



GONZO

In this week's bumper countercultural issue we interview **Erik Norlander** about his excellent new album **Surreal**, John watches **Jefferson Starship**, Doug attends the same event and waxes lyrical about the **Haight-Ashbury Street Fair**, Alan muses on the **Free Stonehenge Campaign** and raves about **Jimmy Cauty's ADP Riot Tour** (yes, that is **Rockman Rock** of the **KLF** as was) Jon raves about **G P Ching**, remembers the **seventies**, and eulogises the new **XNA** album, and **Biffo** gets involved with **Pick'n'Mix!**

#190

SURREALISTIC FELLOW



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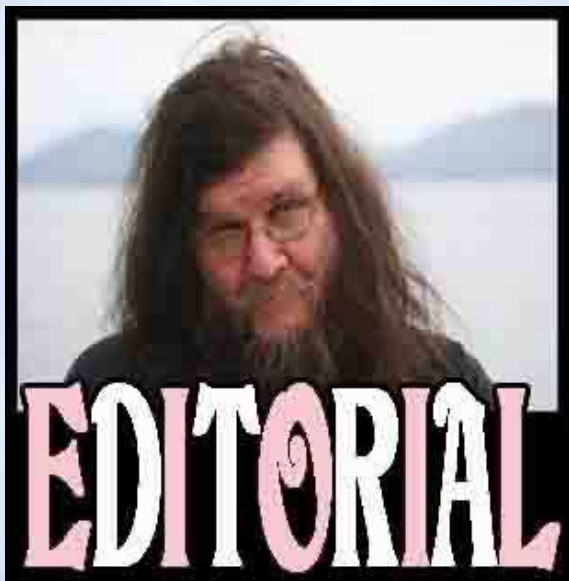
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

1. Art is as important as science and more important than money
2. There is life after (beyond and before) Pop Idol
3. Music can and sometimes does change the world

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



Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of this peculiar little magazine, a periodical of which I am increasingly proud. I know that I say this increasingly often, but I am always amazed that I am able to put together a magazine of nearly 100 pages each week. This is only because of my fantastic and long suffering team — Corinna, Doug,



Alan, John and the rest. Thank you my dears, I am eternally grateful for all that you do for me.

I see it as one of our main jobs here at this magazine to challenge the accepted orthodoxy of current belief. And so it is again this week, with this editorial thingy.

As regular readers will know, I am a

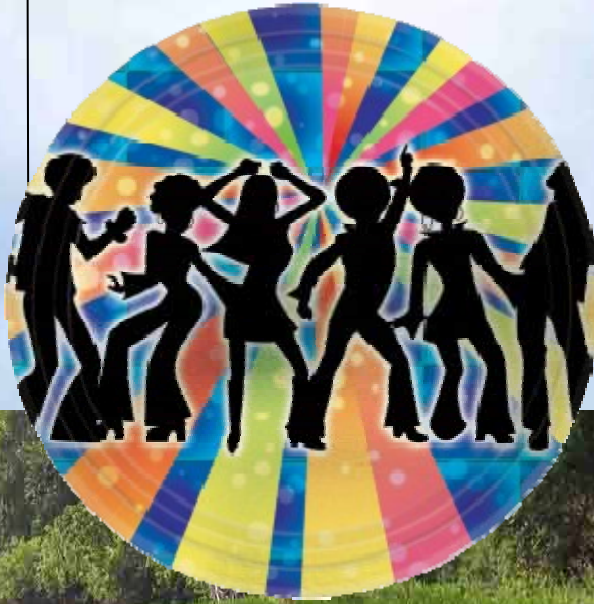


How did people live in such primitive conditions? they ask.

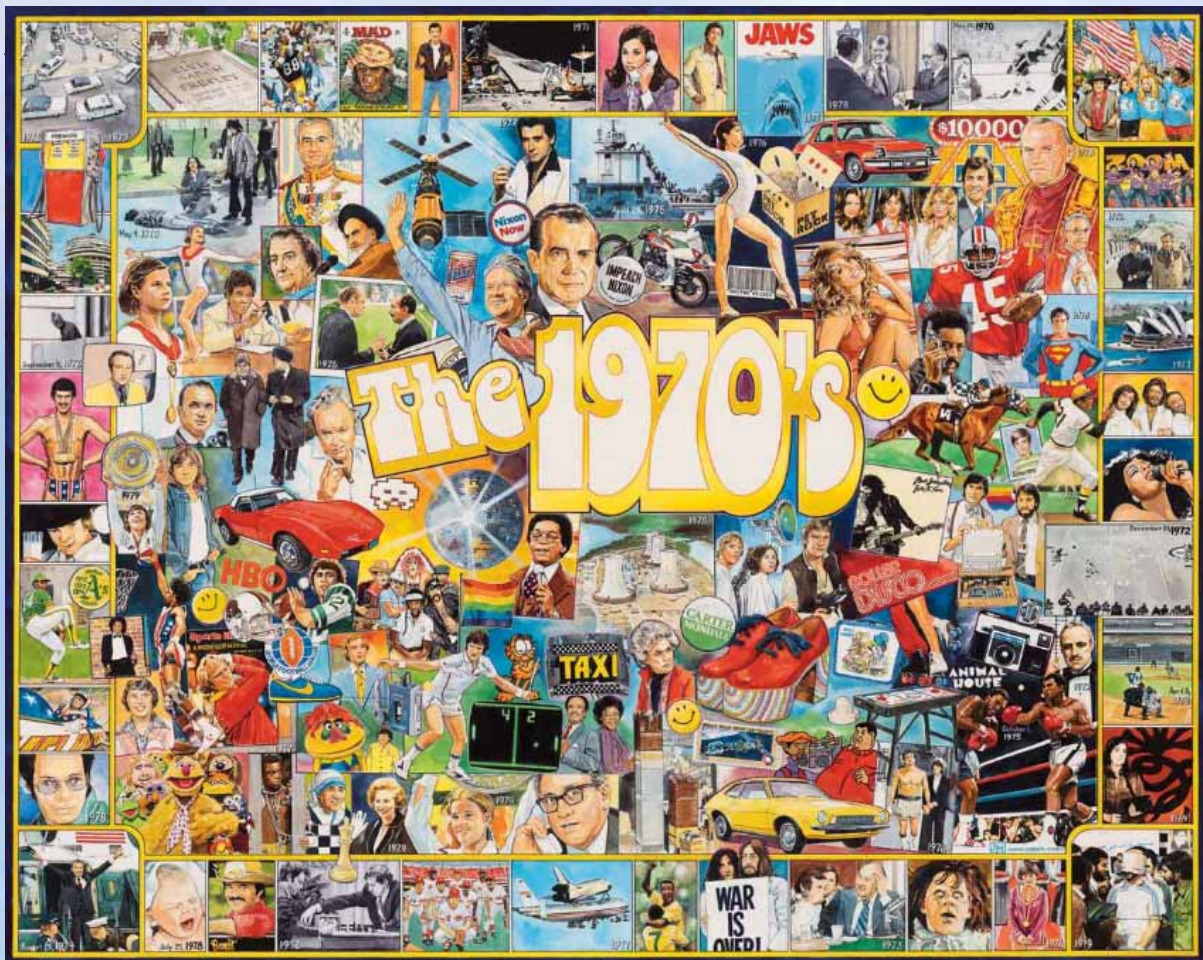
reasonably avid reader of the music press, although not as much so as I was forty years ago when I would buy the *New Musical Express*, *Melody Maker*, *Sounds* and whatever else was around each Thursday.

I don't know whether you have noticed this, but it seems to be canon in the current music press, especially those parts of it which deal with nostalgically looking back at the music of times gone by, to say what a grim time the 1970s were. How it was a teenage wasteland where there were no smartphones, only three TV channels

and—shock, gasp—none of them broadcast during the daytime or after eleven at night.



اللعنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



How did people live in such primitive conditions? they ask.

Well that's not how I remember it at all.

I remember a time when the little streams

that still flow around the village where I lived then (and still live now) were clean and full of fish instead of silted up and muddy. I remember a time when one could see a dozen species of butterfly in my garden instead of two or three (on a very



good day). And I remember a time when British Television was the best in the world and something that we could justly be proud of, rather than a parade of guttersnipe garbage aimed at the lowest common denominator in society.

I remember a time when there was no reality TV, and only a handful of soap operas on television, and the kids at school—or at least the kids at Bideford Grammar School in North Devon—would no sooner have admitted to watching them than to any other venial sin.

OK things started to go a bit tits up by the end of the decade with the advent of *Saturday Night Fever*, *Grease* and all the other bollocks of that ilk, but on the whole I stand by my assertions.

I am sure that life in the inner cities was nowhere near as nice as life in the North Devon countryside, but to be quite honest life in the inner cities has always—to me at least—been the sort of living nightmare that I have always done my best to avoid.

I am sure that everybody remembers the decade in which they grew up with nostalgic rose tinted spectacles. I remember the 1980s as being an unrelenting Thatcherite nightmare, but I have friends a few years younger than me who can wax lyrical on the subject until the proverbial cows come home.

So, boys and girls. What do you think? Are the 1970s being unjustly vilified in the music press? Or were they an Edenic golden age? And does it matter? Over to you...

Love and peace and here comes the wassname

jd

The Who, Syd Barrett, Terry Bozzio, Leonie Scott Matthews, Muhammad Ali, John Blackwell, Paul Simon, Carole King, Prince, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Caroline Mary Aherne, Robin St. Clair Rimington Hardy, Donald Ernest "Don" Friedman, , Arturo, Rick Wakeman, Arthur Brown, The Beatles, The Golliwogs, James Young, Cymbalic Encounters, Richard Brautigan, Erik Norlander, Haight Street Fair, The Battle of the Beanfield Remembrance, Wally Hope, John Brodie-Good, Jefferson Starship, Mr Biffo, Nick Nicely, FREE STONEHENGE, XNA, Ian Anderson, Tir Na Nog, 71 Sunset, Roy Weard, Xtul, Martin Springett, Neil Nixon, Caravan

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>

Dramatis Personae



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

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

← BACK TO THE WHO ^{51!} TOUR

WHO'S NEXT: This is a really exciting time for fans of The Who, quite possibly the most iconic British band from the 60's who are still doing their thing. Firstly, there is a new box set of 15 7" inch singles that where originally released between 1975-2015. Listening To You, Squeeze Box, Who Are You, 5.15, You Better You Bet and most recent Be Lucky. All pressed on heavyweight vinyl! Also included is a 7" sized 20-page colour booklet with liner notes about each release and period memorabilia.

There are only 1000 copies of these in the UK so be quick!

But there's more! The band have announced a show in Santa Barbara on October the 6th. The current tour dates are:

Mon 8/29	Glasgow,
UK	The SSE Hydro
Wed 8/31	Manchester,
UK	Manchester Arena
Sat 9/3	Sheffield,
UK	Sheffield Arena
Mon 9/5	Birmingham,
UK	Genting Arena
Wed 9/7	Liverpool,
UK	Echo Arena
Sat 9/10	Oberhausen,
GERMANY	Koenig Pilsener Arena

Mon 9/12	Stuttgart,
GERMANY	Schleyer-Halle
Wed 9/14	Vienna,
AUSTRIA	Wiener Stadthalle
Sat 9/17	Bologna,
ITALY	Unipol Arena
Mon 9/19	Milan,
ITALY	Mediolanum Forum

THE MADCAP LAUGHS: Cambridge Live has announced that it is teaming up with the Cambridge Film Trust to premiere a series of films about both Syd Barrett and the Swinging Sixties at the 2016 Cambridge Film Festival, as part of its celebrations of the life and work of Syd Barrett who passed away on the 7th July 2006. The centre piece will be a film, entitled 'Get All That Ant?', a free form documentary filmed by a former school friend and fellow art student of Syd Barrett's, Anthony Stern. The documentary feature is made up of film footage, stills and archive footage taken during the 1960s and filmed in Cambridge, London and San Francisco. With the majority of footage having never been seen before, the film includes live performance footage and stills from The Rolling Stones, The Doors, Pink Floyd and Donovan as well as footage of friends and colleagues of Syd Barrett including Iggy Rose, the girl on The Madcap Laughs album sleeve and former girlfriends Libby Gausden and Jenny Spires. **Read on...**

"Capitalism is the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men for the nastiest of motives will somehow work for the benefit of all."

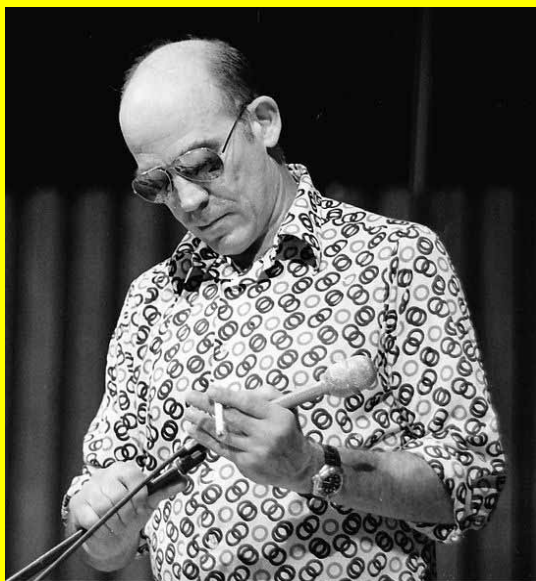
John Maynard Keynes



LET THERE BE DRUMS: Drum legend Terry Bozzio, known for his work with Frank Zappa, Jeff Beck, UK and his critically acclaimed solo ventures, celebrates his latest release "Terry Bozzio Composer Series" with "An Evening With Terry Bozzio" US tour! This will be a night of solo drumming and include compositions from throughout his career, as well as improvisation. It is by no means a clinic or a workshop. Enjoy an intimate evening of Terry Bozzio and his monster sculpture of a drum kit together for the first time in seated venues across Europe.

"An Evening with Terry Bozzio" US Tour 2016
Celebrating the release of "Terry Bozzio Composer Series" CD Box Set

August 14, 2016 US-AZ-Phoenix, MIM Music Theater
August 19, 2016 US-CO-Denver, Soiled Dove
August 20, 2016 US-CO-Denver, Soiled Dove
August 23, 2016 US-OK-Tulsa, The Vanguard
August 26, 2016 US-TX-Fort Worth, McDavid Studio
August 28, 2016 US-TX-Austin, One World Theater
September 03, 2016 US-GA-Atlanta, City Winery
September 04, 2016 US-AL-Birmingham, Saturn
September 07, 2016 US-MO-St. Louis, 2720 Cherokee
September 08, 2016 US-MO-Springfield, Nathan P. Murphy's
September 11, 2016 US-TN-Nashville, City Winery
September 15, 2016 US-FL-Orlando, Plaza Live
September 16, 2016 US-FL-Largo, Largo Cultural Center
September 19, 2016 US-NC-Raleigh, The Pour House Music Hall
September 20, 2016 US-DC-Washington, D.C., Hamilton's
September 22, 2016 US-PA-Philadelphia, World Café
September 23, 2016 US-PA-New Hope, Havana
September 25, 2016 US-NY-New York City, City Winery
September 27, 2016 US-CT-Stafford Springs, Stafford Palace Theater
September 28, 2016 US-NY-Kingston, Woodstock Music Lab



WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

- [A potted history of his life and works](#)
- [Rob Ayling explains why he called his company 'Gonzo'](#)

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

We are all alone, born alone, die alone, and — in spite of True Romance magazines — we shall all someday look back on our lives and see that, in spite of our company, we were alone the whole way. I do not say lonely — at least, not all the time — but essentially, and finally, alone.

This is what makes your self-respect so important, and I don't see how you can respect yourself if you must look in the hearts and minds of others for your happiness.

Hunter S. Thompson

September 29, 2016 US-MA-Fall River, Narrows Center for the Arts
 October 03, 2016 US-MI-Detroit, The Token Lounge
 October 10, 2016 US-IL-Chicago, City Winery
 October 11, 2016 US-WI-Milwaukee, Shank Hall
 October 13, 2016 US-MN-Minneapolis, The Dakota
 October 18, 2016 US-WA-Seattle, The Triple Door
 October 19, 2016 US-OR-Portland, Doug Fir Lounge
 October 20, 2016 US-OR-Eugene, WOW Theater
 October 23, 2016 US-CA-Oakland, Yoshi's
 (more dates to be announced)

Terry Bozzio's Official Drum Tech: Michel Weekhout

For more information: www.terrybozzio.com

Terry Bozzio biography: <http://terrybozzio.com/biography/>



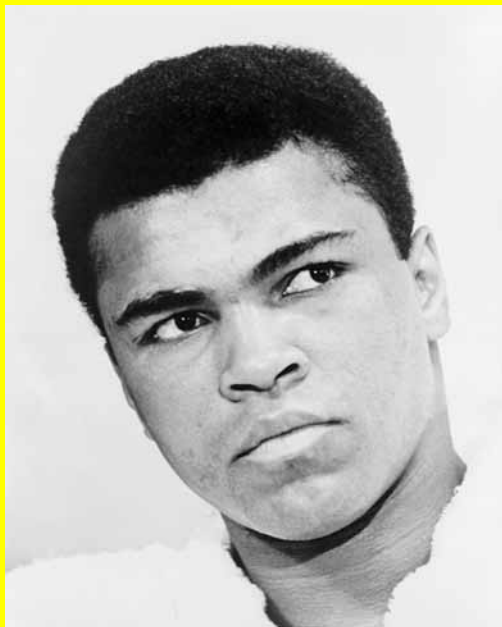
CALVERY ON STAGE: Léonie Scott-Matthews is putting on a new production of Robert Calvert's play The Stars That Play With Laughing Sam's Dice at Pentameters Theatre, Hampstead, London. Performances will be on the following dates:

Friday, 8th July & Saturday 9th July 2016 at 8.00pm

The Gospel According to *BART*

My favourite roving reporter sent me something really rather special this week.

I have never paid much interest to the world of sport, but even I was saddened when Muhammad Ali died last month. So, it seems was Paul McCartney who posted this message on his website:



“Dear Muhammad Ali. I loved that man. He was great from the first day we met him in Miami, and on the numerous occasions when I ran into him over the years. Besides being the greatest boxer, he was a beautiful, gentle man with a great sense of humour who would often pull a pack of cards out of his pocket, no matter how posh the occasion, and do a card trick for you. The world has lost a truly great man. Love Paul”

<http://tinyurl.com/zspy6s9>

Sunday, 10th July 2016 at 5.00pm

Friday, 15th July & Saturday 16th July 2016 at 8.00pm

Sunday, 17th July 2016 at 5.00pm

Léonie first worked with Robert in the late 1960s, before he joined Hawkwind. She continues to keep his written work alive by staging his plays and readings every couple of years at Pentameters. The Stars That Play With Laughing Sam's Dice was commissioned and first performed at Pentameters in 1976. The stage set will also be based on the original design for the play by Barney Bubbles.

Further details can be found on the theatre's website:

<http://www.pentameters.co.uk/WhatsOn.html>

MOSTLY ARMLESS: John Blackwell, the drummer who played for twelve years with Prince along with a number of other notable artists, has been hospitalized in Japan after losing the use of his left arm and leg.

He posted late last week:

While in Japan for Nik feat John Blackwell, I lost function of my left arm and leg, I was taken to the hospital for test, the diagnosed 2 brain tumors, just want everyone to know that im gonna beat this, After all ive been through and all these past couple of years, there is no way im gonna quit or give up or lay down now book of job, no matter keep thinking jesus, pray for me. I love you all. I ain't done yet!!!! I will return **Read on...**



HELLO RETIREMENT MY OLD FRIEND:

Based on recent comments, Friday night may have been the last show on U.S. soil for Paul Simon. Not that anything is set in stone, but Simon has said that he wants to try retirement as show business no longer holds any interest for him. He does have

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

dates coming up for Europe but no further shows for North America.

Compared to the previous night's show at Forest Hills, Simon seemed to be wrapping up his career in one neat package. Thursday saw only two Simon & Garfunkel songs (not counting the instrumental part of El Condor Pasa which led into Duncan) while the final night included four, including the final three songs of the night with a run of The Boxer, The Sounds of Silence and Bridge Over Troubled Waters. **Read on...**



YES, WE STILL LOVED HER TOMORROW: Day three at Barclaycard presents British Summer Time Hyde Park has been spectacular! Headlining the Sunday lineup was the legendary Carole King, who took to the stage for her first London performance in over three decades to present her masterpiece album 'Tapestry', which has never before been performed live. During the Gilmore Girls theme tune 'Where You Lead', she invited her daughter Louise Goffin into the spotlight. Later, she

asked the band to leave the stage as she 'needed a moment' with the 65000 capacity crowd, to sing a medley of her Greatest Hits. **Read on...**

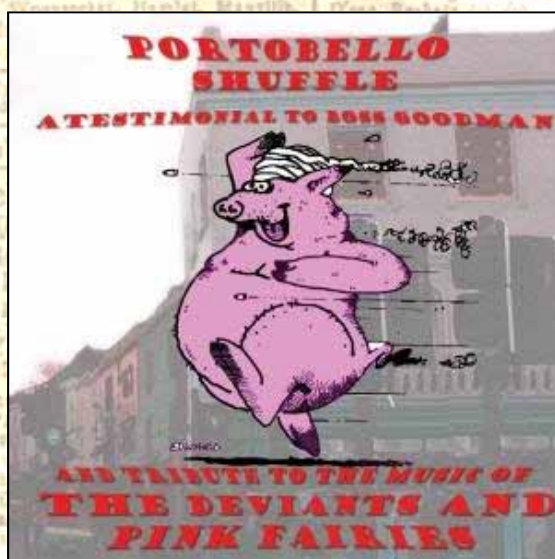
PRINCE OF PILLS: Authorities are reportedly investigating two doctors in an effort to find out how Prince was prescribed the powerful opiates that eventually led to his death. The 57-year-old music icon died at his Paisley Park estate in Minnesota on 21 April (16) after a self-administered overdose of the opiate Fentanyl. Now, the FBI, the DEA and the Carver County District Attorney's Office are trying to discover how he acquired the drug, which has a high risk for addiction and dependence. According to TMZ.com, authorities are investigating Prince's primary physician Dr. Michael Schulenberg and renowned addiction specialist Dr. Howard Kornfeld, to determine if either of them crossed the legal line by writing prescriptions to the star. **Read on...**



It is both sad and shameful that when night falls and the setts of southern England stir, their gentle folk will be needlessly slaughtered. That in spite of science and public will, the wrath of ignorance will further bloody and bleed our countryside of its riches of life. That brutalist thugs, liars and frauds will destroy our wildlife and dishonour our nation's reputation as conservationists and animal lovers. I feel sick, sad, disempowered, betrayed, angry and crushed by the corruption of all that I know as right.

-Chris Packham

f stop.the.cull



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

THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

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





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

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

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

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



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



Sex?



No...

Prog



**ME TRYING TO FIND
GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT**





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

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



Strange Fruit 170 - The Byrd Who Couldn't Fly

A tribute to Gene Clark who died 25 years ago this month.

Featured Albums: Gene Clark: No Other
Various Artists: The World
Turns All Around Him

Tracks:

- 1 The Byrds: I'll Feel a Whole Lot Better
- 2 Gene Clark: Tried So Hard
- 3 The Byrds: Set You Free This Time
- 4 Gene Clark: For a Spanish Guitar
- 5 Gene Clark: Home Run King
- 6 Gene Clark: Life's Greatest Fool
- 7 Gene Clark: Silver Raven
- 8 Gene Clark: No Other
- 9 McGuinn, Clark, Hillman: Release Me Girl
- 10 McGuinn, Clark, Hillman: Backstage Pass
- 11 Gene Clark: One in a Hundred
- 12 Gene Clark & Carla Olson: Fair and Tender Ladies
- 13 Gene Clark: Rodeo Rider
- 14 Dillard & Clark: She Darked the Sun
- 15 Gene Clark: Kansas City Southern
- 16 Husker Du: Eight Miles High
- 17 Robert Plant & Alison Krauss: Through the Morning, Through the Night
- 18 Flamin' Groovies: Feel a Whole Lot Better
- 19 The Lisa Marr Experiment: Los Angeles
- 20 Hello Saferide & Maia Hirasawa: He's the Kind of Boy
- 21 The Long Ryders: Ivory Tower
- 22 The Coal Porters: Silver Raven
- 23 Teenage Fanclub: Gene Clark
- 24 The Impersonators: Dear Gene
- 25 Ep's Trailer Park: Radio Song
- 26 The Eagles: Train Leaves Here This Morning
- 27 Yo La Tengo: Tried So Hard
- 28 The Byrds: Eight Miles High (Live)

**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 sheer inspirational indulgence. It is only in the FNP chat room where you will find the most talented musicians packed at one time into such an honored space.



ARTISTS:

TSK

<http://www.facebook.com/TSKBAND/?fref=nf>

RDG

<http://www.facebook.com/rdgrocks/?fref=ts>

Moonwagon

<http://www.facebook.com/Moonwagonband/>

Jacqui Taylor

<http://www.facebook.com/jacquitaylormusician/?fref=nf>

Marco Ragni

<http://www.facebook.com/Marco-Ragni-Songwriter-1494847694080570/>

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SYNCHROMINDPROJECT/?fref=nf

Hedfuzy

<http://www.facebook.com/Hedfuzy/>

Hats Off Gentlemen It's Adequate

<http://www.facebook.com/itsadequate/>

— with Marco Ragni, Alfons Wohlmuth, Scott

Braker-Abene, Malcolm Galloway, Raymond

DiGiorgio, Pat Byrne, Jani Korpi, Enzo

Ferrara, Alberto Rigoni and Jacqueline

Taylor.

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



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

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

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo



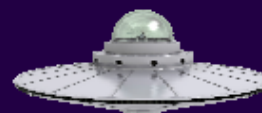
recording artists. He's been a radio host since

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

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

Look Out, He's Got a Knife... *Special Broadcast*

The Best of Switchblade Steve. The top UFO reports of 2016 from our field correspondent, Switchblade Steve Ward.



**Listen
Here**

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



Caroline Mary Aherne (1963 – 2016)

Aherne was an English comedian and BAFTA-winning writer and actress, best known for performing as the acerbic chat show host Mrs Merton, roles in the *The Fast Show*, and as lead in the *The Royle Family*, a show that she co-wrote. She was born in Ealing, London, and like her brother suffered from retinoblastoma in childhood, which left her partially sighted in one eye.

Aherne began performing on the Manchester comedy circuit as characters such as Mitzi Goldberg, lead singer of the comedy country and western act the Mitzi Goldberg Experience, and Sister Mary Immaculate, an Irish nun. She developed her Mrs Merton character with Frank Sidebottom for his show on Piccadilly Radio, where she worked as a receptionist. She rose to prominence in 1994 as her created character Mrs Merton on the mock chat show *The Mrs Merton Show* under her married name of Caroline Hook.

The guests were real-life celebrities, not actors,

who found themselves the subject of outrageous faux naïve questions. The Mrs Merton character was given a sitcom, *Mrs Merton and Malcolm*, which depicted her home life with her "mummy's boy" son (played by co-writer Craig Cash).

Between 1994 and 1997 she appeared in and wrote for the BBC comedy series *The Fast Show*. Her most popular creation is the situation comedy *The Royle Family*, which she co-created and wrote with Cash, and directed in its third series. The programme ran for three series from 1998 to 2000. Aherne received BAFTAs for Best Sitcom in 2000 and 2007, and she won the BAFTA for Best Comedy Performance in 2000. She was nominated for directing in 2001.

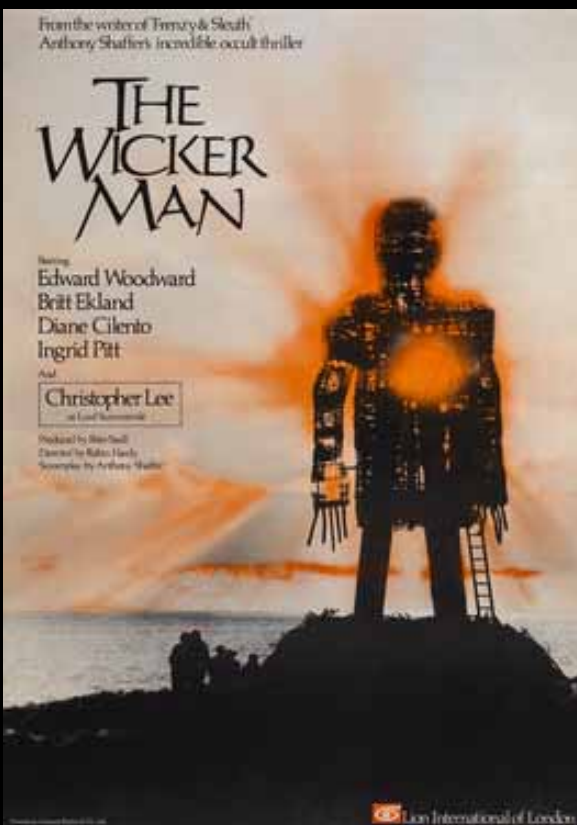
During the 1990s Aherne suffered from depression and alcoholism, which she blamed on the pressures of celebrity. In 1998 she attempted suicide and was treated at the Priory. She suffered from bladder cancer and from a rare cancer of the retina, and in 2014 she embarked on a programme of treatment for lung cancer. She died on 2nd July at the age of 52.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Robin St. Clair Rimington Hardy (1929 – 2016)

Hardy was an English author and film director. His most famous directorial work is *The Wicker Man*, and his last project was a film adaptation of his novel *Cowboys for Christ*, which was retitled *The Wicker Tree*.



He was born in England, studied art in Paris, and worked in the U.S., where he made television dramas. He was a partner in a film company with Anthony Shaffer for 13 years. He returned to London where he made television commercials. Later he wrote historical novels and was involved in creating historical theme parks in the U.S. In addition to *Cowboys for Christ*, Hardy published a novelization of *The Wicker Man*, as well as the novel *The Education of Don Juan*. He died on 1st July, aged 86.



Donald Ernest "Don" Friedman (1935 – 2016)

Friedman was an American jazz pianist who performed with Dexter Gordon, Chet Baker, Buddy DeFranco and Ornette Coleman, among others, before moving to New York. There, he led his own trio in addition to playing in Pepper Adams's, Booker Little's and Jimmy Giuffre's bands in the sixties. He was also a part of Clark Terry's big

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

band. He most recently worked in New York as a pianist and jazz educator. He died on 30th June, aged 81.

Arturo (1985 – 2016)

Arturo was a polar bear living in *Mendoza Zoological Park* in Mendoza, Argentina, the only polar bear living in the country. He was born in the United States and transferred to Argentina in 1993. His female companion, Pelusa, died of cancer in 2012.

The living conditions of the cage Arturo resided in were controversial, as temperatures reach up to 40°C in Argentina, and the pool in Arturo's cage was only 20 inches deep. Animal rights activists had, in response, dubbed Arturo the "world's saddest animal" and promoted a petition to have him moved

to *Assiniboine Park Zoo*, in Winnipeg, Canada. The petition gained considerable attention after the hashtag #Freearturo began trending on Twitter. Supporters of the petition also noted that a polar bear died in Buenos Aires in December 2012 due to excessive heat, and argued that Arturo exhibited symptoms of depression and other mental health problems.

As of July 19, 2014, the petition had over 400,000 signatures, and *Assiniboine Park Zoo* responded that while they would've gladly accepted Arturo there, they did not have the authority to do so unless Argentina agreed to transfer him there, and that the Mendoza zoo could not supply the necessary medical records to make such a trip possible.

On July 24, 2014, the director of the Mendoza Zoo, Gustavo Pronotto, said that Arturo was too old to be moved to Canada.

Arturo died on 3rd July



THOSE WE HAVE LOST



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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



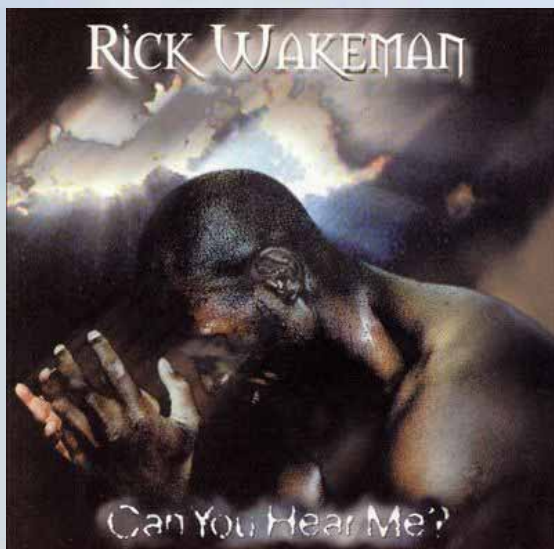
Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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/gonzowebkly>

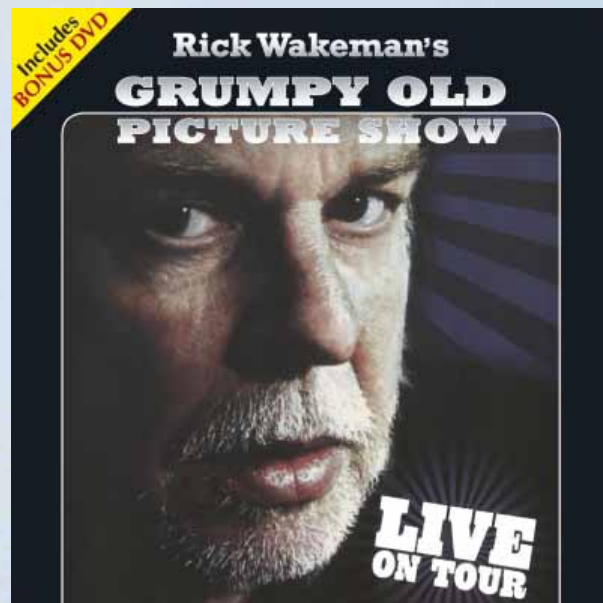


Artist Rick Wakeman
Title Can You Hear Me?
Cat No. HOPEGZ002CD
Label Gonzo

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 spirituality and the love of GOD like no other that I have ever heard. The vocals and use of a choir are truly awe inspiring and Mr. Wakeman's playing is very harmonious 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"

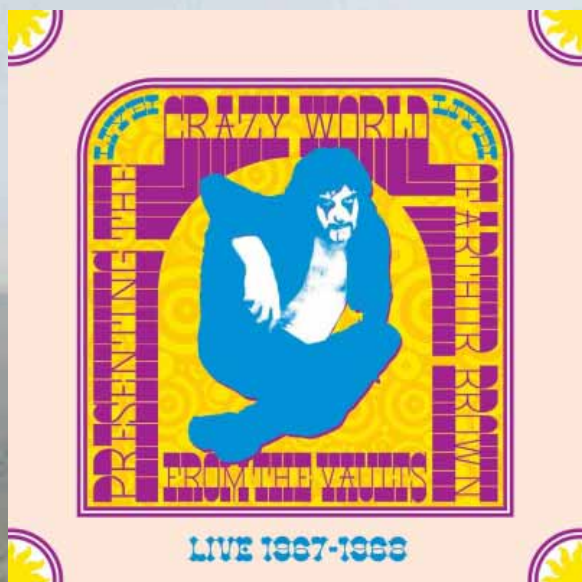


Artist Rick Wakeman
Title Grumpy Old Picture Show
Cat No. GZO110CD
Label Gonzo



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; an 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 side-splitting 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.



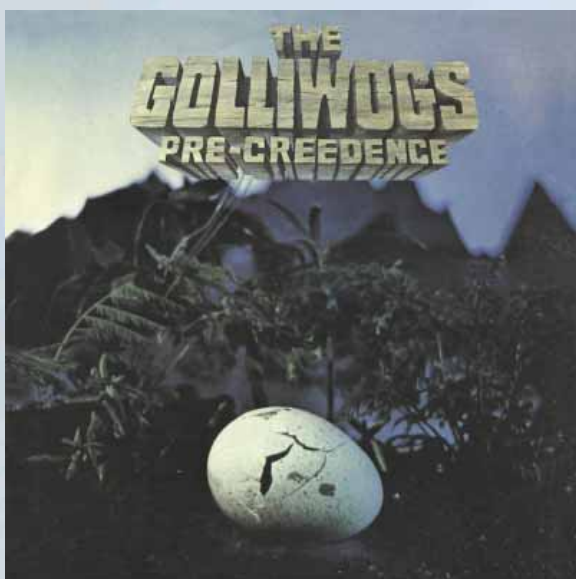
Artist The Beatles
Title The Beatles and WWII
Cat No. TPDVD191
Label Tony Palmer

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.



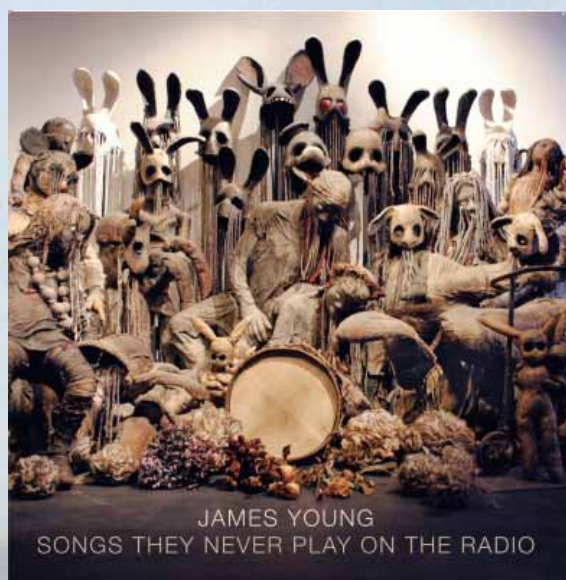
Artist The Golliwogs
Title Pre-Creedence
Cat No. GSGZ001CD
Label Gonzo

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.

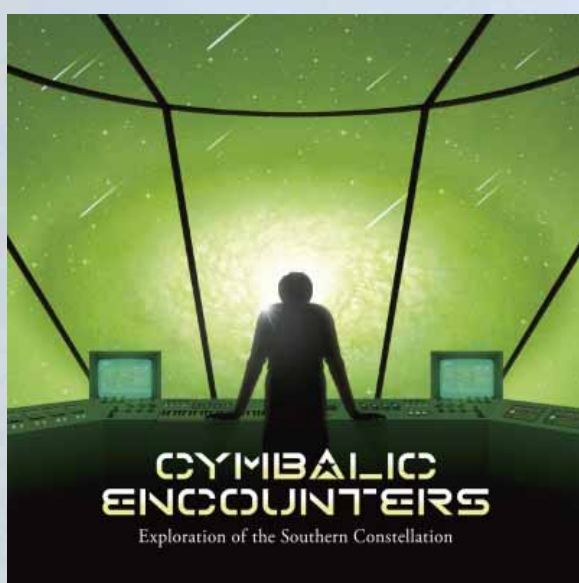


Artist James Young
Title Songs They Never Play On The Radio
Cat No. HST346CD
Label Gonzo

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.



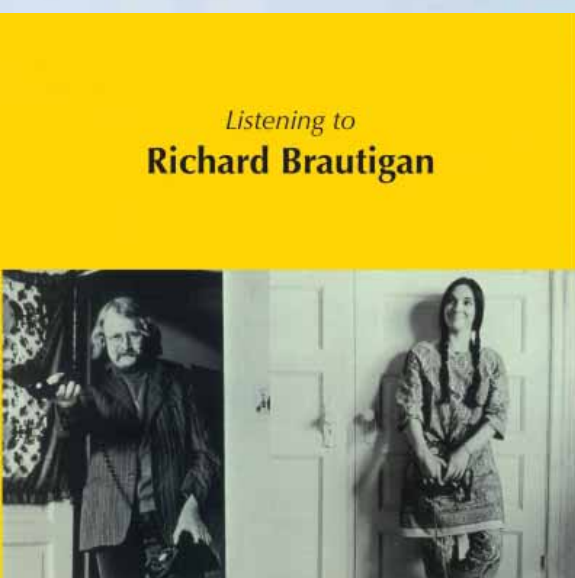
Artist Cymbalic Encounters
Title Exploration of the Southern Constellation
Cat No. HST374CD
Label Gonzo

'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."



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."

JON MEETS ERIK

In the three years since I first started working with Gonzo Multimedia several of the artists associated with the company have become personal friends. People Like Judge Smith, Liz Lenten and Erik Norlander.

For those of you not in the know Erik Norlander is a progressive rock keyboardist, composer and producer from California. He has written and produced over 30 albums since 1993 with his chanteuse spouse Lana Lane, his band Rocket Scientists, his own solo albums and numerous guest appearances. Erik's evocative keyboard technique is reminiscent of the legendary Keith Emerson, Rick Wakeman, Patrick Moraz and Jon Lord while still very unique and forward-moving in its own right. Erik takes many of the classic riffs and phrases of his heroes and reinvents them with highly emotional pitch bending, vibrato and authoritative phrasing.

This technique combines brilliantly with Erik's mastery of sound and production. Erik has personally led sound design efforts on several major brand synthesizers, and his knowledge of synthesis and audio engineering are second to none. Erik's perpetual live use of vintage and classic instruments, particularly Moog synthesizers, give his concerts a depth and

authenticity of sound seldom seen in modern stage productions.

Erik Norlander was born in Hollywood, California, and grew up studying both jazz and classical music on several instruments from a young age through his years at the university where he also graduated with a degree in English Literature. While clearly a prog rocker, Erik is surprisingly quite adamant that he prefers melody over flashy playing and strong songwriting over artsy meandering.

Rocket Scientists is a progressive rock band formed in the late 1980s by keyboardist Erik Norlander and vocalist / guitarist Mark McCrite. The band released their first CD, *Earthbound*, in 1993 joined by session bassist Don Schiff. Schiff quickly became a part of the band for their second release in 1995, *Brutal Architecture*, and the three toured in the US and Europe in 1997 along with drummer Tommy Amato culminating in the live CD, *Earth Below and Sky Above: Live in Europe and America*. In 1999, Rocket Scientists released *Oblivion Days*.

In 2015 they released their 7th studio album, *Refuel*. The full-length album combines both vocal and instrumental songs with the band's



signature songwriting, performance and production style in 12 unforgettable tracks. Refuel also features stellar performances by guest musicians Gregg Bissonette (drums), vocalists Lana Lane and Kelly Keeling along with others including the brass players from the band's previous release, Supernatural Highways, and Norlander's Hommage Symphonique album which also featured Schiff and McCrite.

"Refuel is nothing less than a return to the big, fat sound that these guys have possessed; sounding like a real band, getting together to make real music, in a real studio " - Tommy Hash, Ytsejam

"In the famous Rocket Scientists style, this is quintessential and entertaining melodic progressive rock." - Craig Hartranft, Dangerdog

Erik Norlander has been featured multiple times in KEYBOARD magazine in the USA as well as four appearances in the Japanese KEYBOARD magazine along with multiple appearances in BURRN!, STRANGE DAYS, PROGRESSION and ELECTRONIC MUSICIAN. He has been interviewed on numerous radio shows and continues to receive energized reviews in numerous publications around the world.

Something that is less well known is that Erik is one of the sponsors of the annual Weird Weekend that I promote in North Devon each year. In the

current financial climate sponsors are getting hard to find, and I would like to publically thank Erik for his generosity.

Surreal is his new full-length visionary album. 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.

So I gave him a ring...



Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile

Haight Street Fair Still Loving

San Francisco's Haight Ashbury district just celebrated the 49th anniversary of 1967's "Summer of Love" that famed year when hippies and freethinking liberals swarmed to this small community to remake society in their own image. The festival is an annual affair that begins summer with music, arts & crafts, food and time to commune. It started 39 years ago, 10 years after the "Summer of Love," and I wandered the length of Haight to see what remnants remain, to ponder what became of the hippie movement.

I was born in 1960 in Los Angeles and grew up with two siblings 8 and 10 years older than me. The sixties for me were wonderful years, a time the hippie movement helped usher in better race relations, freer thinking, psychedelic music and art. It was the time of The Beatles, Rolling Stones, Donovan, The Moody Blues, and early Pink Floyd. I recall when I first heard the Beatles *Sgt. Peppers*, across the street at my neighbor's house, in a smoky room adorned with a candle atop a skull, a tie-dyed sheet, and shag carpeting. Even better, the band's movie *Yellow Submarine*

screened at our local cinema, it's blend of music, wit and Peter Max-ish pop-art thrilling my young senses. It was a time when one of my heroes, Muhammad Ali, was stripped of his boxing title and spent time in jail because he refused the Viet Nam war draft. It seemed then that anything was possible, that old conservative norms might give way altogether to a new way of thinking, founded in peace, love and high ideals. San Francisco, just a day's drive to the north, was one of the focal points of that movement and the "Summer of Love" in 1967 was it's defining moment.

San Francisco embodied nearly everything at the heart of the counter-culture. A host of bands called the city home, from the Grateful Dead to Jefferson Airplane, staging free concerts in Golden Gate Park, on Haight Street itself or the nearby Fillmore West concert hall. Here race, gender, sexual orientation appeared to raise no barriers, drugs were taken liberally, clothing was shed, possessions shared. The Castro district was home to a burgeoning gay rights movement. The city's free spirit drew teenagers from



<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



**IT TAKES THE
HAIGHT
TO STOP THE
HATE**



**Amoeba
Music**

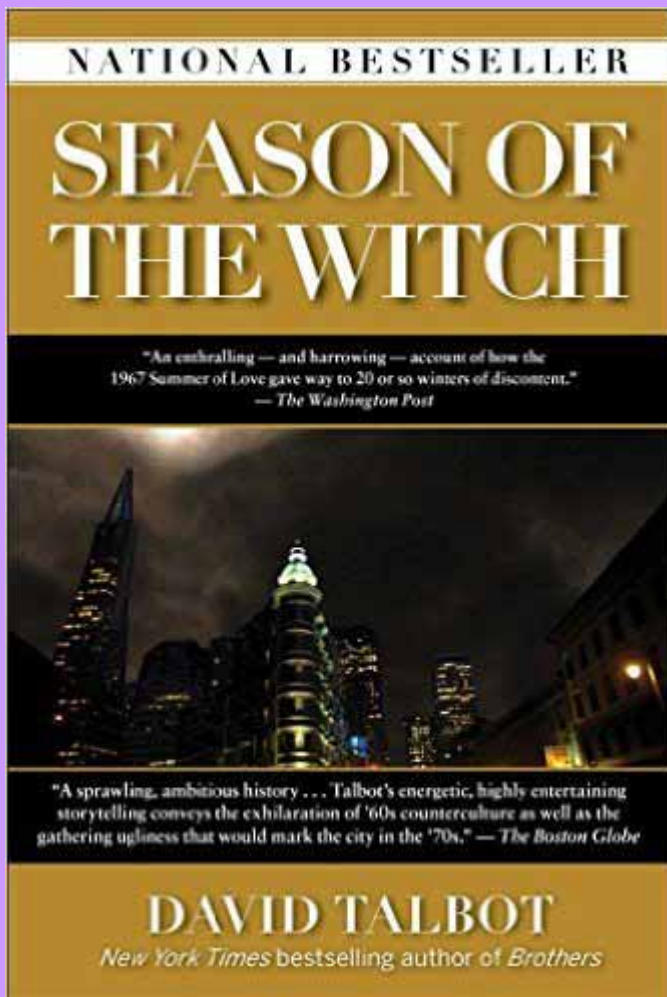


**Haight Street Fair
June 12, 2016**



around the country to join the party and live in harmony. There was a dark underbelly to all this, a radical, careless side to the

movement that ate away at the finer ideals shared by so many.



It was clear to me, even as a child, that the country was gripped by conflict, political assassinations, and riots, all against the backdrop of the Viet Nam war, our evening meals eaten while Walter Cronkite read out that conflict's death toll, the grim daily statistic that seemed never ending. I remember the times when our President John F. Kennedy, his brother Bobby and Dr. Martin Luther King were killed. At the end of the decade, my own brother suffered something akin to a nervous breakdown when he was drafted into the military, instead of going to war ending up in monastery just minutes away from our home, for the rest of his life. In many ways it was a terrible and challenging time for our country.

Still the idealism of the hippie movement was exciting to my young mind. The optimism and spirit enthralled me, as I imagined a future of communal living, where I might not don a suit and tie, becoming part of the corporate machine, losing my individual identity to the grinding gears of commerce. I had no fear that violence, drug addiction, and unemployment would play such a large part in spoiling the movement. I was too young to have tried any drugs, and wouldn't understand much about it until after the decade, when the movie *Woodstock* was released and *Go Ask Alice* was published. To this day I believe in much of what teenagers and young adults were pursuing at the time, even though the ideals can be hard to spot in today's society.

Recently I picked up the book *Season of the Witch* by David Talbot. This tome delves into the turbulent times in San Francisco between 1967 and 1982 – from the “Summer of Love,” through a trough of violence and despair, to a sort of rebirth of the city. It focuses too much attention on the events after 1967 that tore at the fabric of the city, from murder at the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont, to the killing of SF Supervisor and gay rights advocate





Harvey Milk and mayor George Moscone, to the People's Temple and that fateful day most of the cult "drank the Kool-Aid." Though it's a bit dire, lacking content to demonstrate the lasting rewards of the counter-culture, it's a thoughtful and engaging book. Highly recommended.

The morning of the fair we woke to the tragic news that a gunman killed 49 people at a gay nightclub in Florida. On the way to the Haight, I snapped a shot of nearby Castro Street, flags waving, quiet before the storm that was to follow the very next week, pride week.

Troubled by this heinous hate crime, I continued on to the Haight Street Fair looking for evidence of the enduring impact of the "Summer of Love." What did I find? Certainly the music, fashion, arts and crafts of the 60's were on full display. There was vegan food, great music, some of it from musicians from that time, and happy revelers.

Most importantly, it's clear that the current generation sees something in the ideals of the 60s, that at least a segment of the population is giving thought to the environment, to helping those in need, to living a freer life. Currently younger workers here are embroiled in a controversy as San Francisco is being flooded with

tech workers, many rich off stock options from Facebook, Twitter, Uber and other internet wunderkind, snapping up homes, driving up the prices and evicting renters who have nowhere else to go. It's a serious issue here in the city, though it would be a mistake to lay blame only at the feet of our newest workers. After all, a large number of these same young adults are supporting the candidacy of Bernie Sanders for the Democratic Party nomination.

I think it's fair to say that his brand of "Democratic Socialism" with its theme of addressing income inequality and health care for all harkens back to the 60s, to hippie ideals and the Johnson administration. He didn't get the nomination, but will impact the policy positions of Hillary Clinton's ticket.

At one point I approached a charity booth, where four adults old enough to have "been there" dressed as hippies offered passersby a photo for a dollar donation. When I told them I'd offer 2 dollars if any of them "were there" in '67, I got perplexed looks and silence. But, the idea was well intentioned, and I determined to take this also as a sign that not only was the "Summer of Love" full of music, crafts, food, and love but also made a meaningful impact for the better on all of our lives.



**2016: A time to remember:
The Battle of the Beanfield
Remembrance - Stonehenge Free -
and Jimmy Cauty's ADP (Aftermath
Dislocation Principle) Riot Tour near
the Beanfield site – 31 years on.**

Alan Dearling assembled some of his mates to take you on a time-trip to 1984, the run-up to Stonehenge 1985, and into the here-and-now of 2016 around Stonehenge and the Beanfield

Different times...different stories! Thanks and respect to the wordsmiths and photographers/photo provider

Andy Hardcore writes in July 2016:

"It's funny the things that stay with you throughout your adult life. 32 years ago, the last people's free festival at Stonehenge (1984) changed my perspective on a lot of things, anarchy could work, it did work, in that field in Wiltshire. The first Summer Solstice sunrise at Stonehenge I saw was that year, a morning I will never forget. Although we travelled to lots of really nice smaller free festivals the rest of that glorious Summer, nothing compared to the great

gathering. Over the Winter and Spring into 1985 we heard the rumours, saw the leaflet saying there would be no gathering allowed at Stonehenge in 1985, how could they stop something so large? The end of May and we were off, thumbs out, a great lift with a wagon driver from Durham to Bath, camped overnight in woodland with just a short hitch ahead of us the following morning. The 1st of June 1985 was a long day, lifts seemed hard to come by, lots of walking but by about 5 pm we had arrived at the Western edge of the so-called Stonehenge 'exclusion zone'. There we were met by the police. *"The convoy's over, better go back the way you came there's no festival at Stonehenge this year."* Friends of ours hadn't fared so well they had been picked up by the convoy minutes before the ambush but that's their story to tell.

... Exclusion Zone...

What happened in the Beanfield on that day cannot be forgotten, something beautiful was destroyed with a hatred and force so out of control it's difficult to believe something like that could happen in the green fields of Wiltshire. 31 years on, our spirit's not broken, but I am aware that the last few years has seen a growing interest, the tribe has increased (Alan adds, it's thankfully never gone away – just continued to morph and evolve with new folk coming on board). The authorities in Wiltshire are seeming to turn a bit of a blind eye to the gatherings at Equinoxes and Winter Solstice allowing us to use the drove roads, and the Ridgeway even at Summer Solstice, but it seems once again a change is in the air - are we really that much of

alan dearling



STONEHENGE

987



CALENDAR: JUNE '87

1st-MONDAY-
WALK AND FLOTILLA
COMMENCES AT
NOON FROM
JUBILEE GARDENS,

SOUTH BANK RENDEZVOUS-
2 PM. BATTERSEA PARK PEACE PAGODA.

6th-SATURDAY-WEEKEND PARTY AT CALLEVA ROMAN TOWN,
S.W. OF READING NEAR SILCHESTER.

13th-SATURDAY-CARNIVAL ARRIVES IN SALISBURY DISTRICT.

14th-20th-GATHERING ON SALISBURY PLAIN FOR FESTIVAL AND CRUISE

BLOCKADE. 15th DEPART AT URCHFONT HILL, 4 MILES FROM STONEHOUSE, NR. LARDWELL, DORSET.

21st-MID-SUMMER SOLSTICE-22.11 HRS GMT. SUNRISE-04.43 HRS GMT
AT STONEHENGE.



BRING ALONG FRIENDS,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
FLAGS, TORCHES, BANNERS,
STREAMERS, BALLOONS,
CARNIVAL ACTS, (eg.
JUGGLING, FIRE-EATING, ETC.)
MASKS, FACE PAINTS, COOKING,
POTS, FIREWORKS, MERCHANDISE,
ETC, ETC.

FLOTILLA LEAVES SOUTH BANK AT SAME TIME
AS WALK- BRING YOUR HOUSEBOAT.

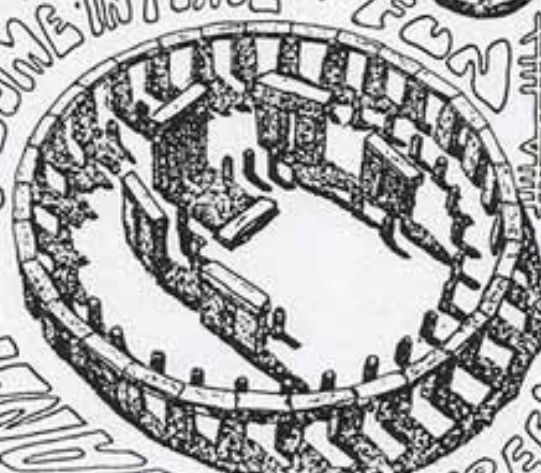
FOR DETAILS OF PILGRIMAGES FROM YOUR
LOCAL AREA, CONTACT (WITH SAE)-
STONEHENGE '87 CAMPAIGN, 40 99
TORRIANO AVE., LONDON,
NW5 2RX.

SALISBURY HELP LINE 1200 49 2147 JUNE
(01245) 731608

FOR FOX
STOP
HUNTING



WINTER- COME IN PEACE



FREE!



a threat? Will they trash us again, or, just ask nicely this time?

The importance of an event like the ADP Riot Tour coming close to the site of the Beanfield should not be underestimated. Jimmy Cauty & co (ex of the KLF with Bill Drummond and the K Foundation) have done us proud and I extend my thanks to him for remembering what happened there. Jimmy did say when they were first discussing where to take the tour, that the Beanfield was high up on the list of places he just had to make it happen. The event was a pleasure to attend. New friendships were made, old friendships rekindled, stories were told and firewood collected. No riot, no police (well only little tiny ones in a locked container) and no negativity, the ADP Riot Tour Container is a focal point, a reminder of times past. If ADP comes to a town near you, go take a look."

Alan adds: *"The ADP Riot Tour from Jimmy Cauty and friends is an exception. A gob-smacking, in-yerr face experience. It's an after-the-Apocalypse Model Village. It will leave you reeling with its sheer*

bravado, horror and scale of achievement. Even some warped humour. A must go-see!"

The ADP handout reminds folk that:

On June 1st 1985, a convoy of new travellers, peace protestors, green activists and festival-goers set off from Savernake Forest in Wiltshire to establish the 12th annual free festival at Stonehenge.

They never reached their destination.

Eight miles from the Stones they were ambushed, assaulted and arrested with unprecedented brutality by a quasi-military police force of over 1,300 officers drawn from six counties and the MoD.

That event has gone down in history as 'The Battle of the Beanfield'.

For Jimmy Cauty's ADP Riot Tour, the siting of his installation in a container during the Solstice period at Cholderton, Wiltshire near the infamous





Beanfield, in June 2016, was of deep significance – the event details proclaim:

“The Battle of the Beanfield took place over several hours on 1 June 1985, when Wiltshire Police prevented The Peace Convoy, a convoy of several hundred New Age travellers, from setting up the 1985 Stonehenge Free Festival in Wiltshire, England. Around 1,300 police officers took part in the operation against approximately 600 travellers.

Dozens of travellers were injured, 8 police officers and 16 travellers were hospitalised. 537 travellers were eventually arrested - the largest mass arrest of civilians since at least the Second World War, possibly one of the biggest in English legal history.

Two years after the event, a Wiltshire police sergeant was found guilty of Actual Bodily Harm.

In February 1991 a civil court judgement awarded 21 of the travellers £24,000 in damages for false imprisonment, damage to property and wrongful arrest. The award was swallowed by their legal bill as the judge did not award them legal costs.”

The Aftermath Dislocation Principle (ADP) shows are actually housed in three different structures. Housed in a 6x6x6 ft shipping container and viewed through observation ports in the sides, ADP 3 contains a 1:87 scale model of a wrecked suspension bridge, isolated above a turbulent stretch of water. It is the linking work between ADP 1 and ADP 2. ADP 1 being a 40ft shipping container that houses a vast

post-apocalyptic landscape sited somewhere in Bedfordshire – a mythical middle England, and ADP 2 is a 10 ft container that houses the building site of a monolithic construction. This is ‘**NEW BEDFORD RISING**’, a monumental utopian tower being built by the inhabitants of The Aftermath Dislocation Principle – principally 3,000 tiny policemen and accompanying media crews. New Bedford is being raised to offer security and order for the ADP populace and stands in juxtaposition to the chaotic wreckage beyond the river. ‘**THE BRIDGE**’, is broken and some policemen are stranded on top whilst others attempt to cross the perilous stretch of water in a variety of hopeless vessels.

All three models are housed in containers so they can travel: to be shipped and shown in almost any situation. And that is exactly what they are doing. They are totally self-contained, off-grid artworks that can go anywhere. It was **ADP 1** that visited near to the Beanfield for the Solstice, as a part of the nationwide UK tour. It’s on a monumental pilgrimage to over 36 historic riot sites around the country, whilst the smaller ‘utopian’ containers are being shown, apparently ‘more sporadically’ in a variety of engagements. The **ADP Riot Tour** ends on **Christmas Day, 2016 in Bedford**, at the **Panacea Museum**, with all three containers being sited together for the first time ever in the former **Panacea Society’s ‘Garden of Eden’**.

For more info: <https://jamescauty.com>





Picture: Wally Dean and Jimmy Cauty, courtesy of Mr and Mrs Hardcore

Wally Dean adds:

"In 1903 Cecil Chubb gave Stonehenge to the people of Britain. This famous deed of gift laid out his wishes for Stonehenge and in those conditions he wrote that no man should ever have to pay over a shilling. The price for an adult to visit Stonehenge today is £18.50.

In 1974, Wally Hope helped found the Stonehenge Free Peoples Festival, a solstice celebration of 'Loving Awareness'. He squatted the land until the Department of the Environment sought an eviction through the High Courts. Wally Hope used his day in court to argue that 'Stonehenge belonged to the people and had been stolen by the government. He lost the case but came out declaring, *'We've Won. We've made friends with lawyers, judges and the press. How can we lose when we play with the Ace of Hearts, which is love.'*

The free festival became an annual celebration of the 'new age' lasting nearly a month. Thousands of people set up a utopian commune, known as the 'Stonehenge Free State'. These gatherings lasted until 1984, when the newly formed English Heritage used the festival's size as an excuse to prohibit the traditional gathering that had been recognised as being observed from time immemorial. This prohibition is still hotly contested to this day.

On the 20th June, at ten in the morning, after a drive past Stonehenge the ADP unit touched down at the Dinky Diner at Cholderton. The crowd gathered around the truck as the peep holes covers were removed. Soon enquiring eyes were peering into Jimmy Cauty's warped, yet somehow familiar vision of the police state in decay. Flashing blues lights and radio calls filled the container, each angle revealing yet more subtle jibes at straight thinking society, fast



food culture, authority figures, political factions and business interests. Slogans and symbols were splashed across this subverted cityscape, fires burned and hordes of dayglow security services roamed the desolate streets. Bored and looking for something, to do.

Jimmy Cauty had put up an advertisement for the event across the social media, bold black letters on hi-vis yellow background exclaimed: 'State Funded Counter Culture'. He explained that the Arts Council had agreed to pay for the haulage of these giant art pieces across the tour. He was very happy to be there and told how he had attended the festival in 1984, and then recounted how during his KLF days he had buried his Brit award within Stonehenge. I told him of my research into the counter culture of these times, he was very interested and we shall meet again.

I had managed to invite a small number of Beanfield veterans, Stonehenge campaigners and other interested people and we soon set to lively conversation about the police operation, the festival, Wally Hope, the convoy and much more. As the day wore on there was to be emotional retellings of personal experiences of the day. Tears fell, but on the whole it felt good that this injustice was not being swept away and forgotten. As we walked up the edge of the old A303 to the Beanfield fence many told stories on the spots they happened on. A pamphlet about the Beanfield written by Chris Stone was passed out. The serenity of this beautiful Wiltshire field in stark contrast to the tales being told.

Rumours had spun through the social misinformation super highway that the Wallies and the KLF were planning a 'RIOT' in Wiltshire. We chuckled at the assembled bunch of pacifists and children. We had cups of coffee and tea and a cake or two, and made plans to head to Stonehenge. As I packed up, a smart and strangely familiar man asked about Wally's Box and I happily recounted the tale once more, I asked him why I recognised him, he turned out to be a presenter on the Antiques Roadshow. See anyone can be a Wally!

So was a riot on the agenda ? *"It's always on the agenda,"* Jimmy wryly replied."

ADP Riot Tour

23rd April - 25th December 2016

Full list of dates.

For exact opening times please refer to venues directly.

23rd April - 29th April: Bruton Art Factory, Bruton

29th April - 9th May: Trinity Centre, Bristol

9th May - 15th May: Piazza Terracina,

NOSE Programme, Art Week Exeter

16th May - 23rd May: Cardiff Metropolitan University, Cardiff

23rd May - 31st May: Penderyn Square, Merthyr Tydfil

31st May - 10th June: Fargo Village, Coventry

10th June - 17th June: West End Centre,



Mr. & Mrs. Hardacre Photography

Aldershot

17th June - 20th June: Beanfield, Wiltshire

20th June - 21st June: Stonehenge

21st June - 23rd June: STYX, Tottenham, London

23rd June - 26th June: Unit 1 Gallery, Notting Hill, London

26th June - 28th June: Windrush Square, Brixton, London

28th June - 30th June: Venue TBA,

Hackney, London

30th June - 8th July: FC United of Manchester, Manchester

8th July - 14th July: The Florrie, Toxteth, Liverpool

14th July - 21st July: The Chemic Tavern, Leeds

21st July - 25th July: Festival 23

25th July - 1st August: Venue TBA, Sheffield



1st August - 8th August: Venue TBA, Norwich
 8th August - 15th August: Outside The Grand, Folkestone, Kent
 15th August - 19th August: Ways With Weirids, Totnes
 19th August - 26th August: Devonport Guildhall, Plymouth
 26th August - 6th September: Venue TBA, Newlyn
 6th September - 19th September: Root 1066 Festival: Hastings/St Leonards Promenade, Hastings
 19th September - 26th September: New Mills Festival, New Mills
 26th September - 10th October: New Art Exchange, Nottingham
 10th October - 17th October: Venue TBA, Stoke-on-Trent
 17th October - 24th October: New Adelphi Club, Hull
 24th October - 31st October: Stephenson Quarter, Newcastle
 31st October - 7th November: Venue TBA, Edinburgh
 7th November - 14th November: Venue TBA, Glasgow
 14th November - 21st November: Venue TBA, Caernarfon
 21st November - 28th November: OVADA, Oxford

28th November - 5th December: Sir Philip Game Centre, Croydon
 5th December - 12th December: University of Essex, Colchester
 12th December - 23rd December: Garden of Eden, Panacea Society, Bedford
 THE END

From Andy Worthington (and colleagues) book: 'Battle of the Beanfield', published in 2005 (20 years after the battle) by Alan Dearling, available through: www.enablerpublications.co.uk

Here are a few extracts from the two concluding chapters:

"At Orgreave, Stonehenge and Wapping, it was Thatcher's new army, a faceless, paramilitary police force, bussed in from outside the area, that broke dissent with extreme violence. At Stonehenge, as at Orgreave and Wapping, people were left physically and emotionally scarred, livelihoods were destroyed and communities torn apart."

Alan Dearling comments: 'Under the Conservative government of Margaret Thatcher, travellers were branded as 'subversives', defined by Home Secretary Leon Brittan as even including those 'who, for tactical reasons or other reasons, choose to keep within the letter of the law.' Through agencies such as MI5's F2 Branch, Thatcher collated and sifted through an increasing amount of information on all kinds of



The assault on Helen Reynolds' vehicle, as described by the Earl of Cardigan (above).

‘subversives’ – trade union leaders,

members of CND, miners and travellers. It was, however, the Association of Chief Police Officers who issued the *Public Order and Tactical Operation Manual*, which Tony Benn, MP, described to the House of Commons (*Hansard*, July 22nd 1985) as follows: ‘The manual provides for the training of police in para-military operations, including instruction in methods of incapacitating demonstrators by the infliction of actual bodily harm... through the manual, police were given instructions, descriptions of tactics and manoeuvres on the use of long and short shields, which laid them open to charges of assault by the rules as they stood.’ “

“The Earl of Cardigan had the distinct impression that ‘the police who had been in ordinary police uniforms seemed to all stand to one side, and out from behind the barricade – where we previously hadn’t been able to see – came quite a number of police in a very different manner’, who then began to work their way down the line of vehicles, smashing windows and arresting people. Cardigan’s interpretation suggests that the more heavily armed police who emerged to attack the vehicles were waiting for an excuse – a trigger, almost – and if this is the case then it’s odd that there is no evidence of any instructions from the



Police rounding up the occupants of a coach during the final assault in the pasture field

commanders.”

“On its website (www.wiltshire.police.uk/airsupport/history.asp, accessed May 2005), the Wiltshire Constabulary Air Support Unit congratulates itself on the part it played in ‘Operation Solstice’, which it describes as ‘a very successful operation.’ The full quote is enlightening: ‘Having secured an aviation budget of £10,000, Dollar Helicopter contracted for six weeks to supply air support by way of a Command and Control platform and intelligence gathering in respect of the biggest operation ever mounted in Wiltshire in preventing the illegal Stonehenge Festival – an event of anarchy – involving serious crime, drugs, deaths and a mountain of peripheral crime. 530 were arrested in a very successful operation. The part played by the ASU was acknowledged – applause by officers on leaving site at the end of the day.’ “

“Looking back over the whole of 1985, from Molesworth to the Beanfield and the conflicts of the following months, Bruce Garrard reached a harsh but apt conclusion: ‘Historians will look back on the 1980s as a time when the government of this country came dangerously close to fascism; when the moral and political climate was something quite different from that of the ‘free country’ we’ve all been brought up to believe in; a time when individuals seeking answers to the enormous problems landed on them – through institutional inertia or deliberate mismanagement – were treated with distrust, hostility, and even brutality.’ “

“Throughout this period (from 1985 right up to 2000), the aftershock of the violence at the Beanfield – and the continuing assaults on travellers’ park-ups and on the free festival circuit that had sustained the movement – contributed to breakdowns in the travelling community that brought widespread misery. One of the most vivid descriptions of the true cost of the Beanfield came from Alan Lodge, who told Jim Carey, ‘There was one guy who I trusted my children with in the early ‘80s – he was a potter. After the Beanfield I wouldn’t let him anywhere near them. I saw him, a man of substance at the end of all that nonsense wobbled to the point of illness and evil. It turned all of us and I’m sure that applies to the whole of the travelling community. There were plenty of people who had got something very positive together who came out of the Beanfield with a world view of ‘fuck everyone’.”

“On March 4th 1999, the House of Lords finally overturned the police conviction of January 1997 against the ‘Stonehenge Two’, by a majority of three to two, demolishing the legality of the exclusion zone in the process. Lord Hutton in particular put forward a considered and far-reaching defence of civil liberties, taking in the right of free speech, the right to demonstrate, the right to protest on matters of public



The ADP Riot Tour at Cholderton, near the Beanfield

concern and the right of assembly. He quoted Lord Denning: 'These are rights which it is in the public interest that individuals should possess; and indeed, that they should exercise without impediment so long as no wrongful act is done. It is often the only means by which grievances can be brought to the knowledge of those in authority – at any rate with such impact as to gain a remedy.' For his part, the Lord Chancellor was concerned to establish, as 'an issue of fundamental constitutional importance', that 'the public highway is a public place which the public may enjoy for any reasonable purpose, provided the activity in question does not amount to a public or private nuisance and does not obstruct the highway by unreasonably impeding the primary right of the public to pass and repass: within these qualifications there is a public right of peaceful assembly on the highway.' "

"The steady erosion of civil liberties that has taken place....is clear: first came the Beanfield, then the Public Order Act, then the Criminal Justice Act, and lately – and most brazenly of all – the Blair government has enacted further draconian measures, under the guise of protecting us from terrorism, from various forms of political protest and from anti-social behaviour, that have stripped our rights still further. No attempt has been made to repeal the most vilified parts of the previous legislation. The way of life of Britain's new travellers and Gypsies – the resident ethnic minority towards whom it is still acceptable to express racist hatred – remains effectively criminalised, with no relief in sight, while communities close ranks against them, and politicians and the media use them as ammunition to prove how tough they are on 'law and order.' "

In 2016, eleven years on since the publication of 'Battle of the Beanfield', Tony Blair and his colleagues who promoted and sanctioned the Iraq war are once more in the media spotlight following the publication of the damning 'Chilcot Report'.

Meanwhile, the Stonehenge Free Campaign continues to seek to gain peaceful access to the Stones, and Jimmy Cauty creatively challenges our perceptions of 'order', 'policing' and 'civil liberties'.

Stonehenge Campaign Facebook page:

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100009020838036

Please visit our website: www.freestonehenge.org

Free Stonehenge public group:

www.facebook.com/groups/FreeStonehengeGroup/

Free Stonehenge Youtube channel:

www.youtube.com/channel/UC19VVS9XkAc5XeY0kqLwu

Sid Hope writes:

Since 2012 the **STONEHENGE FESTIVAL CAMPAIGN** has lobbied M.P.'s, the M.O.D, archaeologists, private landowners, the National Trust, whose land the original free festival was held on, & Stonehenge custodians English Heritage with whom we meet regularly negotiating over access, along with other interested parties. We provide info, produce a free Quarterly newsletter and provide welfare and shelter, first aid, litter pick, as well as provide a sound & lightshow via the Dub Bus Krew - and raise money

by putting on benefit gigs and producing campaign merchandise. The campaign represents, and has the support of travellers new and old, festival folk, the pagan community, and the backing of the main druid orders that help steward the equinox & solstice celebrations each year. Our main aim is to locate and establish a suitable, authorised festival/camp site at or near Stonehenge at the time of summer solstice to help conserve and relieve pressure on the ancient site.

Many people, the campaign included, revere the Stonehenge landscape as a place of sanctity and worship. We believe a separate free festival site would help balance out the needs of all. Stonehenge plays an important part in many people's lives. The campaign's main manifesto - in the spirit of the original free festival movement - is D.I.Y !! This year's 2016 solstice celebrations at both Stonehenge & Avebury are proof that we can gather peacefully outside of the restrictions of the authorities, and in particular English Heritage - who's continual draconian policies have never included the provision of a festival site free or otherwise. Each June the campaign provides an info helpline - relaying info on the whereabouts of the largest free gathering/s within the vicinity of Stonehenge outside of English Heritage's concentration camp car park. Many people within the Stonehenge community are disillusioned with E.H.'s mismanagement of the site - the introduction of a vehicle parking charge this June being 'the straw that broke the camel's back' - and so have taken it upon themselves to regularly demonstrate their feelings @ and around Stonehenge. In June 2015 the festival

campaign submitted an entertainment license application for a free solstice festival, without camping @ Woodhenge - 2 miles away from Stonehenge and linked by the drove. This would've provided an authorised opportunity for amplified music, stalls, workshops, and some badly needed shelter, currently not provided by E.H. at the time of solstice, as well as an opportunity to show that we can responsibly DO IT OURSELVES without the hindrance of E.H. ! Unfortunately, its main objectors were Wilts police - on the grounds that it was too close to Stonehenge and that they were already overstretched policing E.H.'s Stonehenge solstice. SUMMER SOLSTICE STONEHENGE 2016 ... If only more had heeded our call... despite Wiltshire Council banning the use of all local bye-ways surrounding Stonehenge on behalf of E.H, those campaigners & folk that regularly attend the equinox and solstice gatherings @ the stones were able to OCCUPY BYEWAY ELEVEN, directly opposite the stones & the A303. A lush green site, slap bang in the middle of the extensive & sacred Normanton Down Barrow group. After some initial police interest we were left alone to our own devices. The campaign's DUB BUS KREW provided free food & some badly needed amplified entertainment. Well known film maker Al Stokes was on hand to record the occasion & interview some of those on site, including WILLY X, ALAN END & WALLY RAWLINS. Bye-way eleven being so close to the stones, and with a continual flow of constant A303 traffic was an excellent opportunity for the 'FREE STONEHENGE' Facebook group to launch an impromptu protest





against E.H.'s latest parking charge and alcohol ban. Our worry is that E.H. will start extending some of their latest measures to the Winter Solstice celebrations - the event becoming more and more popular as an alternative to the highly congested summer solstice - made more poignant than ever due to the latest fads, theories, and revelations from archaeologists. Last June around 600 pilgrims including the festi-campaign gathered on the RIDGEWAY near AVEBURY to celebrate solstice for four hassle-free days - there was no trouble and the site left tidy. Next June people unfortunately won't have that option as Wilts' Council seem determined, on the behest of the DREADED NATIONAL TRUST, to put a stop to this free gathering that has taken place these last few years @ least. OUR ADVICE: Contact the annual campaign helpline & join us near Stonehenge !!

Sid Hope, Stonehenge festi-campaign organiser

This year's summer solstice was going to be a different one. This became obvious when Lucy Barker (from English Heritage) announced to our Round Table group, that there were to be parking charges and an alcohol ban. This was a statement and that no objection would be considered.

These ideas had all been put forward by an Independent Festival Advisor, a spurious job title dreamt up by Peter Beckwith.

I am a non-drinker and could understand the move as I had heard many of us so called "Stonehenge people" complaining about the same thing. Remembering the golden days of the free festivals I was well aware that those of the more alcoholic bent often never made it into the stones, indeed the Stones were respected as not only sacred land but also tribal land. OUR LAND.

But having investigated the problem a little more seriously, I learnt from the police that they didn't consider the "Stonehenge people" to be a major problem. Indeed they told me that the biggest problem was the free bus services, which were running on those years from Salisbury city centre, and were gathering up young teenage drinkers at closing time and bringing them to Stonehenge. This became apparent from the addresses of those arrested throughout these years (2013 – 2015).

So who, I hear you ask, arranged this bus service. Well that answer I knew already. English Heritage had approached the bus company to provide this service, and had participated in the organisation of pick up places and times. This was originally designed to cut



Solstice 2016 from Wally Dean (in pic with Helen the Hat) Great pic!

down car traffic as was this year's parking fee. But during the same conversation with the police I had enquired about the traffic problem to which I had the reply that the main problem was there being insufficient parking places for people who turned up a day or two early. He then said that if English Heritage would open the Gallops' car park for three days (one day before, Solstice night, and the following day) then there would not be the ridiculous queuing up to get into the car park. This was often exacerbated by E.H. often quibbling about when exactly the gates would open. Often the story would go around that the field would be opened at 5pm on Solstice night, but upon arriving at Airman's Corner, we were often told that it wasn't going to open until 7pm. This not only frustrated attendees but meant that relations between the police and attendees became strained as most road verges were under restrictions and out of bounds, and this was also true of the Military Police on various pieces of M.O.D. land.

At first, the price for parking a camper van was to be £50, the same price as was being levied on the coaches. Luckily this was dropped to £15 (the same charge as cars) when it was argued that most camper type vans often only carried two or three people. The coaches which are now running from London and other locations with passengers paying up to £99 to travel to travel to the event. I am looking into who is organising this extortionate charge, but it does include "free entry into the monument".

This had all been dropped on us at the May Round Table meetings, so we had waited impatiently for the June meeting, two weeks before the event. This meeting was then cancelled by E.H. who said they feared a protest outside the Antrobus Hotel. This could well have been true, but it would have been a protest deliberately provoked by these English Heritage staff members. An email was then sent out saying that these meetings were only to be used to discuss the Summer Solstice event and not as a platform for other dissensions about access or indeed any of E.H.'s operating practices.

For anyone that doesn't know, these meetings were first called the 'Truth and Reconciliation Talks', and were started after 1999, when E.H. had realised that there was no way that they could keep access to the Stones closed to non-druids. They were hoped to bring an end to hostilities which had begun in 1985 with the banning of gatherings, and by the "Ambush of the Beanfield".

As Solstice approached there was much hype over the protests that may or not happen. I'm glad to say that an occupation of the Stones did not take place, but the Warband, alongside Free Stonehenge and other interested parties protested at the parking charges, thus helping to create a bit of chaos for E.H. stewards. Vehicles that refused to pay were corralled in part of the field. Chris Stone was threatened with arrest and

Arthur Pendragon was refused entrance.

Myself and others had established a legal encampment on Bye-way 11, a drove with a view straight down onto the south side of the Stones. We had a small disagreement with the farmer after he had blocked this legal access and a gatepost had been destroyed. I quickly organised a whip round and collected fifty two pounds, which I counted into an evidence bag which I then gave to the Police Liaison officers. There was no more trouble after that, in fact the farmer was so surprised by our apology that he then ranted to the police that it was all the fault of, "those idiots English Heritage".

We walked down Bye-way 11, crossed the A303 and entered the field over the fence. This immediately attracted the attention of the security team. I was stopped, pushed to my knees and searched. I co-operated at the same time as stating that as Chosen Chief of the Secular Order of Druids (SODs), I was simply going about my rightful access in the safest way possible. It was remarked that I didn't look like a druid, and I replied that I hadn't claimed to be a druid, that I was The Chosen Chief of an order of druids established on Beltane 1975, by Tim Sebastian and Wally Hope and that all SODs were recently declared Chiefs as well. This thoroughly confused them and I was released to the obvious joy of those assembled.

The attendance this year was definitely affected with only 12 thousand visitors. I have been trying a more diplomatic approach to the problem. I was worried that the heavy security presence and the alcohol ban might stir up some bad confrontations. So I had decided to go and address those gathered for the sunset. I took Wally Hope's box and proceeded to tell those gathered that when Wally Hope had popularised this gathering in 1974 he had founded it as a festival of "Loving Awareness", and that this love had to extend to all gathered, pilgrims, party-ers, police and security. **After all, Everyone is a Wally!!** I also urged people not just to listen to the voices of dissent too much, but instead to focus on what we do have, the right to gather at Stonehenge. We hold the Stones in love and nothing but our own stupidity could lose this right.

Overall, I believe this year's Solstice was a great success. Many different people had protected the nation's right to gather freely in Stonehenge and it was, yet again, a friendly spiritual experience for all with a fabulous sunrise. Helen the Hat appeared at sunrise and said a few words, which was great and Nik Turner played his exalted sax both on Dave Sanger's Stage and within the Stones. Blessed Be!

" AND THE CHILDREN OF ALBION SHALL DANCE FREELY IN THE SHADOWS OF THE GREAT STONES "

WALLY HOPE 1974



And, Dave Sanger's stage – the only solar-powered, horse-drawn stage!
www.facebook.com/dave.sanger



51 year old local man sees Stonehenge on the news, decides to walk up for a look. He'd never been to the Stones before, thought he'd see what it was about, but he wished he hadn't bothered. Disgusting over the top behaviour from security, Andy HxC had camera smacked off his face by guard on the left and threatened to be thrown out, not many pics as we left after this. **Mr and Mrs Hardcore**



Pic of Nik Turner with Sid Hope



Wally Dean standoff pic: The SODs and WALLIES refused to leave the Stones for twenty minutes to show how difficult it is for the E.H. to work without co-operation.

And Great Wally footage of this year: from megalithomania.co.uk
https://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=VlrndF7ah54

IF YOU'D LIKE
**TO TALK
ABOUT CANCER,
YOU'RE NOT
ALONE**

**WE 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.

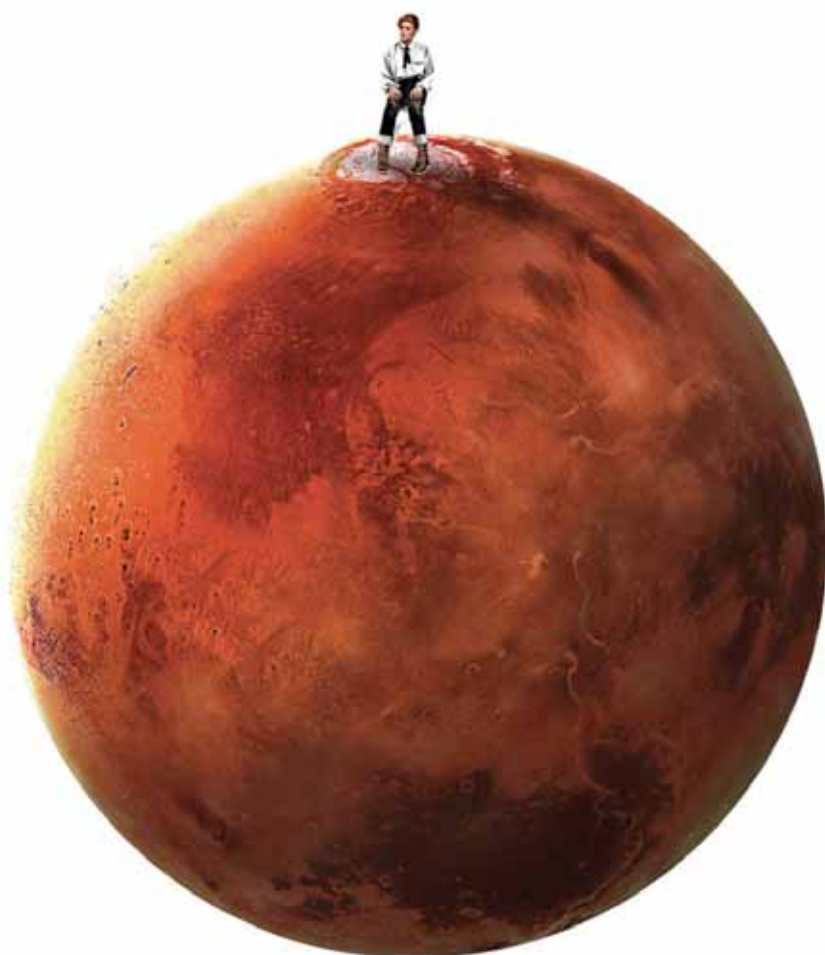
For information, advice or a chat, call us
free on 0808 808 00 00.

macmillan.org.uk/talktous



Macmillan Cancer Support, registered charity in England and
Wales (261017), Scotland (SC039907) and the Isle of Man (004).
Also registered in Northern Ireland.

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



RICK WAKEMAN plays
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Asante sana (thank you very much),

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Director, Africa Region
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WEST COAST PILGRIMAGE

Part 3

Jefferson Starship, Live!

There was a real buzz of anticipation now in the much swelled crowd, and a seriously pleasant buzz going on in my head. I guess only about 15 minutes 'late' Kantner's ex-crew mates took to the stage. Our M.C. asked us if we were ready to rock and they started filing on. David Freiberg sang lead vocals for many of the coming songs, and played rhythm guitar. He essentially played Paul's parts, and sang his words throughout. Praire Prince and Donny Baldwin continued to man their drum kits, Chris Smith not only played keys but bass synth for much of the band's set, until former Starship bassist Pete Sears joins onstage later on. Jude Gold switched to lead guitar and played some seriously beautiful and spacey solos at times.

Jackson Dryden joined Jude on rhythm guitar later in the set (the Airplane's original drummer Spencer's son). In spite of Freiberg's 'seniority', singer and sometimes rhythm guitarist Cathy Richardson is the 'front person' of this incarnation of the band. Cathy is one of several female singers to 'replace' Grace Slick in recent years, and even has the great lady's blessing in that respect. Cathy has also sung with the recent incarnation of Big Brother and the Holding Company as a 'stand-in' for Janis Joplin. She was worked with PK and Starship for some years now and does a great job, as a singer and the spokesperson. Her voice is strong and powerful, she steps up to Slick's classics in her own style, and pulls it off. No one has the 'purity' of Slick's voice at it's best, you can hear a blues/country edge in Richardson's voice but she most definitely delivers her own, fresh interpretations throughout today.

One of the many things I loved about this afternoon was the fact it was just the musicians, on a small stage, with a great PA system (the SQ was superb throughout) – no props, no coloured spots, no backstage projections or gimmicks. They had nowhere to hide, they had to deliver purely on a

John Brodie-Good





musical level and they all did so, superbly.

Some yelling and screaming from the crowd. A synth bass started with some cymbal work from the drummers, the synth then upscales and turns spacey, Jude's guitar starting to feedback..... Cathy, largely dressed in white, stepped forward to her mic, takes off her shades and nailed it with just one word.....Sunrise.....hers arms rising above her as she holds the final part of the word.....from the immortal Blows Against the Empire album. My kind of start! Chris switches to piano and the opening bars of Have you Seen the Stars Tonight.....far fucking out! David joins Cathy for Paul's parts, and then Jude goes into the stars with the first of some lovely guitar work. Waves of Chris's synth start rolling back across the soundscape and then Jude comes flying back in, the song further evolves into Starship, performed with power and emotion it deserves. Fantastic stuff! Freiberg says 'Thank you Paul' into his mic. Indeed.

The opening chords of the Airplane's Crown of Creation came next, a suitably bouncy version, David and Cathy singing for all they worth. Find Your Way Back follows, from the much later, AOR Starship period, but with a nice hooky chorus.

David Freiberg said a few words before the next song.....

“So long Paul Kantner, Farewell Author of Anthems, Now Asleep in The Stars”

Back in time again for the Airplane's 3/5 of a Mile in 10 Seconds (great song title) followed by Dino Valenti's Let's Get Together. Back to the Airplane's catalogue again and an exquisite version of Today, Jude's guitar again hitting those gorgeous high notes. After When the Earth Moves Again, Darby Gould (another former recent Starship lady singer) joins Cathy for the second Airplane anthem, We Can Be Together. Paul's Mountain Song is next....."Let The Sky Be My Home"..... and more lovely delicate fretwork from Gold, David singing almost as clearly as

John Brodie-Good



Kantner himself did. Chris played some nice piano towards the end too.

The Baron von Tollbooth album is next up, with a perfectly timed and powerful version of Sketches of China, again, David singing Paul's lyrics. Shivers went through me, Cathy was playing the opening chords of Wooden Ships, for real! This time of course, without Paul reciting his poetry during the intro to it. I closed my eyes, listening to

the opening lines, and realised a few tears of joy were running down my face. It just felt so right at that moment. Jude, like his predecessors for this song, took his time to build his solo and then went for it, far away into the cosmos, with almost Jeff Beck-like bendy notes at times. Really stirring stuff. Pete Sears then joins the band on stage playing bass and they immediately play one of his songs, Winds of Change. A pleasant enough





Fleetwood Mac/AOR type of thing. Starship's hit single, the soft and gentle Miracles followed.

Our next special guest was a real West Coast legend, Darby Slick, of the Great Society, the writer of Somebody to Love, one of Airplane's two massive hit singles in the 1960s.

Looking not unlike Norman's brother, he played an amazing looking double-necked guitar, both necks with six strings but the upper neck was fretless. The opening beats to White Rabbit! Oh yeah. Jude was picking delightfully high but delicate notes again as the song built up to it's crescendo. It had to be Somebody to Love next, and it was, yet more smiling faces filing onto the stage, and mainly female. China Kantner (now Isler), Paul & Grace Slick's daughter who features on the cover of the Sunfighter album as a baby. Rachel Rose came back on, as did Joli V. plus Freiberg's daughters and Signey Anderson's daughter (Signey was of course the Airplane's original female vocalist who left to look after her new born child at the time, and was replaced by Grace. She spookily passed away the same day as P.K). Definitely a sing-a-long version, which everybody loved of course. Freiberg then says 'pretend we walked off and now we're back', time it appeared, was now very short indeed.

“One more time for Paul everybody’ C.R

The unmistakable opening chords of Volunteers rang out. We danced and sang to the stage and sky, Jude solo'ed, the massed voices on the stage bringing real power to the chorus. Jude lets rip again, some sax from Steven, a bit of feedback and rollicking towards the finish. A last round of chorus's and all of a sudden, the end of a very special afternoon.

Definitely back in the 21st century full time, it said it would finish at 1715 and it did. I gathered my bits and pieces up, and headed back towards the mid-street market. Surprisingly, I didn't need a slash, and decided I could wait til I got back to the hotel, which was a about a 40 minute walk away, but downhill. I walked along slowly, stopping frequently just to soak in lots of mini-views of this fantastic city, feeling supremely warm and chilled inside at the same time. I grabbed a cold drink on the way in, had a quick shower, and downloaded my photos. After a quick clam chowder/steak dinner down the road, I was going to watch some of the afternoon's live stream on You Tube and



write a few notes. It was all I could do to lay on the bed though, and at 10PM I passed out, probably with a big silly grin on my face.

My last morning in San Francisco dawned and I just kept thinking about yesterday afternoon, and how good it was, so much better than I dreamed. It had fully lived up to it's billing, it was a Celebration of Life, it was a totally positive experience from start to finish. I'm so glad I made the decision to go.

The whole afternoon was streamed live via YouTube. 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=prvC5HJ8BEA>

Quicksilver's set starts at 1 hour 52 minutes (see last week's Gonzo), Jefferson Starship's set starts at 2 hours 58 minutes. Enjoy!

I've recorded the audio from it last week, and now have the entire afternoon's music both in high-res

on a USB stick, and burnt via iTunes onto a 4CD set. If you are very quick, you may like to do the same, for your personal use only of course....Or you download the video off YT and watch it offline.....

Kantner's last public recorded work as far as I'm aware is the Gonzo Media 4CD set, Roswell UFO Festival (live from 2009). Discs 2 & 3 include both the 'acoustic' and 'electric' sets, the SQ is really stunning and the performances are superb too, with Paul Kantner himself on fine form. Highly recommended.

Setlist

Sunrise – Have You Seen the Stars Tonight –
Hijack – Starship
Crown of Creation
Find Your Way Back
3/5 of a Mile in 10 Seconds
Let's Get Together
Today
When the Earth Moves Again?
We Can Be Together
Mountain Song
Sketches of China





Wooden Ships
Winds of Change
Miracles
White Rabbit
Somebody to Love
Volunteers

<http://www.jeffersonstarship.net/index.html>

Quotes from Facebook

"Jefferson Starship played on stage at the Haight Street Fair today... It was a performance dedicated to the recently deceased Paul Kantner... I shut my eyes and it was the late 60s again..."

H.H

"It was a beautiful day in The Haight. We were surrounded by lovely people. I wanted to give each one a hug as I was leaving."

S.R.

"AWESOME- AWESOME- AWESOME! THE 39TH HAIGHT ASHBURY FAIR TRIBUTE TO PAUL KANTNER WAS AWESOME. SUCH GOOD MUSIC, RIP CAPT KANTNER. COMMANDER OF JEFFERSON AIRPLANE / JEFFERSON STARSHIP."

G.W

"Listening to Jefferson Starship in the streets and I bumped into this guy offering me a free bud."

T.S

"Saw Quicksilver Messenger Service and Jefferson Starship play live on Haight Street near Golden Gate Park Sunday w/ Aren and Ellie. Mostly new members but it was thrilling to hear those old songs of transformation, freedom and revolution where they were first born. They need to be heard now more than ever. Esp. "We Can Be Together" and "Revolution". Paul Kantner and Grace Slick's daughter China got a proclamation from the city thanking her late dad for all he contributed to San Francisco. Aren and I also saw the huge vigil on Castro and Market for Orlando. The city, birthplace of LGBTQ rights and a sanctuary for countless people, was deeply shaken. Praise the Bay for all the wonderful things she has given us including her protection!"

M. A

"Go Ride The Music"

Paul Kantner



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.

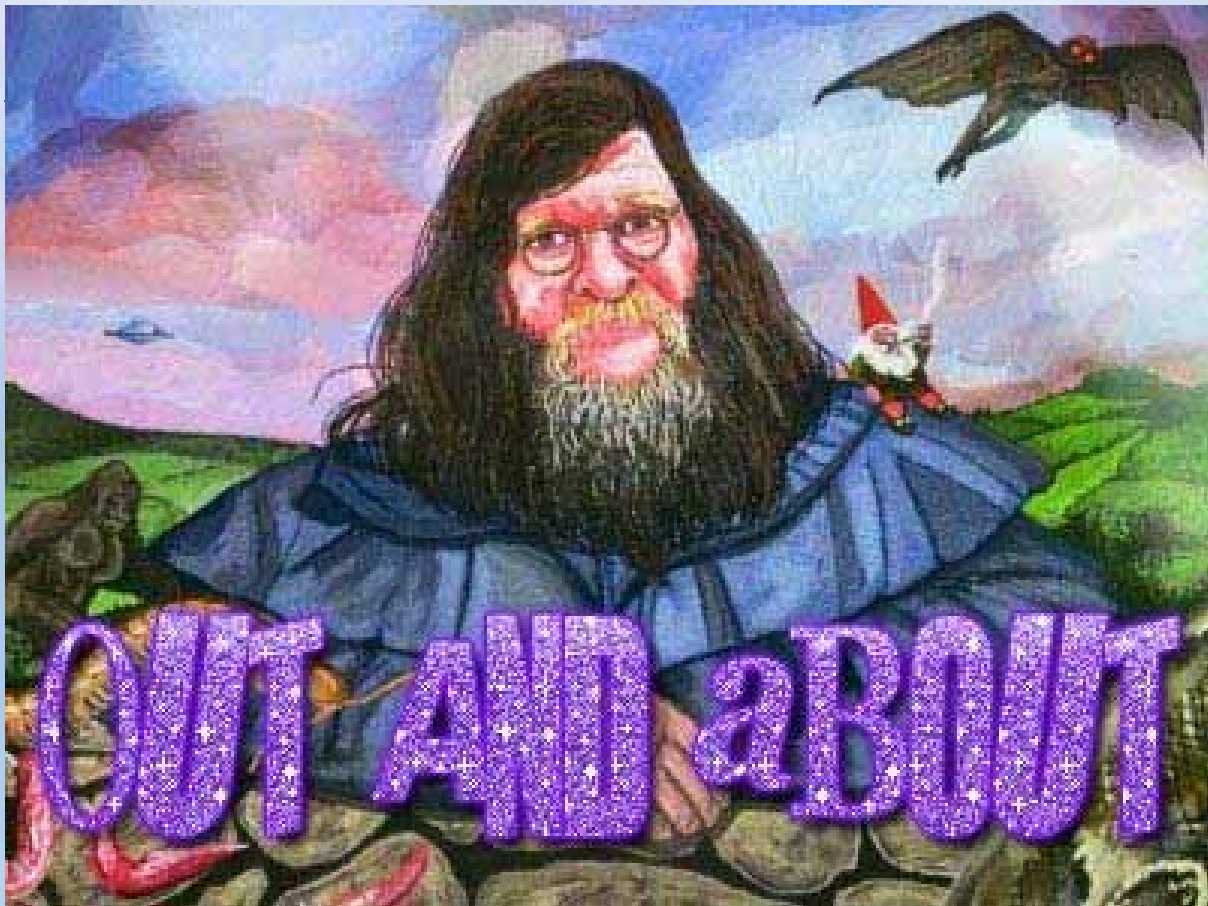
THE WEIRDNESS OF PICK N' MIX - A GUIDE

Pick n' mix or popcorn? It's the first-world dilemma I suffer whenever I visit the cinema.

Invariably, I choose the pick n' mix - less bits that can get stuck in my teeth and distract me during the film, see. And then I regret it, because I usually have eaten most of it before the film starts. I then spend the remainder of the running time a) Sweating profusely, and wishing I hadn't eaten all those sweets, and b) Suppressing a panic attack about the dirty public germs I just fisted down my throat, and worrying that I might get the runs.

Here's a brief guide to some of the selections you'll find in any pick n' mix display.





And so this is a week when we shall be on the road for most of the time. And, just as I discovered last time we did a major road trip in a hire car which actually has a working CD system, it gives me an unparalleled chance to listen to some of the review CDs which are piled up in the corner of my desk, and which stare at me reproachfully every time I pass. I know that I listen to music almost non stop whilst I am in the office, but - for logistical reasons with which I shall not bore you - this music is almost entirely streamed or otherwise computer based, and so - when I get a chance to sit down with a whole pile of CDs, and I have nothing else to do apart from sleep or stare blankly out of the window - I should grab it.

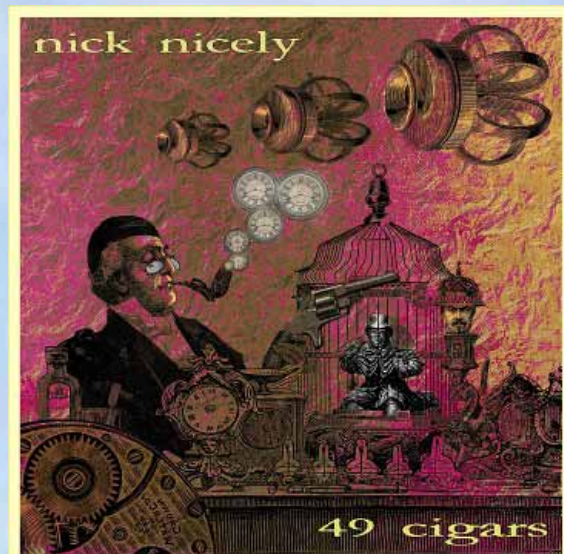
So I have.

NICK NICELY: 49 Cigars (Fruits de Mer)

Half a century ago the fab four released the groundbreaking *Revolver* album, and this EP, or the two versions of the title track, at least, are very much a homage to it.

This is no bad thing at all.

This is not to say that those responsible are slavish copyists, rather they take the sounds Lennon instigated in *She Said, She Said* and play some



interesting games with the form and the light and shade of it all. To my mind these games are most successful the further away from sixties stylisations they get. There are a few too many silly noises on the second track, at least for my liking, but the final track, which occupies much the same ground as *Porcupine Tree's* song *Radioactive Toy* or something from Julian Cope's *Peggy Suicide* is - to my mind - a minor masterpiece. I do hope that the jolly nice crab people send me some more by him soon.



FREE STONEHENGE: *Stonehenge A Celebration* (Eponymous)

The two discs of this immaculately packaged collection are labelled Disc One: Dusk and Disc Two: Dawn, and so it is probably a pity that I am listening to this whilst being driven along the North Devon Link Road just before three on a grey Wednesday afternoon. But it is the day after the solstice and the day before the great EC referendum which will either split the country in half, or make no difference at all because whoever is in charge of us they are all heartless capitalist pigs, depending on where you are sitting.

But enough of the guff. On with the music.

If any of you had been expecting Britney Spears, Taylor Swift, or some boy band or other I am afraid that you will be sorely disappointed. Because what you get is exactly what you would have expected: music from *The Hawklords*, *Here and Now*, *The invisible Opera Company of Tibet*, Nik Turner and a dozen or so more. The only surprise for me was how well recorded and mastered the whole thing is. I have heard compilations like this before, and I have always bought them (yup, I paid for this one) because I believe in the cause, but they have usually stayed in my collection with hardly a listen, because ideologically they may have been beyond reproach, but aesthetically they have been a nasty muddy grungy mess.

Not so with this record. It is crisp and clear and exciting, and even the dubby bass of some of the numbers (*Here and Now* for example) cuts through the mix in an intensely enjoyable manner.

Contemporary free festival sounds are not to everyone's taste I will admit: I enjoyed it thoroughly whilst Corinna looked pained, and Mother made sarcastic and depreciative comments at intervals, but for those of you who do enjoy this genre of headsounds, I cannot recommend it enough.

The issue is in a limited edition of a thousand. Mine is number 59, but whether that means that there are only 58 left, or whether there are 942 remaining, I have no idea. I would, however, err on the side of caution and order one today!

Woop Woop,



XNA: *Westernology* (Cleopatra)

A baker's dozen of years or so ago I was in Las Vegas. It is one of the towns that I dislike most in the world, not because I don't have fun there, I do. But because it is the epitome of rampant capitalism made flesh. So I did what I always do under those circumstances. I found some like-minded weirdos and absconded from the UFO conference who had so graciously paid for me to attend, got loaded, and buggered off into the desert.

The driver of the car on that occasion was a conspiracy theorist called Greg, and I was accompanied by a motley collection of basically crazy friends old and new. I was on some very serious painkillers at the time, and so I was drifting along on an opiate haze when we pulled into one of those tax free shops on a Native American reservation where we bought my favourite gutrot whisky and some big bottles of diet coke. After drinking about a third of the coke we topped the bottle up with whisky and drove off into what us Devonshire men call the dimpsey.

As we approached the Valley of Fire national park spliffs of strong Mexican grass were produced and handed around, and I - for one - was in a considerably altered state by the time we reached our destination. As we drove through the antediluvian landscape Greg put on a record by Mexican American indie freaks *Calexico* and we each grooved away lost in our own personal interpretation of what was going on.

As well as imagining myself in the pages of one of the *Preacher* comics, I found myself - as I so often do - composing music in my head. I took large chunks of *Calexico*'s TexMex stylings, added *Emerson Lake and Palmer*'s interpretation of Aaron Copeland's *Hoedown*, and for some reason added a few snippets of *Faiport Convention* back when they were at their most proggy (when Maartin Allcock was in the band). What a far out idea, I thought to myself. But what a pity no band would be insane enough to do anything like that.

I then forgot all about it.

Fast forward to last Christmas. I received this record, but it did not ring my yuletide bells, so I blush to admit that I forgot all about it until this morning when I found it in my pile of neglected review records.

Jesus it is a magnificent record. It is just not a winter one. But as producer Billy Sherwood comes from Vegas, he cannot be expected to aim a record for the sensibilities of a fat manic-depressive dwelling in a tumbledown Devonshire cottage with a roaring log fire and a pet crow in the kitchen. Nor should he be. But when the aforementioned fat manic depressive is riding across the prairie, um being driven up the M5 just south of Brum at the end of a hot summer's day, it is the perfect soundtrack. And I am not even on drugs this time.

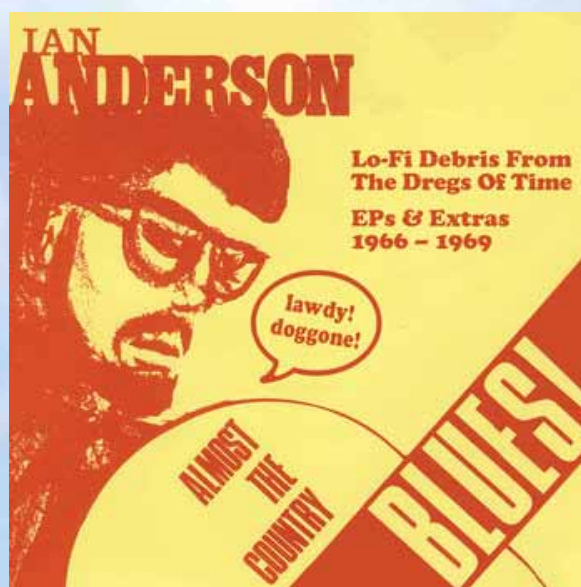
The weirdest thing about this record is that, despite its American storyline, lineup and producer, it sounds remarkably English both in conception and production. I interviewed David and Adam from the band a year or so back, and I was vaguely expecting this record to arrive, but I was not expecting it to sound so much less transatlantic than its predecessor. This is not a good thing, nor a bad thing, merely a thing.

This record bristles with ideas, sparkling like the aftermath of someone chucking a cigarette end into a firework factory. I can't make up my mind whether I like it as much as their debut album because it is so different. Bizarrely, the debut sounds more American than this one, but so what? Something that I find most

interesting about the changes that have beset the music industry over the past decade or so is that now there are no rules. This CD contains one song - too long to be a single, and too short to be an album. But like Jon Anderson's download only long form piece a couple of years back, who is counting? There is nobody keeping score these days, which means the rule book has been thrown out of the window, and bands like *XNA* are free to produce magnificently experimental pieces or music like this. It sounds more peculiar every time I play it, and I truly cannot wait to see what this extraordinarily likeable bunch of mavericks come up with next.

Shine on you crazy wassnames.

IAN ANDERSON: *Almost the Country Blues* (Ghosts from the Basement)



Although punk hit the capital in 1976 it was not in full swing in rural Devonshire until a couple of years later. Because things in the Westcountry usually come to fruition a few years later than they do elsewhere. Back in the first half of the 1960s a whole generation of young white men across the south of the UK discovered rare and painfully obscure records made by middle aged black men in the United States two or three decades earlier. But as I say, things move at a slower pace in the Westcountry.

While 'Swinging London' swung, three young men from Somerset, figuring that there was no great ideological difference between his ancestors being peat diggers in the Somerset Levels, and the culture of cotton pickers in the deep south which gave rise to the genre of country blues that they so admired, started to

play it for themselves. They were fronted by singer/guitarist Ian Anderson - not the bloke who started *Jethro Tull* by the way - and recorded several EPs and contributions to compilation albums before going on to bigger things.

These recordings are anthologised here for the first time, and stand up well both as a historical document and as vibrant and enjoyable music. The package contains a fine and informative essay by Anderson himself, (by the way, I never realised that so many mid 60s EPs from Britain are so rare because at that time you didn't have to pay purchase tax on issues consisting of 90 records or less). The cover is a cunning pastiche of one of these obscure releases, and although aesthetically I think I would have preferred something a little more contemporary, I am nit picking.

Well done chaps!

TIR NA NOG: *Ricochet/Tir na Nog* (live) (Fruits de Mer)



I had been vaguely aware of this band for years, but I had never actually heard them until three years ago at the SoL party in Sussex. I sat in my canvas director chair with my Sony PD150 on a tripod before me and watched a masterful set by this Irish two piece. They have been around for years, but have never achieved the success that they so richly deserve.

If you can imagine an unholy mating of *The Incredible String Band* at their least twee with an acoustic version of *Killing Joke* you might come close. It inhabits much the same territory as the acoustic side of the third *Led Zeppelin* album, but one gets the

feeling that they are mining a much deeper, much richer and much more spiritual vein of grooviness. This is rich, multi textured stuff, with guitars and other stringed instruments interplaying with each other and the acoustic percussion in a way that would lead one to believe that there are far more than two of them.

Totally extraordinary stuff.



71 SUNSET: *Bitter Earth* (AAA)

Many years ago a mate of mine asked me to look after his music shop for a couple of hours. A lad in his early twenties came in and asked about a guitar that was hanging in the window. "Are you in a band?" I asked cheerfully, and he nodded. "What sort of a band?" I continued.

He spoke for the first time. "Just an ordinary covers band" he grunted. "Nobody should learn to play an instrument to be *anything* ordinary!" I shouted, gesturing him towards the door. "Come back when you are doing something that *isn't* ordinary."

I think he ended up in this band, because to my ears they are terribly ordinary. I think if one was a fan of corporate heavy rock of the AC/DC or *Bad Company* ilk then one would be far more positive than I am being, but I have always disliked that sort of music, and do my best to avoid it. I do feel churlish because it is beautifully and lavishly packaged with super artwork, and they even sent me a T Shirt which I gave to the Mrs. But meh.

BTW I felt so guilty that I ended up buying the guitar myself so that my mate would not be out of pocket. I haven't seen my mate in fifteen years, but I still have the guitar. I should have let the bloke buy it, because it is not terribly good.

WORDS FROM THE WEARD



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..

Then we came to Hamburg. We were staying in the hotel with was part of the *Congress Centrum Hamburg*. Unfortunately the gig was in the *Ernst Merck Halle* on the other side of the park. Since the T-shirts and other merchandise were on the truck, we left the van parked at the hotel and walked to the gig. As the load in and set up progressed we sorted out the shirts and began to get the stall together. Late in the afternoon a couple of young ladies arrived. Both of them looked pretty good and drew a bit of attention from those members of the crew that were not actively working. I took a great liking to one of the girls. She was dressed in a leather jacket and looked quite lovely. One of the guys from the lighting crew was also drawn towards this girl and we went into that kind of male competition area. This developed into a bit of rivalry and eventually into a 'beer fight'. A 'beer fight' an extension of a game called 'the beer hunter'. You get six cans of beer, shake one up and then face away as someone shuffles the cans. Each person takes turns in holding a can to his head and cracking the tab. If it does not explode all over him he puts it down. When the shaken can shoots its contents over one of the players, that player has to drink all of the opened cans and play is resumed. This is usually a short messy game. In a beer fight you arm yourself with two cans of beer and try to soak your opponent in a similar way. During the course of this exchange my adversary was a bit premature in spraying his cans and did not get me at all. As he ducked under a table, to get more beer, I jumped up on the table and soaked him with both cans. This had me winning the fight - and the lady.

Andrea was her name and, when she came back to the show that night, we got to know each other better - mostly in the course of a lot of kissing and cuddling on a pile of T-shirts. I did not notice it at the time, but that whole episode was illuminated by the follow spot operator - the one I had defeated in the beer fight. This was to be the start of a long, and often very intense, relationship. I did not realise it at the time, but this woman was to be at the centre of several pivotal moments in my life. At the end of the gig I started packing down and offered to take Andrea home. Jacko was nowhere to be seen.

How unusual. After I had got everything done and wheeled the trunk onto the truck we went off to find Jacko. He had spent the entire gig up on the follow spot tower drinking and smoking hash, and was completely wasted. We walked him back to the hotel with him complaining all the time and asking why I had not got the van. I left Andrea in the van while I went to the foyer and took him up to the room.

We got into the lift at the same time as a rotund American businessman. The CCH is a tall hotel and the first few floors are just the Congress Centre and halls so the lift took off – so did Jacko's stomach. He looked around for somewhere to throw up and spied a receptacle on the wall. He leaned on it and threw up, and the contents went straight through and onto his legs and feet. The receptacle was only a wire mesh waste paper basket. The American tried to blend himself into the wall.

Having got Jacko into the room, and his stinking jeans and shoes into a bag hanging out of the window, I returned and took Andrea back to her home. After a bit more embracing and such like I had to say goodnight. She was still living with her parents so we had to part. We exchanged addresses – no internet back then – and I had to find my way back across Hamburg to the hotel with the feel and smell of her still clouding my head. She told me that I ate a banana as I drove her home that night (strange, the things we remember) - and added, 'you might say that you met someone that night who was going to love you from then on until forever – now how many people can say that?'

Not many I suppose. We wrote to each other a lot and I saw her a few times when I was anywhere near Hamburg, but we lived too far apart to do much about it then. It was obvious though that there was something special between us and we were to meet again, and again. She told me later that all the guys from AC/DC had tried to chat her up too – but she wanted to come back with me.

After Hamburg we moved on to Copenhagen and a gig in the *Falkoner Teatret* (Falkoner Theatre). The gig has a hotel attached to it and we were staying the hotel that night. After the show Bon Scott and Angus came up to our room and we sat around having a smoke. *Slade* were playing the following night so we all decided to stay on and watch them. The support act was a Danish band who were teenage heartthrobs, and so there were a lot of young women hanging out waiting to catch a glimpse of them. Bon and the bassist, (called George I think), were up in our room and we were looking down at the crowd below. The

lead singer of the Danish band also had long fair hair and, since we were a few floors up, the girls below mistook me for him and started screaming. Bon and George gathered up all the toilet rolls they could find and began pelting the crowd.

After this we went on to Gothenburg in Sweden, and the tour got pulled with the rest of the Scandinavian gigs cancelled including Helsinki, which has the distinction, for me at least, of being the most cancelled destination. I have never yet managed to get to Helsinki. It appeared on tour itineraries from that tour right through my touring career and I never ever went there. I developed a theory. The town Helsinki does not exist. It is a mistake made by early map makers and they were too embarrassed to correct it.

The word Helsinki is another word for 'day off' in some obscure Scandinavian dialect and that is how it gets translated when we get the final tour list. The only way to disprove this theory is for the Finland Tourist Board to invite me there for a free week's holiday.....hint, hint.

The premature cancellation of the tour meant we had to get on a ferry back to the UK. That night we decided we needed to smoke the rest of the dope that we had in order not to be bringing anything through customs. Bon and some of the band joined us and, when we ran out of cigarette papers, we resorted to smoking the stuff under glass. If you have never done this, the trick is to impale a lump of dope on a open pin or badge. You light the dope and place a glass over it. When the glass is full of smoke you lift the edge of the glass and draw in the smoke. This can be a bit harsh on the throat, but it works.

In the morning we met AC/DC and Bon could barely speak. We exchanged a few hoarse 'G'Day's and he told me they had a Radio 1 session the next day. I listened to the show when it went out, and he did not sound too bad so he must have recovered by then.





c.j.stone

Satyagraha: Soul Force

Mahatma Gandhi called it Satyagraha, Truth Force.

Martin Luther King called it Soul Force.

It is mentioned in the Bhagavad Gita, as Karma Yoga, Action Yoga, consecrated action.

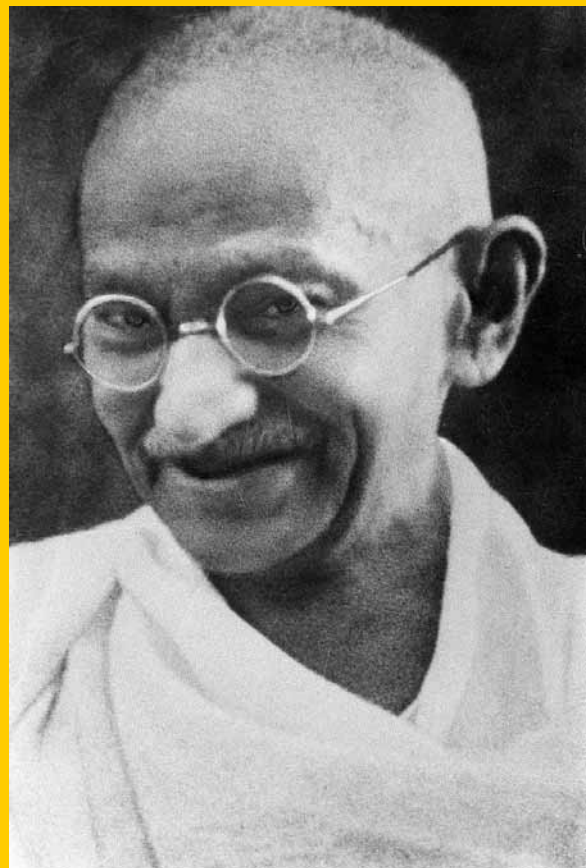
Or we could call it Engaged Spirituality.

It is the means by which a person with spiritual beliefs may become involved in the political world.

You've probably seen the films from the days of the British Raj. An Indian peasant walks up to a line of British Soldiers, who refuse to let him pass. He attempts to pass anyway. One of the soldiers knocks him down with the butt of his gun. The peasant stands up and again attempts to pass. The soldier knocks him down again. More peasants walk to the line. More and more of them are knocked down. All of them continue to get up and walk back, standing up to the power and the might of the British Empire, putting their fragile bodies on the line, suffering for a political cause.

You will also have heard of the Freedom Riders, the mixed race groups who rode on Interstate buses into the segregated South in the crucial years of the Civil Rights movement in the United States, challenging local laws permitting racial segregation on buses, and in parks and restaurants. Often they were beaten up for their troubles, or thrown into Jail.

You will have seen the marches, in Montgomery and Birmingham in the state of Alabama: the civil rights leaders, including Martin Luther King,



linking arms as they approach the state troopers. You may have seen the images of the Greenboro sit-ins of the early 60s, when black people sat at segregated food-counters in Woolworths and other stores demanding to be served. Can you imagine the intensity of that? Not only were they breaking the law, they were defying the accepted behaviour of

their day and facing the hatred of the crowd. Anyone who has ever been in a similar position, feeling waves of hatred bearing down upon them, will know what courage that took, what spirit, what inner strength.

This is Satyagraha in action.

More recently, in the UK, you will have seen the peace camps at Greenham Common and Molesworth. You will have seen Druids and other road protesters building tree houses and fortifications along the route of the bypass at Newbury. You will have heard Brian Haw giving his alternative Christmas speech from his camp in Parliament Square, or have seen interviews with members of the Occupy Movement from the steps of St Paul's Cathedral in the City of London.

What all of these movements share is a common tactic and a common source. The tactic is non-violent resistance, or non-violent direct action, defined by Dr King in his most famous speech in the following terms:

We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again, we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul

force.

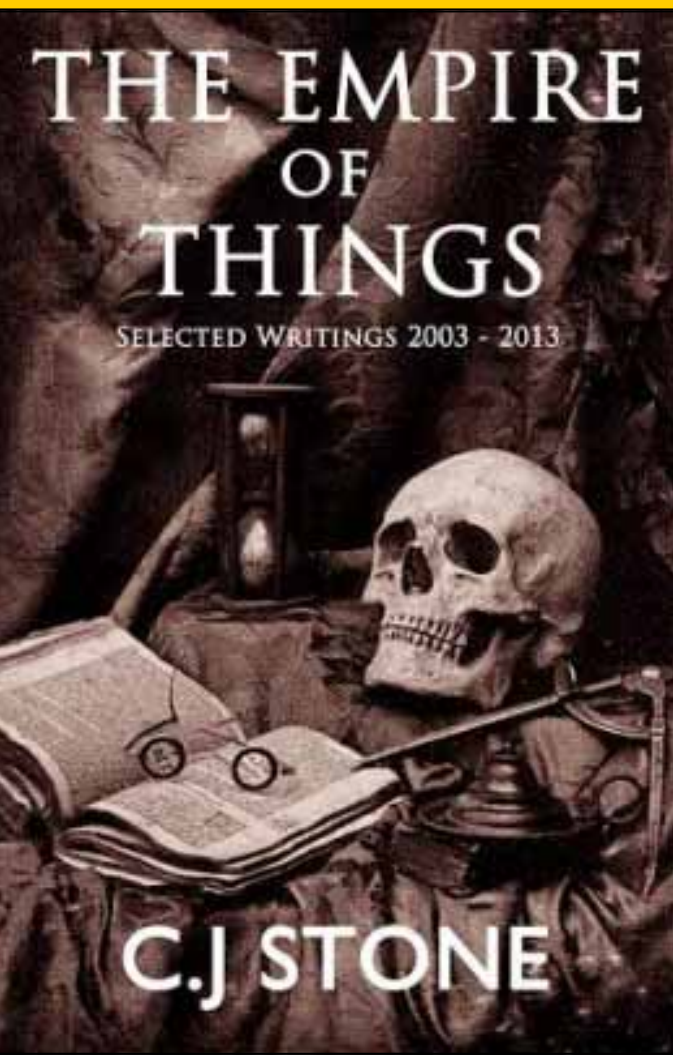
As for the source, this could perhaps be best summarised in these words from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, written by William Blake in a time of great political and spiritual turmoil, between the American and the French Revolutions:

I saw no God, nor heard any, in a finite organical perception; but my senses discover'd the infinite in every thing, and as I was then perswaded, & remain confirm'd; that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared not for consequences but wrote.

That's it, in a nutshell. The voice of honest indignation.

Whenever a human being is roused to action by an abuse, whenever he or she feels compelled to make a stand, unable to bear the indignity of an injustice, wherever there is love and solidarity between human beings oppressed by wrongful laws, by inequality or discrimination, there you will find God.

Read on



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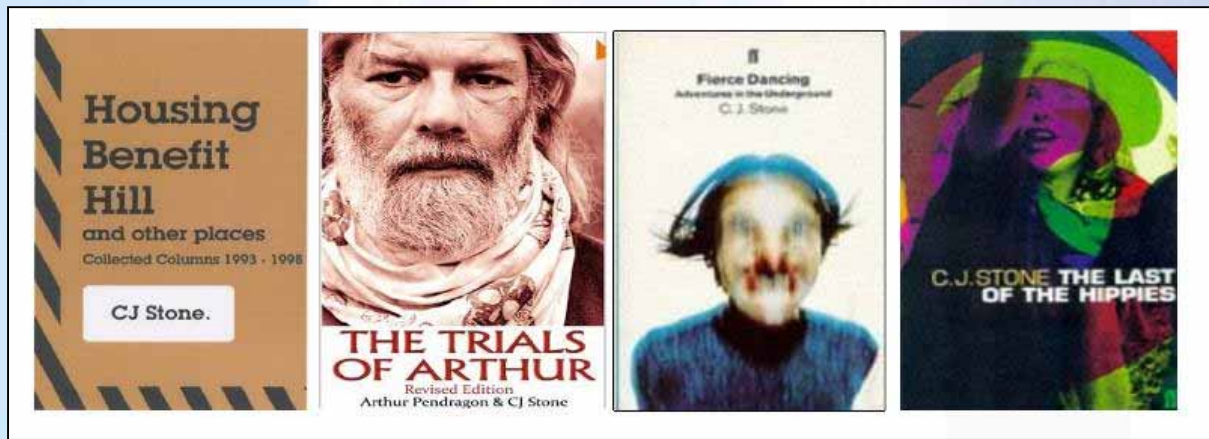
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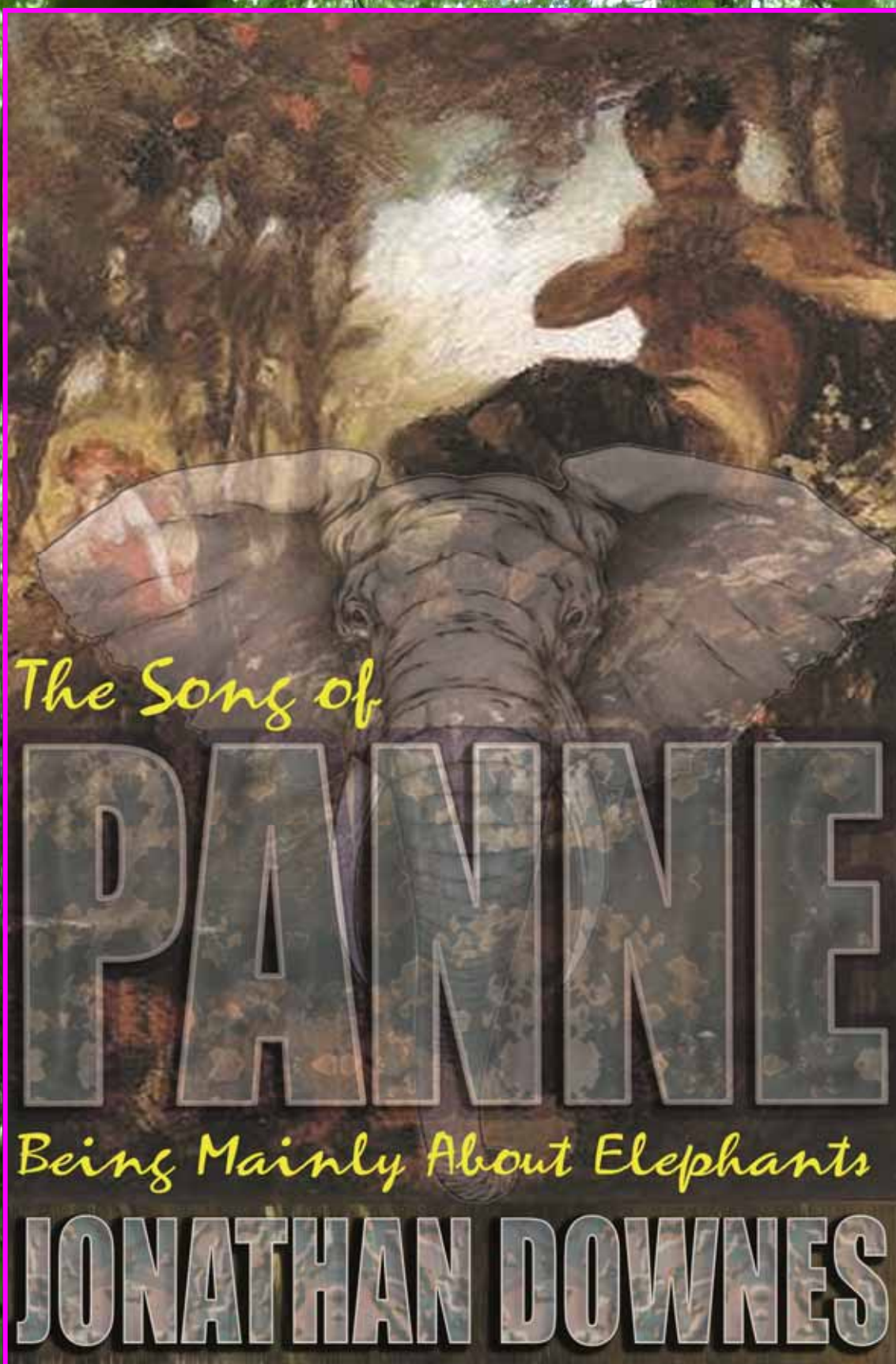
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XTUL II

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.

XXVI

Cones of power? Perhaps I should explain.

At various points during this narrative you will have seen me mention a man called Gerald Gardner who is often referred to as the father of modern neopaganism. Indeed, in a paper I wrote with Nick Redfern nearly two decades ago, I opined that Gardner actually invented most of what contemporary Wiccans actually do. However this is neither the time nor the place for that argument, so - just for the moment - let us



[HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK](http://www.xtul.co.uk)



suppose that everything that Gardner claimed is actually the unvarnished truth.

In the late 1930s, after having spent some years in Malaya, Gardner went to live in the New Forest where he became involved with a number of local occult organisations. He claimed that one of them was a coven of witches led by a lady called Old Dorothy Clutterbuck. Whether or not the New Forest Coven actually existed anywhere outside Gardner's imagination is a matter for discussion which still divides pagan historians to this day, but Old Dorothy certainly existed, although she was - on the surface at least - an eminently respectable woman who was (amongst other things) a pillar of the local church and the local Conservative Party.

Believing the coven to be a survival of the pre-Christian Witch-Cult discussed in the works of Margaret Murray, he decided to revive the faith,

supplementing the coven's rituals with ideas borrowed from Freemasonry, ceremonial magic and the writings of Aleister Crowley to form the Gardnerian tradition of Wicca. Gardner only ever described one of their rituals in depth, and this was an event that he termed "Operation Cone of Power". According to his own account, it took place in 1940 in a part of the New Forest and was designed to ward off the Nazis from invading Britain by magical means. Gardner claimed that a "Great Circle" was erected at night, with a "great cone of power" - a form of magical energy - being raised and sent to Berlin with the command of "you cannot cross the sea, you cannot cross the sea, you cannot come, you cannot come".

From what I can gather from my long and rambling conversation with Lysistrata on that strange September night, Cymbeline Potts became very excited when he first read about Gardner and the New Forest Coven's working,



and carried out a number of experiments of his own throughout the summer of 1997 - both by himself and with the aid of his sister and his ward - to try and raise a cone of power to protect his family from the vengeful wrath of Stevie Wingford.

At first it appeared that he might have succeeded, because although he had first read about Stevie's imminent return in the May, by August he still had not returned to Bradworthy, and the fragile little triad in the tumbledown cottage had still not been under threat. But then in mid August, The Rev Potts was in Bradworthy on one of his irregular visits. His sister had been prowling the lanes looking for herbs that she could use to make her sacred potions when she had come across a bedraggled cat that had obviously come off worse in an interaction with a motor vehicle of some description. She took it back to the cottage, but it was in need of veterinary attention, and so that very afternoon, Cymbeline took it into Bradworthy in a cat basket rudely affixed to the handlebars of his bicycle.

He was coming out of the old vet surgery in the square when he noticed Stevie and a couple of his cronies leaning against the War Memorial and guffawing loudly at some unknown witticism. They saw the elderly clergyman riding unsteadily off on his velocipede and taunted him viciously.

Their words rang in his ears, and he cycled home, with the cat - now bandaged and with antibiotics coursing through its feline circulatory system - still in its basket on his handlebars. But he now realised for certain that the threat he had agonised about for months was now here, and that if he was to do anything about it he would have to act fast.

Back in South Devon the UFO reports and other accounts of High Strangeness were reaching their climax. In many ways it was this summer that made my career, because before the summer of 1997 I was a fat bloke on the dole, whereas after that I was a fat bloke on the dole that appeared in lots of newspapers and magazines and was widely cited as an authority in what is vulgarly known as weird shit.

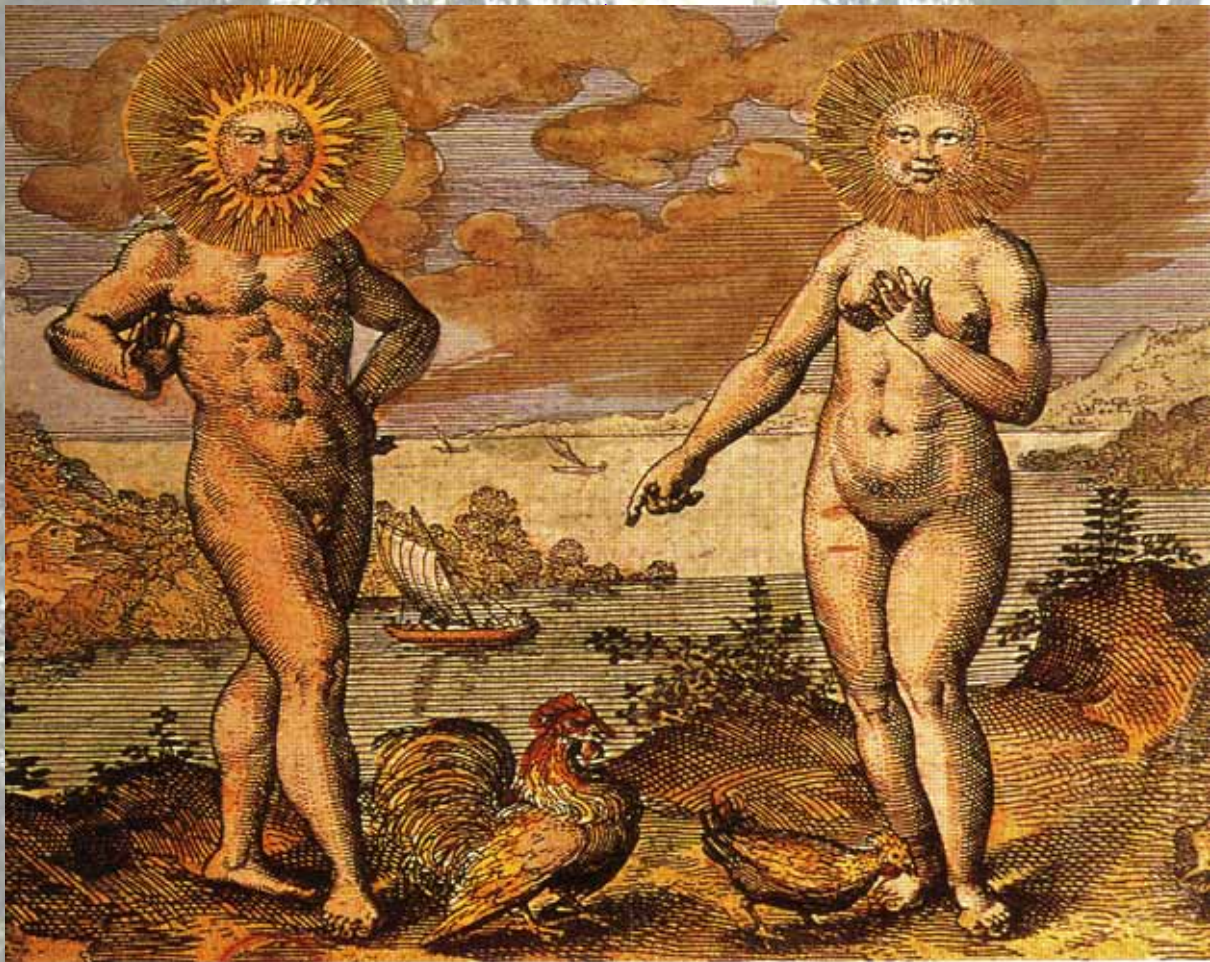
I appeared in a lot of newspapers that summer, but the culmination of it all was when I actually managed to sell a story about the UFO wave to the Old Thunderer itself. On 30th of August *The Times* sent down one of their photographers to get images to go alongside the story. Over the years I have been photographed a lot for newspapers, but the seven hour photo session for *The Times* was something else entirely. I had originally intended to take him out to Woodbury Common where I had had my own UFO experience six weeks before, but he had such a lot of lights and reflectors and filters and other gubbins that would only work from mains electricity that I was forced to think again.

At the time I was living in Bohemian squalor in a mid terraced house in Exwick, a suburb of Exeter, and when the photographer took one look at my sitting room and all the esoteric impedimenta therein he shook his head worriedly. This just wouldn't do he lisped.

Then Graham piped up. "What about The Vortex?"

Some months before we had been visited by one of the computer magazines who were having a special 'Paranormal Issue' and wanted to interview me for a cover mount CD. God knows why. The bloke doing the interviews was a pleasantly sceptical bloke who looked like a rugby player in a hovel by Richard Gordon. He wore a tatty tweed jacket, and had healthy ruddy cheeks and an expense account, and before filming took us down to *The Thatched House* for a very boozy pub lunch. Over lunch he regaled us with stories of other places he had filmed including somewhere called the Oregon Vortex.

Oregon Vortex is a roadside attraction located in Gold Hill, Oregon, in the United States. It



consists of a number of interesting effects, which are gravity hill optical illusions, but which the attraction's proprietors propose are the result of paranormal properties of the area.

For some reason this struck Graham as magnificently funny, and when - after lunch - we staggered back home to film on the overgrown patch of tree bespeckled wasteland at the end of the terrace in which I lived, he indulged in one of his rare pieces of whimsy. This piece of land was meant to be a children's playground, but it had never been developed as such, and basically the only people ever to use it were us, both to allow my dog Toby to answer the calls of nature he didn't answer on the kitchen floor (he was a very old dog) and to do various film and photo opportunities. Over the year it had stood in good stead for Sumatra, Bodmin Moor, Dartmoor and Roswell New Mexico. The bloke who was interviewing me asked what the patch of wasteland was called. I was about to say that it didn't actually have a name, when Graham piped in that it was the Exwick Vortex. And it has been

known as TheVortex ever since.

The photographer from *The Times* was very pleased with the suggestion, and so we spent the next seven hours there while he got exactly the right spot. By the end of this palaver Graham, my UFO-spotting mate Jan Scarff, and I were heartily sick of the whole thing, but were heartened when the photographer (whose name was Paulus, believe it or not) said that he was very pleased with the photographs, and that his editor would "love them".

Being a natural cynic I muttered to Jan something along the lines of "how much do you want to bet that some member of the Royal Family has a fucking car crash and the story gets bumped?"

At four the next morning Toby and I were fast asleep when the phone rang. it was Jan.

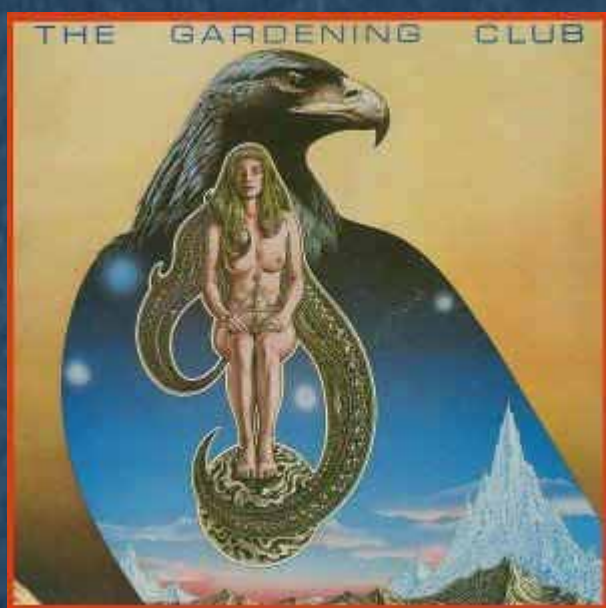
"turn the fucking television on now!" he said.



YEP GONZO ISLAND DISCS

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 unnamed 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.



In 1984, UK-born Martin Springett—an accomplished musician and illustrator who had produced comics for the legendary *Heavy Metal* magazine and designed and illustrated record covers for Columbia—was commissioned to illustrate the cover of *The Summer Tree* by Guy Gavriel Kay, the first novel of the acclaimed Fionavar Tapestry Trilogy. A classic of fantasy literature, the trilogy is beloved worldwide, and it launched Springett to international fantasy illustration fame.

In 1983, Springett was living in Toronto and released his own album: *The Gardening Club*. A musically rich and diverse album, *The Gardening Club* combined King Crimson-like complexity, Canterbury scene-infused whimsy, and a strong pop sensibility, but in the shadow of new wave it was the right album, at the wrong time.

But the really important question is: WHAT WOULD HE TAKE WITH HIM MUSICWISE TO A HIGHLY

Martin's Top Ten

1 'Berceuse' From The Dolly Suite by Faure.

It's impossible to choose a 'Top Ten' from all the music that I love; it is possible however to point to music that has influenced me and resonates with memories and emotions that have lasted a lifetime, and has left an indelible mark. So this is music I can't live without, especially in my solitude on a desert island.

The very first music I remember responding to was the theme to a BBC radio programme from the 1950's called 'Listen With Mother'. It was Faure's 'Berceuse', a piano duet from The Dolly Suite. I was I suppose around five years old. The original is played on piano, but for my desert disc I will take a classical guitar version by John Williams and Julian Bream from their 'Live' album. The guitar has had a profound effect on my life, and combining this with music that enchanted and amazed me at that early age is for me a perfect listening choice.

2 'Keys To The Highway'. Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee.

'Keys To The Highway' is a Big Bill Broonzy song. A wonderful version of this is on the very first LP I ever bought, 'Blues Is A Story', by Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee (I still have it). Sonny Terry had a unique blues guitar style that fascinated me as I was just starting to play around this time, 1962, and this album opened up an entirely new musical world for me with no European influences whatsoever: blues and jazz, the pure American artform, that extraordinary welding of cultures that produced a new music, delineating the black experience, from slavery to the civil rights movement of the 60's. My ears and emotions were ready to hear this story, and that great open Highway beckoned. There was nothing like it in England!

3 The Beatles White Album.

1963 had a profound effect on me as I discovered in that one year the Blues, Bach and the Beatles! Thank god for the Beeb I say! My parents ran a pub, *The Victoria Inn* in Appledore, Kent, and it was my job on weekend afternoons to serve the younger set their pop and crisps etc. While waiting for the hoards to descend, I would listen to the radio, drawing in my sketchbook allowing whatever music popped up on whichever request programme I was listening to, to influence my visual explorations. These consisted mainly of spaceships and dragons at this point. 'Love Me Do' was requested on a show that featured requests from army lads stationed in Germany. I stopped drawing, made a note in my book and ran out, well, biked out, to see if I could find this gem, which clearly had a bluesy influence, which was cool with me, and that other indefinable something else which was The Beatles.

By the Winter of 1968 I was living in Victoria B C, on Vancouver Island, having emigrated with my family to Canada in 1965. The city was covered in snow that winter, an unusual occurrence for the most temperate zone in Canada. The White Album arrived as a Christmas gift from my folks, the opening strains of 'Back In The USSR', a perfect synchronous moment, the colour white suggesting a wide open canvas on which The Beatles came together and started to fly apart. I loved every song on this LP, the surreal landscape of 'Glass Onion', the deep emotions behind 'Julia', which could be felt so clearly yet the details in the story of John Lennon's mum would only really be divulged decades later. I was deep into that snowstorm of musical creativity, pleasantly buried.

4 'Nefertiti' L P by Miles Davis.

My first hearing of Miles Davis was on the Sketches Of Spain LP, which is brilliant, in no small part due to the arranging genius of Gil Evans, a Canadian! But timing is everything with music; when I listen to the opening strains of Nefertiti, written by the great Wayne Shorter another musical hero, I am back in my apartment in Victoria, looking at the ocean view that inexplicably came with this pad, caught by the beautiful melancholy of this period in my life; broke, in a band, in love, creating like my life depended on it, and hey, it did! That Miles sound, like no other, no vibrato, redolent still of the blues, with a probing intelligence that left you in no doubt whatsoever who you were listening to. I paraphrase a remark Miles made many years later about his approach to music, 'I didn't have great technique, so I had to have good ideas'. I can relate to this.

5 Yes / Going For The One LP.

I returned to England because of Yes. After hearing The Yes Album, I had to get back to London, to immerse myself in these new, very English sounds. Add to this Roger Dean's cool otherworldly covers and I was hooked! This was highly visual musical storytelling, and I found it all utterly irresistible. John Anderson's unlikely choirboy-like voice in a rock context was inspirational to me, as I did not have a gravelly rock wail myself. Or as Paul Simon once said, 'I've tried screaming, and it didn't work'. In my youthful madness I wanted to write sprawling epics like Yes and create images like Roger Dean. 'Going For the One' is their masterpiece, odd, as it does not have a Roger Dean cover. 'Awaken' and 'Turn Of The Century' are Yes at their magisterial best; somehow these epics are not sprawling but very focused. Anderson's lyrics also are more relatable - he even makes fun of his 'cosmic mind' in Going For The One. Steve Howe's guitar playing is astonishingly inventive, by turns pastoral and gritty. A brilliant sonic display. Dare I say it? A Prog Rock classic!

6 Debussy / Des Pas Sur La Neige (Footprints In the Snow)

This piano piece by Claude Debussy has haunted me most of my life. I cannot remember now when I first heard it, although I suspect I was very young, again listening with my mum. She was a fan of Walter Geiseking, a Debussy specialist who was popular in the 1950's. I have a memory of an LP cover, with a very poor water colour, inspired by Clair De Lune. There is the most deliciously delicate mystery in those opening four notes, that even now I find utterly beguiling. So simple, so effective; whose footprints are they, and where are they leading? If ever there was a contrast to the preceding musical choice, this is it; but I love the different worlds that are ushered in - I love to travel through music.

Walter Geiseking's version of this piece is beautiful no doubt, but I would choose a newer recording by Jean-Efflam Bavouzet for my Desert Island listening. A sensitive, crystal clear version, capturing all that inherent mystery perfectly.

7 Weather Report / Heavy Weather LP

Jo Zawinul is one of my favourite composers in any genre, especially in the much maligned jazz fusion area, a term he hated. Unlike a lot of jazz creators, he was interested in storytelling in a big way. His European heritage (he was born in Vienna in 1932) and his wartime experiences gave him a very different well of experiences to draw on in his musical life. Although he loathed that fusion term, his composing touched on so many different genres of music. Classically trained, with all the technique of a concert pianist at his fingertips, he was much more interested in the groove: 'If there's no groove, I can't play'. The result was increasingly sophisticated, dynamic compositions, thrown over hypnotic rhythms, which eventually drew in a huge audience world wide, who may not have normally followed such intricate music, but with those 'world' rhythms churning away, it was irresistible. Add Wayne Shorter, the composer of Nefertiti for Miles Davis, on tenor and soprano saxophones (love that soprano sax!), the wildly inventive fretless electric bassist Jaco Pastorius, Alex Acuna and Manolo Badrena on drums and percussion, and you have one Heavy band!

'A Remark You Made' is a perfect example to me of the brilliance of Zawinul's writing: an emotional landscape is conjured, you can almost hear the lyrics, the listener is allowed to wander in and overhear an intimate emotional conversation between two characters.

8 Joni Mitchell / Hejira LP

In reviewing this wonderful album for my virtual solitude, I realised that there were lines from these songs that had over the years become almost mantra-like in their insistence on staying with me, as in these lyrics from Hejira - 'You know it never has been easy / Whether you do or do not resign / Whether you travel the breadth of extremities / Or stick to some straighter line' and, 'I know – no one's going to show me everything / We all come and go unknown / Each so deep and superficial / Between the forceps and the stone.' Songs like these, floating over her wide open suspended chords, or as she calls them, 'chords of enquiry,' her elastic sense of time, and that voice that sculpts melodies like no one else; these compositions are a window into a unique female sensibility. As a guitar player, I am fascinated by her chord voicings, and how as a youngster, because of contracting polio, she didn't have the strength to play the instrument in standard concert pitch, and created her own tunings. (I think she ended up with about forty of them, and later had an electric guitar made with all of them programmed in, so no re-tuning on stage.) She was born in Saskatchewan, and having visited there many times, I do wonder whether those big open prairie skies influenced her wide open sound, those intriguing harmonic jumps that make her songs unique.

9 Rodrigo / Concierto De Aranjuez / John Williams with Daniel Barenboim conducting.

This was the first classical record I bought and it introduced me to not only to a wonderful composer, but to the world of the classical guitar. This piece was famously rearranged by Gil Evans for Miles Davis on the Sketches of Spain LP, and that's where I heard it first. I discovered flamenco guitar as well around this time - Juan Serrano opened up that particular door - and there are echoes of flamenco rhythms in this piece, an evocation of the gardens of the Palacio Real de Aranjuez. I was amazed to learn that in fact Rodrigo was blind from the age of three. He was a piano player and did not play the guitar! Amazing then that this is probably the most popular guitar concerto ever written.

10 Bill Frisell / The Guitar In The Space Age

This is the perfect album to end on - it is deeply serious fun! Frisell is my favourite 'jazz' guitarist, and it was difficult to decide which album to include, there are so many gems! I feel this one rounds it out nicely because it contains tunes that I grew up with, corny odes to the Space Age like Telstar, yet in the hands of Bill Frisell and his amazing lap steel partner Greg Leisz, these pieces take on a whole new lustre. Frisell has a deep love for all these guitar based tunes, and these were pieces I learned to play the guitar on myself, Pipeline being one. Simple stuff, yet in the hands of master players like this, the music takes on a whole new meaning. I can travel back in time - banished to the garage with my grotty guitar at the age of 13 so I wouldn't disturb anyone, while I played Rumble by Duane Eddy, over and over again - and be very much in the present at the same time, with Frisell's mature response to his, and my, early guitar influences.





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 Daavid 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!!!"

CONFESSIONS OF A HOPE ADDICT

AS LONG AS THERE IS A BERNIE SANDERS

As long as there is a Jeremy Corbyn

There will be slim thin vehicles for fundamental changes
to the toxic austerity and service cuts we now experience

Distractions aplenty on the road towards a viable future

Bombing civilians only makes more refugees

Take away all black budgets -watch accountability rise

Take away the salaries of killer cops-watch police murders cease

Watch the money trail-those granting themselves pay rises
even when their productivity is retrograde.Emotionally,too-
better to channel anger and frustration into viable alternatives
as Venezuela is moving to home and communal gardens
even when mass commercial outlets quit the country.

The question always is-"who benefits?".Will it be
'your tired,your poor,your hungry masses yearning to breathe free?"

or will it be one percent again-addicts of possessions
whose only asset is inherited greed/for a class of limited love.

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



Ooooooh six books in one review this week!

As regular readers will know, I have been interested in the aetiology of children's books for many years, and recently not only has my interest in the subject been rekindled, but that I am sharing the results of my literary journey with you in this column, at least when I am not reviewing books about sex, drugs and rock and roll.

For some reason known only to the Gods of Literature (and as I am presently sitting on the sofa in Mama-in-

law's flat with no internet coverage whatsoever, I cannot actually tell you who they are, except for the fact that one of them might be Polyhymnia, although I think she is the Muse of lyric poetry) I started getting interested in C S Lewis's Narnia books earlier in the year, and the resulting quest has led me to some very interesting places. I have been a firm fan of the Narnia books for about half a century, but it has only been in recent years that the controversy surrounding the obvious Christian subtext wormed its way into my cerebral cortex.

I was brought up in an old fashioned Church of

England family, and it wasn't until I reached Secondary School that I realised that there were some people who didn't believe in God. Don't get me wrong; as a child in Hong Kong I was perfectly aware that not everybody was a Christian. The family Amah and her husband and niece who basically brought me up were Taoists of some sort, I visited several Buddhist temples, there was a Jewish boy and a very pretty Hindu girl in my class at school, and several of my father's friends were Moslems. But my father impressed upon me that all these Gods were basically the same; something that was underlined in one of my favourite passages in *The Last Battle*.

But as I got older I not only discovered that there were people who did not believe in God, but that there were people who hated and despised religion with a vengeance, and that some of them totally resented the Christian elements in the seven Chronicles of Narnia.

During my literary journey this year I found that even some people from a Christian background disliked the way that Lewis had included a Christian message in his books, and - although I am not one of them - I began to wonder what literature of this type did pass the muster of the contemporary fantasy thought police.

Some issues ago I reviewed the *Magicians* trilogy by Lev Grossman, and I have also been reading the *Wrinkle in Time* books by Madeleine L'Angel which (I blush to say) I had never heard of despite them being nearly sixty years old. Then, a few weeks ago, totally by accident, I discovered this series. On the face of it, a series of vaguely Christian books aimed at a 'young adult' audience are not the sort of things that would normally grab my attention. But the first of them was in the iBooks store for free, and it looked mildly diverting, so I downloaded it and soon was surprisingly hooked.

The plot is a simple one. There is a group of magickal human beings called Soulcatchers, whose job is to battle a race of fallen angels called Watchers, and....um.... That's it really. But the author does a really good job of making her characters engaging, and chronicling the interplay between the (mostly) teenaged characters. The depth of characterisation is very good indeed, and the stories - though bloody and violent in parts - are well written and surprisingly and enjoyably complex.

As I have said before in these pages, I find it hard to review fiction, because I don't like spoiling the enjoyment of the story for readers. This is something

that one doesn't really have in reviewing non-fiction. For example, one does not describe a book about *The Beatles* (which, let's face it, an awful lot of the books that I review are) by saying: "There were four of them, they came from Liverpool, had a few hits, and one of them was shit, whilst another one had a big nose". And even if you did, that would hardly be a surprise to anyone who was tempted to read the book!

But I always find it very difficult not to reveal plot twists that might spoil the enjoyment that the potential reader might find from the book. So I try and avoid talking about the plot altogether which kinda limits my options a little bit. But when approaching the six Soulcatcher books it is actually quite easy. Because there is a very peculiar aspect to these books that I would very much like to explore.

The books take place within a broadly Christian universe. There are angels, and archangels, and seraphim, and fallen angels, and daemons, and even a female vicar. But whilst the stories are actually very moral affairs, they explore things like homosexuality, racism, gay marriage, teenage sexuality, and even child abuse with an even handed, non sectarian brush that I for one find very heartening in a book aimed at young people. When one writes about an author writing broadly Christian influenced books for a young adult audience a certain social stereotype comes to mind, but I am currently reading an adult series from the same author, and there are too many graphically described blowjobs for this lady to fit in to any of the stereotypes that one might expect.

They are also mostly set in a part of America (Paris, Illinois) that I actually know, and the masterful descriptions of places that I had actually walked, back in the days that I could walk, truly enhanced the reading experience for me. But don't worry if you have never been to the Mid West, it isn't any sort of deal breaker!

I was so impressed by the first book that I actually went and paid good cash for the rest of the series, which - despite being a completely avid bibliophile - is unusual for the books reviewed in these pages, which are usually sent to me as review copies. So I hope that this alone counts as an unsolicited testimonial.

"Yup I actually paid for them, rather than trying to blag a copy" (Jon Downes, professional blagger).

And I would pay for them again if I hadn't already done so. Yup, I can't say fairer than that.

Enjoy!

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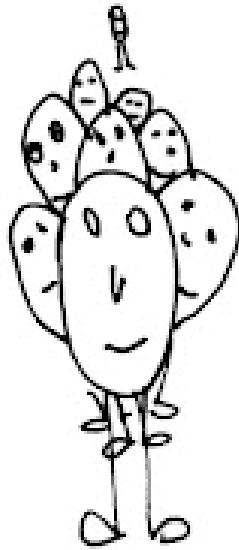
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AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

THE NINE HENRYS



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

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

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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



Henry had a peculiar allergy to Wordsworth.



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.

Caravan:

In the Land of the Grey and Pink
(Deram, 1971)

What? Whimsical English Prog-delight.

It's fitting to note that this slow-selling, never-charted collision of prog-jazz-semi-classical and pop finally gained a gold record decades after its initial release. Generally regarded as the creative peak of the leading lights of Britain's "Canterbury Scene," In the Land of the Grey and Pink is a glimpse into a gentle, idyllic and very English take on psychedelia. One of the most English of cities, Canterbury was home to a generation of musicians who combined technical proficiency with a very lyrical approach to their craft and bands like the Wilde Flowers (note the literary reference in the name), provided the training ground for future members of Soft Machine, Caravan and a few other outfits.



Three albums into their account Caravan collided gentle hippie whimsy and ambitious musical ideas to produce a view into a world that has proven highly appealing ever since. The opening "Golf Girl" is the ultimate middle-class nerdy-boy love song. Our protagonist meets his golf girl as she sells tea at the golf course, during the ensuing rain of golf balls she protects him. Bear in mind, chest-beating RAWK! of the Robert Plant variety was already shifting shed loads of albums by this time. Notably, this track had a mid eighties revival when Nigel Planer, in the guise of his Young Ones TV character: Neil the hippie, covered it on Neil's Heavy Concept Album. The album's closer, all 22 minutes and 40 seconds of "Nine Feet Underground" is a patchwork composition of vivid lyrical fragments and virtuoso musical chops that will see you through a hefty joint, or a satisfying sexual experience from foreplay to sparking up a post coital fag... you get the idea.

And, where Grey and Pink, is concerned, that is probably it. If the reliable year on year sales, that took the album from the vinyl to CD era and beyond tell us anything they suggest a steady trickle of people find and cherish this collection, their numbers expanding slightly every year. In a word: "students." Along with Leonard Cohen, Bob Dylan and Mike Oldfield's Tubular Bells, this album played gently away as first joints were smoked, first bodily fluids were exchanged and, a couple of years later, late night hours were spent scribbling away in a desperate attempt to salvage a decent level of degree after two enjoyable but unproductive years at university. Few melodic rock records have ever proven as companionable, or steadily attractive to succeeding generations. Add to that the notion that this mythical Land of Grey and Pink is a very English idyll. As depicted on the cover it seems a vision of Middle Earth much given to languid and philosophical days, and little concerned with life-threatening quests in search of anything truly dangerous. A paradise of the mind: almost within reach and quite possibly accessed via five tracks of classic prog-rock.

Gregg Kofi Brown

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND UFOs

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

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia



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THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines



This has been a remarkably easy issue to put together, and once again I would like to pay tribute to my team who have—once again—surpassed themselves. I didn't plan it this way, but it seems remarkably synchronitic that we have major articles on both the American and the British counterculture in this issue.

Which does, I am afraid, raise the issue. Is there still a counterculture, or have successive generations raised on Facebook, for whom posting a thumbs up sign or a fatuous emoji is a political statement, really replaced any concerted effort by a politicised underclass to actually do something to change the things that they disagree with in the world?

I would like to say no. The grassroots political upheavals that have followed the recent Brexit vote, and the way that ordinary people, in their tens of thousands have rallied round poor beleaguered Jeremy Corbyn give me a great deal of hope. I do not agree with all his policies, but from where I am standing (OK, from where I am sitting) Corbyn does seem that very rare creature amongst politicians: a thoroughly decent fellow, and God only knows that we need more of them in this increasingly peculiar and taxing world.

The eagle eyed amongst you will have noticed that both Corinna's and Graham's regular features are missing this week. Don't read anything untoward into this. One of Corinna's computers (the one running the old version of MSPublisher that we do the magazine on) is playing up, and Graham is currently in Exeter fixing up my house,



and repairing the damage caused by the ill bred guttersnipes who used to live there and left owing me a lot of money and having stolen at least one item of furniture. Corinna and Graham will both be back in these hallowed pages in due course.

I would also like to take this opportunity to wish my darling wife a happy birthday for Sunday. I truly do not know what I would have done without you by my side for the last twelve years, and I love you very much.

Thank you to everyone who has supported us over the past weeks and months. I hope that you enjoyed this issue. And remember, if there is something you would like to see in the magazine which we have not covered. GET TYPING!



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