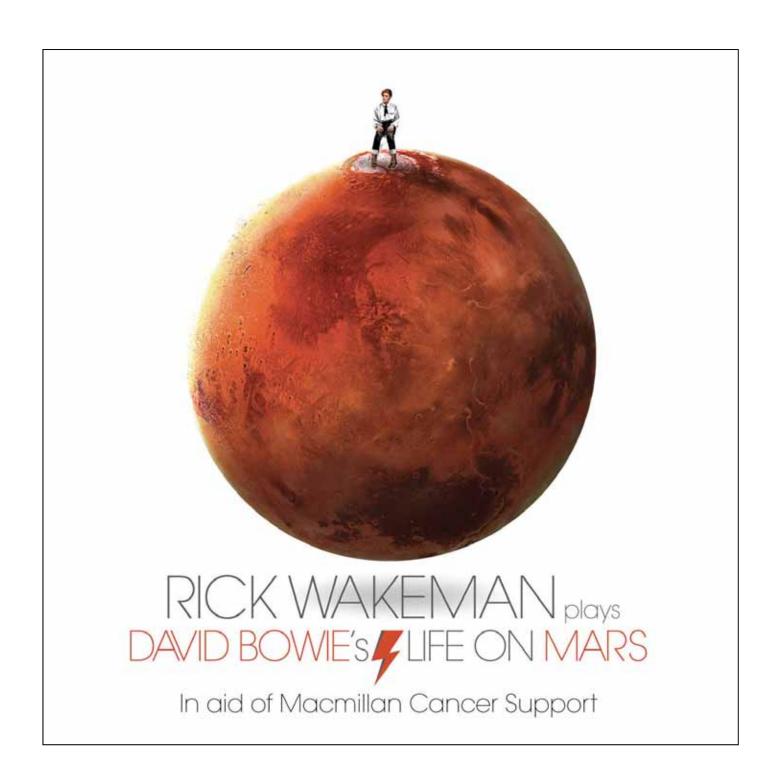
Cancer can be the loneliest place, and can leave you with many questions. Our cancer information specialists are here for you or a loved one.

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tin Cancer Support, registered charity in England and (261017), Scotland (SC039907) and the Isle of Man (604)

Find out more about Zahida, a specialist on the Macmillan Support Line, at macmillan.org.uk/Zahida





Paul Kantner Celebration of Life Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> June 2016 (Haight St, San Francisco, USA)

#### Part 1

The 22 wheels of the British Airways A380 finally kissed the tarmac of San Francisco's International Airport, annoyingly 5 hours late. Bang goes Friday evening in the city, but at least I was here, and still with over 24 hours to go.

The city set in the bay, is one of modern music's (and culture's) most important creative hubs, especially the explosion of great sounds that emerged in the mid to late 1960s and beyond, the 'West Coast Sound'. This friendly, warm and tolerant city and it's immediate area have spawned many great and hugely important psychedelic artists, The Grateful Dead, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Steve Miller Band, It's A Beautiful Day, Big Brother (with Janis Joplin), Santana, Doobie Brothers, Country Joe, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Moby Grape, Blue Cheer and of course Jefferson Airplane who morphed into Jefferson Starship (and Hot Tuna). Incredibly we lost two original members of JA on the same day earlier this year, January 28<sup>th</sup>, the original lady singer, Signe Anderson, and the commander of the ship, Paul Kantner (see Gonzo 167 & 168). The remaining members of the Starship decided to play a free special concert, on a Sunday afternoon in early summer, on the streets of the city that Kantner called home. The suitably poster billed Quicksilver



Messenger Service as support! It took me 30 seconds to decide I wanted to be there. I had always assumed this type of experience was effectively now back in history, literally. I never dreamed I might just get a taste of what those late 60s gigs must have been like.

I got up early on Saturday morning and found a classic American diner just around the corner from the hotel (who were playing Prefab Sprout in the lobby area). After a plateful of ham and eggs, hash browns and sourdough toast, washed down with cups of weak coffee, I leapt into a taxi and headed for Pier 39 at Embarcadero, for my 6 hour whale-watching trip out under the Golden Gate bridge and onto the Pacific. The weather for the whole weekend was perfect, blue skies, temp around 20-25 during the day, just right. The photo-bomber on my 'under the bridge' shot turned out sadly to be bang on the money, as I discovered when I checked the news later in the

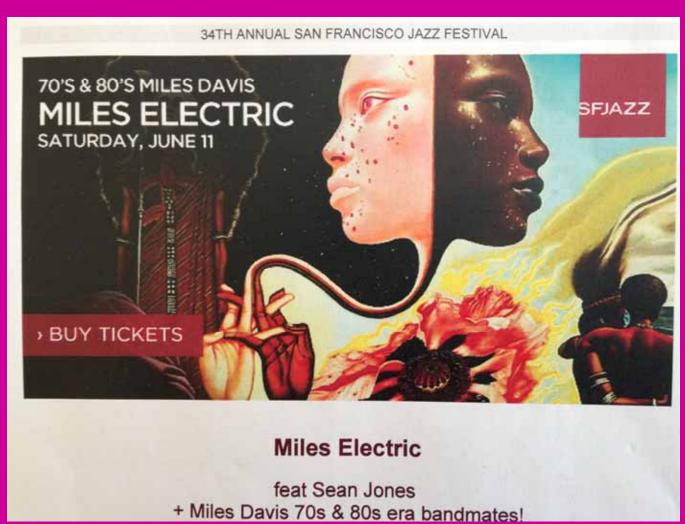
afternoon, back in the hotel. Had a great time out on the ocean though, with 5 or so humpbacks and a single, massive, blue whale seen. After a shower back at the hotel, I changed and took a walk along Market Street for tonight's gig. I was heading for the SFJazz Center, a purpose built building with gigs on every day, to see some of Mile Davis's ex-musicians. I passed a billboard advertising gigs at the Bill Graham Civic Auditorium, the legendary manager and promoter of many of the bands and famous gigs from the golden days. In a window on Monday morning, I noticed a book, Bill Graham Presents, his autobiography, which I bought and started reading on the plane home. It seems a well written, gripping inside account of those times, can't wait to read more. There are a lot of people living on the streets, a lot. Many of them looked like they needed to be in care, a guy crawling around on a street corner ranting at ants, a young women just down the street from him also





ranting and raving and trying to kick the hell out of a newspaper stand. Expensively dressed ladies driving by in their luxury cars just yards away (Steely Dan's 'San Francisco show and tell?) Market Street's seemed predominately black folk, and the sweet smell of Mary Jane seemed rather common all of a sudden, nice. California allows the use of the holy plant for medical reasons currently. I hadn't had time to see my Doc before I left, but I was determined to get Gonzo on Sunday somehow. I like quite of lot of jazz, it's a very pure music, although I don't know a great deal about it. It's always struck me as American music too. I had pre-bought my ticket online and so grabbed a quick Californian dinner at a chilled-out place around the corner before heading in.

This group of musicians was going to play some stuff from Mile's 'Electric Period', I know I have Tutu somewhere in my CD collection, and this period includes Bitches Brew, and other albums which have fusion/ rock leanings rather than Davis's more pure jazz fare. The auditorium was perfect, the SQ fantastic. A relatively large PA system in a small hall meant it could handle multiple instruments clearly and cleanly, given a mixer who knew their job properly, which tonight's certainly did. It was about 34 full, and about a 50% mix of white and black folk. Jazz in the UK is usually white folk. I was slightly dreading a somewhat freeform noise most of the time but it really was a quite superb performance. Anchored by the drummer throughout, they played a number of pieces which allowed a lot of really good, tasteful solos. There were 11 players on stage, including a percussionist, an Indian hand-drummer and a guy dressed as if he just walked out of a desert in Central Asia, playing a tambourine! Even he took a solo, building up to playing three simultaneously, an almost circus-like feat, but at his peak he sounded like a full drum kit, quite astonishing to see and hear. The guitarist looked like he just beamed in from Mars. Their set opened with D.J. Logic 'playing' samples of Miles's himself, which







were really effective and a complete contrast to the real musical instruments that followed. Two piano/keys, bass and sax formed the rest of the band. Their hour and 45 minute set just flew by, really refreshing stuff. American audiences like to get involved too, so lots of applause after each solo and shouted encouragement throughout. I walked back to the hotel after dark buzzing, wondering what tomorrow would bring.

http://mileselectricband.com (you can listen to some of their stuff here)

Sunday dawned, after another diner breakfast I trooped off again along a sunny Market Street, this time heading for the Haight. I passed a just getting busy market by the UN Plaza, the stalls groaning with fresh local produce and smells of cooking. Most of the bums were still asleep this time, the city was still waking up. They still make beautiful girls in California I am pleased to report, lots of them. I walked up

the steep part of the Haight Street, past Buena Vista Park and then it levels out, the police had erected a roadblock. The rest of the street was pedestrian only with a small stage being set up. I slowed down to peruse the market stalls which had been set up. Clothing, food, fresh organic lemonade stalls and then I heard a voice cry out ' Medicinal Choc-Chip Cookies'. I headed straight for an old bearded freak who was standing behind a stall, be-decked with spliff flags and posters. Morning said I, what's the score? They were being sold singly or in bags of five for twenty bucks I was informed. How many do I need quoth I? One will put a good smile on your face for the afternoon replied he...Ill take five then please. I picked up my first Lemonade and walked along munching my first cookie. Humm, it didn't taste of cookie or chocolate, just the guest ingredient, oh dear. At the Stanyan St end of Haight was the main stage, which looked rather small and low. I thought it was going to be in the park but no, in the middle of the street itself, right outside Amoeba Records. I was also



shocked at the relatively small space for the audience, which basically just had to back up Haight St, which isn't very wide. In fact, the immediate area reminded me of the Portobello Rd in London in the early 1970s, our alternative hotspot at the time.

Ameoba was on my hit list too so I went on in. It's a vast, almost warehouse, size record and CD store, in a former bowling alley. It has a huge choice of music, all types, and they sell a lot of secondhand stuff too. As always when I actually go into a record shop my mind went blank (there may have been other factors starting to come into effect) but I spent an enjoyable half an hour rummaging around and came away with a F.Z. CD and a Jorma Kaukonon solo LP (Quah) on record. They were also selling original gig posters from the 60s and 70s, displayed high on the walls. Music had started up outside so I went back out into the Californian sunshine to suss things out. A local band called

Waves of Silver, youngers with a young lady singer. They were pleasant enough, her voice was slightly flat I thought. Fuck me, I'm standing on Haight St, on a sunny summer Sunday, at a free community festival, starting to cruise nicely thanks to Captain Cookies, with the imminent prospect of Quicksilver and Jefferson Starship playing live, just a few yards away from me. It doesn't get better than this, time for another cookie and lemonade methinks.

Part 2 (in the next issue of Gonzo) Quicksilver Messenger Service Live!



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#### **DOGLEG**



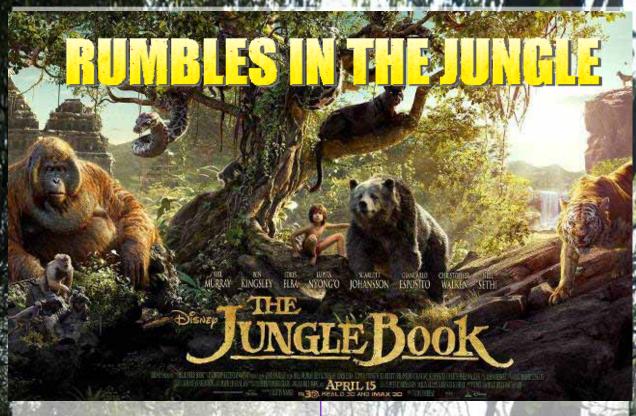
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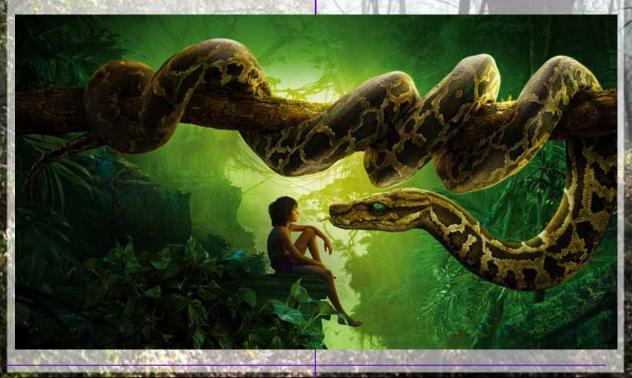
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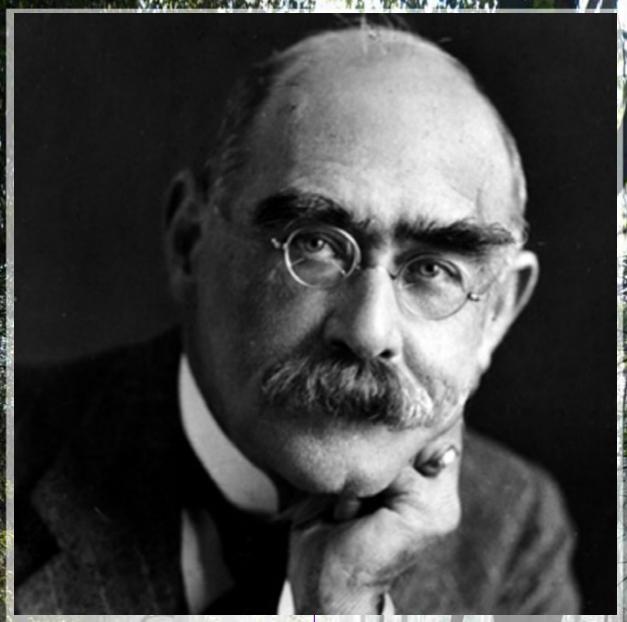
#### The Jungle Book Disney 2016 Directed by Jon Favreau

Ask the average person in the street about 'The Jungle Book' and they will almost certainly think of Disney's 1967 cartoon

with its singing animals. Few people have read Rudyard Kipling's two collections of short stories *The Jungle Book* (1894) and *The Second Jungle Book* (1895). Kipling wrote the books for his daughter Josephine, who died in 1899 aged six. The books are a dark and wonderful fantasy invoking darkest India where nature is red in tooth and claw, and



# RUMBLES IN THE JUNGLE



the wild places are still untamed. A theme that runs through the books is an honour among beasts and a resistance to the destructive ways of man. 'The Jungle Books' are truly some of the finest pieces of literature that the UK has ever produced.

It is all the more enraging that Disney chose to cheapen and bastardize Kipling's work in his wretched cartoon. Walt Disney famously advised his animators not to read the original books so that they would not be influenced by the dark tales therein.

Instead we have an infantile pantomime in which Kaa the python, Mowgli's friend and

oldest and wisest teacher, who rescues Mowgli from the Cold Lairs when he is kidnapped by the monkey tribe, or Bandar Log, is transformed into a cowardly villain playing second fiddle to Shere Khan. The reason? Walt Disney thought that right wing Christians in the USA would never accept a snake in a heroic roll.

To add insult to injury Disney added new characters to the story including King Louie the orang-utan (not native to India) as the king of the Bandar Log (who by rights have no king).

Even the animation is poor and all the darkness and wonder of the originals is lost

in a tide of saccharine nonsense. Walt Disney himself also deliberately mispronounced Mowgli's name.

All of the above are unpardonable crimes against literature. Disney seems to have a flair for raping classic British books. They also produced an execrable animated version of T.H. White's *The Sword in the Stone*.

Not satisfied with this, the odious Disney corporation have returned again and again to besmirch Kipling's books with a live action 1994 version that also makes Kaa a villain and includes the spurious King Louie. In this version the animals are struck dumb.

In 1998 an even worse film was released by Disney studios direct to video. *The Jungle Book: Mowgli's Story* features African chimpanzees as the Bandar Log (who live in

the '67 film's song 'The Bear Necessities' ... Jesus Christ on a god damn bike.

Well I've procrastinated over Disney's past crimes long enough. How about their latest offering?

Well it is certainly a triumph of special effects. All of the thousands of animals on screen are CGI and very well rendered too. The animators must be congratulated for their attention to detail. Early on in the film there is a scene where all the jungle animals are crowded around a drinking hole during a drought. In the crowd can be seen some pink headed ducks (*Rhodonessa caryophyllacea*). This is a species with cryptozoological connotations. Believed extinct since the 1950s, reports suggest that it may still be hanging on in the wetlands of northern Burma. British cryptozoologist Richard Thorns has taken a number of expeditions

# "Re-imagined the characters from the 1967 animated film as youngsters and featured a hip-hop version of the '67 film's song 'The Bear Necessities' ... Jesus Christ on a God damn bike".

'monkey town rather than the Cold Lairs) as well as having African baboons, South American macaws and a North American skunk in it.

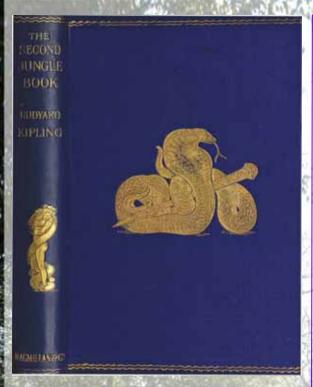
Unbelievably, in 1990, Disney developed a cartoon series called *Talespin* that cast Baloo the bear, another of Mowgli's venerable teachers, as a 1930s bush pilot in an Indonesia type setting with Shere Khan as a corrupt business mogul. Yes, you read that correctly, and no I've not been drinking.

The height of stupidity was reached in the 1996 Jungle Cubs that re-imagined the characters from the 1967 animated film as youngsters and featured a hip-hop version of

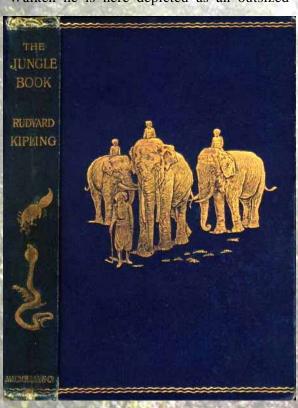
into the area in search of them.

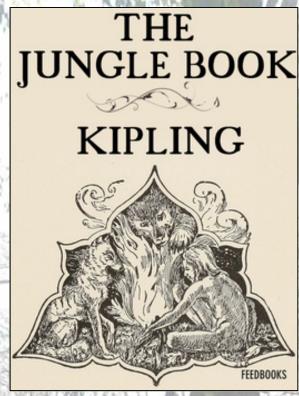
Mowgli himself is played by Neel Sethi who puts in an impressive performance. Considering he was acting against nothing, the CGI animals created later, he really does make a believable Man Cub. The voice cast is impressive with the charismatic Idris Elba suitably menacing as Shere Khan, Ben Kingsley as Bagheera and Bill Murry as Baloo.

On the downside Baloo is shown as a rather lazy and dim-witted bear rather than the wise tutor of the books. Again Kaa (voiced here by Scarlett Johansson) is once again a villain who attempts to devour Mowgli.



The anachronistic King Louie turns up, this time rationalized as a *Gigantopithicus blacki*, a monster ape known from fossilized teeth and jaw bones found in India, China and Vietnam, the latest of which are some 300,000 years old. Voiced by Christopher Walken he is here depicted as an outsized





Bornean orang-utan (*Pongo pygmaeus*) rather than the erect walking putative yeti we are more familiar with.

Whilst being far, far superior to other Disney efforts over the years, this version of *The Jungle Book* falls far short of capturing the dark majesty of Kipling's books. I would direct interested viewers to Zoltan Korda's 1942 version film *Jungle Book* staring Sabu Dastagir as Mowgli. This version treats the source material with the upmost respect and evokes the books in a way no other film has done since.

As I write, the fine actor Andy Serkis is working on a Universal Pictures version of *The Jungle Book*. Directing and playing Baloo he will be joined by Benedict Cumberbatch as Shere Khan, Christian Bale as Bagheera and Cate Blanchett as Kaa.

Without the yoke of Disney and the long, childish shadow of the '67 cartoon, we may see the finest version of Kipling's timeless classics since the 1940s.

3/10

### WORDS FROM THE VEARD



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

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

ne of our friends had been in India for a few months and, before he left, he had sent some small statues back to England. When he came back he collected these and revealed that he had stuffed the insides with Nepalese temple balls. This is a very potent form of hash. Quite gooey and oily in texture and the only way to roll a joint with it was to pinch of a small piece, roll it into a long thin string and place that in the papers and tobacco. He gave us all a couple each as Christmas presents and we found that, at first, it knocked us out totally. After a while we got used to it a bit. Tony and I had to go to do a New Year's Eve show with Cayenne in a disco in Dartford called 'Flicks' (I remembers this because one of the band's wives saw it written in his diary and, because of his bad handwriting, thought it read 'Fucks' and thought he was going to a sex party). When we arrived we were immediately collared by Roy Davies the keyboard player.

'Have you got anything to smoke?' he asked, knowing we usually had a bit of puff.

'Yes, but you don't want it before the show,' I answered. 'It is temple ball and it will wipe you out.'

He said he had been smoking for years and nothing wiped him out any more, but we put him off – for the moment at least. After the soundcheck was over, and we had been off to eat, we came back to the hall and he started again.

'Just a little one then, come on, I have not been able to get anything since Christmas.'

We had planned to have a little smoke ourselves so we rolled a very light spliff and shared it with him just before they went on stage. The show usually started with a keyboard riff, which would usually end in some syncopated chords and the whole band would then launch into the first number. Roy sat down at the piano and began to play, and play and play. Head down he launched into a flurry of improvised riffs and arpeggios, and after a good five or six minutes he looked up. The band had all raised their instruments as he started but, by this time, they had lowered them again and were all looking at Roy. He played the intro chords and they made a rather ragged start. When the show was over he came to us and said.

'I see what you mean. I started to play and forgot I was at a gig. I thought I was at home just playing to myself. I was totally lost in it all. I can see why you said I should not have smoked it before the gig.'

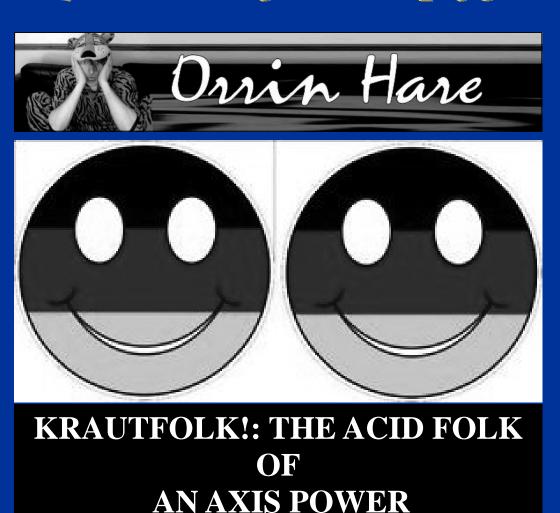
We gave him a little bit as a New Year's present. Cayenne did a few gigs for the Royal Free Hospital including one with Ron Carthy's old band Gonzalez. I was on my way to that in my old Morris Minor when the wheel came off. This was a common problem with these old cars and I knew all about it so I jacked it up and started to dismantle the swivel bracket at the bottom of the steering leg. The torsion bar was held on by a single bolt but that was rusted solid. I took a hacksaw to it, and when it finally gave, the hacksaw went straight through into my left thumb. I could see the bone! I got out a handkerchief and wrapped it round the wound and then applied some gaffa tape. There was a breaker's yard just around the corner so I got a new swivel from them and reattached it to the car. I stopped off at home to clean the dirt and grease from my hand, but left the wounded thumb. I then drove to the gig and did the soundcheck, trying not to get the blood that was dripping from my hand, onto the desk. When I had finished I asked one of the nurses if she could slip me into A&E to get someone to look at my thumb. She took me through and let me jump the queue. When they took the gaffa and blood soaked bandage off they were shocked to see my thumb all black, but I explained it was from the car and not the onset of gangrene. They cleaned it up and dobbed a blob of swarfega into the wound to get it clean as well - now that hurt more than the injury had. Finally they gave me 4 stitches and I was able to go back and do the gig. Good job it was at a hospital.

John Trelawney had been a friend of Manfred Mann's for some time and knew many of the other local musicians who would hang out in The Workhouse Studio in the Old Kent Road. Manfred had just bought a big house just outside Lewisham and was having it redecorated. This was being done by a guy called Thomas Smith who had taken up residence in the loft rooms while he did the job. It was a pretty big task because the house had been three floors of bed sits, each with several layers of white emulsion daubed over woodchip wallpaper, even more layers of white gloss paint on the woodwork, and sinks and cookers in every room. Manfred wanted it turned back into a family house. The task was to strip each room back to the bare wood and plaster, repair the surfaces and re-decorate. Manfred put the word out among all of the many unemployed musicians that there was some casual work going helping Thomas, and I took the opportunity to do this. There were not many takers because it was messy work, but one of the other guys who was there working was Steve 'Boltz' Bolton. Steve had been the guitarist who had taken over from John Du Cann in Atomic Rooster in 1971 and he had played with many local bands and sessions in The Workhouse. At the time he was fronting his own band, The Vampire Bats From Lewisham. We became good friends during that time. At one point we were both stripping a room down to the flaky distemper that had been put on the walls back in the '40s. The radio was playing as we were washing this down and they played the Atomic Rooster hit 'Devil's Answer'. The radio announcer launched into the standard cliché:

'Atomic Rooster there, from 1971, and I wonder where they all are now?'

'Covered in shit, washing a wall for Manfred Mann,' was Boltz's immediate response.





hat happens to a people when they lose a war? There were an awful lot of Germanese & Japanians pondering precisely this about seventy years ago. And, of course, they did what all sensible people forced to scurry together some semblance of meaning from the rubble of previous certainties and the ashes of collapsed arrogances would do: an absolute shit-ton of drugs.

Everyone knows that a tab of acid is a perfect way to start the day, but it IS possible to do it to excess. Luckily, Germany's brave musical pioneers did exactly this, and thus empowered, set about putting their own distinctive spin on the psychedelic folk music that had come wafting over the North Sea in a dope- and armpit-scented miasma during England's summer, autumn and winter of love. Let's call it Krautfolk, for want of a better word.

Psychedelic or acid folk emerged in Britain when musicians hooked on powerful hallucinogenic drugs and American popular music also found themselves hooking unexpectedly into the golden chain of traditional British folk music (which had survived near obliteration at the end of the previous century through the efforts of cultural archivists and had already undergone at least two national revivals before the end of the Sixties), discovering an almost eerie fit with their existing psychedelic sound and ideals.

Out sprang Britain's folk rock scene, with its Fairport Conventions and Pentangles, all leafy and pastoral, steeped in dreams of the benign British countryside and its almost vanished traditions, the debatable charms of childhood, and that queasy Albion quaintness that only foreigners and people with eyes sandpapered to innocence by acid can express without wincing. By the end of the decade, however, if you dug around in the

undergrowth, you would have found something a little different (might we even say, a little more interesting?), trickling a strange little current all of its own alongside the mainstream river of folk rock. This was acid folk: a place where groups like The Incredible String Band and Comus did infinitely sophisticated and wonderful things, and were ignored. Although not, as we shall discover, by everyone.

While Britain's hippies were rediscovering the pleasures of their regional folk music, the situation was a little different in Europe. In Germany, the nation's folk tradition had been carefully tended and encouraged by the state alongside other

and involved in the birth of Kosmische music/ Krautrock at the end of the '60s would be moonlighting in the creation of psychedelic folk music, when their compatriots were explicitly working towards the creation of new and untarnished German aesthetics and identities to help fill the cultural vacuum left after the wreckage left by the previous generation had been swept away?

The boundaries of the acid folk scene were never fully drawn and it can be difficult to fully separate the barely-there psychedelic tinge of some acid folk groups from the more psychedelic moments of the decade's more conventional folk rock scene, but

"authentic expressions of the German people", as part of the Third Reich's *Blut und Boden* romanticism, so as the defeated and occupied country fumbled around in the post-war years for things it could safely feel German about, the folk music tradition remained in the shadow of the *verboten* agent behind the flourishing of these and similar Germanic cultural properties: the now more than a little embarrassing eccentricities of National Socialism.

It was only to be expected then that the post-war generation of Germans would have a problematic relationship with their nation's traditional music, recognising that below its surface appeal lay a narcotic mix of emotions coiling around ideas of place and nation, which bitter experience had taught them not to indulge. What German would now want to flirt with reactionary practices like the expression of a primal national German identity in the form of traditional culture? Folk music should have been tainted for a generation of young Germans, Austrians and Bavarians.

Still, at the beginning of the '70s, Krautfolk happened. Why was it that musicians from the radical student underground of left-wing communes

I think the reason why such a radical culture could embrace such an ostensibly reactionary – and even dangerously nationalistic – musical form, could have something to do with one of the key differences between conventional folk rock and acid folk: it's much deeper connection to psychedelic culture, which saturated its sound and imagery.

Crucially, and of particular importance to German musicians, acid folk's universalist psychedelic ideals helped it transcend any pure exploration of national folk tradition and myth in favour of a multicultural, polyglot approach, with musical ideas and instrumentation sourced from many different regions and traditions. To give one example, the importance of India in hippy culture was a crucial building block in the development of psychedelia's sonic landscape, and this and other eastern elements help expand acid folk's sound away from any narrow regionalism, with the continent's trancelike repetitions and use of drone having at least as much impact as surface exoticisms like the tabla and sitar.

I would argue that acid folk "felt" safe because it

wasn't trying to reconstruct something authentic or pure, and it didn't attempt to connect its audience emotionally, dangerously, back to any single heritage of land and race.

Ironically, it took English underground musicians in the 1980s to self-consciously row folk music all the way back to *Blut und Boden*, as in a strange recapitulation of the way avant-garde Krautrock had birthed a parallel track of German folk, often using the same personnel, musicians involved in the experimental Industrial music scene, itself inspired by the pioneering work of electronic Krautrock bands, also found themselves drawn to the transgressive possibilities offered by folk music's homeland heart-tug.

Stopping off for musical inspiration in the weirder fringes of 1960s acid folk and the relentless psychopastoral attack of bands like Comus, and less than a decade after the 1976 stage debut of Industrial music pioneers Throbbing Gristle, Neofolk groups like Sol Invictus and Death In June flung themselves back in time like an antagonistic custard pie, combining an introverted and deliberate esotericism with a garish manifesting of the shivery implications of race, ritual and nationalism that European folkies had spent more than forty years trying to forget. Here was folk music, unmuzzled, and it's unlikely that its Krautfolk forebears would have been too surprised when these latest ambassadors of a less culturally careful movement, quickly found their whole scene tainted, as a significant number of core bands turned from calculated ambiguity and the hints of darker purpose common in underground scenes acting against popular culture (Eric Hoffer's "When the weak want to give an impression of strength they hint menacingly at their capacity for evil"; still the only possible explanation for both teenage boys and Nazism) to a fully-hatched and brazen fascism ("It is by its promise of a sense of power that evil often attracts the weak" – thanks again, Eric!). Disaster!

Luckily, psychedelia came to folk's rescue once again, when the New Weird America and Freak Folk movements sailed across the Atlantic in the late '90s on a floating armada of Vashti Bunyan records, reviving a more optimistic, '60s-influenced strain of acid folk for a generation that might have lacked the political engagement of its forebears, but was at least doing its best to offset any whiffs of privileged and splashy shallowness, with a D.I.Y. bedroom aesthetic and lots of drugs.

### **KRAUTFOLK: A PRIMER:**

In chronological order, here are thirteen albums released between 1971 and 1978 that include most of the major statements of the West German acid folk scene and should give some sense of the breadth of flavour it contained.

• Siloah, "Siloah" [1970]:

> Emerging from the same commune culture as Amon Düül, with which it had some connection, the short-lived Siloah



produced maybe Germany's first wholehearted acid folk album in 1970 with this self-titled debut, released a full year before the first incarnation of Amon Düül made its brief swerve in that direction with "Paradieswärts Düül" [1971]. How acid folk is Siloah? There's a song called "Krishna's Golden Dope Shop", which should answer that question.

### •Bröselmaschine,

"Bröselmaschine" [1971]:

From its Emerald City cover to what sounds like Nico's baby sister breathing German language vocals through a megaphone (on "Schmetterling"), this is a lazy summer day of terrific prog folk psychedelia. Drone-drenched sitar, tabla and flute add psychedelic colour to the band's baseline acoustic strum, while the monomolecular concentration for which



potheads are so widely acclaimed finds expression in songs whose straighter folk moments and tricksier prog adventures alike are embarked upon determinedly only to blur apart like ecstasy eye wiggles, dissolving into Indian-inflected trancey drift. Album opener "Gedanken" and closing song "Nossa Bova" are both authentic Krautfolk classics, providing a suitably beautiful whiskers and tail for one of the best collections of acid folk to come out of Germany.

Witthüser & Westrupp,
 "Trips und Träume" [1971]:



Literally "Trips and Dreams" – and you can't get much more acid folk than that! – this second album by songwriting duo Bernd Witthüser and Walter Westrupp rather belies the grotesque face-melting purple and red bad trip of its cover with a delicate line in fingerpicked acid folk, sung

with real character and with a nice sense of space and air. Low-key vocal/violin drones and other acid elements are present throughout, helping supply the "trips" of the title, but the band also summons up dream-pop ghosts with the muffled piano and scratchy violin of half-remembered childhood music lessons. And what more can you say about the psychedelic credentials of an otherwise German language album that ends with its principal musicians both singing the words "give me the joint", in English?

• Emtidi.



"Saat" [1972]:

"Don't sit on the grass, it's too cold for your ass", warn the twopiece+percussion group Emtidi, helpfully. Dolly Holmes' ethereal vocals are often earthed by Maik Hirschfeldt's lustily sung harmony to help keep everything from floating away - no mean trick with Kosmische synths being out in full force – although songs like "Träume" (again) and "Touch The Sun" remain aloft throughout, with the latter building over minutes of barely-there swelling synth tones. Saving the strangest for last, closer "Die Reise" backs Hirschfeldt's emphatic semishouted German vocal with an organ drone, a strange jazzified electric piano and an acoustic guitar happily strumming along on a single-chord for a third of its length, before dissolving unexpectedly

into In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida ... with jazz flute. Hey, I said it was acid folk.



### • Hölderlin, "Träume" [1972]:

With a band named after a 19<sup>th</sup>C German Romantic poet and high-school roommate of the philosopher Hegel, Hölderlin's first release is one of the key albums of German acid folk, although the nine-piece group would likely have denied any connection to the drug culture. It opens like a weird folk Portishead with the voice of singer Nanny DeRuig floating over a violin drone, before fading quickly into nervous pattering drums and a stringdrenched flute and organ jam, salted with a creepy German-language recitation by violinist and second lead vocalist Christoph The rest of the album Noppeney. alternates between intricate fingerpicked acoustic folk and the looser energies of songs like "Requiem Fur einen Wicht" and "Traum", whose multi-part prog structures stretch things out with drums, mellotron and violin drones, and delicately scored orchestral moments.

### • Kalacakra, "Crawling To Lhasa" [1972]:

These German psychedelicists only recorded a single album, but the raga-inflected mantras and pulsing bowed cello drones of "Crawling To Lhasa" often give it



the feel of a piece of crossover New York minimalism (maybe a mellow version of the following year's "Outside the Dream Syndicate" sneezed in from a parallel universe), while the deranged vocals,, either gibbers, mutters and shrieks or sinister spoken word, bring to mind nothing less than legendary near contemporary Comus, although without that group's taut structure and dizzying folk musicianship. Still, this is a bizarre and highly listenable exercise in the single-chord drone, refracted through Indian raga, ultra-early sequenced drums and synths, Krautrockesque makudi and workouts, and rudimentary blues. And all without changing key Is it Krautfolk? C'mon now ... once! flutes!

### Sündenfall II.



"Sündenfall II" [1972]:

Following Amon Düül II's lead with its numerical band name, this is in part relatively straightforward quavery-voiced and flutey psych-folk, almost country rock in places, complete with wailing hobo harp. Bongos and an occasional organ drone generate acid moments, although the ugly snout of light jazz is conjured unapologetically from a hellish trinity of trumpet, sax and noodling piano in "Duftes Ding", and it's not unlikely that your body may respond to the dubious poetry of its



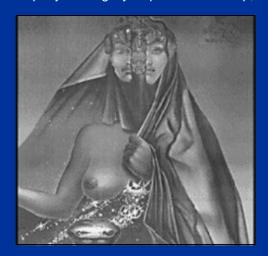
English-language lyrics with winces rather than goosebumps.

 Gila, "Bury my heart at wounded knee" [1974]:

Its personnel alone should teeter it near the top of any ladder of quintessential Krautfolk, but this piece of unimpeachable pure acid folk, bubbling from a former radical commune and stirred through with dreamy analogue synths, is even better than it sounds.

Featuring Popul Vuh's guitarist Conny Veidt and leader Florian Fricke on short-loop trance piano, mellotron and Moog, everything is easy as breathing until closer "Little Smoke" hits a wall after three minutes and transforms from mournful synth 'n' strum to a sizzling halfway-to-Krautrock workout, setting the single-bar riff of Fricke's striking raga piano against an

equally striking syncopated drum loop,



while an echo-drenched electric lead commentates on the proceedings. Essential.

 Merlin, Swara, Ilor & Friends, "Cosmic Kraut Experience" [1974]:

Opening as a very splashy tabla-driven psychedelic drone rock of real charm and Krautrockian primitiveness, the album's



groaning hippy bandstand of bassoons, harps, bouzouki, flute and distorted electric mandolin solos, plus the woozy disregard paid by the musicians to hitting the notes they were probably stabbing at, all make a good case for Krautfolk. More? How about the back cover of the LP celebrating the label's

status as the home of "THE NEW WAVE OF PSYCHOSIVE & PROGREDELIC MUSIC" in large red capital letters?

### • Langsyne, "Langsyne" [1976]:

In part, nice folk-rock with English-language male harmony vocals, psychedelicised with natural sound effects, thin organ and buzzy synths, although it suffers a bit from a textbook version of that classic prog Achilles heel: poetry of unconvincing deepness ("There's a voice inside your mind!") presented overreverently in incredibly elaborate settings. But the album is also capable of lifting off to explore a delicate raga-like acoustic trance, while in "Cynghanedd" you



are suddenly face-to-face with the measured & stealthy dirge of a mid-'70s Godspeed You! Black Emperor.)

### • Gurnemanz, "No Ray Of Noise" [1977]:

A more progressive follow-up to their debut, this is well-produced progressive folk from the Rhineland, with a golem of Grace Slick crooning over acoustic arrangements that meander prettily while still retaining more than a pinch of acid. The twin fingerpicked guitars and double bass are capable of knuckling down into locked trance rhythms of impressive power and complexity, while the jazz comb-and-papers that pop up like duelling banjos in song after song must have

sounded like a fantastic idea when the



band's members were navigating the kind of spotlit wriggleworld you get by licking funny stamps.

### • Carol of Harvest, "Carol of Harvest" [1978]:

Oestrogen-drenched psychedelic folk rock with a name lifted from Walt Whitman, a 16-minute opening song and a dreamy prog acid feel that invites us to "look madly into her eyes/& hear the screams of butterflies" (yuk!), this is little sweet & straightforward for my palate. Still, "Somewhere At The End Of The Rainbow" has a real hook, although the six minutes of scat singing that ends the album is more of a punch on the nose than a pat on the head as a parting gift.

### · Emma Myldenberger,







### \* VIDEO GAMES! \* FUNNY STUFF! \* OTHER STUFF!

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 TOYS I ALWAYS WANTED AS A KID... AND THE PILE OF OLD SHIT I GOT INSTEAD

Like most of us, you probably spent countless hours of your youth browsing the toy section of your mother's catalogue.

And like most of us, you probably only ever got a fraction of the things you wanted - like, twothirds or something like that - even though you wrote down the catalogue numbers on a piece of paper and everything. Plus half the time she got you completely the wrong thing, the ridiculous, selfish woman.

Here's everything I always wanted, but never got - and all the stupid old shit I got instead, for pity's sake.





# Along The Pilgrim's Way From Winchester to Canterbury

We were on the Pilgrim's Way: the ancient pilgrimage route hemming the line of the North Downs through Kent and West Sussex, a long, wavering ribbon of battered tarmac and chalky track that stretches out between the great Cathedral cities of Canterbury and Winchester; and beyond, from Dover to Stonehenge

### Walking

There are many words for walking. We amble. We stroll. We march. We trudge. We perambulate. Best of all, perhaps: we saunter.

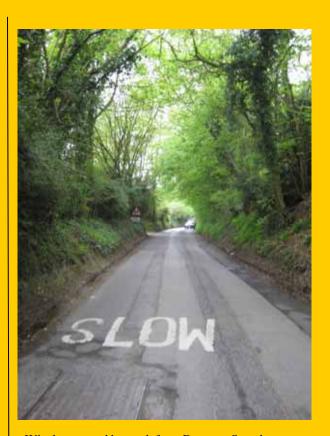
This last word is from the French, "Saint Terre" meaning "Holy Land".

It derives from the Middle Ages, when pilgrimage was all the rage. Everyone was going to the Holy Land. Some people took it up as a profession. They would wander from town to town, from church to church, begging for alms, like Sadhus and Holy Men do in India today. When asked where they were going, they would say, "to Saint Terre"..... to the Holy Land.

They would never actually get there. It was the journey itself that mattered. Perhaps they were already in the Holy Land in some sense. Perhaps it was the walking that took them there.

It certainly felt like that to me.

We were on the Pilgrim's Way: the ancient pilgrimage route hemming the line of the North Downs through Kent and West Sussex, a long, wavering ribbon of battered tarmac and chalky track that stretches out between the great Cathedral cities of Canterbury and



Winchester; and beyond, from Dover to Stonehenge.

It was late April and the Bluebells were out. We sauntered along country lanes through wooded hills as dappled sunlight played down upon us, as the road unravelled and birds sang, scurrying about in the treetops. Hardly a car passed. There was hardly a reminder that we were in the 21st century at all.

I was with my friend, Paul. We were about three days



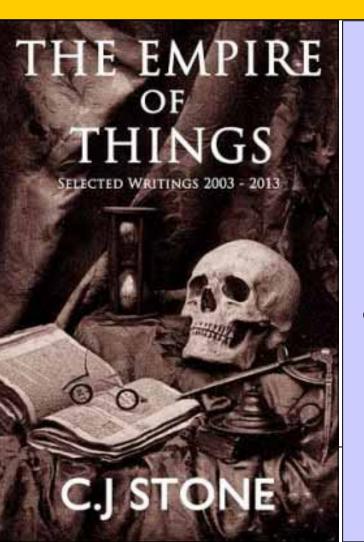
into the journey by now, up an isolated track by a wood. We were talking about walking, about the way walking changes things. "You get to know the world you're walking in," said Paul. "It's more intimate."

"Yes," I said. "You get to know the faces of the trees."

This is true. In our 21st century world we circumscribe the landscape. We surround it. We look in on it from the outside, from a distance, from our roads, from our cars, from our cities, from our houses. When you walk, on the other hand, you enter the landscape, stepping across a threshold as if through a doorway into another world. You become immersed in the landscape. You become a part of it.

A journey that might take 20 minutes by car would take three days on foot. The whole world changes with this change of pace. England is another country, an undiscovered land, one you have only ever glimpsed from afar. The trees are like sentinels, guiding you on your journey, guarding you on your way. And each tree has a character, a personality. Soon you find yourself talking to them, like long lost friends.





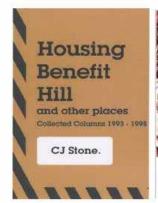
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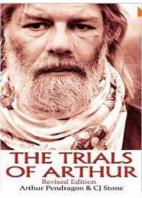
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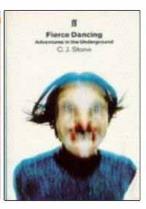
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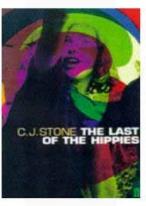
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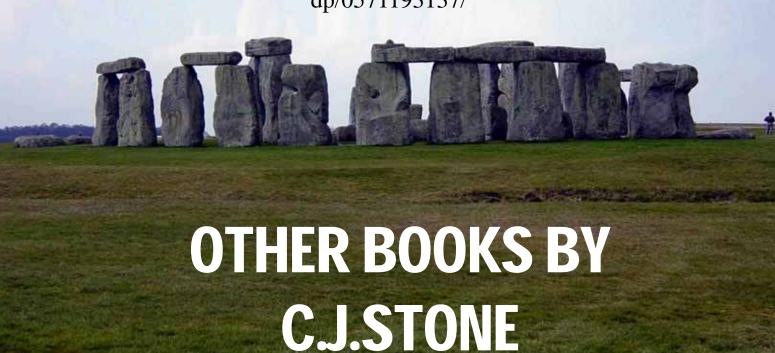
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### Three Days of Monsters, Chosts,



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

Hawkwind's latest album has been nominated as a contender in the 2016 Progressive Music Awards. This year's awards ceremony will take place on Thursday, September 1 at the Underglobe.

Television presenter and prog fan Matthew Wright will be hosting the event for the second year running and is looking forward to discovering who's been voted top of the progs. "I don't find out who's won what until the day itself and it's very exciting," he said. Interestingly, Wright has performed with Hawkwind onstage, and also on their 2005 studio recording of "Spirit of the Age".

Other nominees include previous winners Messenger, TesseracT and Purson, who are all vying for Album Of The Year title, along with Steven Wilson, Jon Anderson and Roine Stolt. Psychedelic Brits Knifeworld pop up in two categories.



### Spirits Burning

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

Over 70 minutes of music, over forty crew members Includes bonus 8-page comic with artwork by Steve Lines

A sci-fi adventure ... resurrected by Don Falcone & Mack Maloney,

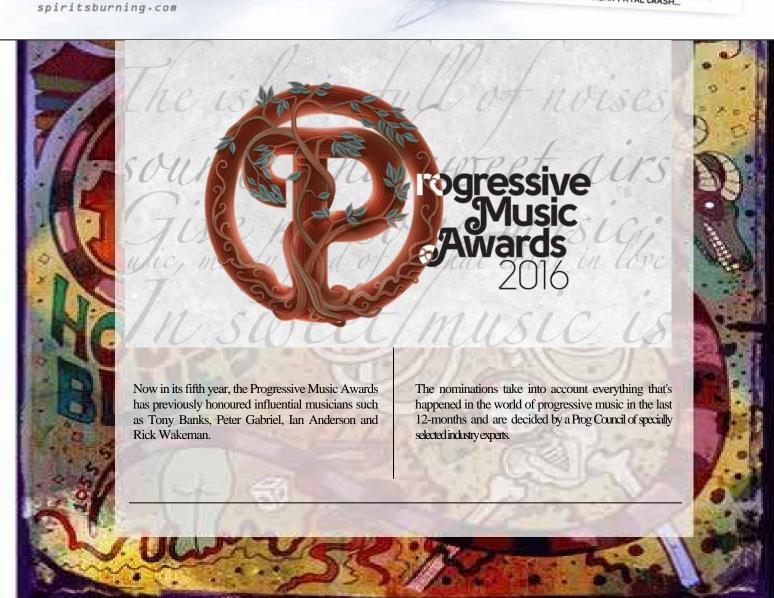
with Hawkwind family members Dave Anderson,
Alan Davey, Paul Hayles, Jerry Richards, Nik Turner,
Twink, & Bridget Wishart, plus Daevid Allen (Gong),
Robert Berry (3), Keith Christmas, John Ellis (The Vibrators),
Kev Ellis (Space Cadets), Matt Malley (Counting Crows),
Nigel Mazlyn Jones, Pete Pavli (High Tide),
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13. Rolling Out
14. Angel Full Of Pity
15. Right On The Mark
15. This Time. This Space
17. So Strong Is Desire







### HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION

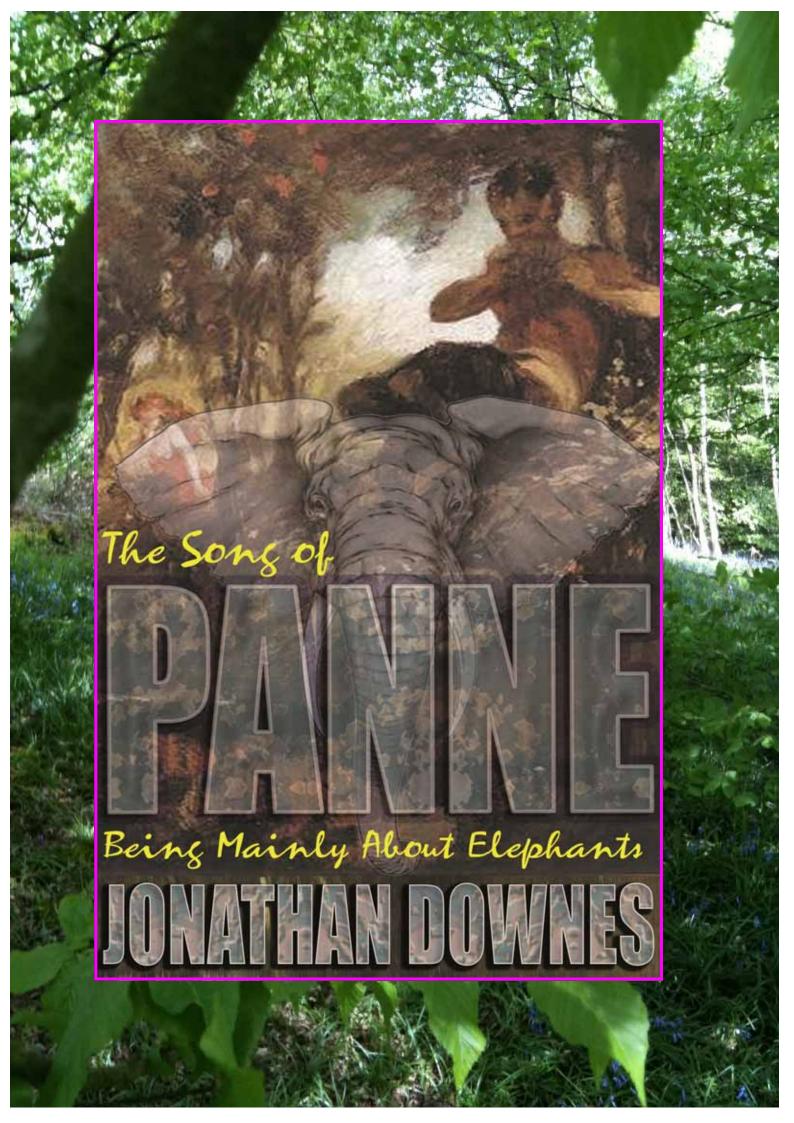


Greetings space travellers!
This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

Pass. No(Leave blank)
Volunteer Crew Register
Name
Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty roster (optional)
Full Earth Address:
<b>3</b>
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Post Code
E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly)
Telephone Number:
Additional info:



### IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

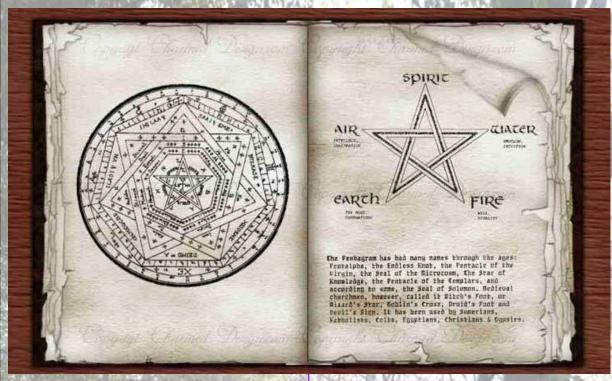
**XXIV** 

History doesn't relate exactly what books the Rev Cymbeline Potts bought in Tiverton that fateful day in early summer, but I have a pretty good idea considering that quite a lot of my own library of occult literature came from the same sort. I do know that at least one of the books was either by or about Gerald Gardner, and others were by Aleister Crowley.

How do I know this? Well, basically by a series of deductions. Cymbeline and Britannia



HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK



continued their occult studies, and together with Lysistrata, the peculiar little triad began to compile their own Book of Shadows based on Britannia's herbal folk magic, and bits and bobs of Crowley, Gardner and other such heroes of modern Italy who passed their way.

Cymbeline became quite a regular visitor to the sordid little shop in Tiverton during the long, hot, summer of 1997, and - with the benefit of hindsight - as this was the summer that my divorce came through, and I was engaged in a highly emotionally fraught affair with a female occultist from Cornwall who was in the habit of coming to visit me for weeks on end and wandering around suburban Exwick in the hours before dawn skyclad with a pair of roe deer antlers strapped to her head, and that said female occultist had been introduced to me by the bloke who owned the occult bookshop in the basement of my mate's shop, and we spent much of that summer visiting them and smoking raw opium as we went about various pieces of magickal business, I am surprised that our visits, and those of the Rev Potts never seemed to coincide.

His magickal library certainly became quite extensive over the next few months, and the old man spent much of his stipendiary pension on it. Lysistrata told me how the three of them -perfectly secure in each other's company - began

doing workings, mostly intended to protect the little triad from the impending predations of a Stevie Wingford, fifteen years older, and fifteen years nastier after his time in prison.

I wondered then, and have wondered since what sort of magickal workings the three earnest neophyte occultists carried out. As both Cymbeline and Britannia were kindly old souls and fond of animals, I was certain that Crowley's more unpleasant workings involving crucifying toads and disembowelling other small denizens of the hedgerows would have turned their stomachs and have been rejected out of hand.

However, the year earlier I had seen Lysistrata collecting roadkill and had wondered then what she and Britannia had been using them for. I suspect that the three magicians had reached some sort of compromise with the Goddess, and that these had been for some arcane sacrifice to Hecate.

Certainly the skulls of foxes and badgers, some with half decomposed flesh still adhering to the whitening bones had been impaled on sticks and placed around the garden for some magickal purpose.

I had, in fact, seen something like this before.



One of the strangest people that I met back when I lived in Northam, the summer that I first met Danny Miles was a bloke called Derry who lived in a small hut in the middle of the woods on one of the steep valleys on the edge of Exmoor six or seven miles from Barnstaple. He wrote - what I thought at the time - were extraordinary songs, but which - with the benefit of hindsight - were probably just stoned drivel. However, fuelled by the legendary exploits of such outsider artistes as Syd Barrett and Julian Cope, I was determined to have a go at making a record with him, and so when he invited my girlfriend Samantha and me to visit him in his tawdry little shanty, I jumped at the chance. Samantha - who was, admittedly not too bright, although she was a complete slut which was fine by me - looked askance at the idea.

She liked hanging around at the Royal Norfolk because she had ambitions to be a rock chick and was determined to dump me as soon as she had the chance to jump on one of the roadies from Motorhead, and was not at all impressed with the idea of sleeping in a grubby, rough, wooden shack with no electricity, her on-off boyfriend with a penchant for alfresco lovemaking and a smelly, hirsute and not very

talented singer-songwriter with a silly name.

The following Saturday we drove out of Barnstaple, and with some difficulty I managed to locate the nearest bit of road to the hillside where Derry had set up his home.

Samantha complained for the entire duration of the journey. The truth is that we didn't actually like each other very much, but she was determined to get a rock-star boyfriend and, although I wasn't actually a rock-star, I had made a record, played the guitar, and had even written a song for her called Beautiful Mutant Monkey. As far as I was concerned; I just wanted a slutty girlfriend with big breasts and no morals. She was perfect.

We parked the car, locked it, and slowly climbed up the steep, heavily wooded hillside.

Eventually we reached the hut where Derry lived. Not entirely to my surprise there was nobody there although the hut was unlocked. We pushed the door open and peered in. Imagine, if you will, if a family of alcoholic badgers with a penchant for football hooliganism had lived together in a pile of cardboard boxes on a diet of tinned pasta



and pickled onions. Then multiply your mental image tenfold. Then pour yourself a stiff drink.

Over the years I have visited some of the most squalid places to live that one could possibly imagine. I have even lived in them myself, but this was by far the worst dwelling place that I have ever seen a human being inhabit. It was filthy dirty and full of rubbish. In the corner were a pile of pelts which had been removed from road killed animals and outside various decomposing skulls from these animals were perched on poles and left to rot.

I was feeling somewhat amorous by this time, but unfortunately even the ever-horny Samantha did not feel like making love on top of a pile of half-cured fox skins. I managed to inveigle her into the woods, and we were semi dressed by the time that Derry - stoned out of what was left of his tiny mind - wandered back up the hill towards the hut, and we rearranged our clothing hurriedly. He had, of course, forgotten that we were coming, and furthermore had left his guitar at some squat in Barnstaple, so although I had gone to the expense

of hiring an expensive 4 Track Revox Tape Recorder with which to record his songs, he was in no condition to record anything, and being without a guitar, would not have been able to play them anyway. So, we spent the rest of the afternoon sitting in the little clearing in the woods, trying - half-heartedly - to seduce Samantha, and chatting about this and that.

Samantha was in no mood to be seduced and went off into a sulk while Derry and I chatted inconsequential nonsense and puffed away on suspiciously long cigarettes. I asked him why he had decorated the clearing in the forest with animal skulls on poles, and he told me that it was to appease the spirits of the wood.

"Eh?" I asked, wondering what on earth he was talking about. I pointed out that the spirits of the wood would - if, in fact they actually existed - be the guardians of animal life, and would therefore not be particularly impressed - or indeed appeased - by the sight of over a dozen semi-squashed dead animals impaled on sticks outside a malodorous shanty.



However, he was unimpressed by my argument. He had seen the avatar of the earth spirits, he told me, and apparently she had taken on the guise of a giant black panther.

He explained that the decomposing roadkill acted in a similar manner to Tibetan prayer flags; A prayer flag is a colourful rectangular cloth, often found strung along mountain ridges and peaks high in the Himalayas. They are used to bless the surrounding countryside and for other purposes. Prayer flags are believed to have originated with Bon.

In Bon, shamanistic Bonpo used primarycoloured plain flags in Tibet. Traditional prayer flags include woodblock-printed text and images.

The flags do not carry prayers to gods, which is a common misconception; rather, the Tibetans believe the prayers and mantras will be blown by the wind to spread the good will and compassion into all pervading space. Therefore, prayer flags are thought to bring benefit to all.

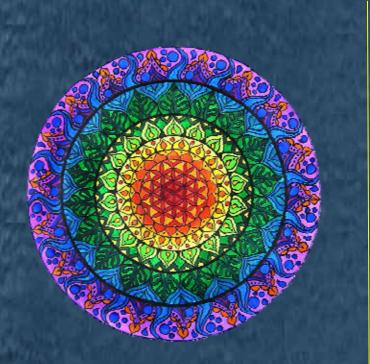
Derry told me that the process of decomposition, when the dead creatures were placed in a certain manner, had a similar effect, and that he urged anyone to do the same. I found the idea revolting then, and I find it revolting now, but I couldn't help wondering whether Cymbeline and his family had stumbled upon this idea somewhere, and if it actually worked.

Having been in the intensely magickal garden behind the Potts family cottage just outside Bradworthy the year before, I could take my hat off and honestly attest that something had happened there. But could this revolting demithaumaturgical nonsense of Derry actually have made sense. And if so, did he invent it himself, or had he got it from somewhere else, and if so who?



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

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



John Hughes was ICU's sound engineer / studio and live. He ran Riddle records for Nik Turner. He drove Bob Calvert about, as well as engineered loads of recording sessions - lots of good history with Hawkwind related bands.

But has anyone ever asked him what sounds he would take with him to a purely conceptual desert island? They have now.

### John's Top Ten

Mountain: Nantucket sleighride

Soft Machine: Out bloody rageous

ELP: Jerusalem (THE national anthem!)

Taste: Born on the wrong side of time

Cream: Badge....(a classic George Harrison composition!)

The Hollies: Bus stop

George Harrison: Isn't it a pity (live in Japan)

Wishbone Ash: Throw down the sword

Man: Spunk rock

Grobschnitt: Solar music



# Thom the World Poet

### **Rob Ayling writes:**

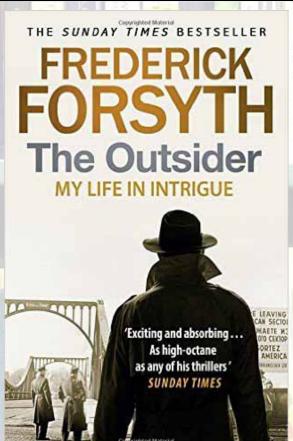
"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with Daevid Allen, Gilli Smyth *Mother Gong* are well known and highly regarded. It just felt right to include a daily poem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

### 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
Water with fracking. Moon with sun. Stars with dark matter.
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 Pilgrimin micro/macro choices we settle down and settle in for the duration
Sometimes even a half-life lasts a million...





Paperback: 368 pages

Publisher: Corgi (19 May 2016)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 0552171700

ISBN-13: 978-0552171700

This week - as so often - I am reviewing the autobiography of someone whose career I have followed for the past forty years. A writer born in the late 1930s which meant that he hit adulthood just as the rock and roll rebellion reached boiling point. For some reason the vast majority of the artists whose work has defined so much of my life over the past half century were born in the late 1930s or just before.

But this one is different. This is no guitar slinging hipster, indeed this man has never been any sort of hipster whatsoever. But this doesn't mean that his life and work are any the less interesting.

Check out the blurb:

"At eighteen, Forsyth was the youngest pilot to qualify with the RAF. At twenty-five, he was stationed in East Berlin as a journalist during the Cold War. Before he turned thirty, he was Africa controversially covering the bloodiest civil war in living memory. Three years later, broke and out of work, he wrote his game-changing first novel, The Day of the Jackal. He never looked back. Forsyth has seen some of the most exhilarating moments of the last century from the inside, travelling the world, once or twice on her majesty's secret service. He's been shot at, he's been arrested, he's even been seduced by an undercover agent. But all the while he felt he was an outsider. This is his story."

Hmmmmmm.

This is actually nowhere near as good a book as a lot of the pundits claim. Even on a cursory reading I found at least two massive boo boos which would suggest that Forsyth is nowhere near as reliable a commentator as he is a great novelist.

For example, he claims that in Paris as a young man he stayed with the daughter of the last king of Georgia. But the last monarch of this eastern European nation - King George XII - died in 1800, and the named noblewoman was about as much his heiress as I am.

He also claimed that the second half of the 1950s saw the pitched battles between Mods and Rockers along the South Coast of England. I very much doubt whether anyone reading this magazine would agree with this claim.

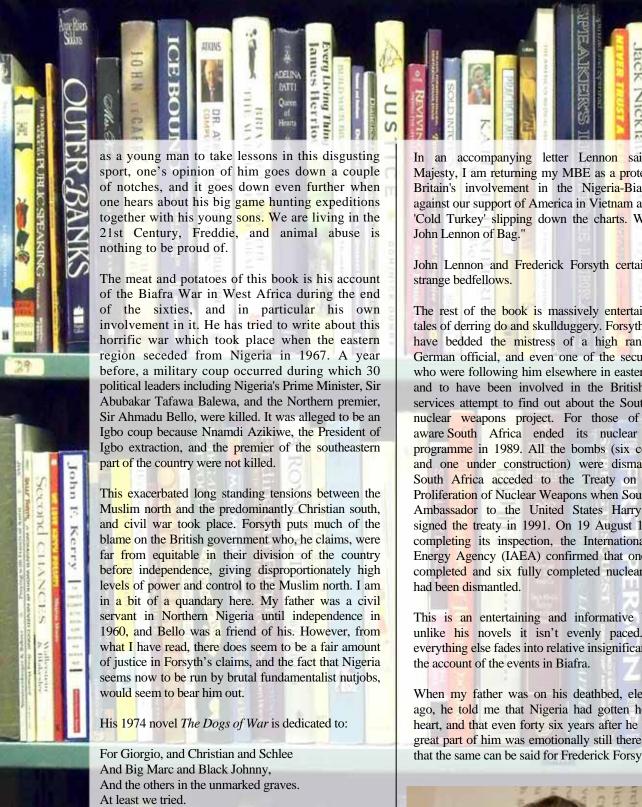
So, already one is minded to take the claims in this book *cum grano salis*.

Then, when the author and protagonist tells us that as a schoolboy one of his main ambitions was to be a bullfighter, and that he went to Spain GREATEST GENERATION SPEARS

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And now I have a far better idea what he meant. Frederick Forsyth was, of course, not the only major figure to have objected to the events in West Africa. The Fab Four were invested as Members of the British Empire in the Queen's Birthday Honours in 1965, after topping record charts around the world.

But later Lennon decided that he had sold out to the Establishment and returned his MBE to Her Majesty 25th November 1969 as part of ongoing peace protests masterminded with Yoko Ono.

In an accompanying letter Lennon said: Majesty, I am returning my MBE as a protest against Britain's involvement in the Nigeria-Biafra thing, against our support of America in Vietnam and against 'Cold Turkey' slipping down the charts. With Love,

John Lennon and Frederick Forsyth certainly make

The rest of the book is massively entertaining with tales of derring do and skullduggery. Forsyth claims to have bedded the mistress of a high ranking East German official, and even one of the security detail who were following him elsewhere in eastern Europe, and to have been involved in the British Security services attempt to find out about the South African nuclear weapons project. For those of you not aware South Africa ended its nuclear weapons programme in 1989. All the bombs (six constructed and one under construction) were dismantled and South Africa acceded to the Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons when South African Ambassador to the United States Harry Schwarz signed the treaty in 1991. On 19 August 1994, after completing its inspection, the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) confirmed that one partially completed and six fully completed nuclear weapons

This is an entertaining and informative book, but unlike his novels it isn't evenly paced. Because everything else fades into relative insignificance beside

When my father was on his deathbed, eleven years ago, he told me that Nigeria had gotten hold of his heart, and that even forty six years after he had left, a great part of him was emotionally still there. I suspect that the same can be said for Frederick Forsyth.













Contact: 01237 441999

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.

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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...

I had to take my mother out shopping this week, to see if we could find something for her to wear to her grand-daughter's wedding. It was an interesting sojourn to say the least. I was accused of suggesting items that did not suit her age and was told on more than one occasion that certain items brought the term 'mutton dressed up as lamb' to her mind. And whatever it would be, it would have to be blue and that she did not know what she would do with it afterwards. It was a most peculiar few hours, and the fact that a short grocery trip into Morrison's on the way home was a welcome visit pretty much sums up the afternoon quite well. Oh, we came home empty handed by the way, so another trip further afield is now beckoning. What fun eh?

Well, on the subject of clothing the first item into the cabinet this week reminds me of the coat I used to have that was half-inched from my friend's car whilst we were striking a pose at The Roundhouse in London many moons ago.

Well sprout my lentils, did they smell when they got wet ...

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Marc Bolan's Afghan coat - US \$7,250.00



"This three-quarter-length Afghan coat features grey patchwork with a pale fleece lining, with hook and eye fastening to the front.

The coat was owned and worn by Marc Bolan, and acquired directly from his Estate by the organiser of the 'Official Marc Bolan Fan Club'. The Estate enrolled his help in dealing with various items of Marc's personal effects, including this coat.

A great opportunity to invest in an iconic piece of rock memorabilia at a sensible price.

Exceptional provenance: Ex Christie's, Popular Culture: Rock and Pop Memorabilia."

I adored Marc Bolan, and I always felt that the reporting and mourning of his untimely death was overshadowed by the death of Elvis a month before. I cried when Marc rode his white swan into the aethers, to catch his bright star, but had no such tears when Elvis drove off in his pink Cadillac.

Witco Elvis Presley Jungle Room Furniture -US \$7,000.00

"These were bought in Mexico around the same time Elvis bought his set for the Jungle Room. They have been recovered from the original thick Fur to a tan canvas.

The fabric has some stains. You can see a set exactly like this ( with original fur) at Graceland."

So there you have it. Just as you were thinking this was the furniture belonging to Elvis as intimated in the item description heading, it is

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### SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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









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JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE ORIGINAL EQUIPMENT/ MITCH MITCHELL COLLAPSABLE BASS DRUM - US \$2,499.00



"VERY GOOD SOME WEAR VINTAGE 26" COLLAPSABLE BASS DRUM IN ORIGINAL CASE ITEM HAS WEAR AND TEAR SOME'

THIS IS A GENUINE MITCH MITCHELL OWNED AND USED DRUM, PART OF A VERY EARLY GOLD AND DIAMOND SPARKLE KIT, THIS BELONGED TO MITCH AND WAS IN THE STORAGE FACILITY THAT BELONGED TO MITCH AND DEE MITCHELL

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THE CASE IT IS 21! BY 18" IT IS IN VERY GOOD CONDITION WITH OBVIOUS WEAR AND SOME RUBBING LIGHT AGEING, AGE SPOTS ON THE DRUM SKIN, CASE SHOWS SOME USE AND AGEING BUT OVERALL ALL WORKS PERFECTLY AS A DRUM AND CASE"

I didn't know drums could do that. But then again, what I know about drums could probably be written on the inside of a flip-up pack of matches, and even then with space left.

Robert Johnson Grave Charcoal Rubbing 100th Birthday 002/002 Ultra Rare Only 2 In Existence, Hand Signed - US \$2,250.00



"Up for consideration is an extremely rare charcoal rubbing of Robert Johnson's grave marker. This rubbing was done by a local artist (Thomas Edwards) on "THE DAY" May 8th 2011, Robert Johnson's 100th birthday at Little Zion Missionary Baptist Church, Money Road in Greenwood, MS. Only two rubbings were done. This auction is for #2 of only 2. The rubbing has been professionally framed with acid free mat & UV blocking non-glare glass. Hand signed with black ink pen by artist. This framed art has been in a climate controlled, smoke



free private recording studio since 2011. Your chance to own a piece of history. Please contact us

with any questions you may have.'

Wercenter, Nov ! The above result communded by cep Freight from Her Period to division to ACCOMMODATIO Leave Mornieb entering with the extern, and Front NEW YORK ecoups Montay) at a arm Worsester as

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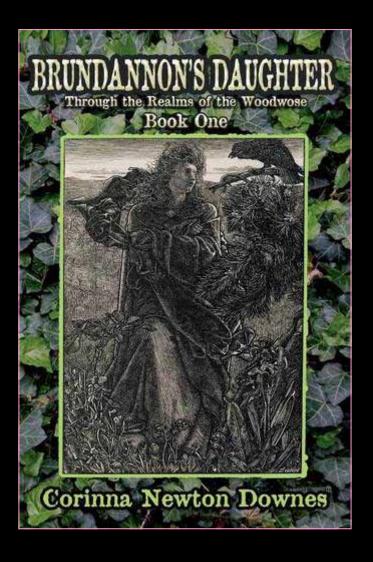
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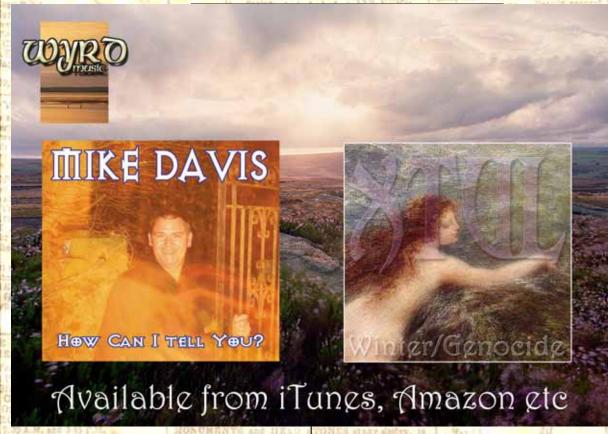
Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the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

Between Norwich and Paladelphin.

ORWICH &

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS

min be sent from a expense and risk and wit dis the perjara Centure, Specifications, keeignments, the appropriate Papers and Descripts; will make re-



The rubbing reads: "Jesus of Nazareth King of Jerusalem. I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He will call me from the Grave"

Hang on, didn't he do some kind of deal at the crossroads?

Ginger Spice - Geri Halliwell - Spice Girls VIVA FOREVER figure rare custom - US \$240.00



"" the time is now or never, to fit the missing piece' - Spice Girls Headlines Quotes

this is a custom figure of Ginger Spice to complete the Dancing Finger Puppet from the set of Spice Girls Viva Forever Galoob Barbie dolls

### you will receive:

- 1 Ginger Spice figure with base
- 5 Spice Girl individual box - postcards
- certificate of authenticity
- Spice Girls Gift Box

thank you for coming!

please buy with confidence, please check my feedback for the feedback of the quality of the figure Be the luckiest 10 to have this limited Ginger Spice figure! This is the LAST one! Won't be NO MORE!!!!

Don't hesitate to contact me if you have any "IDEA""

about. But patriotic at least.

And on that note I shall close the doors once again, sigh with relief, and say cheerio for now.

I have no "idea" what on earth this description is on

PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,

OFFICIAL HARNDEN & CO'E.

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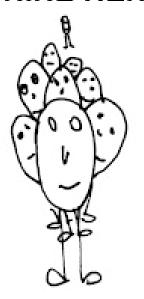
Poblib, 1967.





### THE NINE HENRYS





The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters.

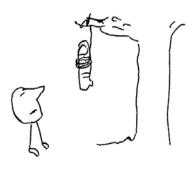
They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks to Gonzo Multi-Media the Nine Henrys are brought together in a compendium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

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

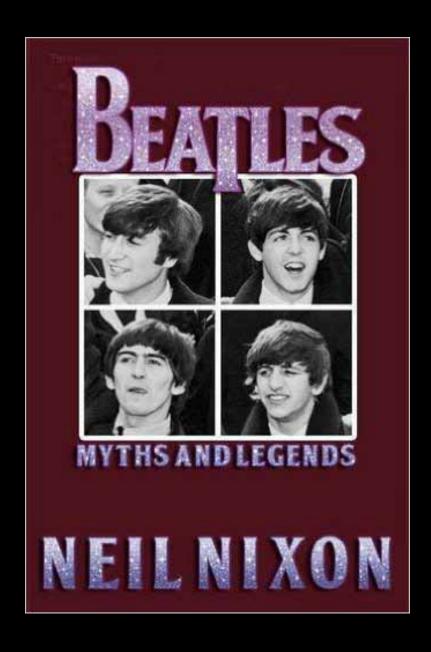
THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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



Henry once remarked to a Hanging Finger "Don't you give up comedy, young man".



### ALSO FROM NEIL NIXON AT GONZO

The musical achievements of The Beatles are well chronicled but their ability to generate myths and legends is a lesser known area of Beatlemania. By turns the legends and stories told about the Fab Four are bizarre, downright scary, incredible and - occasionally - true. For the first time this book collects stories about all four Beatles, devoting a chapter to each, before exploring those strange stories that relate to the whole band. This is an explosion of creative delights that proves Beatle fans are every bit as imaginative and out there as the four creative talents who made up the band. In this blitz-krieg of brainstorms truth may be the ultimate casualty but it's a hell of a ride as we ask questions like; who really killed John Lennon?, what role did a couple of stray Rolling Stones play in the "death" of Paul McCartney?, how could an imposter have replaced George in 1974? and why the hell did someone want to kill Ringo in 1964? We also present the best evidence the band covertly reformed in the 1970s, and explore the greatest hits of a handful of works that may, possibly, be unheralded Beatle rarities. Neil Nixon is your guide on a magical mystery tour. With a track record of publications on rock music, the paranormal and humour that pushes the very limits of where strangeness and comedy collide, he is well qualified for the job. Join him for the strangest and most illuminating musical read of your life.



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.

Robert Calvert:
Captain Lockheed and the
Starfighters
(United Artists, 1974)
What? Concept album which is
literally about crashing dreams.

Captain Lockheed and the Starfighters may just be the work Robert Calvert (1945-1988) was put on this planet to create. Afflicted by bi-polar disorder and



by acknowledged (even those couldn't cope with working alongside him) as a brilliant talent, Calvert's highest profile days were spent in Hawkwind, and his most intense and elaborate solo works were cut in the midseventies. The perfect fusion of his own ambivalent world vision and a subject for a concept album occurs in Captain Lockheed... which concerns itself with the ongoing disaster that resulted from the mass sale of Lockheed Starfighter aircraft to the Luftwaffe. The high performance fighters looked deadly enough in air displays and mock battles but by their retirement in the mid-eighties well over 250 of the planes had been lost to accidents, with a massive knock on cost in lives and hard cash.

The grimly funny and frequently surreal story lends itself perfectly to a large concept work in which Calvert's space rocking style of music is interspersed with spoken word tracks and a fair amount of comedy. The presence of (an uncredited) Brian Eno, most of his former Hawkwind colleagues, some Pink Fairies and Arthur Brown also gives some insight into the range of sounds on offer, and Vivian Stanshall steals the spoken word interludes much in the way he steals attention as MC on Mike Oldfield's Tubular Bells.

Given the quality of the humour and music it's possible to enjoy the whole (chancy) ride on its entertainment value alone. But the spoken word segments



include actual recordings concerning the state of Germany's air force in the late fifties, the opinions of pilots subsequently charged with flying the "Widomaker," and the offthewall opinions of the mechanics faced with fixing the flying death traps.

Musically Captain Lockheed... is less strident than the thumping space rock of Hawkwind – though their quieter moments of their early seventies Calvert incarnation are a good yardstick – and conceptually the complex story does trip over itself to the point that only a listener's rapt attention will unpick it. Those who love the album and inflict it on others – often urging them to: "listen to this bit" – achieve their affection through lengthy exposure and familiarity. That dynamic tells you all you need to know about why it didn't chart. Captain Lockheed... finds its peers amongst The Firesign Theatre and The Fugs in its complexity; with the added bonus of having a plot as complex and furiously twisted as a good Goon Show, and being able to prove the whole thing is rooted in provable fact. It's prescient too, the Starfighters went on crashing long after Calvert's album was released.





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

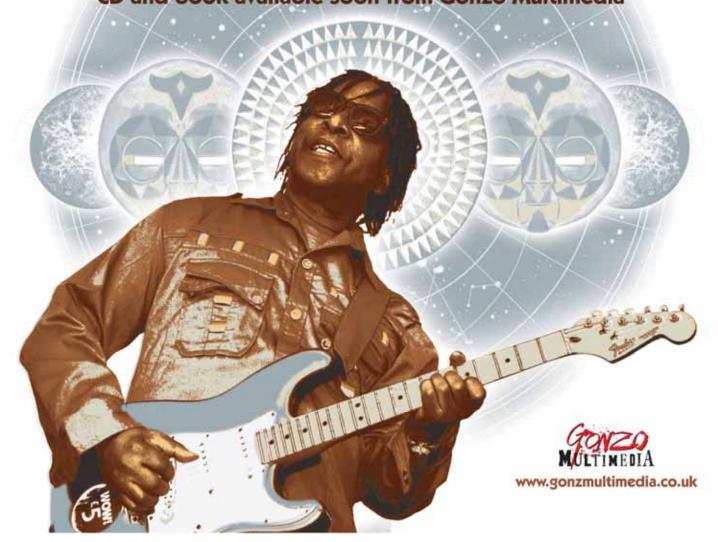
Rock 'n' Roll and UFOs is an anthology of music from Gregg Kofi Brown's career and contains previous unreleased songs, remixes and demos, with many guest musicians and artists such as Sting guitarist Dominic Miller, Bomb da Bass, Osibisa, the cast of the Who's Tommy, The Chimes' Pauline Henry, the Who's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

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

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

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

### CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia







And so, we come together to the end of another long and complicated week. Some of you have been kind enough to email me asking about the process of my claim for disability benefits. As you probably know, the British Government have - in their wisdom - decided that everyone in receipt of said benefits needs to be reassessed to see if they are truly entitled to receive them.

This, on the face of it, is not such a bad idea. There are indeed people who have been scamming the system for years, but I am not one of them. I know a bloke whose only reason for getting benefits is that he was (and presumably is) fat and lazy, and I am quite pleased that he was forced off the benefit system and into a job. I know another man who has claimed that he has a ruptured something or other in his back, and has been granted benefits accordingly, but who has been working cash in hand on building sites for years. I haven't seen him for years, so I don't know what happened to him.

I have all sorts of things wrong with me, and like Moloch in Watchmen I have not got the kind of illnesses that I am eventually going to get better from. At the end of May I went for my rather humiliating examination and I was told that I would hear the verdict in between two and four weeks. Monday is the fourth week.

I have been in receipt of two different non means tested benefits, Disabilty Living Allowance and Severe Disablement Allowance. I do work, both for Gonzo and voluntarily for the organisation I founded years ago, but I am not able to earn a proper living at it and am not well enough to go and do an ordinary job. So, I declare my earnings each year to the taxman and quietly get on with my life. I believe that the interview I went to was about DLA, but although I have heard nothing about that, this week I received a letter saying that my SDA has been migrated to a new benefit called EHA as of this coming week. I even get a little bit more, and



a pat on the head for being a good little cripple. Confused? I sure am. And what really worries and upsets me is that I am reasonably intelligent, I have a good support network and an independent income. But what about the poor bastards who fit the public idea of a 'typical' disabled person? This mounting bureaucracy and faceless officialdom is daunting to say the least. It may be thirty years too late, but 1984 has arrived with a vengeance.

But damn it. I have had enough of doom and gloom. This week I am going to buy sun hats for two little girls, and then take them to the zoo to see crocodiles. I am looking forward to this immensely, and the doom and gloom, indeed the sex, drugs and rock and roll, and the cryptozoology, and money problems, and everything else in my life can damn well wait a week.

God bless you all,



### BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST Live on stage





www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk