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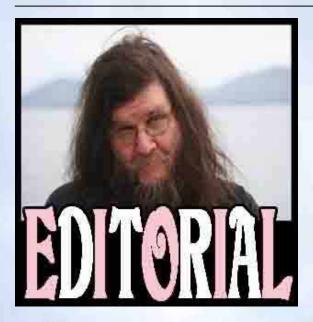
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKIY:

- 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,

After a gap of a week during which I bought my young granddaughters pretty hats and took them to the zoo where they admired a family of Indian porcupines, and giggled at the red buttocks of the Sulawesi crested macaques, just as children have ever since the Good Lord first made Sulawesi crested macaques for small children to giggle at, welcome to another issue of your favourite (or at



least I sincerely hope it is your favourite) magazine.

This week I have had a severe case of deja vu.

I didn't enjoy my schooldays. In Hong Kong in the middle sixties, I was expected to embrace the life of a scion of the last days of the empire, being prepared for a life of drudgery, to be prefaced by a number of years in a British public school where sparing the rod, spoiling the child, an obsession with sport, and compulsory homosexuality was the norm. So I daydreamed most of the time, spending only as much effort as I absolutely had to on lessons which I was seeing



"I was expected to embrace the life of a scion of the last days of the empire, being prepared for a life of drudgery, to be prefaced by a number of years in a British public school where sparing the rod, spoiling the child, an obsession with sport, and compulsory homosexuality was the norm."

more and more as a stupid irrelevance. One day a teacher told the class that a pony was a young horse. I politely put my hand up to explain that she was wrong, and was sent to the headmistress for my impudence.

On another occasion a teacher humiliated me in front of the whole class, calling me an imbecile, because when asked why would we want to go to Switzerland, instead of answering that I wanted to experience winter sports, I answered that I wanted to see green lizards (*Lacerta viridis*). I didn't give a damn about ski-ing, but as there was only one species of true lacertid in Hong Kong, I longed to see one of these brilliant verdant living jewels in the flesh. And like I said, this week I have experienced a severe case of *deja vu*. Once again I believe that I have been severely misjudged.

Last week I exercised my democratic right to vote in the now notorious EC Referendum. I am not a believer in federalism. I believe that the EC is too big, too unwieldy and - like the USSR twenty five years ago - bound to go tits up sooner rather than later. For this and a dozen other reasons with which I shall not bore you, after much soul searching I voted to leave.

None of my reasons for leaving had anything to do with immigration. None of my reasons for leaving could be described as even slightly racist. And if I could deport anyone it would be the illbred vulgar white trash guttersnipes who tarnish the good name of this country. But as someone who voted to leave the EC for what I believe to be perfectly sound reasons I and my ilk have been demonised.

And that just ain't fucking fair.

I have friends from many European nations, and I sincerely hope that when this Godalmighty brouhaha (see folks, I even use foreign words) blows over that we shall still be friends. As far as I am concerned the referendum had nothing at all to do with Islamic immigrants. My father was an amateur Islamic scholar, a friend of the Emir of Zaria and the late Sir Ahmadu Bello, and a few years ago I gave a Catholic bride away to her Muslim bridegroom. I also attended the part of the ceremony which was held in a mosque. I have no problem with Islam. The thing that I have a problem with is extremists. I am sure that the vast majority of Muslims like the vast majority of Christians are perfectly decent people. ISIL and the Westboro Baptist Church are scum, and I would not wish them, or any of their ilk to be allowed in the country. But then I also don't want smallpox or ebola here either.

I also don't want a civil war. And that - not to put too fine a point on it - is what is brewing. It is, at the moment at least, a war of words, but the pen is mightier than the sword and all that, and from where I am sitting (somewhere on the A47 piggybacking on the BTFon service) I see brother

اللعنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



versus brother, friends fighting bitterly, and all sorts of shit going down. And I strongly suspect that the only reason that nobody has had a go at me vet is because I haven't poked my head above the Facebook parapet long enough to do anything except post pictures of my granddaughters wearing the pretty hats that I bought them this morning. I would like to believe that the aforementioned brouhahaha (and Eurosceptic chums, I am the sort of person who uses foreign words twice in a tirade, and I prefer wine and European cheeses to warm beer and the roast beef of Merrie En-ger-land) will blow over, like so many Internet storms in teacups do, and I hope that by telling the truth about my actions and reasoning in these paragraphs, I am not going to see my Facebook Friends List decimated, and

a whole slew of people refusing to come to the Weird Weekend, but I am afraid that I wouldn't bet on it.

The word FASCIST has been bandied about a lot this week, but (and I shudder to think what connotation the great unwashed will put in this comment) remember that the *fasces* (from which the movement took its name) were bundles of sticks used to illustrate the united we stand divided we fall concept. Now I am no fascist, but we as a species are far stronger when we work together. Now, I know that this might make me look like the man who put the moron into oxymoron after what I wrote about the EC earlier, but I am not talking about an unwieldy and artificial political union of a bunch of nations

who have nothing in common but vague geographical proximity, but what happens when individuals work together for a common goal.

Take the Centre for Fortean Zoology, for example. It is an organisation that I founded twenty five years ago, and which has grown and prospered purely because a whole slew of people from different nations, cultures and backgrounds pulled together selflessly to achieve something truly remarkable. In recent years some of the people who I thought that I could trust and rely on have disappeared whoring after strange Gods, and others have screwed me over fairly substantially. But we are still going and still achieving great things on five different continents, and I would very much like to hope that the glory days will come again.

Regular readers of my inky fingered scribblings here and elsewhere will know my views on the social and political establishment, so I will not repeat them here. However, I hope that you believe me when I say that I have a sneaking suspicion that this current social unrest is making certain people in power over us rub their chubby little hands with glee. Why? Because a people at odds with itself is far easier to control.

I could carry on with the conspiracy theorising *ad infinitum* but I won't because I am tired and want to go to sleep. And when I do, I want to dream about my two little girls, sticky with ice cream, squealing in delight at watching a family of lar gibbons enjoying their acrobatic high jinks.

I implore anyone reading this to concentrate on what we have in common rather than what drives us apart. As the star of the forthcoming Weird Weekend once sang:

"Boring fucking politics will get us all shot, Left wing right wing you can stuff the lot Keep your petty pressures, I don't see the point, Anarchy and freedom is what I want"

Love and peace

J



Erik Norlander, Coldplay, Prince Harry, Prince, David Bowie, John Lennon, Aerosmith, The Beatles, Thom Yorke, Keith Richards, Ozzy Osbourne, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Canterbury Sans Frontieres, Winfield Scott "Scotty" Moore III, Rob Wasserman, Bonny "Mack" Rice, George Bernard "Bernie" Worrell, Jr., Billy Mack "Bill" Ham, Wayne Jackson, Gordon Murray, Rick Wakeman, Arthur Brown, The Beatles, The Golliwogs, James Young, Cymbalic Encounters, Richard Brautigan, Stone Free Festival, Alice Cooper, Alan Dearling, Love Revisited, John Brodie-Good, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Jefferson Starship, Mr Biffo, Roy Weard, Kate Tempest, Neil Nixon, Canya Phuckem and Howe

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE GONZO WEEKLY

all the gonzo news that's fit to print

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,

(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)

Graham Inglis,

(Columnist, Staff writer, Hawkwind nut)

Douglas Harr,

(Features writer, columnist)

Bart Lancia,

(My favourite roving reporter)

Thom the World Poet,

(Bard in residence)

C.J.Stone.

(Columnist, commentator

and all round good egg)

John Brodie-Good

(Staff writer)

Alan Dearling,

(Staff writer)

Mr Biffo,

(Columnist)

A J Smitrovich,

(Columnist)

Richard Freeman,

(Scary stuff)

Dave McMann,

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

Orrin Hare,

(Sybarite and literary bon viveur)

Mark Raines,

(Cartoonist)

Davey Curtis,

(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee

(Pop Culture memorabilia)

Dean Phillips

(The House Wally)

Rob Ayling

(The Grande Fromage,

of whom we are all in awe)

and Peter McAdam

(McDada in residence)

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

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

Jonathan Downes,

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Editor: Gonzo Weekly magazine
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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.

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.

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.

Erik's new Video

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.

Featuring: Erik Norlander - keyboards Mark Matthews - bass Nick LePar - drums Greg Ellis - percussion Alastair Greene - guitars on 1,2,3,4,6

Lana Lane - vocals on 5 Jeff Kollman - guitars on 5 Mark McCrite - acoustic guitar on 3 Don Schiff - cello, contrabass and fretless NS/Stick on 2

And now—guess what! There is a spiffing new viseo. A tour de force to accompany *The Galaxy* Collectors. Check it out:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j9W2RwgNrs







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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

HURRY UP HARRY: Prince Harry joined Coldplay on stage this week at Kensington Palace to close the Sentebale charity concert and called for more to be done to end the HIV/AIDS epidemic. The first ever pop concert on the East Lawn was



organised to help raise funds and awareness of the challenges faced by young people affected by HIV/ AIDS in sub-Saharan Africa. The fitting finale saw Prince Harry and Prince Seeiso, who founded Sentebale together in 2006, and a 12-strong choir from Lesotho, accompany Coldplay for their uplifting hit 'Up&Up'.

Prince Harry introduced the band for their 10-song set after a heartfelt speech to the crowd of 3,000 people. The Prince founded Sentebale - meaning 'forget me not' - in 2006 with Prince Seeiso after his 2004 gap year visit to Lesotho, where one in three children have lost a parent to AIDS related illness. Read on...

HAIR TODAY: [Many thanks to Doug Shoop for this story] At the same auction where Prince's signature yellow guitar sold for \$137,500, a lock of David Bowie's hair sold for \$18,750 — over four times its estimated value of \$4,000. The hair was clipped from Bowie's head in 1983 to aid in the creation of a wax figure at Madame Tussauds. Read

BLOODY HELL: A shirt spattered with the blood of late Beatles star John Lennon has sold at auction for £31,000 (\$40,819). The white button down shirt was worn by concierge Jay Hastings as part of his uniform while he worked at The Dakota building in New York. Hastings was on duty on 8 December, 1980, when singer Lennon was shot by deranged fan Mark Chapman as he and wife Yoko Ono

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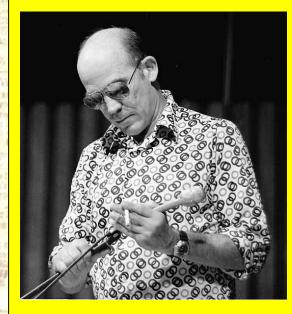
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GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

What? You don't know who Hunter Thompson is/was/might have been/will be? Gonzo Multimedia. It would have been completely different and that would have

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...

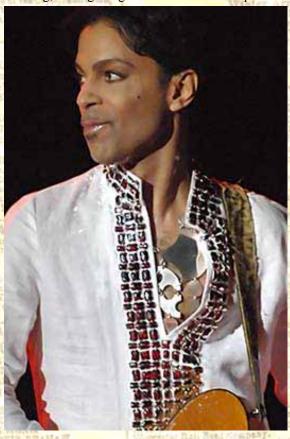
instance of beauty, many souls must be trampled.

Hunter S. Thompson



entered the porch of The Dakota to go up to their flat. After being shot twice in the back and twice in the shoulder, Lennon stumbled into the entranceway, where Hastings covered the musician with his suit jacket. In his attempt to aid the ailing star, some of Lennon's blood seeped into the shirt on its chest and sleeves. Read on...

THE ROYAL FAMILY: [Many thanks to Doug Shoop for this story] According to court records, 29 people have claimed familial relationship to Prince. The question now is what the timetable will be for those claims to be resolved via DNA testing; setting a tight timetable could keep some



B. E. HUXUZIUNSVII Successor to WM. LEGGATE,) 180 MAIN ST. AHUFACTURBU and Dealer in HARNESSES, SAD

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WHO GONZO? WHY

Without Hunter Thompson there would be no been an unforgivable pity. So here is:

A potted history of his life and works

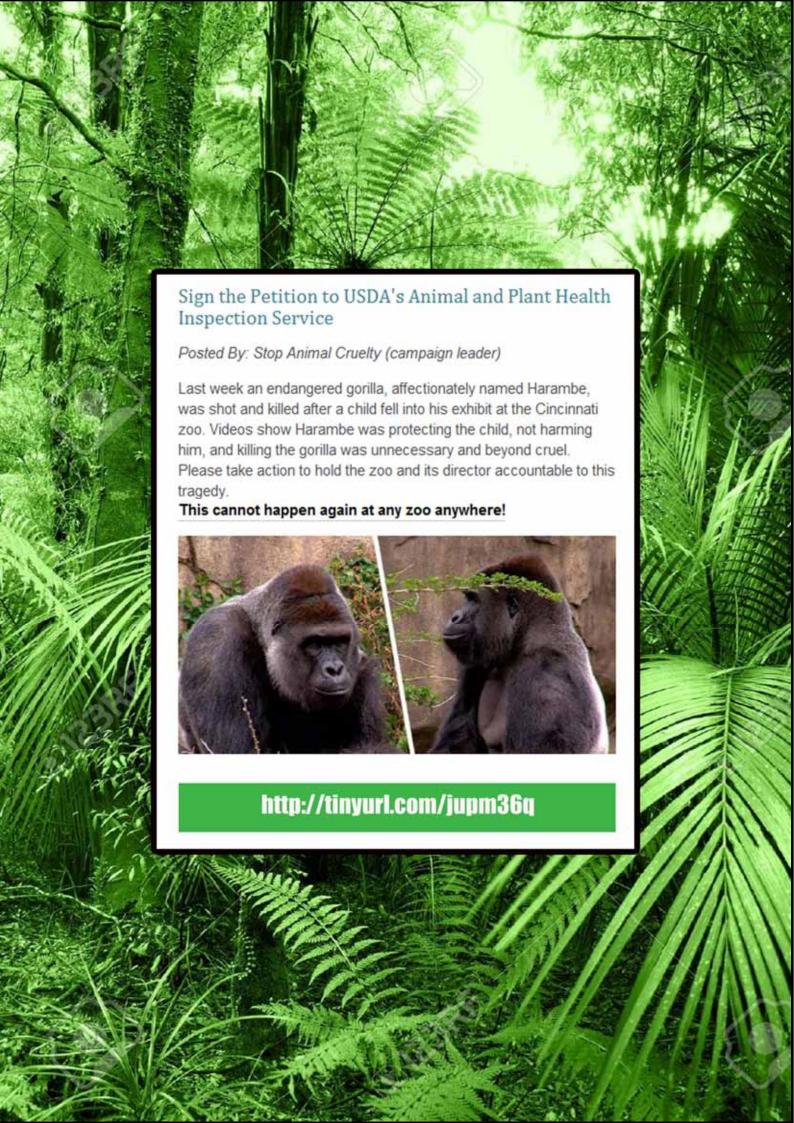
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The Gospel According to BART

While we were away my favourite roving reporter sent me news that veteran rockers Aerosmith are planning a farewell tour for next year. Or at least some of them are....

"Steven Tyler phoned into The Howard Stern Show Tuesday to discuss his new solo country LP as well as to confirm the rumors that Aerosmith are planning a farewell tour in 2017. "I love this band, I really do, and I want to squash every thought that anybody might have about this ... We're doing a farewell tour, but only because it's time. We've never done that," Tyler said.

Stern, stunned by the news, made Tyler confirm whether Aerosmith were planning a farewell tour. "I think so, next year," the singer said. Asked whether guitarist Joe Perry is aware of Aerosmith's farewell plans, Tyler responded with a simple "Mmhmm."

Read more:

http://www.rollingstone.com/music/news/ steven-tyler-confirms-aerosmithembarking-on-2017-farewell-tour-20160624#ixzz4DB9BURCy



claimants from having their results considered by the court. Prince's sister Tyka Nelson argues that the estate's value will diminish if the court takes too much time to adjudicate all the claims. "We're in uncharted waters here," said Judge Kevin Eide, who says the Prince case is in some ways unique in Minnesota history. Read on...

WHILE MY GUITAR...: The Beatles were one of the final holdouts from releasing their music onto streaming services, but they finally relented last year at Christmas. Since that time, the Fab Four have accumulated one billion streams which translates to \$17,000,000 in royalties based on the current .0017 per stream figure being used by the industry. Of course, different deals could have been struck between the group and the services so the amount may vary.

The group also hit another big number with the tenth anniversary of their Las Vegas show with the Cirque du Soleil, LOVE. To celebrate the milestone, Apple Corp and Cirque have created a brand new video for the White Album classic While My Guitar Gently Weeps. **Read on...**



IN RAINBOWS: [Many thanks to Doug Shoop for this story] Thom Yorke grabbed a guitar on Sunday and strolled over to a garden party his neighbor was throwing on the day that Queen Elizabeth II was being honored in England for turning 90. Yorke played a 30-minute solo acoustic set that a Reddit user posted about after getting a text from his dad: "in Oxford at garden party with Suzie's neighbours, about to hear entertainment from neighbour Tom York of Radiohead! Read on...

THE HUMAN RIFF: BBC Music announces that Rolling Stone legend Keith Richards is to front a film for BBC Two to air in July, and this Autumn will curate an incredible weekend of programming for BBC Four. For BBC Two, Keith Richards - The Origin Of The Species is a 60-minute film by acclaimed director Julien Temple, in which he journeys back to his formative years during the

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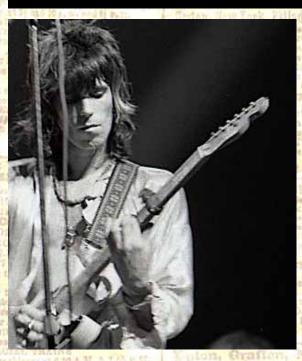
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post-war era. This film is the centrepiece of the BBC's My Generation season.

And exclusively for BBC Four this September, Keith Richards' Lost Weekend will feature two nights of programming all hand-picked by Keith, which could include documentaries, films and live performances. Each night will feature an introduction by Keith - specially-filmed by Julien Temple - talking about the reasons behind his selections and inspirations. Avatar of rebellion, buccaneer, soul survivor, as well as the coolest dude on the planet, Keith Richards - the myth - has meant so many different things to so many different people that it is easy to overlook the quintessential Englishness that still truly defines him. By reclaiming for the first time on film his suburban roots, Keith Richards - The Origin Of The Species explores the impact he has had on how we all live our lives today. Read on...

OZZY NOT TOO OLD: Ozzy Osbourne has dismissed his manager wife Sharon's retirement talk, insisting he plans to rock on for some time. Sharon Osbourne recently hinted her husband



would step away from the spotlight before he hits 70 in three years, but Ozzy is determined to keep going. And he's urging fans not to write him off just because his band Black Sabbath are calling it a day, revealing he's disappointed his bandmates Geezer Butler and Tony Iommi didn't want to continue after their current farewell tour, which will end with a show in the rockers' native Birmingham, England in February (17).

He tells Billboard.com, "Tony wants to do 80 shows and we're doing 80 shows. It's good enough, but I wouldn't mind extending the tour for another few gigs. There's a lot of people who won't get to see us, but I don't think it's going to happen." And he dismissed Sharon's retirement chatter, adding, "It's not me that wants to retire, it's Black Sabbath. I'll be continuing my own musical thing. My wife is good at telling me partial information, but I know I'm not hanging my boots up for a while. **Read on...**

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IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE

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R. E. HUTCHLINDUR Succession to WM. LEGGATE,) 180 MAIN ST. MANUPACTURRE and Dealer in HARNISTEES, SAD IVA DIES, BRIDIES, Coach, Garle and Draft Coach, LARS, Also, Trunks, Palines and Corpit Segs. Coach Gis and Tuly William, &c. Ex Realpring done at the

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THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday

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

IEITDISIDOE CITEVIAEIS

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?

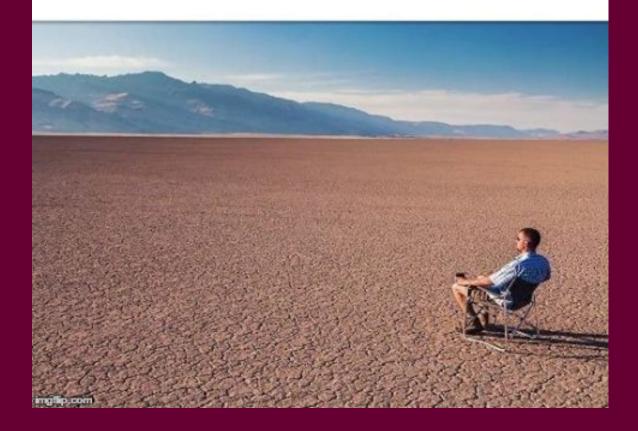


Celebrate wildlife on World Wildlife Day don't shoot it. Bye Daddy! I'm leaving for my date tonight!

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



ME TRYING TO FIND GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT





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

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

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



Strange Fruit is a unique two-hour radio show exploring the world of underground, strange and generally neglected music. All shows are themed and all shows set out to give the most hardened of sound-hounds some new delight to sample.

The show is also unique in providing homework for undergraduate students on North West Kent College's Foundation Degree in Professional Writing (who dig up many of the odd facts featured in the links between tracks).

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

The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.



STRANGE FRUIT SHOW #169 – The Long and the Short of it (19-06-2016?)

Wild Man Fischer: I Got a Camera

Cloudland Canyon: 4 PK

Carnivorous Erection: I Wanna Kill Keith Jarrett: Koln Part II B Edith Sitwell: Mariner Man

Meredith Monk Panda Chant II Jill Purce: Healing Voice

John Fiddler: Another 21st Century Day Jane Campion: Passionless Moments

Drum Circus: Groove Rock Oliver Nelson: Stolen Moments Zoogz Rift: Dissemblers

Ollie Halsall & John Halsey: Bum Love The Residents: We're a Happy Family/Bali Hai Roger Mcgough: The Wreck of the Hespurus

Morgan Fisher: Green and Pleasant

John Otway: Mine Tonight

Dr John van Impe: An Important Message
Peter Frampton: Penny for your Thoughts
Alfred Hitchcock: Plumbing Problem

McGough and McGear From Frink, A Life In The

Day Of And Summer With Monika Introducing Moanin'/Anji (Prologue, Medley and Epilogue) Alva T Stanforth Junior High School Choir and Dance

Band: Chinatown

David Koresh: We're Supposed to be Christians

Sublime: New Thrash

James Brown: Time is Running out Fast

Olivia Tremor Control: The Sky is a Harpsicord

Canvas

Gavin Bryars: After Mendelssohn 1/2 Japanese Paint it Black Simon Jeffes Arthur's Treat

Mark Perry Talking World War III Blues

Michael Nyman 89-90-91-92 Terry Riley: Dog Barks at Midnight Chris Butler: Have a Nice Century

Tilted Tim: Endpiece

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 multi-instrumentalist and the educated musician. We tend to shy away from computer generated creations and rely on talent using musical instruments and steer this talent for purposes of 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:

SBL

http://www.facebook.com/SBLMusic/

Panzerpappa

http://www.facebook.com/Panzerpappa-

112379508814650/?fref=ts



Matt Stevens

http://www.facebook.com/mattstevensloop/

Gadi Caplan

http://www.facebook.com/Gadi-Caplan-176562585740440/?fref=nf

Blacklands

http://www.facebook.com/ Progressive.Melodic.Rock/

Vincent Carr

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Gentle Knife

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Last Flight to Pluto

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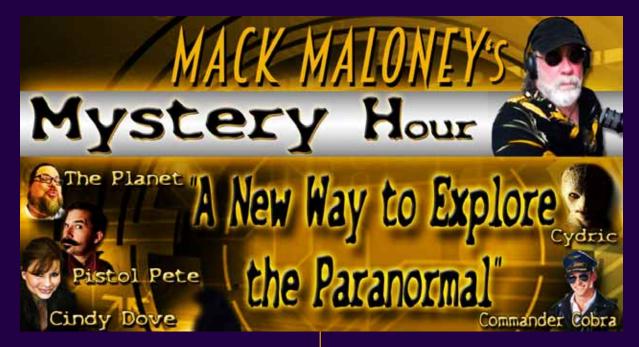
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> Listen Here





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

Revisiting the Coyne Incident, Disappearing Paratroopers & Tony The Tiger in High Heels

In this encore presentation, Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk with Switchblade Steve Ward about the Coyne Incident, one of the best documented UFO encounters of all time. Plus, Rob Beckhusen on the case of the disappearing paratroopers, Operation Distant Thunder on strange aircraft spotted over Nevada and a discussion on whether Tony the Tiger is a cross-dresser.



Listen Here

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



CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES: Episode Thirty-Five

We at Gonzo Web Radio are very proud to bring you Canterbury Sans Frontières - a podcast dedicated to the music of the 'Canterbury Scene' and more. Creator Matthew Watkins writes:

As with Canterbury Soundwaves, a new three-hour episode will be released with each full moon. I decided to wind down Canterbury Soundwaves so that I didn't end up

- (i) repeating myself,
- (ii) scraping the bottom of the Canterbury barrel, or
- (iii) becoming increasingly tangential.

This new podcast broadens the musical remit, so it'll be about one-third 'Canterbury sound', together with progressive/psychedelic/experimental music from the Canterbury of today, the remainder being a mix of music from various times and places which I feel to be in a similar spirit of creative adventurousness. I'll be doing a lot less talking, and the programme will be less expository — so no interviews, barely listenable bootlegs, etc. I also plan to include guest one-hour mixes from various musicians from the current music scene in Canterbury (Episode 2 features a mix from Neil Sullivan from Lapis Lazuli).

And for those of you who wonder what Matthew was referring to when he writes about Canterbury Soundwaves we have brought you all the back catalogue of that as well. Those wacky guys at Gonzo, eh?

This episode features quite a few discoveries found in back issues of the Canterbury Scene fanzine "Facelift" (late 80s into the 1990s): Stomu Yamash'ta's East Wind (featuring Hugh Hopper), David Bedford (featuring Kevin Ayers), a Mike Ratledge 1977 film soundtrack, a Bridget St. John B-side written and produced by Kevin Ayers, Short Wave, Glo (featuring Gilli Smyth), Forgas and Paragong. Also, a live cover of Soft Machine's "Facelift" by a Toronto band, an extended Jon Hassell/Brian Eno piece, Sun Ra's Arkestra taking a look in The Sound Mirror and System 7 collaborating with a couple of Detroit techno innovators. From today's Canterbury, new singles from Jamie Dams and the title track from Syd Arthur's forthcoming album "Apricity

Listen Here



Winfield Scott "Scotty" Moore III (December 27, 1931 – June 28, 2016)

Moore was an American guitarist and recording engineer. He is best known for his backing of Elvis Presley in the first part of his career, between 1954 and the beginning of Elvis's Hollywood years. Rock critic Dave Marsh credits Moore with the invention of power chording, on the 1957 Presley song "Jailhouse Rock", the intro of which Moore and drummer D.J. Fontana, according to the latter, "copped from a '40s swing version of 'The Anvil Chorus'." Moore was ranked 29th in *Rolling Stone* magazine's list of 100 Greatest Guitarists of All Time in 2011.

Moore learned to play the guitar from family and friends at eight years of age. Although underage when he enlisted, Moore served in the United States Navy between 1948 and 1952. His early background was in jazz and country music. In 1954 Moore and Bill Black accompanied Elvis on what would become the first legendary Presley hit, the Sun Studios session cut of "That's All Right", a recording regarded as a seminal event in rock and roll history. Elvis, Black and Moore then formed the Blue Moon Boys.

They were later joined by drummer D.J. Fontana. Beginning in July 1954, the Blue Moon Boys toured and recorded throughout the American South and, as Presley's popularity rose, they toured the United States and made appearances in various Presley television shows and motion pictures. The Blue Moon Boys, including Moore, appear in the few 1955 home movie clips that survive of Elvis before he achieved national recognition.

Moore played on many of Presley's most famous recordings, including "That's All Right", "Good Rockin' Tonight", "Milk Cow Blues Boogie", "Baby Let's Play House", "Heartbreak Hotel", "Mystery Train", "Blue Suede Shoes", "Hound Dog", "Too Much", "Jailhouse Rock" and "Hard Headed Woman".

Early in 1958, when Elvis was drafted, Scotty began working at Fernwood Records and produced a hit record called "Tragedy" for Thomas Wayne Perkins—brother of Johnny Cash guitarist Luther Perkins.

In 1960, Moore commenced recording sessions with Elvis at RCA, and also served as production manager at Sam Phillips Recording Service, which involved supervising all aspects of studio operation. Moore played on many Presley songs including "Fame And Fortune", "Such A Night", "Frankfort Special", "Surrender", "I Feel So Bad", "Rock-A-Hula Baby", and "Kiss Me Quick" amongst others.

Moore's playing on his Gibson with his unique finger-picking style using a thumbpick, as on the Sun and early RCA recordings, represented a move of the Chet Atkins style into a more rockabilly mode. Moore's best performances are often considered precedent-setting.

The book *That's Alright, Elvis: The Untold Story of Elvis's First Guitarist and Manager*, is written by Moore as told to James Dickerson.

Moore died on June 28, 2016 in Nashville, Tennessee, at the age of 84.



Rob Wasserman (1952 – June 29, 2016)

Wasserman was an American, Grammy Award winning upright bass player and NEA grant winning composer, who has played and recorded with a wide variety of musicians including Elvis Costello, Jerry Garcia, David Grisman, Van Morrison, Aaron Neville, Lou Reed, Pete Seeger, Bob Weir, Brian Wilson, Chris Whitley, Neil Young, and Jackson Browne, amongst others. Wasserman started playing violin and did not graduate to the bass until after his teenage years. Early on, he was playing with Van Morrison, Mystic Knights of the Oingo Boingo and the David Grisman Quintet.

RatDog, which he co- founded with Bob Weir from the Grateful Dead, occupied much of his time. He also has toured extensively with Lou Reed. He died June 29, 2016.

> Bonny "Mack" Rice (November 10, 1933 – June 27, 2016)

Rice, sometimes credited as Sir Mack Rice, was an American songwriter and singer. His best-known composition, and biggest hit as a solo performer, was "Mustang Sally." He also wrote "Respect Yourself" with Luther Ingram.



Rice began his work in the R&B field in the 1950s based in Detroit, performing with the Five Scalders in 1956 and with the Falcons, a group whose members included Eddie Floyd, Wilson Pickett and Joe Stubbs, from 1957 to 1963. He performed as a solo vocalist in the years to follow, but his biggest successes were as songwriter for other artists on labels like Stax and others in the 1960s and following decades.

As a solo recording artist, he had two chart hits: "Mustang Sally", which reached number 15 on the Billboard R&B chart in 1965, and "Coal Man", which reached number 48 on the soul music chart in 1969. Besides "Mustang Sally", which also became a major hit for Wilson Pickett in 1966, and "Respect Yourself", a hit for the Staple Singers, his other songs include "Betcha Can't Kiss Me (Just One Time)", "Cheaper to Keep Her", "Cadillac Assembly Line", "Money Talks", "Cold Women With Warm Hearts", "Do the Funky Penguin, Pt. 1", "It Sho Ain't Me", and "Santa Claus Wants Some Lovin". His compositions have been performed by many well-known artists.

In 1992, backed by the soul band The Dynatones Rice released his first solo album, *Right Now* on Blue Suit Records, recorded and mixed by Steve Scharren at Scharren Studios in Ohio. He died at home in Detroit on June 27, 2016, aged 82, from complications of Alzheimer's disease.



George Bernard "Bernie" Worrell, Jr. (April 19, 1944 – June 24, 2016)

Worrell was an American keyboardist and composer. He was best known as a founding member of Parliament-Funkadelic and for his work with Talking Heads. Worrell was described by Jon Pareles of *The New York Times* as "the kind of sideman who is as influential as some bandleaders."

Worrell was a musical prodigy, and began formal piano lessons by age three and wrote a concerto at age eight. As a college student, Worrell played with a group called Chubby & The Turnpikes; this ensemble eventually evolved into Tayares.

After meeting George Clinton, leader of a Plainfield-based doo wop group called The Parliaments, Worrell, Clinton, The Parliaments and their backing band, The Funkadelics, became collectively known as Parliament-Funkadelic. While funk musicians traditionally utilized electric keyboards, such as the Hammond organ and Fender Rhodes electric piano, Worrell was the second recipient of the Moog synthesizer created by Bob Moog.

When Parliament-Funkadelic took a hiatus from touring in the early 1980s, Worrell was recruited, along with other musicians from differing musical genres to perform and record with Talking Heads during their most inventive period. Worrell's experience and feel for different arrangements enhanced the overall sound of the band. Though he never officially joined Talking Heads, he was a de facto member of the group for most of the '80s until they officially disbanded in 1991. Worrell can be seen in the band's concert film *Stop Making Sense*. Notably, Worrell was invited to perform with Talking Heads at their one-off reunion as part of their 2002 induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. From 2011 through 2015, Worrell performed with his group, the Bernie Worrell Orchestra. He died at the age of 72 on June 24, 2016.



Billy Mack "Bill" Ham (February 4, 1937 – June 20, 2016)

Ham was a Texas music impresario, best known as the manager, producer of and image-maker for the blues-rock band ZZ Top. Ham also gained prominence in the country music world by discovering and managing multi-platinum singer-songwriter Clint Black and founding some of the most successful country music publishing companies.

The band which eventually became ZZ Top started as the "Moving Sidewalks." Ham was working as a record promotion man for Bud Dailey Distributing when he saw the Sidewalks perform at a Doors concert in Houston and came backstage to compliment the band. Later when the Sidewalks decided to fire their manager, Mitchell asked Ham if he would be interested in serving in that capacity.

Ham was instrumental to ZZ Top's success, co-writing

songs, producing their hit albums and constructing their image, and continuing as the band's manager up to and including 1996's *Rhythmeen* album and tour.

Ham died on June 20, 2016, at his home in Austin, Texas. He was 79.



Wayne Jackson (November 24, 1941 – June 21, 2016)

Jackson was a soul and R&B musician, playing the trumpet in the Mar-Keys, in the house band at Stax Records and later as one of The Memphis Horns, "arguably the greatest soul horn section ever".

Together with Andrew Love, he created the signature horn sound at Stax on hit records by Otis Redding, Sam & Dave, and others.

After the years recording at Stax, they incorporated themselves into The Memphis Horns and began freelancing, recording on sessions for such artists as Neil Diamond, Elvis Presley, Al Green, and Dusty Springfield. The duo also toured with The Doobie Brothers, Jimmy Buffett, Robert Cray, and numerous other performers.

Jackson died on June 21, 2016 at Methodist University Hospital in Memphis of congestive heart failure. He was 74



Gordon Murray (3 May 1921 – 30 June 2016)

Murray was a British television producer and puppeteer. He created and wrote some of the most popular children's television programmes ever seen in Britain: *Trumpton, Camberwick Green* and *Chigley*, collectively known as the Trumptonshire Trilogy, were all made by the company he set up. As a child he made puppets and used to give little shows to friends and family at home.

After being demobbed at the end of the Second World War he set up his own puppet company, Murray's Marionettes. He operated Spotty Dog in *The Woodentops* and later produced *Sketch Club* and *Captain Pugwash*.

After the BBC Children's Department and Women's Programmes merged in 1964 he left the BBC to form independent production company, Gordon Murray Puppets Productions, in North London. Here he made arguably his most enduring and loved programmes, The Trumptonshire Trilogy; Camberwick Green which broadcast in 1966, Trumpton in 1967 and Chigley in 1969. Murray would create the vehicles, puppets and scripts and Bura and Hardwick would create the animation. In the 1980s he burnt all the remaining puppets and sets, except for one soldier from Camberwick Green that escaped the fire.

In January 2012, all 39 original episodes of the Trumptonshire trilogy were digitally restored after Murray found some boxes of original footage of the series at his attic at home and handed them over to the BBC for restoration.

Murray died in June 2016, at the age of 95.

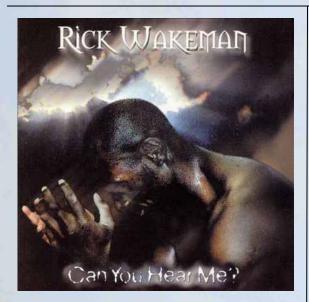


YOU'VE READ THE MAGAZINE YOU'VE MARVELLED AT THE EDITOR'S IMPUDENCE NOW WEAR THE SHIRTS



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

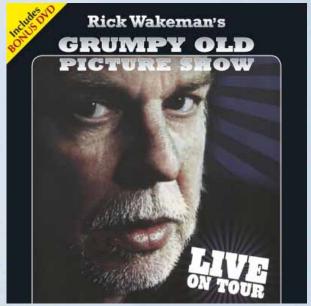


Artist Rick Wakeman
Title Can You Hear Me?
Cat No. HOPEGZ002CD
Label Gonzo

Rick Wakeman is one of the foremost keyboard players of his generation, and therefore needs no introduction to anyone reading this. He is best known for being in the progressive rock band Yes across five tenures between 1971 and 2004 and for his solo albums released in the 1970s. Wakeman's discography includes over 90 solo albums that range from several musical styles. He has made many television and radio appearances; in recent years he became known for his contributions to the BBC comedy series Grumpy Old Men and his radio show on Planet Rock that aired from 2005 to 2010. Wakeman has written three books; an autobiography and two memoirs.

Rick is a devout Christian, and this unjustifiably

obscure album reflects the faith which is such a cornerstone of his life. Kid Byron writes: "This brilliant CD by the keyboard king Mr. Rick Wakeman is an absolute gem and should be in my opinion bought by anyone who loves incredible music with a spiritual message attached to it. This inspiring recording touches on sprituality and the love of GOD like no other that I have ever heard. The vocals and use of a choir are truly awe inspriring and Mr. Wakeman's playing is very harmonius and complements the recording in a masterful way as only he could manage to accomplish. Buy this CD you will be very glad that you did"



Artist Rick Wakeman

Title Grumpy Old Picture Show

Cat No. GZO110CD Label Gonzo



Rick Wakeman is one of the foremost keyboard players of his generation, and therefore needs no introduction to anyone reading this. He is best known for being in the progressive rock band Yes across five tenures between 1971 and 2004 and for his solo albums released in the 1970s. Wakeman's discography includes over 90 solo albums that range from several musical styles. He has made many television and radio appearances; in recent years he became known for his contributions to the BBC comedy series Grumpy Old Men and his radio show on Planet Rock that aired from 2005 to 2010. Wakeman has written three books; autobiography and two memoirs.

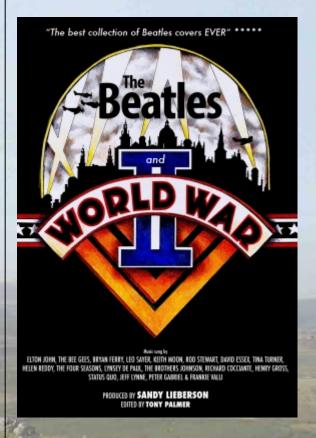
This DVD sees him reprise his very popular role from the BBC Hit Series, 'Grumpy Old Men', in a hilarious one-man show. Take a front row seat as one of Rock's most legendary stars groans, moans and rants his way through the frustrations, irritations and issues with modern life. Delivered in sidesplitting fashion, this hilarious one-man show also traces the extraordinary life, times, and escapades of Grumpy Old Wakeman, enhanced with rare photographs, music and previously unseen footage. The iconic rock legend identifies with the masses, as he moans and rants his way through the frustrations and irritations of modern life. Delivered in a highly amusing fashion, Wakeman creates a riotous pastiche of his extraordinary life and escapades, which every self-confessed 'grump' will chortle in relation to.



Artist Arthur Brown
Title Live 67/68
Cat No. HST302CD
Label Gonzo

Arthur Wilton Brown (born 24 June 1942) is an English rock singer best known for his flamboyant

theatrical performances, powerful wide-ranging operatic voice and his number-one hit in the UK Singles Chart and Canada, "Fire", in 1968. Brown has been lead singer of various groups, most notably The Crazy World of Arthur Brown and Kingdom Come, followed by a varied solo career as well as associations with Hawkwind, The Who, Jimi Hendrix, Klaus Schulze, and Frank Zappa. Though Brown has had limited commercial success, he has been a significant influence on a wide range of musicians and artists and due to his operatic vocal style, wild stage persona and concepts, he is considered a pioneer of shock rock and progressive rock and influential on heavy metal music. Following the success of the single "Fire", the press would often refer to Brown as "The God of Hellfire" in reference to the opening shouted line of the song, a moniker that exists to this day, These live recordings from the late 1960s go a long way towards explaining why Arthur is so admired, and why the world would have been a much poorer place without him.



Artist The Beatles

Title The Beatles and WWII

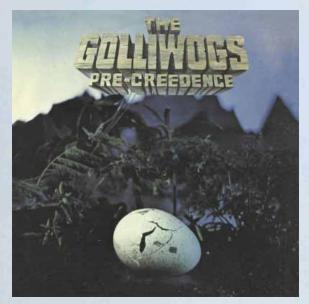
Cat No. TPDVD191 Label Tony Palmer

Take a group of some of the most famous solo artists of the 70s - Elton John; Tina Turner; The Four Seasons; The Bee Gees; Peter Gabriel; Bryan Ferry; Rod Stewart; Leo Sayer; Keith Moon; Helen

Reddy; Jeff Lynne & Frankie Valli; get them to sing cover versions of some of the most famous Beatles songs ever written; add a considerable dollop of documentary footage of the Second World War telling the story of that epic encounter, AND.......what do you have?

The Beatles & World War II!!

Sound crazy? It is. But enormously entertaining, and occasionally quite chilling. A unique blend of music and film like no other. Of that much we can be absolutely certain.



Artist The Golliwogs
Title Pre-Creedence
Cat No. GSGZ001CD
Label Gonzo

John Fogerty, Doug Clifford, and Stu Cook (all born in 1945) met at Portola Junior High School in El Cerrito, California. Calling themselves The Blue Velvets, the trio began playing instrumentals and "juke box standards",[9] as well as backing Fogerty's older brother Tom at live gigs and in the recording studio. Tom soon joined the band, and in 1964 they signed with Fantasy Records, an independent jazz label in San Francisco that had released Cast Your Fate to the Wind, a national hit for jazz pianist Vince Guaraldi. The record's success was the subject of a National Educational Television special, which prompted budding songwriter John Fogerty to contact the label. For the band's first release, Fantasy co-owner Max Weiss renamed the group the Golliwogs (after the children's literary character, Golliwogg).

Band roles changed during this period. Stu Cook switched from piano to bass guitar and Tom Fogerty from lead vocals to rhythm guitar; John became the band's lead vocalist and primary songwriter. In Tom Fogerty's words: "I could sing, but John had a sound!" In 1966, the group suffered a setback when John Fogerty and Doug Clifford, having received draft notices, enlisted in the military. Fogerty joined the Army Reserve while Clifford joined the United States Coast Guard Reserve. In 1967, Saul Zaentz bought Fantasy Records and offered the band a chance to record a full-length album on the condition that they change their name. Having never liked "the Golliwogs," in part because of the racial charge of the name, the four readily agreed. Zaentz and the band agreed to come up with ten suggestions each, but he enthusiastically agreed to their first: Creedence Clearwater Revival (CCR), which they took in January, 1968.

The rest is history but as a wise man once said, one doesn't know where one is going until one knows from whence you came. CCR are justly lauded as one of the greats of American popular music. But check this album out. Then it will all begin to make sense.



Artist James Young
Title Songs They Never Play On The Radio
Cat No. HST346CD
Label Gonzo

James Edward Young (born September 17, 1952) is a British musician and writer. Young grew up in Oldham, Lancashire and began learning piano at the age of 7. He studied Art History briefly at the University of East Anglia before moving to Oxford to study at the Polytechnic and in 1982 was accepted as an MPhil student at Oxford University. This period coincided with his meeting Nico (Velvet Underground) and Young took the decision to work with her instead of continuing with academic life. Young toured and recorded as keyboard player and arranger with the group

Faction until Nico's death in 1988. Since then Young has written books, recorded solo albums, created BBC radio features, written on Outsider Art and curated exhibitions.

Young's memoir of his years travelling with Nico Songs they Never Play on the Radio, was published to international critical acclaim in 1993, winning the In The City award for music book of the year. Described by Greil Marcus in Esquire as 'A coolly literary masterpiece about the geography of nowhere', the book was later serialized in 1996 for BBC Radio 4. In 1994 Young was invited by Alan McGee, founder of Creation Records, to record a musical representation of his memoir of the Nico years. This is it.



Artist Cymbalic Encounters
Title Exploration of the Southern
Constellation
Cat No. HST374CD
Label Gonzo

'Exploration of the Southern Constellation' is a theme-based jazz-rock/prog-rock work. Composed by Mark Murdock and Brand X members; John Goodsall and Percy Jones and with Katsumi Yoneda featuring; Dave Juteau, Junko Minobe, Preston Murdock and more. DMME.net describes it further:

"From the moment Mark Murdock pulled into a prog orbit, first with Peter Banks from YES and then with the BRAND X alumni, there was no turning back for the American drummer, but it was with this band that he reached the point of no return. Based in Japan now, Murdock's latter-day journey has been one of fun – including the puns which marry "symbolic" to the metal part of his sonic palette when it comes to the ensemble's name, and the old synthesizer's brand to the night sky in the

title of "Trip To Alpha Syntauri" – although the scientific slant of Mark's music makes it all look serious.

It is so in songs, voiced by Dave Juteau, "Falling Off The Map" unfolding a Mellotron-laced surrealistic swirl of the "Strawberry Fields" kind over the orchestral tapestry, while electric violin gives an out-there edge to "The Sun In The Night (The Days Will Last Longer)" whose vista has an Oriental hue to it. Yet the tension set from "Magnificent Works" on, once Percy Jones' bass resolves its pulse into elastic lines and John Goodsall's guitar embroiders them with a filigree funk, is rather deceptive, and not for nothing the snare sound on there is deliberately rough as if destined to anchor the flight to the ground."

Richard Brautigan





Artist Richard Brautigan
Title Listening to Richard Brautigan
Cat No. HST410CD
Label Gonzo

Richard Gary Brautigan (January 30, 1935 – ca. September 16, 1984) was an American novelist, poet, and short story writer. His work often employs black comedy, parody, and satire. He is best known for his 1967 novel Trout Fishing in America. Listening to Richard Brautigan, 1970 (which was intended to be released on The Beatles' Zapple label, but came out on EMI Harvest instead) - consists of Richard reading several poems and stories, friends reading "Love Poem" and sounds recorded in his apartment in San Francisco.

Barry Miles, MD of the short lived avant garde project has commented: "The Zapple label was folded by Klein before the record could be released. The first two Zapple records did come out. We just didn't have [Brautigan's record] ready in time before Klein closed it down. None of the Beatles ever heard it."

Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile Stone Free Festival 2016; Arthur is

Stone Free Festival 2016: Arthur is Resurrected, Alice Dies

Quite a weekend just passed at the O2 Arena, London. The Stone Free festival featured a series of bands over two days, June 18th and 19th, 2016 headlined by American rock legend Alice Cooper on day one then on day two Britain's treasure, Rick Wakeman. It was both a complementary and divergent pairing. Alice heading a list of bands Saturday who are principally heavy rock 'n' rollers, such as The Darkness and Apocalyptica, and Wakeman with various progressive rock bands on Sunday including among others Steve Hackett and Marillion. I've seen this type of pairing before in Britain, last year's Ramblin' Man festival paired The Scorpions opposite Camel, and it's entertaining just to walk around and peoplewatch. It's easy to guess who came to see which bands as the rockers tend to favor adornment of leather, skulls, and crosses, and the proggers, well, they tend to arrive in carefully selected t-shirts commemorating Yes, Genesis, ELP, and so on. I started the weekend by picking up a Wakeman t-shirt so as to

immediately declare my allegiance.

Rick Wakeman's Arthurian Legend Resurrected

There are a few special things in our lives that are once-in-a-lifetime occasions. Last night, June 19, 2016 at the O2 in London was a twice-in-a-lifetime event, as Rick Wakeman performed an expanded version of his album *The Myths and Legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table*, with his rock band, orchestra and choir for the first time since 1975. It was spectacular in every way, a dream come true for this native Californian who travelled across the pond to bear witness.

Way back in 1975, Wakeman wrote much of the original *King Arthur* album while in hospital, thereafter recording it in Morgan Studios with his band The English Rock Ensemble, and newly formed New World Symphony Orchestra joining the English Chamber Choir with David Measham conducting and Terry



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21.15 ALICE COOPER 19:45 THE DARKNESS APOCALYPTICA 18.30 17.30 **BLACKBERRY SMOKE**

THE ENTRANCE STAGE

THE LOUNGE KITTENS 16.30 15.30 DORIE

14.30 VODUN 13.30 THE RPM'S

12.30 JACK FRANCIS

SPEAK EASY LOUNGE

16:30 COMEDY WITH

JARED CHRISTMAS, JOHN HASTINGS, 12:00 - 18:00 GLENN WOOL & NICK HELM

16:00 DAVID QUANTIK

15:30 ALICE COOPER INTERVIEW

14:00 LORD SINCLAIR'S "SICK THINGS" QUIZ

13.00 THE DARKNESS - ALBUM PLAYBACK

16.15 THERAPY?

15.00 MICHAEL MONROE THE VIRGINMARYS 14.00

13.10 JACKAMAN

12.20 **JARED JAMES NICHOLS** NGO DOORS MIDDAY

AFTERPARTY INDIGO AT THE OZ

23.15 AC/DC UK

22,30 THUNDERDOME DJ'S

CINEWORLD AT THE OZ

13:00 PRINCE OF DARKNESS

VIP VINYL FAIR

OZ ARENA

20:50 RICK WAKEMAN 19.20 MARILLION

STEVE HACKETT 18.15 17.10 PINK FLOYD'S

WISH YOU WERE HERE SYMPHONIC LIVE 12.20

ARENA DOORS 4:30

THE ENTRANCE STAGE

16.15 XANDER AND THE PEACE PIRATES

15.15 COLOUR OF NOISE

14.15 VAMBO

BAD TOUCH 13.15

12.15 **BROKEN WITT REBELS**

SUNDAY MARKET

12:00 - 18:00

INDIGO AT THE OX

16.00 WILKO JOHNSON

15.00 HAKEN

REEFESTIVAL.COM

MESSENGER 14.00

13.10 KNIFEWORLD

CATS IN SPACE

INDIGO DOORS MIDDAY

SPEAK EASY LOUNGE

SIR HENRY AT RAWLINSONS END 16:30 RECREATED BY MICHAEL LIVESLEY

15:30 ROGER DEAN UNVEILING ARTWORK FOR "MYTHS AND LEGENDS"

13:40 DEAD FUNNY FEAT:

ROBIN INCE, DANNIELLE WARD &

MICHAEL LEGGE

13.00 BEER & MUSIC MATCHING

CINEWORLD AT THE 02

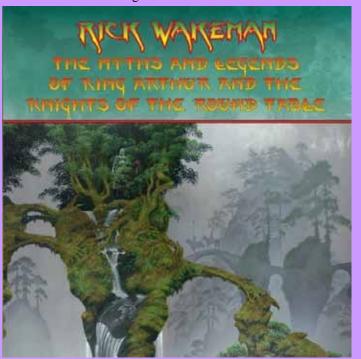
13:00 EXCALIBUR





Taplin narrating. The result is arguably the best-realized blend of rock and classical music in his long catalog, a fine studio recording with all the trimmings, coming on the heels of his live epic *Journey to the Center of the Earth* the prior year.

Famously, when it came time for Wakeman to bring this to the stage, against the advice of his many insiders, and due to scheduling difficulties booking Wembley's Empire Pool, he made the bold decision to present the epic on ice, featuring ice skaters in period costume! Critics met this with derision at the time but fans paid no heed; all three performances sold out. Some of the world's greatest skaters were recruited for the

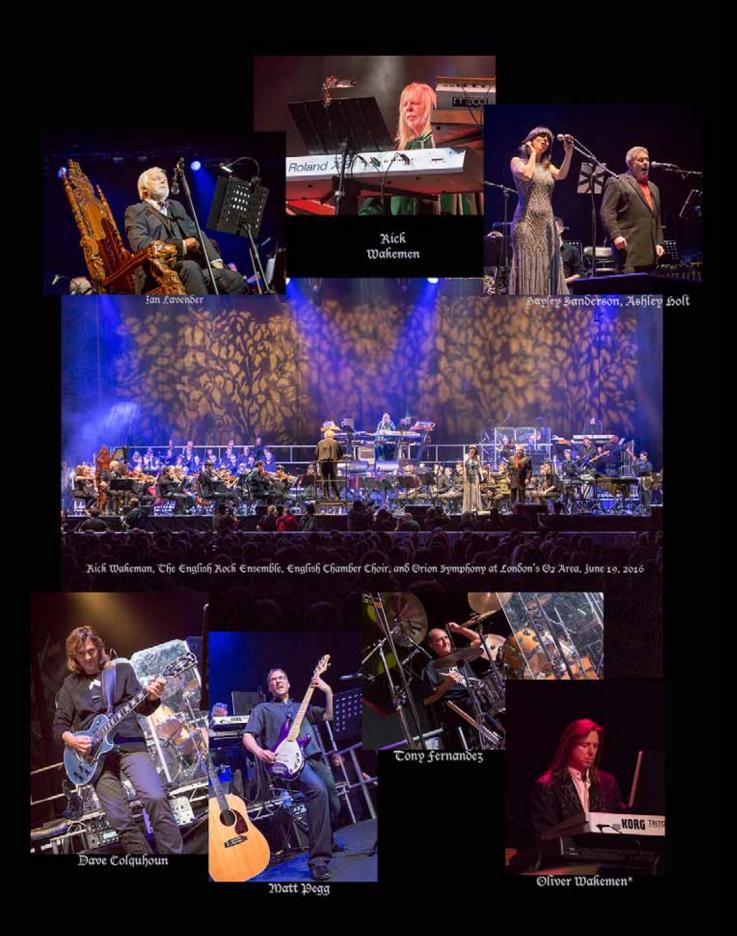


show and the stage was built center-rink surrounded by low castle walls to allow them clear ice around the set. Amazingly, the concert was filmed, and that footage is available from Gonzo Multimedia as part of a box set, which features five of Wakeman's legendary performances over the years. As produced by Tony Burfield, and directed by Alan Yentob with a top-notch team of filmmakers and editing staff, it's one of the best early films of this enduring artist.

This year Wakeman launched a *Pledge Music* campaign to help him finance the recording of a revised and expanded edition of what was originally a seven track record lasting just under 40 minutes. The music now spans 2 CD's and 23 tracks, several featuring Hayley Sanderson on vocals joining original singer Ashley Holt, with additional narration from English stage, film and television actor Ian Lavender exploring the themes of this legend more thoroughly. The album is just shipping now to supporters and will be available to all shortly – it comes highly recommended.

This time out, for this performance of the suite, there would be no ice, but instead a nice dry stage at the O2 arena. I had the rare opportunity to catch the sound check for that night's performance, which included a run-through of many tracks from the new album. Ashley was in fine voice, nailing his original leads, even on the very challenging "Sir Lancelot and the Black Knight." Hayley is a revelation live, investing her parts with grace and emotion and clear powerful vibrato – she's a wonderful performer. The band included Oliver Wakeman backing Dad up on keys (on Father's Day no less), long time English Rock Ensemble alum Tony Fernandez on drums, talented guitarist Dave Calquhoun, and Matt Pegg (yes, Dave's son) on bass all sounding fantastic. Conductor Guy Protheroe led the Orion Symphony Orchestra and the English Chamber Choir from center stage, dispensing some final

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guidance, while Ian sat up front stage right in a majestic wood chair to provide the narration, the best bit of which still sets the spine tingling.... "Whoso pullet out this sword from this stone and anvil, is the true born King of all Britain."

Sound check complete, I settled in to wait for the main

performance. I had the chance to hear artist Roger Dean relate stories from his long tenure in the business, and reveal the beautiful new album cover. Also had coffee with guitarist Dave Calquhoun and his family – he is thankfully working on a new album of originals. Caught a bit of crafty prog rockers Haken, then headed in for *Pink Floyd's Wish You Were Here*



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Ian Lavender, Rick Wakeman (c) diegospadeproductions.com 2016





Symphonic Live (after which I was hoping for more coffee!). Next up were two favorites, Steve Hackett, and Marillion, both excellent as usual, though squeezed into tight time slots that only allowed for short sets. Nevertheless, they shone brightly. Finally the stage was set for the King Arthur performance.

It was all I hoped it would be. Wakeman was in fine form, concentrating, playing faithfully and emotively, even without any jousting! Though the focus of the ensemble was very naturally on the symphonic aspects of the work, Colquhoun unleashed several searing solos to spice things up a bit, while Fernandez and Pegg anchored the whole in steady rock motifs, even a welcome bit of reggae vibe during the bridge of "The Last Battle." As in the sound check, Sanderson and Holt hit all their vocal leads, this time simply better dressed! The orchestra, choir, conductor, narrator, were all in excellent form. The music, both old and new, represents some of Wakeman's best, particularly in the way the piano and harpsichord parts are crafted so beautifully, the songs so appropriately romantic, expressing sonically the heartfelt stories of Camelot. The Moog synth patches were aptly chosen to highlight the organic,

analog sound inherit to the original instrument, all balancing rock, English folk, and sounds classical and choral to match the themes of the Arthurian legend. The revised "Merlin the Magician" brings a balance between the original instrumental and live vocal versions, retaining those spectacular Moog leads and music hall instrumental breaks with revised lyrics. The writing is top notch in general, from the opener "King Arthur" with it's perfectly suited majestic theme to its reprisal in "The Last Battle," and everything in between.

At this point, there are no firm plans to perform this revised work again in its entirety, though Wakeman said that while an outdoor event featuring jousting and other events would be suitable, and not ruling out a return to the ice! Given the uncertainty, we are feeling pretty lucky to have attended this spectacular event. Long live the legend of King Arthur and his musical historian, Rick Wakeman.

Next up, my favorite, *No Earthy Connection* played to honor British astronaut Tim Peake please...but not on the space station!

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Rick Wakeman, The English Rock Ensemble, The Orion Symphony Orchestra, and The English Chamber Choir conducted by Guy Protheroe Narration by Ian Lavender -- Sound check at the O2 arena June 19, 2016 (c) diegospadeproductions.com



Rick Wakeman performing King Arthur at the O2, June 19, 2016 (c) diegospadeproductions.com



Alice Dies Once Again...

I was also excited to see Alice Cooper on "Classic Rock" day, as it was to be my first time seeing him after all the years I've spent in concert halls. For anyone not familiar with the history, Alice Cooper shows have featured dancing skeletons, attacking spiders, an 8-foot-tall Cyclops, broken baby dolls, and fully functioning guillotines all fronted by Alice's vaudevillian protagonist backed by a rock 'n roll band that would influence rock and metal upstarts for decades. In 1974, after racking up seven albums and countless concert performances, the original ban split. Singer Vincent Furnier legally adopted the name Alice Cooper, and embarked on a long and fruitful solo career. His first album and tour spawned the movie *Welcome To My Nightmare* that screened in 1975 at my local movie palace. I took to this film immediately, reveling in the clever stagecraft that included dancers appearing to step in and out of a movie.

Now more than 40 years on, and many solo album releases later, Alice still rocks -- the concert was fantastic. As you might guess, these shows are quite well rehearsed now, a bit less anarchy on stage, replaced by more carefully crafted choreography, better lighting and effects. Yet the feeling of spontaneity and naughtiness remains, still aided with stage antics, props and costumes, continuing Alice's long string of compelling rock 'n' roll Grand-Guignol, attended by the faithful and curious alike. The set list was packed with classics, beginning with "The Black Widow," and "No More Mr. Nice Guy." He included several hit singles ending with "School's Out" and the encore "Elected." Late in the set list, Alice covered four songs by departed rockers, revealing a tombstone flag for each as he honored Keith Moon ("Pinball Wizard"), Jimi Hendrix ("Fire"), David Bowie ("Suffragette City") and

Lemmy ("Ace of Spades"). Alice's voice sounded great -- he's kept the growl, but can still deliver a ballad like "Only Women Bleed." Of all the fine musicians on stage, Nita Strauss stood out for her demonstrative searing leads on guitar. But this show has been and remains about the performance, about making a rock concert interesting by investing the proceedings with theatrics, in this case celebrating all things macabre. And, as is tradition, Alice died once more on the guillotine, guilty as always.



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East meets West: A wondrous journey into the Independent Republic of Užupis, Vilnius, Lithuania Come share the trip with Alan Dearling! Still a Utopian!

I'm still a digger and dreamer. Meaning, I like to contribute my five-penneth worth of passion and enthusiasm to the communal efforts of others, to help make the big, bad World just a little bit better. A bit greener (celebrating the efforts of the original diggers and levellers). A bit more caring. A world with a little more time, support and passion for 'creativity' in all its myriad forms - art, music, literature (some of the dreamers). What a group of us call 'Free Cultural Spaces'. After Free Cultural Spaces Symposium (FCS) events in Ruigoord, Amsterdam; Boom Festival, Portugal; and last year in the Free Town of Christiania in Copenhagen, Denmark, this year our core group headed from the United States of America, Netherlands, Russia, Ukraine, Belgium and me from Scotland, at the invitation of Užupis Republic Foreign Minister, Thomas Cepaitis (above). He's a poet, a writer and an artist.

This community started life as a squat. A 'contested' area on the edge of Vilnius, the Lithuanian capital city, threatened back in the 1990s by the municipal developers for re-development. In 1997, on April Fools' Day, April 1st, it was declared a Free Independent Republic. The residents of the area became that **Republic of Užupis**, put up their own independent flag, issued currency, and elected a president, and a cabinet of ministers.

They created a remarkable, quirky and thought-provoking constitution written by Romas Lileikis and Thomas Chepaitis (do have a read), a national anthem, passport stamp, and an army (numbering something like 11 men). Each year https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/U%C5%BEupis-cite_note-1 they celebrate their independence on Užupis Day, April 1. With about 7,000 inhabitants including approximately 1,000 artists, it is also a UNESCO World Heritage site, and a part



alan dearling



UŽUPIO KONSTITUCIJA

Republic of Ultupis

Constitution

- 1. Everyone has the right to live by the River Vilnelė, and the River Vilnelė has the right to flow by everyone.
- 2. Everyone has the right to hot water, heating in winter and a tiled roof.
- 3. Everyone has the right to die, but this is not an obligation.
- 4. Everyone has the right to make mistakes.
- 5. Everyone has the right to be unique.
- 6. Everyone has the right to love.
- 7. Everyone has the right not to be loved, but not necessarily.
- 8. Everyone has the right to be undistinguished and unknown.
- 9. Everyone has the right to idle.
- 10. Everyone has the right to love and take care of the cat.
- 11. Everyone has the right to look after the dog until one of them dies.
- 12. A dog has the right to be a dog.
- A cat is not obliged to love its owner, but must help in time of nee.
- 14. Sometimes everyone has the right to be unaware of their duties.
- 15. Everyone has the right to be in doubt, but this is not an obligation.
- 16. Everyone has the right to be happy.
- 17. Everyone has the right to be unhappy.
- 18. Everyone has the right to be silent.
- 19. Everyone has the right to have faith.
- 20. No one has the right to violence.
- 21. Everyone has the right to appreciate their unimportance.
- 22. No one has the right to have a design on eternity.
- 23. Everyone has the right to understand.
- 24. Everyone has the right to understand nothing.
- 25. Everyone has the right to be of any nationality.
- 26. Everyone has the right to celebrate or not celebrate their birthday.
- 27. Everyone shall remember their name.
- 28. Everyone may share what they possess.
- 29. No one can share what they do not possess.
 30. Everyone has the right to have brothers, sisters and parents.

- 31. Everyone may be independent.
- 32. Everyone is responsible for their freedom.
- 33. Everyone has the right to cry.
- 34. Everyone has the right to be misunderstood.
- 35. No one has the right to make another person guilty.
- 36. Everyone has the right to be individual.
- 37. Everyone has the right to have no rights. 38. Everyone has the right to not to be afraid.
- 39. Do not defeat.
- 40. Do not fight back.
- 41. Do not surrender.







of the Vilnius old town. So, a special place. Weird. Different, with a very wry sense of humour! In its early days, a giant egg was the national symbol, but they sold it by auction to the residents at Pylimo Street in Vilnius. The egg is now just round the corner from the statue of Frank Zappa. Perhaps the only statue to the admirable Mister Zappa anywhere in the world.

It was erected in Vilnius by the Lithuanians who felt that the Russian 'ban' on Frank and his music needed a response, so they adopted Frank Zappa as a Lithuanian national treasure. Hence the statue in Vilnius. And now in Užupis, since 2002, there is a magnificent statue of the Angel of Užupis. Its trumpet beckons curious visitors to the Independent Republic from all over the world.

Artists, local people and visionaries have joined forces to creatively turn the area into a place 'beyond'. Beyond, in the sense of being 'the wished for', a collection of mindscapes and spaces for possibilities to become realities. Juhani Ihanus, Užupis Ambassador to Helsinki and Beyond, calls it a place that is not 'owned'. He says, "Užupis is not 'ours', not belonging to 'us', to 'our' group or pals.





If owned, it would become an institution systematically depriving its members of their individual rights. Perhaps it is for nomadic seekers of changing truths, for the wise and the ship of fools." And that seems an appropriate introduction to our merry band of free cultural spaces symposiotes! We had arrived for the first time in Eastern Europe to learn and to share. Four days for our FCS Symposium to swap our experiences of free spaces around the world – squats, art spaces, intentional communities, alternative festivals, parties and dance events, eco-villages, radical education, activism and protests (and more). You can find out more, see videos and explore lots of links at the Free Cultural Spaces Web of Hubs site: www.freeculturalspaces.net

Being free...

'What does 'free' mean?', 'What is a free cultural space?' No easy answers to these questions and many others. But his is the sort of thing debated by the Symposium delegates as they showed a range of slides, videos and books about 'Free spaces' in Lithuania, Russia, Ukraine, USA, Poland, Belarus, Maastricht and Amsterdam in the Netherlands, Copenhagen in Denmark and the UK. This year the Symposium took place in two art gallery spaces, but spilled over onto the streets, cafes, bars and local music events — even into the River Vilnia for a very wacky clowning event.

Many of the presentations required the hard-working Thomas to act as interpreter from Lithuanian and Russian into something resembling English.

In an FCS Symposium public debate at the Galera, Thomas was amusingly assisted by his alter-ego, Petruška, a lovely talking doll, and the session was recorded by local potter/videographer, Alis, for the local TV. Among those present, were the Prime Minister of this Cultural Freezone in transition,





Sakalas (Falcon) Gorodeckis, and Aja Waalwijk from the Netherlands, and other symposiotes who exchanged views and opinions on some of the key issues challenging Užupis, including:

- advancing gentrification,
- direct democracy (with real budgetary authority for children),
- how to creatively respond to increasing tourism,
- and the history of Amsterdamsquats was briefly mentioned as well.

We built 'road-signs' which were erected on 'Ina's Boom' (tree) in memory of our core Symposium member, Aja Waalwijk, whose mum died during the Užupis' Symposium. These signs point towards a number of free cultural zones around the world and have left a visual link between Užupis and other free spaces. The interaction with local people and visitors was an essential essence of the FCS Symposium. Much of that interaction took place outside of the formal and informal sessions around

the Galera by the river and the Kalnas Galery at the other end of the district. Virginie from Maastricht, constructed art-murals on walls of local buildings. Alan with Igor produced an artwork collage on the theme of 'No Borders – One World – One People' – this is now part of Marius's exhibition in the Galera. Symposiotes talked about free cultural spaces with locals and visitors at music events, in cafes and bars. The Symposium was a moveable feast both in Užupis and Vilnius.

And hey, would you believeit, Thomas, as minister of Foreign Affairs has even honoured me with an official signed certificate making me the Užupis Ambassador for the English-Scottish border. Now, that's some position – according to the certificate I can even 'accredit consuls among the border tribes'. Facebook page with videos and reports from the Užupis FCS event: www.facebook.com/groups/UzhupisSympozia2016/

Some musical magic!

As you'll know if you've dipped into my books and magazine articles, I love music. All kinds. And especially live. Vilnius and Lithuania is obviously







blessed with by lots of talented performers. Even better, there are opportunities aplenty to see some great shows. We were lucky enough to be able to mingle our FCS Symposium in with local events. The two bands I'd like to shine a spotlight on are not familiar (yet) to Western audiences. Maybe that will change. I'd strongly recommend that you check both of them out. First up are:

Kamanių Šilelis (means something like 'bumble bee in the forest'). They brought happy smiles to

our communal faces after a hard few days at our Free Cultural Spaces Symposium. Theirs is youthful, exuberant music. They are a duo who are good to watch as well as listen to. It's arty 'new-folk', with plenty of electronic ingredients and edginess. Just right to get the audience jumping and dancing. The warmth, humour and human-connectedness to the audience of the duo is obvious. They enjoy playing and sharing their music. At different times, it is poppy, mixing traditional rhythms of Lithuanian folk traditions





with infectious electronic dance music components. Part of the reason for it being so successful is due to the fact that wonderful singer, Camilia Gudmonaitės' voice and singing style is as engaging as her mischievous smile! And in the intensity and performance skills of musical partner, guitarist, electronics' expert and actor, Mars Zemleckas, Camilla has a perfect match.

Links below to their website and to watch my video of them playing in a park just outside the borders of the Užupis Republic. You'll see what a lively live band they are! They have recently released their first album, 'Everything Flows'.

www.facebook.com/kamaniusilelis www.youtube.com/watch? feature=player_embedded&v=S18u6SJBIhE

The Ministry of Echology.

Reggae in Lithuania? Why not? And very good they are at the Caribbean rhythms too. The Ministry of Echology is one big band. Anything up to eleven members, I think, according to their spokesperson, Ugnius Raugalas. There's plenty of bass; a big brass section. Nice harmonies blending together sentiments of 'no war' and 'positivity'. Plenty too, of deep, deep, dub grooves and powerful, highly danceable sounds





from a band formed in an Eastern bloc country. Lithuania has suffered more than its share of hardships under Russian, German and Polish control. As an independent nation, Lithuanians and their neighbouring Baltic states, are urged to embrace a new era of, hopefully, European peace. We can hope! An example of the indomitable spirit of the Lithuanian people is sited nearby in Vilnius – the Stebuklas Tile. This tile marks the spot where three million people of the Baltic States, Lithuania, Estonia and Latvia joined hands to form a human chain encircling their nations

in protest against the Russian occupation. And so it is in their songs, urging us towards, 'Music Healing', 'Moving Forward', 'Inner Revolution', 'No Fight' and a lovely tune, 'Meditation', in its album versions, with and without added 'dub'.

Live, they are truly a formidable musical force. Their two albums are good and a highly enjoyable listen: 'Notes and Quotes' (2014) and 'Wanderer', the recently issued, 7-track mini-album (2016), but don't quite capture the energy and 'oomph' of the live and





direct, Ministry of Echology. But well worth having a listen to them. And they pulled in a huge crowd (as you can see) at the audience-friendly Downtown Forest Hostel venue.

Check out Ministry of Echology on the web (photo above from Rokas Milius):

http://www.reggae.lt/moe/

https://www.facebook.com/ministryofechology/https://ministryofechology.bandcamp.com/https://soundcloud.com/ministryofechology

From your favourite clown, **Gonzo Alan**, (keep your children safe inside!!!) Photo by Marius Abramavicius.



falling CF AGAIN

When my old friend Simon Wright emailed me to tell me Love were playing in London, I first thought, "wtf, Arthur Lee is dead, what's this all bout?" But on investigation I discovered that Love Revisited (not Love Unlimited, who were Barry White's backing band – a job which must have been interesting to say the least), are actually a bit more than a tribute band. First off, Love Revisited are actually Baby Lemonade, a well respected psychedelic band from LA, secondly, they were the backing band on Arthur Lee's tours from the 1990's till his death in 2006 and thirdly, they were going to be joined by Johnny Echols, the co-founder of Love and the man behind the melodic guitar solos that made the first three Love albums about the coolest thing from the summer of love.

So back off to London with my mates Kev and Suzie, who was celebrating her birthday, firstly for a few pints in the Brewdog pub at Camden and then on to the Jazz Café, which was fuller than I'd seen for a long time. Backing band was Proto Idiot who played fast punky pop with an attitude for about 30 minutes and made me suddenly feel very old. And here's a thing, I go to loads of gigs in London and the audience seems to be made up of scruffy middle-aged men. But not last night, at least a third of the audience was female and there were a generous number of young people, who knew Love's music and even tried to pogo during the faster songs. Absolutely wonderful stuff except when they jumped up and down in front of me.



Jeremy Smith

JAZZ CAFE A House Is Not A Motel 2. My Little Red Book 3. Can't Explain 4. **Orange Skies** 5. Clark and Hilldale 6. **Daily Planet** 7. You I'll Be Following 8. Your Mind And We Andmoreagain 9. 10. Alone Again or **Bummer In The Summer** 11. 12. Live & Let Live 13. Old Man 14. No Matter What 15. Softly To Me 16. Good Humor Man 17. You Set The Scene 18. August 19. Red Telephone 20. Laughing Stock 21. Revelation / Signed DC 22. Seven and Seven Is







Anyway, enough of the Victor Meldrews, what of the band itself, Love Revisited? Well, if I were to say, "it was the best gig I ever saw", I'd be lying, but it wasn't far off and I came out afterwards with such a grin on my face that the staff in Burger King must have thought that I was on something pretty good. Musically, everything was perfect with the band, especially the tight rhythm section with bassist Dave Chapple and drummer David Green. The sound was perfect and the songs themselves came over so well live. With lead vocalist and rhythm guitarist Rusty Squeezebox leading the charge (and Mr. & Mrs. Squeezebox, calling your prodigal son Rusty was inspired!), the three guitarists, particularly Mike Randle, all contributed different solos, and with 3 different lead vocalists, it was an all round classic musical experience.

As you can see from the picture, the set list mainly took in songs from the first three albums, Love, Da Capo and Forever Changes, with only one song, August, from the fourth, Four Sail. And knowing all the songs makes a gig so much better as you can sing along (though I do try to direct my gravelly tones away from anyone else's ears).

But what of Johnny Echols, Love's original guitarist and the reason why Love Revisited are not just a tribute band? Well, with most bands, the original members put themselves stage front and the newbies towards the back, but Johnny Echols was stuck out at the side which was great for me as I could hear his

guitar work straight from his amp and watch his fingers slide fluidly around his guitar. But I did think of a recent Facebook thread started by Alan Clayson about when his children were young, playing a cynical game entitled 'Guess Whose Dad Owns The Van' when watching pop groups, old and new, on television. Alan's game was to, "single out, however erroneously, the most seemingly expendable member - as instanced by the maraca shaker in Sir Douglas Quintet; the bloke in Madness who just danced about, and Ray Thomas of The Moody Blues, merely bashing a tambourine and going 'aaaaaaah' into a microphone while Denny Laine hogs the lead vocal and guitar spotlight."

Johnny's guitar playing was much more than that but there were a couple of songs when he just shook the maracas rather aimlessly and the first encore where he didn't quite make it back from the dressing room. But he did redeem himself with chatting with the audience and his vocal on Signed DC was superb. He well deserved the chant of, "There's only one Johnny Echols!"

But all in all, it was a great evening and possibly my once in a lifetime chance to see Love as whether the band will come over again is as yet unknown (this tour was commemorating the 10th anniversary of Arthur Lee's death). But I so hope they do and from the number of young people in the audience, the music obviously still has credence in the 21st century. Long Live Love!



ME ARE MACMILLAN CANCER SUPPORT

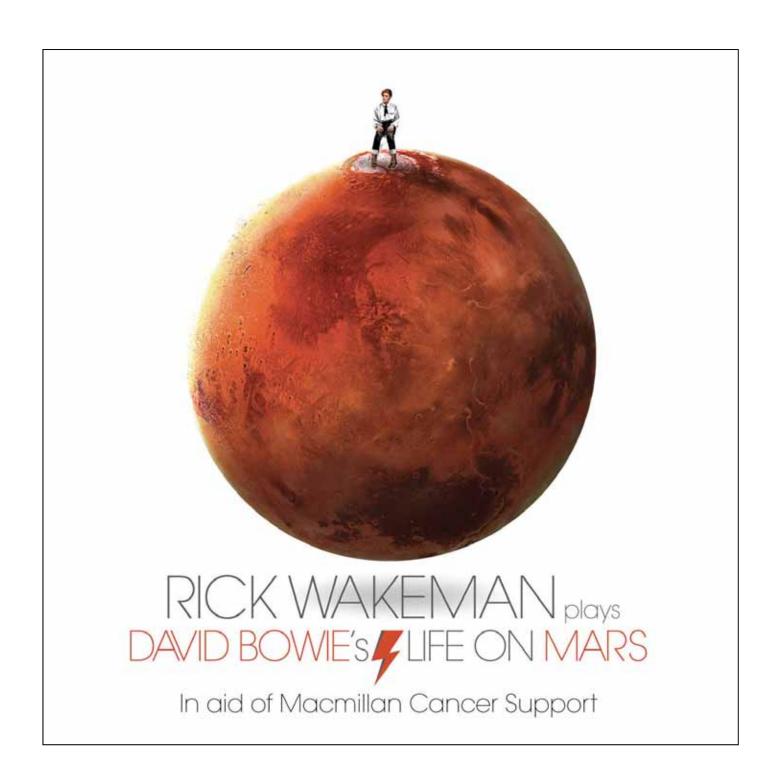
Cancer can be the loneliest place, and can leave you with many questions. Our cancer information specialists are here for you or a loved one.

For information, advice or a chat, call us free on 0808 808 00 00.

macmillan.org.uk/talktous

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



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.



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All styles, levels and listeners welcome

facebook - dogleg Musician/Band

LEMONROCK GUIDE





Part 2 Quicksilver Messenger Service, Live!

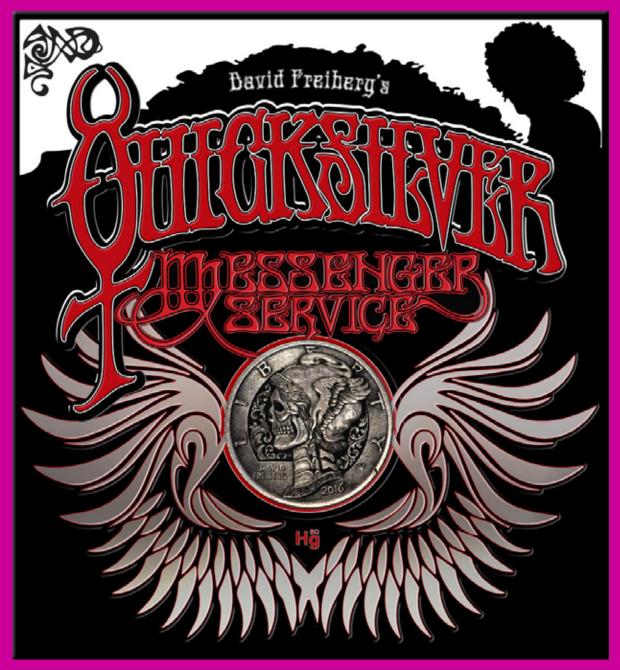
I found my spot to the right of the stage, leaning against the wall of a bar, just a few 'rows' back from the security fence in front of the stage. I was now in the direct Californian sunshine but I decided, as I was in such a good place, I would just have to take it, and not go for another piss, for the next five or so hours, and hope I didn't get sunstroke! I could put my backpack safely on the ground with my camera in it, and my digital recorder propped up next to it leaning against the bottom of the wall. Pretty soon a lot more people had moved down to the stage and over the next few hours, I enjoyed the company of a gay male couple on my right, a young (hippie) couple standing on my left (thanks for the chillum!) and

an older 'straight' looking couple behind me, the guy having seen the 'Airplane back in 1973 previously. The crowd were just great, really relaxed and friendly, and a mixture of all ages and races, and seemingly from all walks of life. I noticed a lot of Deadhead t-shirts around early on, I suspect, many were there for the first real act of the afternoon, the David Nelson Band.

The somewhat cheesy M.C, a local online media guy called Ace Annese, kept informing us between the bands, that the Mayor of San

John Brodie-Good





Francisco did not allow smoking in the streets. Perhaps no one was listening because he received no heckling at all for these short, regular announcements. The air was generally green above the crown, most folk were pleasantly bongo'ed, even if they hadn't intended to be! A few pairs of cops were to be seen walking around but they seemed oblivious to the conspicuous medicinal consumption of maryjane going on around. And still the sun shone brightly down upon us all.

A number of the original members of QMS are gone, but the name has been used in recent years by one of the original guitarist's, Gary Duncan. Duncan's band are truly excellent and have released a string of superb CDs, including at least two scorching live albums, the best of which is *Live at Sweetwater* (Voiceprint 2006).

The band we were waiting for this afternoon however was 'David Freiberg's Quicksilver Messenger Service'. Freiberg was another original member of QMS, singing plus playing piano and bass, (he was previously a classically trained viola

John Brodie-Good



player), who has 'picked and sung' with Paul Kantner since 1962. Freiberg also became a member of the original Jefferson Starship in the early 70's too. It turned out that most of the other musicians, in both this afternoon's QMS and 'Starship were almost the same, with a few key exceptions. It has to be said, the 'common players' made each band sound completely different, giving each their own unique characteristics, and of course David was one of them. Freiberg played

rhythm guitar and sang most of the male lead vocals for the QMS set. Drums were handled by Donny Baldwin (Elvin Bishop, Jerry Garcia Band & Jefferson Starship) and a guy called Prairie Prince (Starship, don't you just love some American names!) whilst Steve Valverde played bass, Steve Schuster played sax plus Freiberg's wife Linda Imperial handled some of the vocal duties. Chris Smith (Starship) played piano and





synth whilst Peter Harris (Jerry Garcia Band) played some really excellent lead guitar. Harris wisely chose not to try and strictly recreate Cipolina or Duncan from the past, but played some great solos with a jazz/blues edge, with a bit of whammy bar thrown in on occasion. Jude Gold (Starship) joined him on lead and rhythm guitar. We were also treated to a few special guests as the set went on.

We were then hit by 'technical problems' annoyingly, they only had an hour scheduled, and after an almost 30 minutes (and one false start) delay, Peter's slowing feeding back guitar, Chris's synth waves intertwining were suddenly broken by the twin drummer's opening drum beats (very Hawkwind-sounding) and we were finally off, the opening bars of Pride of Man. It was clear from the get go these guys were more than trying. Freiberg, who is 77, was really ripping into the



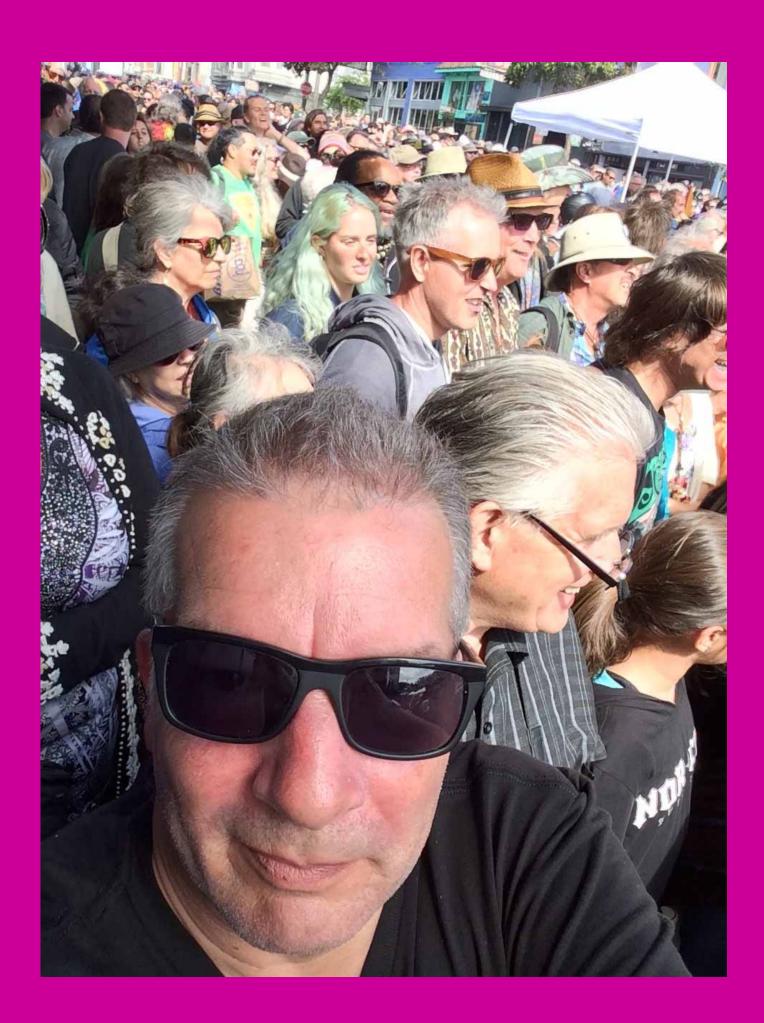


words, the band tight as shit behind him, Harris ripping off a lovely little solo in the middle of it, followed by a few nice chopping riffs. After what sounded like some 'whipcracks' thru the PA, another drum roll, and it's the joyous swinging 'southern' rock of Gypsy Lights, sounding very Allman Bros-like. Again Peter lets rip with some lovely runs, which then morphs into a real jazzy swing. Perfect for a summer's Sunday in the Haight..... Towards the end of the song Jude takes it skywards before the final choruses, lovely stuff, and so American sounding. The duelling guitars just propelled the song along. Dino's song is up next, another old QMS classic, rock solid with more tasty guitar chops. One of the guests later in the set turned out to be Valenti's son, Joli, I'm slightly surprised he didn't tackle this one too. Anyway, we were starting to dance now, each in our own way in the limited space we had, in that gorgeous sunshine (with thankfully a slightly cooling breeze which had now sprung up.). Next up was Storm is Over, a song written and sung by Linda, a more heads down boogie thing, with Rachel 'Lightening' Rose (Starship) joining her on backing vocals. Re-listening to this one, it's a pretty standard 'southern rocker', I can think of a lot of real QMS songs they could have played, given the limited time they had, some nice guitar/ organ interplay towards the end though..... but I guess it was free after all......

This was followed by 'Edward the Mad Shirt Grinder', an instrumental written by one of the most famous rock and roll pianists, England's own Nicky Hopkins. The key's player, Chris Smith really is excellent, he superbly re-creates the rolling piano sound of the original. Freiberg walks across the stage at one point, the three guitarists playing together for a minute or so, neat. The two lead guitars gently duel in the middle and the piano returns, then with some organ in the closing stages, unbelievably good and fresh-sounding. Joli Valenti then joins the band to sing another QMS classic, Fresh Air. His father (Dino) had one of the most original and distinctive voices in rock, but you can only give Joli his due, he had a bloody good crack at it vocally, and nicely changed a few words mid-song...

"Have another hit, of sweet Haight Street sunshine" J.v.

The two guitarists rip off superb solos again and later on Chris takes a short, gentle synth solo before going back to the lovely rolling piano, which underpins this song too. For the first of several times, I just closed my eyes, felt the warm sun on my face, and just let the music go deep inside. This really is musical magic. The penultimate one was another oldie, Codine. It's a



bit of a too slow, dirgy one for me. But they had a real surprise for the last number, remember Spirit in the Sky by Norman Greenbaum? It sold over 2 million copies back in 1969/1970, an all time classic. They brought out Norman! He looked like a psychedelic Father Christmas on his day off, with a dead-head t-shirt on to boot. Genuine warmth just emulated from the stage as the band kicked off into 'Spirit.......

"This is for Paul." We love you Paul." N.G.

The band had clearly been rehearsing this one because yet again they delivered a shit-tight version of this classic song, we were all singing along and dancing, Norman waving his hands with delight on stage. Brilliant fun, a totally unexpected delight.

Starship had allowed QMS to play beyond their scheduled finish time by 15 minutes but still that was it. I'm slightly gutted they didn't get to play their full hour, I wonder what other songs they had planned? Still, it was still 45 minutes of pretty much sheer delight for me, a band I had assumed I would never experience live just played a great great set. The older songs had been given a modern update, but with their original musical threads still completely intact.

Much activity was taking place again on stage as the roadies and crew changed some equipment ready for the afternoon's headliners, <u>Paul Kantner's band</u>, Jefferson Starship! I was feeling a bit peckish, I couldn't leave my spot so I devoured cookie number three, and the last drops of lemonade. More people had moved down towards the stage in anticipation and so personal space became pretty tight now. We were now more than ready to be rocked by the Starship.....

The whole afternoon was streamed live via You Tube. I didn't know this until the day before, otherwise we would have alerted you in advance. A camera was set up on a tripod in front of the mixing desk, with a pair of crossed mics next to it, recording live from the P.A. It is currently only due to be live until July 9th however..........

https://www.youtube.com/watch? v=proC5f4S8fA David Nelson's set starts at 14 minutes in, Quicksilver's set starts at 1 hour 52 minutes, Norman Greenbaum doing Spirit in the Sky is at 2 hours 31 minutes (Jefferson Starship's set starts at 2 hours 58 minutes – see next week's Gonzo)

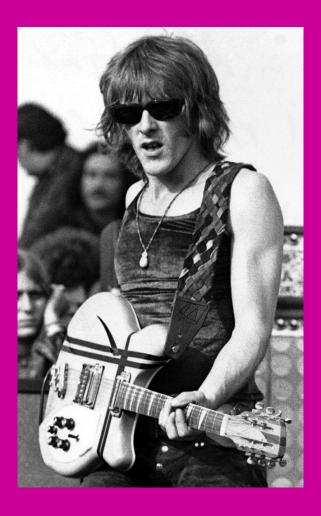
Enjoy!

Setlist

Pride of Man
Gypsy Lights
Dino's Song
Storm is Over
Edward the Mad Shirt Grinder
Fresh Air – with Joli Valenti
Codine
Spirit in the Sky – with Norman Greenbaum

http://dfquicksilver.com

Part 3 (in the next issue of Gonzo) Jefferson Starship Live!





* 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.

WHY THE TETRIS MOVIE IS THE STUPIDEST IDEA EVER - BY MR BIFFO

It can't have just been me who felt the fabric of reality tremble slightly upon the news that the proposed Tetris movie has now been expanded into a trilogy. It's the sort of askew Hollywood thinking that is beyond parody. Well... almost.

Here's how producer Larry Kasanoff broke it to Empire magazine: "The story we conceived is so big. This isn't us splitting the last one of our eight movies in two to wring blood out of the stone. It's just a big story. We want the story to be a surprise, but it's a big science-fiction movie.

"We're not going to have blocks with feet running around the movie, but it's great that people think so. It sets the bar rather low! I came up with the idea as I was thinking about Tetris and the theme of creating order out of chaos."

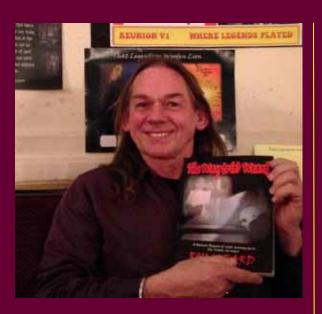
He concluded: "I guarantee you it's not what you think."

Kasanoff might be familiar to some of you as the producer of the *Mortal Kombat: Conquest* TV series, and as the director of straight-to-DVD animated epic *Foodfight*!...



http://tinyurl.com/zt2agua

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..

can't quite remember Wooden Lion's first gig. John was not a natural singer by any means but we did have a bunch of full-on songs, all written by the band, and Gareth Kiddier and John Lyons were pretty good musicians, so we began to get more gigs. There were the inevitable line up changes – firstly when Gareth left the band, and later when John Lyons also left, to be replaced by Rob Dee. Shortly after this Alan Essex (later re-christened 'Cardinal Biggles'), a friend of Rob's, joined on synth. We played all over London at that time and had a regular spot at The Cafe Des Artistes in Chelsea. This was a bit of a disco haunt, given to renditions of the long version of 'Gimme Some Lovin' by Traffic, 'Haitian Divorce' by Steely Dan and 'Superstition' by Stevie Wonder. God knows what the patrons made of our brand of music, but we kept getting rebooked. We also played around the East End of London. Havering College, The Growling Budgie in Ilford (where the DJ said of the support act – 'Sounds like that guitarist got Bert Weedon's 'Play in a Day' book, and he only got it this afternoon.').

We also had a regular spot at The Greyhound in the Fulham Palace Road, West London. Grope had played there in its later days and we carried that forward, having developed a friendship with Duncan, the landlord. This was a cavern of a gig. At some point in its history someone had taken an enormous bite out of the first floor and that allowed people on that floor to look down onto the stage. The stage was a good size and there was a balcony that ran around the back so, not only could you look at the band from the front on ground and first floor levels, you could also look straight down on them from behind. The other interesting part was the two large sloping pillars that went from the side of the stage all the way up to the balcony. I would often climb these and jump up and surprise the punters up there. I had a poster – now sadly lost, which showed the gigs for one week. Thursday night they had Roxy Music, Friday was Be-Bop Deluxe (Bill Nelson's amazing band), Sunday was Status Quo and on the Saturday - Wooden Lion! I often wondered why we kept getting the Saturday night slot. It was only later that I realised that the pub was always packed on a Saturday, no matter who played. Why book a band to pull when you can



book one that was quite cheap?

This was all in the height of the early '70s and the place was heaving most weekends, lots of interesting women and odd punters. My old friend Lemmy, by then playing bass for *Hawkwind*, was often there, as were many other well known musicians.

Music still lived in small clubs at that time, as can be seen from *The Greyhound* poster, and many posters from other venues of the time. I used to go to *The Railway Tavern* in Stratford to see various bands like *Free* play to a small audience, all sitting on the floor of an upstairs function room in a dilapidated pub. *Sam Apple Pie* were the resident band and they seemed to run things. They were a great blues based band with a strong singer and a great guitarist in 'Snakehips' Johnson. It was there that I met Patsy.

I met Patricia Carr one night at a gig there and we stayed together for quite a while. She was a beautiful woman who had been born and raised in Canning Town and had a real East End down to earthiness about her. A great woman to be with and she painted the original *Wooden Lion* logo which wound up emblazoned on the back of our

van, a vehicle which, sadly, wound up as a hay store in a field in Sheerness. Patsy moved into the house in Romford Road with me for a while. It all got wilder and wilder there, and pretty soon we found we were being asked to move on.

One thing occurs to me as I write this. Back in the '70s there were very few young homeless people. Yes, there were squatters and sometimes there were people who needed a place to stay for a while but, on the whole, flats were cheap and the deposit was low. These days, if you find yourself with nowhere to live and little money, the chances of getting any kind of accommodation are slender. A lack of housing stock, and the way that we treat property as an investment, rather than a place to live, means that those at the bottom end of society don't get a look in.





Three Days of Monsters, Chosts,



WWW.WEIRDWEEKEND.ORG



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

Hawkwind recently have had to announce a gig cancellation. Their announcement on Facebook ran as follows:

"It is much regret that we have to let you know we won't be playing the "Close To The Moon" festival on the 8th July due to the fact that the event has been cancelled at short notice.

Our thoughts go to those involved in organising this event, but most of all to our Italian fans and other who had made plans to travel, we were

really looking forward to playing this show. Please see the festival's official website on how to obtain refunds for tickets."



CLOSE TO THE MOON



Close to the moon. Plazzola Sul Brenta. 8-9 luglio 2016.

Si terrà qui la prima edizione di un happening della musica progressive dalla genesi unica, scaturito dalla volontà, passione ed esperienza di alcuni protagonisti della musica dal vivo in Italia da decenni. Ed un pizzico di follia, che ci ha spinti a mettere insieme, dal nulla, un evento progressivo non solo nell'offerta musicale, ma nella sua stessa concezione.

Ai piedi del palco dove stava suonando una leggenda del prog rock, in una terra che, da sempre



Close To The Moon...

Some days later, on 1 July, the front page of closetothemoon.it website still gives no hint of the cancellation, and people following the "click to enter" link are initially given the impression that all is well. The Italian text in this

screenshot is basically enthusing about the festival,

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

Our Crash
I Have Iwo Names
JigSawfian Flies A JigSawShip
Live Forever

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

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



Multimedia spiritsburning.com

Live Forever
My Life of Voices
Let's All Go Cloud Puffing
Stellar Kingdom - Spaceships At The Starting Line - We Move You Tripping With The Royal Family Xara's Poem For Those Who Are Searching Rolling Out Angel Full Of Pity Right On The Mark This Time: This Space So Strong Is Desire





saying it's the first prog rock festival of its kind in Italy.

It's only upon further investigation that the following text is encountered:

profondo "Con rammarico annunciamo che per motivi integralmente imputabili all'organizzatore locale, resosi inadempiente rispetto agli accordi contrattualmente assunti...." - which basically seems to be blaming the local organiser for breach of contractual obligations.

The statement goes on to apologise to the bands and side-event suppliers, and the fans who have bought tickets, and they



call upon "local mysterious organiser" of theirs to make arrangements for refunding ticket money.

It's not the first time that Hawkwind and their fans have been the victims shambolic festival arrangements. Indeed, it's quite likely that they first encountered such problems in their first summer of operations, back in 1970. However, there was no public internet back then, and the main way of spreading information swiftly was for hairy hippies to use a street phone box!



HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



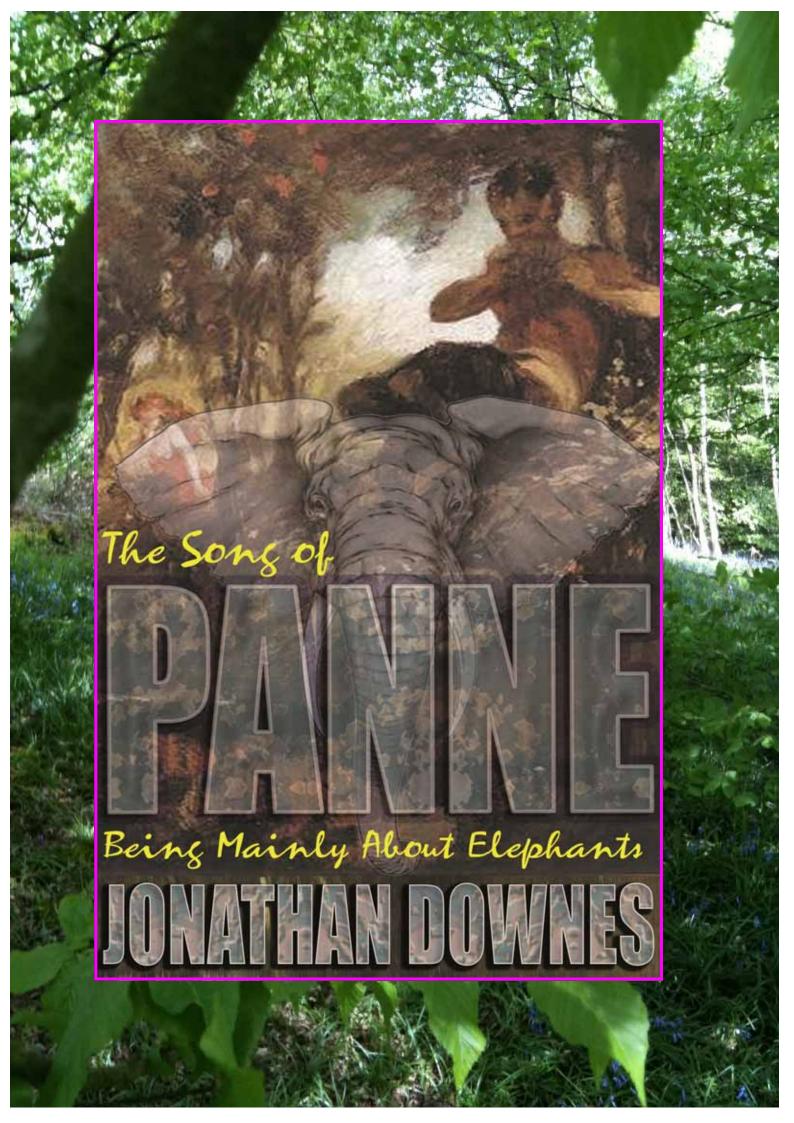
Greetings space travellers!
This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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:
3

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.

XXV

The summer of 1997 was a surprisingly peaceful one, both for me and for the peculiar little triad living in the increasingly grotty little cottage outside Bradworthy. I was getting used to my newly single status and was embroiled in increasingly intense sexual friendships with two totally separate women, and - as my parents had finally come to terms with the idea that their eldest son had committed the ultimate social no no of becoming a divorcee - I visited North Devon several times, once with one of my paramours. On most of those occasions I made my excuses to my parents and paid the Potts menage a visit.



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Eighteen years after the event, as I leaned against my dilapidated Vauxhall Astra under the pus red light of the so-called 'Blood Moon', she-who-was-once-called Hazel Wingford, whom I had known on and off for decades as a surly, deformed (and unaccountably sexy) maidservant named after the protaganotrix of a play by Aristophanes, and who now appeared more like a glistening dryad than anything even slightly human, I heard her version of the events of that fateful summer, and I felt like kicking myself. Because on the two or three times that I had visited the Potts cottage I had thought that everything was the same as normal, when in fact it was nothing of the sort.

In all the years that I had known the Rev Cymbeline Potts, I had never considered him as anything but a kindly, intelligent - if absent minded - old scholar; in many ways the sort of person I had always aspired to being. Someone surrounded with his books, with a good cellar, and a life untrammelled by the complications of the real world. And on the various occasions that I visited the little cottage during that long hot summer I blush to recall that I truly didn't

notice that anything was different.

But there was something strange in the air that summer. Over large swathes of South Devon there was a wave of UFO sightings unparalleled in my experience before or since. Together with my friends and partners in crime Graham Inglis and Nigel Wright we recorded sightings, tracked witnesses, interviewed experiencers and made a hundred and one extrapolations from the data which were almost certainly wrong. The story of those strange months can be found in a book called *The Rising of the Moon* that Nigel and I wrote the following year completely without realising that we were copying the plotline of the movie *The Forbidden Planet* to an alarmingly plagiaristic degree.

On the 12th August, I even saw one of these mysterious lights for myself. The Exeter Strange Phenomena research group held a skywatch at various locations across Devonshire. Whilst Graham manned the Exeter location the rest of the core team, together with five other members of the group, and Janet

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Kipling, from BBC Radio Devon were on Woodbury Common.

I arrived at about quarter past nine with a friend of mine. It was in fact the first time that I had visited Woodbury Castle for many years and I took the chance to look around. Dusk was falling as my dog and I wandered around the walls of the ancient earthwork. It was very quiet and very still. It was the sort of heavy summer night that one usually only experiences in the tropics and there was a distinct feel of thunder in the air. I climbed to the top of the ridge, and as Toby half heartedly ambled after rabbits (who paid no attention to him whatsoever), I looked over towards the great mass of Haldon Hill on the other side of the Exe Estuary and wondered what the night ahead was going to bring.

The air was rich with the scent of gorse flowers and the little chirping sounds made by grasshoppers and other small insects. For a moment I allowed myself a brief daydream, mentally substituted the sound of English grasshoppers for the strident squeaks of crickets and tree-frogs, and it was like I was back in Hong Kong as a small boy.

Just for a moment I could imagine that instead of the Exe estuary I was looking out over the myriad of tiny islands in the bay of Hong-Kong and that the lights from the town of Topsham way below me, were in fact the lights of dozens of little junks embarking on nocturnal fishing expeditions. For the first time in many months I felt happy and I drifted on a cloud of self indulgence until my reverie was shattered by the sound of approaching cars and the arrival of the other members of the team.

I called to Toby who had found something incredibly interesting to sniff at, and wandered purposefully back down to the car park. There were tiny pin-pricks of light on some of the bushes as I passed and I realised, much to my delight, that for the first time in nearly three decades I was seeing glow worms.

The intrepid investigation team unloaded their equipment, mounted telescopes and video cameras onto their tripods, opened cans of beer and waited expectantly for something to happen.

Nothing did and it started to rain.

There was almost 100% cloud cover in North and West Devon and so our Bideford, Totnes and Tavistock groups decided to call it a night but at Woodbury we still had about 40% visibility and so despite a light drizzle we struggled on. At about eleven (unfortunately just after Janet had concluded her interviews with us and gone home), all seven of us saw what seemed like a very dim blue-white star moving very erratically just within the burgeoning cloud cover. We watched it for several minutes, and then, as now, the best visual analogy that I can give is that it looked like a quasi-stellar version of the whirligig beetles that whizz around on the surface of ponds and slow moving streams during hot summers.

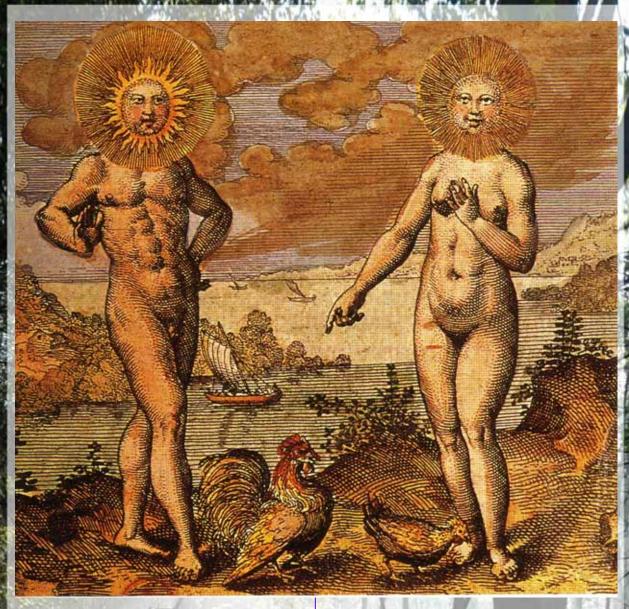
Half an hour after our sighting, two young men, walking on Exmouth sea front saw two red lights behaving erratically. I met one of them at the BUFORA conference at Sheffield and he told me that they were "whizzing along just above sea level". His mate works for BAe, saw it in more depth, but refused to talk to our researchers even with confidentiality ensured because he works on government defense work.

At midnight on the 12th-13th, DJ John Pierce said on Gemini Radio that there were power cuts in the Budleigh area that SWEB couldn't explain. I rang one of my contacts at Gemini the next day and they told me that one of the Torquay area transmitters had been struck by lightning. Although we can confirm that we saw thunder and lightning over Torbay on the previous night from our vantage point high up at Woodbury Castle there does seem to be a minor mystery surrounding the whole affair. Graham rang SWEB on the 13th August at 19:45 and they denied that anything of the sort had happened.

The 'lightning strike' had occurred at approximately the same time as we had seen the strange blue light in the sky, and at the same time another one of our group who was in the Torbay area, was trying to contact us on her mobile phone and found that for some inexplicable reason that she was unable to get any reception.

But as all this was happening in Exeter, Exmouth and the villages in between, strange things were afoot in North Devon. I don't know if there was any connection, but at the same time as my compadres and

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I were chasing unidentified flying wassnames across the moorlands of the south of the county, in the little patch of woodland adjoining the Potts family's tumbledown cottage, the quondam Reverend Minister of the Church of England was experimenting with raising a cone of power, using very specific instructions that had originally come from the pen of Gerald Gardner.

Because a very wise, not to say venerable, friend of mine had once insisted that there are no such things as coincidences, I tend to think that all these events were somehow interconnected. There had been sightings of strange objects in the skies if North Devon, and completely contradicting the conclusions that I came to in *The Rising of the Moon* - I suspect that there were probably as many sightings in North Devon as there had been in South Devon; the only real difference being that me and my rabidly eager compadres were in the south ready to catalogue them.

A friend of my parents who at the time lived a few cottages up the street from where Corinna and I live now was driving back to the village, down Cranford Hill when she saw a basketball sized globe of deep orange coloured light hovering in the air in front of her car, and this was far from being an isolated case. Such balls of what appeared to be glowing balls of plasma appeared all over the region on the night of the 12th August 1997, and not entirely to my surprise, as I was collating these sightings for this current narrative, I discovered that most of them were on the capillary-like network of tiny lanes between Woolsery and Bradworthy. And, presuming that you have been paying attention, you will realise that it is on one of these lanes that the Potts menage have lived for many decades.



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.



known for his work in the progressive rock genre. From 2007 to 2014 he was the touring and recording keyboardist for Asia Featuring John Payne. He is also the managing director of the sound production company Sonic Reality. Starting in 1993, Norlander's earliest releases were with his band Rocket Scientists. He also collaborated in multiple roles on albums released by Lana Lane, his wife. In November 2007, Erik was announced as the keyboard player for the Asia spin-off, Asia Featuring John Payne. Norlander worked extensively with the non-profit organization, the Bob Moog Foundation, from 2009 to present as both artist and advisor. He is sponsoring the CFZ Weird Weekend and has a new album out called 'Surreal'. But forget all that stuff. What would he take with him to a desert

island?

Erik Norlander is a dear, sweet man and is a musician

Erik's Top Ten

ELO - Time

ELP - Pictures at an Exhibition

Alan Parsons Project - I Robot

Supertramp - Crime of the Century

Rush - Moving Pictures

Yes - Close to the Edge

Rainbow - Difficult to Cure

Deep Purple - Machine Head

Blue Oyster Cult - Secret Treaties

Jethro Tull - Broadsword and the Beast



Thom the World Poet

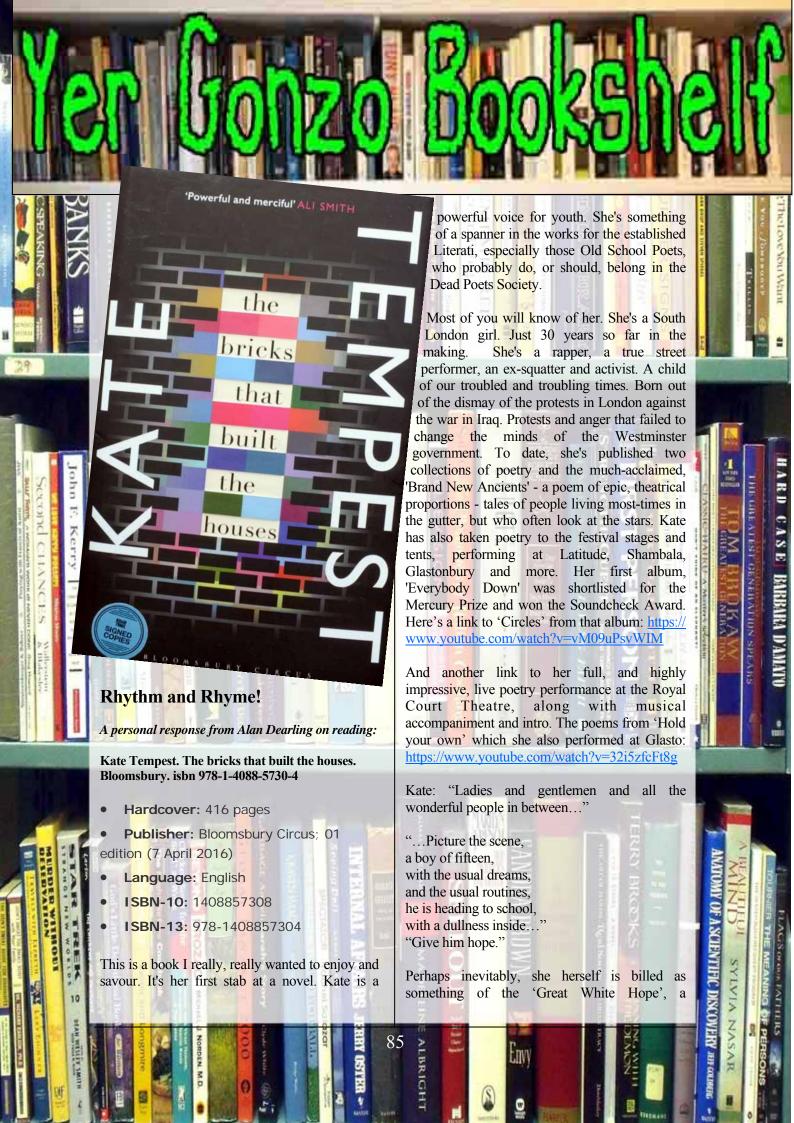
Rob Ayling writes:

"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!!"

SOME PEOPLE(STILL TALK WITH EACH OTHER)

SOME PEOPLE STILL GATHER TOGETHER Some people may not have computer access

Some people do not have a Smartphone
Some people are offline/off the grid
Some people live happily this way
Some people do not wish to take advantage
of your VERY SPECIAL OFFER(ONLY TODAY!
Some people do not want free fries on Friday
or Senior Discounts-or to purchase much @all
Some people are happy with what they have
Some people may not have much at all
Some people have tall stories-other small
Some people are not people-they are mammals/animals
Some people have no bodies at all.Disincarnate ideas
upon which "thereby hangs a Tale.."







crossover-artist, an innovator who is making waves...

Girls from South London

I started writing this 'review' whilst staying at Loring Hall in Goldsmiths College the other week. Synchronicity. Kate grew up in nearby Brockley, which neighbours New Cross, and she gained her degree in English Literature at this very same Goldsmiths College of the University of London. Kate speaks in many voices; many local to South London and the area around New Cross, Deptford, Brockley, Lewisham and Camberwell. 'The bricks that built the houses' is infused with these places and people.

It's a good read. Strong, powerful women who are bruised, battered and sometimes beaten, but not cowed or cowardly. Her women, unlike her male characters, such as Pete, have a real sense of hope. Despite his degree, Pete lives in a perpetual 'fug' of drink and inner conflict and rage. But the women are ascendant in Kate's work. They are

experimenting with life and hyperventilating with the richness of being alive and sexual beings. 'Them' against the 'rest'. It is a book full of grime, crime, gangsters, sex and drugs. We come to see life through the eyes of Becky, the professional dancer with a sideline income from working in a family café and visiting lonely hotel bedrooms to provide 'full body massages'. And we move forwards and backwards through time to meet Becky's family, and likewise, the familial-umbilical cords that entangle the life of her best friend, the diminutive, Harry is Pete's sister. She also deals in large quantities of coke. Kate's women are survivors. Battlers from the south of the river. Kate writes in the 'Acknowledgements':

"Want to acknowledge south-east London; even though you're changing, you're still my engine."

However, whilst I've said this is a 'good read', it's not yet the 'great novel' that Kate Tempest will no doubt one day provide for us. There's something aggravating and annoying in the way the book has been constructed, that makes it less than fully satisfying. It's a bit hard to pin down the problem. It's something to do with the mixture of pure poetry in the prose and the narrative of the story and the characters. It often feels that Kate has taken a pair of scissors to a number of her poems, cut them up and re-pasted them back together in a mixed, but not matched, discontinuity.

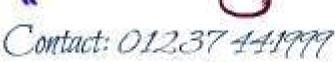
For instance, I revelled in the word-play of the introductory chapter, 'Leaving', phrases like:

"Every ghost is out there, staring. Bad skin and sunken eyes...it's in their bones. Bread and booze and concrete."

Powerful, evocative sensual words. I re-read the opening chapter three or four times. It's beautiful but harrowing. It takes us beyond our comfort zones. But it is also discordant and makes for a bumpy entrée into the 'Bricks that built the houses' as a novel.

I wouldn't put you off reading it. But there's a 'but'. It's good, *but* Kate Tempest will go onwards and upwards and do better.



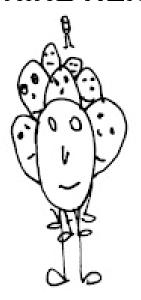


www.spanglefish.com/ northdevonfireflyfaeryfayreandball2016

ALL PROCEEDS TO THE SMALL SCHOOL

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...

Olga the Yoghurt Carton and Henry in Student Bar at Uni



Do you think Muyerbridge exploited the narrative in Pre-Surrealist Cinema, or was he just mucking about with sequential planted cameras?

HENRY: Gee I guess, where's the toilets?



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.

Canya Phuckem and Howe: Sleeze Attack (More Best Productions, 1980)

What? Puerile punk with a smattering of power pop.

At glorifytheturd.com there's a reverent appraisal of the delights offered by this album including the following thoughts:

"anybody can grind this sort of thing out, but when you can throw it out with a degree of seriousness and enthusiasm, it tends to push it to a higher level...pretty entertaining stuff without a dud in the bunch."



In other words, this will not change your life, but it may well make you smirk. Shamelessly sexobsessed and clever enough to focus each song on a specific aspect of coming (or cumming) together, we get a beginners guide to gay male behaviour. Fisting and – ahem – water sports, make an appearance and one song (available to hear online as of this writing), "Left Pocket, Right Pocket" is genuinely perplexing.

Seriously, is this gay people talking in code to their own or is the whole thing a smokescreen to ensnare the kind of know-alls who pretend to get non-existent gags?

The production betrays the lack of budget, but the playing and singing covers the gamut from punk to a decent pastiche of tuneful "British Invasion" pop. However loud the guitars and off-key the singing, the diction (should that be dickion?) is clear enough to ram the message home.

All ofthe above is achieved with a consummate sense of balance between celebrating gay culture, implicitly campaigning for an understanding of this culture, and grabbing every double entendre and half-decent gag that presents itself. They may want to have their cake and eat it too, but Canya Phuckem have put the work in to produce a product fit for support from the most worthy campaigner and sniggers from the most puerile drive by fan.

Song titles like: "This Guy's the Limit," "A Night at the Orgy" and "Woof Woof, Oink Oink" deliver what you'd expect. Doubtless those responsible would even chuckle at the difficulty of locating this entry in an alphabetical list. Is it under C for Canya, like M for Molly Hatchett, or do we treat Phuckem as the family name like C for Alice Cooper?





It has been a long week. Despite the fact that we were pretty much on holiday, it has been more than slightly exhausting with Corinna driving just shy of a thousand miles.

These days, I am afraid, although I can still drive around the village if I have to, the idea of me on motorways is not a nice one, and anyway it was a hire car with only her as named driver.

We got home late on Wednesday night, and—as I sit here typing this—it is Friday evening. There is a magazine. You know that, you are reading it. It is even 94 pages long which is pretty cool, but you will—I am sure—have noticed that some of the regular features are not here.

But then again, there are extra long features by the usual suspects, so I don't think that anyone will be able to claim that they have been short changed. Ummmm.





The magazine is free anyhow.

No sooner was I back than the madness begun. This morning I was rung by BBC Hereford and Worcester, who apologised for waking me up and asked me whether I would like to comment on the peculiar cadaver that was found on the shores of Loch Ness.

Luckily I had seen the pictures and managed to finger them as a hoax, albeit a rather good one.

The "entrails" look like white pudding to me. So Corinna was spared another drive up the entire length of what is still the UK in order to check out the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Ness. A good thing really...



BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST Live on stage





www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk