What happens when the keyboard player from Yes shares a stage with the guitarist from Queen? Doug tells you all about it. Meanwhile, Alan is at the Edinburgh Blues and Jazz Festival. Our old mate Andy Roberts takes some acid (and Jon writes about it as well as asking whether the world of Narnia is sexist?) What other magazine gives you all this for free?
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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 which never ceases to surprise me with the twists and turns of where it goes. I would like to say that I plan it that way, but I suspect that those of you who read it wouldn’t believe me. My job as editor is far more akin to a rider doing his utmost best to quell the ambulatory excesses of a bucking bronco, and doing his best not to be thrown off and have all his bones smashed to sugar lumps, than to a well ordered rider doing some sort of dressage trip with his well ordered steed.

But enough of the equine metaphors. I have never understood people’s fascination with domesticated equids, and have always been far more drawn to cold blooded things in rivers, streams and tanks.

The other day a mate of mine sent me one of those things that I believe are called memes. It was a picture of a tranquil forest with the legend “If a Tree falls in a Forest and there is no-one to hear it, will the Parliamentary Labour Party still claim that it is
Jeremy Corbyn’s fault?”

Now before we go any further. I would like to state in capital letters and with more exclamation marks than would normally be considered seemly that:

THIS IS NOT AN EDITORIAL ABOUT POLITICS‼‼ THIS IS AN EDITORIAL ABOUT HUMAN NATURE‼‼

As anyone who is even the slightest bit aware of events on the world stage will know, a few weeks ago the UK had a referendum - only the second nationwide such vote in history - and voted to leave the EU. I don’t want to talk about that, and - indeed - have no intention of doing so. But something very interesting has happened in the wake of the referendum. Not only did the British PM resign unexpectedly, and the UKIP leader too, but every other pressure group imaginable has used the vote to bring their own particular grievances to the table.

Most notable amongst these are members of the Parliamentary Labour Party who lost no time in blaming the result on their controversial leader Jeremy Corbyn and called for his resignation. This has provoked the mother and father of all brouhahas, and those of us who view British politics as a spectator sport will he interested in seeing how it all pans out.

But, as I said earlier THIS EDITORIAL IS NOT ABOUT POLITICS!

For this editorial I want to go back through the wardrobe in the spare room of an old country house in rural England back to the mysterious land of Narnia, first promulgated by Clive Staples Lewis in the late 1940s.
As regular readers will know, I have a fascination with classic children’s literature. I mean by this the stuff I read in my childhood, rather than the contemporary books about a twelve year old mixed race rapper and his self-harming cross-dressing older sister coming to terms with their gay parents’ polyamory. But although they were written back in the days when a stiff upper lip rather than mandatory counselling was seen as the appropriate method of dealing with personal problems, they are often surprisingly popular still, many decades after they were first written.

The fan community for the Billy Bunter books of Frank Richards (actually a bloke called Charles Hamilton who died in 1961 at the age of 86, having written an estimated 100 million words) is based around a thriving Yahoo group, but largely appears to be made up of people of my age (give or take twenty years). However, as regular readers of my burblings in these pages will know, this year I have been particularly interested in the seven Chronicles of Narnia and the people who follow them on the internet.

One of the most controversial aspects of these books is what happened to Susan Pevensie, the elder of the two girls who entered the magical kingdom through the back of the wardrobe in the first book. In the final book we are told that she is "no longer a friend of Narnia", and (in Jill Pole’s words) "she's interested in nothing now-a-days except nylons and lipstick and invitations." Similarly, Eustace Scrubb quotes her as saying, "What wonderful memories you have! Fancy you still thinking about all those funny games we used to play when we were children," and Polly Plummer adds, "She wasted all her school time wanting to be the age she is now, and she'll waste all the rest of her life trying to stay that age. Her whole idea is to race on to the silliest time of one's life as quick as she can and then stop there as long as she can." Thus, Susan does not enter the real Narnia with the others at the end of the series.

It is left ambiguous whether Susan's absence is permanent, especially since Lewis stated elsewhere that: "The books don't tell us what happened to Susan. She is left alive in this world at the end, having by then turned into a rather silly, conceited young woman. But there's plenty of time for her to mend and perhaps she will get to Aslan's country in the end... in her own way."

The critical backlash to this part if the story is immense. J. K. Rowling, for example writes:

“There comes a point where Susan, who was the older girl, is lost to Narnia because she becomes interested in lipstick. She's become irreligious basically because she found sex. I have a big problem with that.”
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

Philip Pullman has also written on the subject as has Neil Gaiman, but I would respectfully say that they are all talking nonsense and are throwing out the baby with the bathwater. As I have written elsewhere, just like poor Jeremy Corbyn, all sorts of accusations have been levied at Lewis, mainly that he was racist, paternalistic and an apologist for the British Empire. However, we shall ignore all that for the moment, and just look at this particular accusation.

Assuming that Jo Rowling speaks for the majority of the Susan Defence Corps, then I would respectfully assert that she is talking bollocks. Susan is not “irreligious” because she has discovered sex. She is a pain in the arse because she has become a teenage flibbertigibbet, and according to those who are closest to her, shows no sign of growing out of it. She is “irreligious” because she has chosen the path of apostasy, and decided to deny that any of her adventures in Narnia actually happened.

But truly, can one blame her? She went through her adolescence and young adulthood as a Queen, only to be dragged back to Wartime England without a by your leave, not just once, but twice! No wonder she suffers from such nascent PTSD. And this, as well as many other highways and byways the Narnia multiverse are discussed, explored and explained in the ever expanding body of Narnia fanfiction which proliferates across the internet.

I have never actually bothered to read fan fiction before. In fact that is not quite true. One of my nieces showed me some Sonic the Hedgehog stories that she wrote when she was twelve, and I once found (and referenced in one of my books) some X Files porn about twenty years ago. But I have never considered that it might be literature per se. Then this week I discovered http://bedlamsbard.livejournal.com/260939.html and found myself drawn into this multilayered, often violent, sometimes sexual, take on the Narnia universe.

And then last night, the story I was following stopped in mid stream. And I felt surprisingly bereft. The author is still about, but as far as I can see she stopped writing the Narnia stories some three years ago. And I feel like a grassroots Labour voter, who is just about to have the rug pulled out from under his feet because the Parliamentary Labour Party think that their jobs will be more safe if they elect another Blairite clone to lead their party, because they are not even champagne socialists any more.

Funny that.

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

Contact us with bribes and free stuff:

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

Telephone 01237 431413
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eMail jon@eclipse.co.uk
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

It is simple; my name is Jon and I'm the editor of the Gonzo Multimedia daily online bloggything, and wot 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 game shows 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.
Searching for the Spark 1969-1991 is a limited edition 22 CD deluxe box set containing all the work guitar great and electronic music innovator Steve Hillage recorded from his studio debut (1969’s Arzachel) to the first System 7 album in 1991.

The set includes:

* Arzachel.
* Khan’s Space Shanty, 1972.
* All eight of Hillage’s classic Virgin Records solo albums - Fish Rising, L, Motivation Radio, Green,
"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
WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

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

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

"Maybe it meant something. Maybe not, in the long run, but no explanation, no mix of words or music or memories can touch that sense of knowing that you were there and alive in that corner of time and the world. Whatever it meant."

Hunter S. Thompson


Keith Richards said: ‘My generation, you grew up automatically expecting to go National Service, go in the army at 18… there was no reason to suppose it was going to change but then, my luck, right on the cusp, they knocked it on the head. And so suddenly this horizon opens up. These two years that you thought, peeling spuds in Catterick or something, you know, suddenly these two years open up with this vista of possibilities… For instance, if I’d have had to go in the army there’d have been no Rolling Stones and probably no Beatles either.’ Read on...

BEATLES BOWL OVER FANS: A new, remastered live album containing the Beatles' performances at the Hollywood Bowl in 1964 and 1965 will be released this fall. The album, Live at the Hollywood Bowl, coincides with a new documentary by Ron Howard about the band's early career, dubbed Eight Days a Week – The Touring Years. The album contains recordings from three different concerts, which took place on August 23rd, 1964 and August 29th and 30th, 1965, and the repertoire covers many of their early hits, including "Twist and Shout," "Ticket to Ride" and "A Hard Days Night," among others.

Although the group put out the platinum-selling The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl in 1977, the new record contains a different track list with four previously unreleased songs. The recordings were sourced directly from the three-track tapes of the concerts and were remixed and mastered at

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The Brighton Bar Proudly Presents...
Gonzo Multimedia Recording Artist
One Night Only

The RAZ Band

Featuring Joey Molland from “Badfinger”

A DO NOT MISS SHOW!

Saturday
September 17, 2016

Doors Open at 7:00 PM

Also Appearing:

The Easy Outs

And

Stone Baby

The Grip Weeds

Mark Your Calendars, Tickets Will Go On Sale Soon!
Abbey Road by George Martin's son, Giles, and engineer Sam Okell. "Technology has moved on since my father worked on the material all those years ago," Giles said in a statement. "Now there's improved clarity, and so the immediacy and visceral excitement can be heard like never before. ... What we hear now is the raw energy of four lads playing together to a crowd that loved them. This is the closest you can get to being at the Hollywood Bowl at the height of Beatlemania." Read on...

THEY STILL DIDN'T FIND WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR: Information has come to light today that U2 singer Bono was dining near the site of the terrorist attack in Nice last Thursday. According to Britain’s The Mirror, he was eating on the terrace of the Le Petite Maison near the seafront when a truck raced through a crowd celebrating Bastille Day, killing 84 people. When word of the attack first began to spread, the restaurant’s owner, Anne-Laure Rubi, pulled patrons inside, including Bono and former Nice mayor Christian Estrosi, shut the shutters on the outside of the restaurant and instructed everyone hide.

About a half hour later, armed police descended on the restaurant to evacuate the singer and other diners to a local square. As they were moved, all of the patrons were told to place their hands on their heads as the police were not sure that there were not other attackers in the midst of the crowds. Bono was also near the attack on the Bataclan last November.

My favourite roving reporter has sent me some sad news from the Yes Camp:

"Yes drummer Alan White will take a break from the road after undergoing surgery on an injured disc in his lower back, leaving the band to soldier on with ex-Hurricane drummer Jay Schellen while White recovers.

White broke the news to fans on Yes’ website, explaining he’d endured “intense back pain” during their spring tour of Europe and sought medical advice from a number of specialists. After reaching the conclusion that surgery was his only option, he added that he’s “pleased to announce a very positive result” from the procedure.

"With some rest and physical therapy, I should be back in good form and ready to rejoin the Summer Yes Tour in the near future. I’m eager to be on the road with the band but also need to ensure my recovery is complete before doing so," wrote White. “Until I’m able to rejoin the tour, my good friend Jay Schellen will be performing with the band and keeping my drum stool warm. Please welcome him to our Yes family; he’s doing a great service by stepping in last minute so as to not disappoint everyone hoping to see Yes music performed live this summer."

http://ultimateclassicrock.com/alan-white-back-surgery/?trackback=tsmclip

Bart writes: "Guess when I see them in August here in Jersey, it’ll be Jay not Alan... WOW... B" All of us at Gonzo (especially the ones with bad backs) send our love and healing vibes to Alan.
in Paris, rehearsing with the rest of his U2 bandmates for an upcoming show. Read on...

MAYBE SHE COULD ACTUALLY HELP HIM WITH HIS MIND AFTER ALL: Ozzy Osbourne and his wife Sharon appear to be back on good terms after they were photographed smiling during a stroll in Los Angeles.

The couple hit headlines in May (16) amid allegations of Ozzy's infidelity, and Sharon later confirmed she had kicked the rocker out of their marital home, before deciding to move out herself. At the time, the music manager and TV personality admitted she was unsure about divorcing her husband of 33 years.

"I honestly, at this point, today, have no idea what I'm going to be doing with the rest of my life," Sharon confessed during an emotional appearance on her U.S. show The Talk. The stars are rumoured to have tried to work on repairing their fractured relationship in recent weeks, and now, judging by new photos of the pair over the weekend (16-17 Jul 16), it seems they are giving their marriage another go. Read on...

SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT FOR...: Sir Elton John has reportedly paid a former British male employee a six-figure sum to settle a sexual harassment case. The unnamed British male was dismissed by the Rocket Man singer in mid-2015 and he launched legal action against Elton and two of his companies for unfair dismissal and sex discrimination, including allegations of sexual misconduct in August (15).

Elton reportedly paid a six-figure sum to settle the case out of court in February (16), and the employee withdrew his claim. The singer strongly denies the allegations, but is pleased the legal proceedings have been settled, his spokesman said. "These employment proceedings were brought after Sir Elton John's company parted ways with one of its employees in June 2015," the statement to British newspaper The Sun on Sunday reads. "The claims were always strongly denied and we continue to deny them... Sir Elton John is pleased that the former employee withdrew the claims in full and that the issue was settled in February this year." Read on...
“At midnight, all the agents and superhuman crew

— Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

When those who are in power over us, do something

spectacularly stupid, or when something highlights

their idiocy and ineffectualness, it turns up in this

section. Que Ipsos Custodes? Us? We just make

stupid jokes about them.

WE DO NOT CLAIM THAT ANY OF THESE

STORIES ARE TRUE—ONLY THAT THE

PEOPLE WHO POSTED THEM CLAIM THAT

THEY ARE TRUE…

TRUMPED BY BRIAN: Queen have been

frustrated by Trump's use of their music during

his campaign to secure the US top spot. A

statement from the band has been released

below.

“Sony/ATV Music Publishing has never been

asked by Mr. Trump, the Trump campaign or

the Trump Organization for permission to use “We

are the Champions” by Queen. On behalf of the

band, we are frustrated by the repeated unauthorized

use of the song after a

previous request to desist,

which has obviously been

ignored by Mr. Trump and

his campaign.

Queen does not want its

music associated with any

mainstream or political

debate in any country. Nor
does Queen want “We are

the Champions” to be

used as an endorsement of

Mr. Trump and the

campaign views of the Republican Party.

We trust, hope and expect that Mr. Trump

and his campaign will respect these wishes

moving forward.” Read on...

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

-Chris Packham
THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVIER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

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

What sort of person are you?

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

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

Jimmy Carter

---

Trying to pick my favorite politician is like trying to decide which STD is just right for me.
Each week Richard Freeman: world famous cryptozoologist, explorer, author, and one of the most peculiar people I know picks a suitably off story from the world’s press.

**April Fools' Day 2016: Irish local newspaper's 'Paddy Jihadi' story criticised for Isis reference**

The story claimed an Islamist had taken over a local landmark in Kildare

http://tinyurl.com/zcd8gqx
Bye Daddy! I'm leaving for my date tonight!

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

Sex?

No...

Prog

ME TRYING TO FIND GIRLS IN A PROG CONCERT
Gonzo Web Radio started off as a medium by which interviews and radio programmes about the various acts covered by Gonzo Multimedia could be broadcast to an eagerly attentive world.

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

I agreed, and then the floodgates opened. We have regular weekly shows from Tim and Jaki on their submarine, and from the mysterious M Destiny on the other side of the pond with Friday Night Progressive. We also have a regular visit to the world of the Canterbury Scene courtesy of our friend Matthew Watkins. There are several other shows in the wings, waiting to join us, so stay glued to your seats boys and girls, your life is never going to be the same again!
Strange Fruit is a unique two-hour radio show exploring the world of underground, strange and generally neglected music. All shows are themed and all shows set out to give the most hardened of sound-hounds some new delight to sample. The show is also unique in providing homework for undergraduate students on North West Kent College’s Foundation Degree in Professional Writing (who dig up many of the odd facts featured in the links between tracks). 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 z
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.
And for those of you who wonder what Matthew was referring to when he writes about Canterbury Soundwaves we have brought you all the back catalogue of that as well. Those wacky guys at Gonzo, eh?

A Soft Machine Peel session from 1969, Caravan live in 1972, a Kevin Ayers single from 1970, Mike Ratledge solo, Isotope featuring Hugh Hopper, a cosmic Gong remix, some Faust, Slapp Happy, a Fred Frith piano miniature, also '90s tracks from Mother Gong, Robert Wyatt, Ultramarine, Red Snapper and Kid Loco. From today's Canterbury, music from Syd Arthur, Jamie Dams, Arlet and Frances Knight.

CANTERBURY SANS FRONTIÈRES:
Episode Thirty-Six

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

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

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

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

City of Snipers, Mack Meets the Sopranos & Hans Solo Dies at the end of the Movie
Mack & Juan-Juan talk to Dallas-native Rob Beckhusen of War Is Boring about the recent shooting of five police officers in Dallas. Also, Kid Movie Reviews, Switchblade Steve on UFOs behaving badly in Brazil, Mack meets a Soprano-type and Commander Cobra calls in from the Moon.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
Boruch Alan Bermowitz
(1938 – 2016)

Bermowitz was known professionally as Alan Vega and was an American vocalist and visual artist, primarily known for his work with the electronic protopunk duo Suicide.

Vega was widely thought to have been ten years younger; the 2005 book Suicide: No Compromise lists 1948 as his birth year and quotes a 1998 interview in which Vega talks about watching Elvis Presley on The Ed Sullivan Show (1956) as a “little kid”. It was not until the announcement of the 70th birthday release of his recordings in 2008, that his true birth year was revealed.

In the late 1950s, he attended Brooklyn College where he studied both physics and fine art and in the 1960s, he became involved with the Art Workers’ Coalition, a radical artists group that harassed museums and once barricaded the Museum of Modern Art. In 1969, funding from the New York State Council on the Arts made possible the founding of MUSEUM: A Project of Living Artists—an artist-run 24-hour multimedia gallery in Manhattan. Calling himself Alan Suicide, he moved from painting to light sculptures, many of which were constructed of electronic debris.

Seeing The Stooges perform in August 1969 was an epiphany for Vega. In 1970, he met and befriended Martin Reverby, and the two began experimenting with music, forming the band Suicide along with guitarist Paul Liebgott. The group played twice at MUSEUM before moving on to the OK Harris Gallery. Calling himself “Nasty Cut”, he used the terms “Punk Music” and “Punk Music Mass” in flyers to describe their music, which he adopted from an article by Lester Bangs.

In 1971 the group dropped Paul Liebgott and added Mari Reverby on drums, though she didn't play in their live performances. With Bermowitz finally settling on Alan Suicide as a working name, they began to play music venues, and ultimately achieved international recognition.

In 1980, Vega released his eponymous first solo record. It defined the frantic rockabilly style that he would use in his solo work for the next several years, with the song “Jukebox Babe” becoming a hit single in France. Vega teamed up with Martin Rev and Ric Ocasek again in the late eighties to produce and release the third Suicide album, A Way of Life (1988). His fifth solo album, Deuce Avenue (1990) marked his return to minimalist electronic music, similar to his work with Suicide, in which he combined drum machines and effects with free-form prose. Over the next decade he would release several more solo records as well as perform with Suicide.

In 2012, Vega suffered a stroke. That, and problems with his knees, led him to focus on less physical art, such as painting, rather than music. He made a low-key comeback to music in 2016 by contributing vocals to the song “Tangerine” on French pop veteran singer Christophe's album Les Vestiges du chaos.

Vega died in his sleep on July 16, 2016 at the age of 78.
Erik Petersen
(? – 2016)

Petersen was the lead singer and founding member of the folk-punk band Mischief Brew, which played DIY anarcho-punk music, incorporating a variety of styles including American folk, swing, and Gypsy-punk. The band was started by Petersen as a solo project, but eventually grew into a band. Petersen drew inspiration from the protest movements of the 1960s, “the idea that rebellion in music didn’t originate in punk rock” (Profane Existence No. 54, 2007), and anti-establishment artists like Woody Guthrie and Crass. Petersen’s lyrics often pay homage to American labour radicalism of the early 20th century. Mischief Brew has released albums and EPs on many different labels, notably Art of the Underground, Gunner Records, and Fistolo Records. In support of these records, Mischief Brew has toured extensively throughout the United States and Europe. When playing live, they have performed with four to five people, incorporating such instruments as junk/found percussion, trumpet, accordion, violin, mandolin, and vibraphone into their set.

Petersen died on July 15, 2016, of apparent suicide.

Les Stocker MBE HonAssoc RCVS
(1943 – 2016)

Les Stocker, was an accountant and animal lover who established St Tiggywinkles, Europe’s first wildlife teaching hospital also known as The Wildlife Hospital Trust, based at Haddenham in Buckinghamshire, where it operates an animal hospital and visitor centre, and teaches wild animal practice to veterinary surgeons and veterinary nurses.

In the late 1970s Stocker stumbled across an injured hedgehog and took it to his local vet to see whether it could be treated, but the vet only offered to put the animal to sleep. It was the same story when he took it to the local branch of a major animal charity. So he took it home and cared for it.

Feeling there was a gap in the care provided to sick or injured wild animals, in 1978 Stocker and his wife Sue set up an animal rescue centre in a small shed in the back garden of their home in Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire. “It was a hobby,” he recalled. “I said to the local vets, the police and the RSPCA, ‘If you get any wildlife casualties, let me have them.’”

In 1983 the Stockers turned their hobby into a fully-fledged charity, the Wildlife Hospital Trust, just in time for the drought of 1984 when they were forced to open a new shed as a “hedgehog only” ward to cope with the huge influx of the creatures. They
Bonnie Jean Brown
(1938 – 2016)

Brown was an American country music singer and member of the Browns, a trio popular in the 1950s. Brown was born in Arkansas into a musical family, and in 1955, at age 18, she joined her older sister Maxine Brown and brother Jim Ed Brown, who were already performing as a duo, to form the musical trio the Browns. The trio scored their biggest hit when their folk-pop single "The Three Bells" reached No. 1 on the Billboard Hot 100 pop and country charts. The single held the No. 1 spot on the pop charts for 4 weeks, and on the country charts for ten.

The Browns joined the Grand Ole Opry in 1965 and disbanded in 1967.

Unlike her siblings, Bonnie did not pursue a solo music career after the Browns dissolved, though the trio did reunite twice: in the 1980s, and in 2006 for a TV special Country Pop Legends.

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

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

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
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.

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.
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.

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**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.

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**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.

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35
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."

'Exploration of the Southern Constellation' is a theme-based jazz-rock/prog-rock work. Composed by Mark Murdock and Brand X members; John Goodsell 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 data 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 Goodsell'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."
I’ve been a lifelong fan of Rick Wakeman ever since hearing his album *Journey to the Center of the Earth* as a young teen. Never did get to see him play a solo concert during the 70s over here in California where he appeared albeit infrequently. But did get to see him with Yes on the *Going for the One* tour, which was spectacular. Due to the limited number of times he’s been able to tour in the states, I’ve flown to London now three times to see him for special engagements – Hampton Court for *Six Wives*, Cheltenham for a family show followed by versions of *Journey* and *Arthur* with orchestra and choir at The Centaur, and finally most recently at the O2 for the revised *Arthur* show, a one night unforgettable engagement I feel fortunate to have witnessed.

Due in part to Wakeman’s less frequent US appearances, I’ve been collecting his films for years now, from the original *Journey* tour stop in Australia, thru the Gonzo box set which amazingly covered both the original *Arthur* on ice, and the follow up *No Earthly Connection* tour at the Maltings, and beyond. Film has been an essential part of my collection in terms of following this artist through the decades, and amazingly there is an abundance of it to experience.

Recently, Gonzo sent over the latest footage of Wakeman with his English Rock Ensemble at the Starmus concert held last year. Starmus is a festival of music and astronomy on the beautiful island of Tenerife. It is the brainchild of Garik Israeliian (the astrophysicist who led the team which found the...
RICK WAKEMAN
& THE ENGLISH ROCK ENSEMBLE
LIVE AT
STARMUS
SPECIAL GUEST
BRIAN MAY
first observational evidence that supernova explosions are responsible for the formation of stellar mass black holes). Rick Wakeman has made several appearances at this festival. This one was in 2015 where he was joined on stage by Brian May, the iconic guitarist from Queen.

Overall I’m very happy with the film. One of the things it does is capture Wakeman in a rock band setting once again, just he and his ERE, which includes Matt Pegg (bass), Tony Fernandez (drums), Dave Calquhoun (guitars) and this time his son Adam (on break from what is billed to be “the last” Black Sabbath tour) on additional keys. Shorn of the orchestra, choir, conductor and narrator, it allows for a focus on the “classic rock” stylings of the ERE, an approach that gives the music a bit more urgency, more punch.

The concert begins with a favorite, “Arthur,” the best version performed in a band setting I’ve seen in quite some time. What is shown on the track listing as “Arthur” is really a series of tracks from the album, so the title is followed by “Guinevere,” featuring a top notch rendition of Wakeman’s bridge solo – always a favorite from among his many synth leads. Then we have “Sir Lancelot and the Black Knight,” a challenging vocal for Ashley considering its range, and one he once again nails. While it’s hard not to miss the choir saying “fight, fight, fight!” again the lead solo, certainly another of Wakeman’s most compelling, sounds fresh and exciting in this rendition. Also of note, his piano backing is more pronounced without the orchestra to fill in parts of that melody. The Arthur excerpts end with part of the album’s coda, a nice touch echoing the manner in which the material was presented at The Centaur a few years ago.

The second main track is “Catherine Parr” which is nicely done. But the next track, “The Visit” (from Phantom of the Opera) which is more rarely played, features guitarist Calquhoun who cranks out an excellent multi-part lead solo (despite a broken foot!) trading off with Wakeman. The clavichord and synth leads give it a bit of boogie as we used to say. Calquhoun sits perfectly among peers David Kilminster (Roger Waters, Steven Wilson) or Alistair Greene (currently with Alan Parsons) as he packs leads with distinctive clear “classic rock” riffs, perfectly blending grit and clarity (see the 8:40 minute mark).

Excerpts from Journey show Rick’s lost little of the dexterity he’s always shown on Moog synth

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
leads – the featured parts are perfectly placed in the mix, well thought out, and exciting... “The Battle” section is another tough one for vocal leads, yet Ashley makes this work, leading into “The Forest” and coda.

I was excited that excerpts from No Earthly Connection were on the bill. Though brief at about 8 minutes, and shorn of horns, this rare excerpt from this underrated album features some of Rick’s best playing, and Ashley’s amazing vocals, as this one was the first to feature he and only he up front. The enthusiastic audience response confirms I’m not alone in my views of this classic album.

The legendary guitarist Brian May takes the stage for “Last Horizon” which extends to over 12 minutes and features an echoplex-laden guitar solo he so often includes in Queen shows to this day. It’s a tour-de-force for his distinctive technique on electric guitar. This is followed by the Queen staple “69” which May explains is related to the space travel and how time lapses at different rates for the traveller and those loved ones at home. Fitting for this festival.

As May departs Wakeman launches into another track from Six Wives, with “I’ve had so many wives we might as well do another one!” After “Catherine Howard” the set ends with “Merlin the Magician.” It’s not fair to assign Ashley vocal duties for a song tuned to Jon Anderson’s tenor, so best on encore “Starship Trooper” to start at the 7 minute mark for 10 minutes of the band soloiung extensively during the well-known coda, including a short bass solo from Matt Pegg, guitars from Dave (who hits “all the good notes”) and more Brian May who returns to the stage for a bit more lead soling.

As to the film the lighting on stage is not perfectly suited so the colors are a bit dark and muted, but it is a well done professional shoot that includes a crane for swooping camera angles wide and long, and lots of close ups from the on-stage cameramen so we can witness fingers and frets up close. Best for the collector, but enjoyable for any fan of Britain’s and maybe the world’s best rock keyboard player Rick Wakeman.

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
Music from the US of A in the Scottish Borders

Alan Dearling live and direct from the Scottish borderlands

‘Tis July – and this is the month when musos and bands head from all over the world towards Edinburgh. Meant to be Summer! Humm. But, even if we are getting more rain than sunshine, it means we get some fine music even in the Scottish borderlands – that’s the wide swath of land to the south of the Edinburgh-Glasgow central belt. And so it was at the fine Coldingham Hall venue. It’s a Friday evening and us Berwickshire locals are in for a fine double bill treat. All the way from the United States of America. Or, to be more precise, first up, 10 String Symphony from Nashville, Tennessee, followed after the break by Hillfolk Noir from Boise, Idaho.

A double-helping of tasty, slightly off-kilter, and dark-tinged musical delights.

Ten String Symphony

My friend Marjo from Amsterdam and myself go to lots of live music. We share eclectic tastes. So, we were immediately mesmerised by the electric synchronicity emanating from Christian Sedelmyer and Rachel Baiman.

This is the ’10 String Symphony’. Young and feisty, they are at the vanguard of a new form of fiddle music. Sure there are still some traditional bluegrass tracks in their repertoire, but there’s more that is dark and broody. This is far removed from the world of the ‘X-Factor’. Much fine writing too, quirky and dark, especially on songs like Rachel’s ‘I’m not Lonesome’, which also features on their recent 2015 album, ‘Weight of the World’. It’s a song that features both of them on vocals and
Alan has posted a taste of the 10 String Symphony on line.

https://youtu.be/4AeiQFKGlyE

It’s Christian and Rachel performing 'I'm not Lonesome' from Coldingham Hall. Filmed from a Lumix stills camera, hand-held, but used in video mode.

10 String Symphony - link to http://10stringsymphony.com
Christian Sedelmyer - link to http://christiansedelmyer.com
Rachel Baiman - link to http://rachelbaiman.com

Hillfolk Noir

Second musical ‘course’ of the evening was courtesy of Hillfolk Noir. This is a talented three piece: husband and wife and their best mate!

Travis Ward: Guitar, suitcase and singing
Alison Ward: Musical saw, washboard, banjo and singing
Mike Waite: Double bass

They claim to be “the founders of Junkerdash” - playing traditional music on traditional instruments for non-traditional times. A sound brewed from folk, bluegrass, punk, string-band...
There’s ‘Skinny Mama’s Revenge’ from 2010, and 2013’s ‘What’s that hat for?’ Travis is a powerful performer, evocative singer and alongside him, Mike works overtime on the stand-up double-bass.

Two of their on-line links:

www.hillfolknoir.com
www.sonicbids.com/hillfolknoir

And here’s a link to Alan’s Lumix video-recording of Hillfolk Noir at Coldingham Hall:

https://www.youtube.com/attribution_link?a=PDx06sHOr4M&u=%2Fwatch%3Fv%3DANqLSiWSoZw%26feature%3Dshare

blues. Think Cajun swamps, moonshine and jugbands. Music for drinking and dancing. Tinges of hillbilly, old-time music, but mixed aplenty with bang up-to-the moment sounds and words.

Ali’s use of the musical saw reminded me of a favourite band of mine, The Flatlanders. Not a bad band to be compared with! And they are great to watch live. It was a bit of a shame that the Coldingham crowd remained seated – they should have made use of the ample dancing space. But you can check out their albums and have your own hillbilly knees-up at home!
Mr Sipp (is from Mississippi, get it?) aka Castro Coleman. He and his drummer, Stanley Dixon Jr and bass player, Jeff Flanagan blew up a storm. In fact we had thunder, lightning and much rain soon after their show! This is a highly polished, professional performer who knows how to ‘play’ an audience like a finely tuned instrument.

"Can we keep rolling?" "Can I keep you rollin'?", he repeatedly asked everyone in the packed Spiegeltent in George Square. A human blues, soul and gospel jukebox. And that's no bad thing. His set included numbers from his latest album, 'Mississippi Blue Child' and lots of numbers from the likes of B. B. King, Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf.

There's nothing terribly original in his playing. But there's some pretty fair Hendrix-like interpretations on the slow blues numbers. Overall, it's more an amalgam of good time blues music and funk grooves, well-designed to energise many of the rather antique roadshow aged blues audience! Punk it ain't! Mr Sipp has an infectious, slightly naughty style, a good singer who has obviously honed his blues act in parallel with many years singing gospel like, "I was born by the river". I suppose in a way he's a musical evangelist!

He invited us to "Jump the broom with him tonight" from his latest album and many in the audience gyrated in the aisles. Mr Sipp and his band have a luxuriously mellow sound, a reasonable range of material, with a tendency at times to drift into 'auto pilot'. But his excursion playing guitar into the audience, wending right through the magnificent venue of the Spiegeltent Palais de Variete was a successful crowd-pleaser. Good support from his band mates too, especially Stanley Dixon on drums. Check out Mr Sipp on his website at: www.mrsipptmbc.com and Facebook page: www.facebook.com/MississippiBluesChild

Earlier in the same day, I'd visited the more centrally located Spiegeltent in Edinburgh’s St Andrew’s Square to
I think by the end of their hour-long set, all of them had taken a turn at singing. On quieter songs, I thought the drummer, John Fatum, has perhaps the most appealing singing voice. Some great, at times exceptional, trumpet, trombone and sax playing kept up the high octane style of the show. And on quite a few numbers the horns (That's Michael Fatum - trumpet, Patrick Sargent - saxophones and the very Tall Sam Crittenden on trombone) combined with and complemented the guitar and rhythm section very effectively.
I enjoyed the company of guitarist, Bazz, and a lovely Portuguese guy, Edgar, who plays classical music on a bowed-saw, busking on the Royal Mile, and, I think another young guy possibly called Paul, who gave a very fine performance of Viv Stanshall's 'My pink half of the drainpipe'. Nice young eccentrics. I'll be going back! Check out their temporary festival venue if you are in Edinburgh.

After hours...

Not being ready for the Euro hostel study bedroom straight after Mr Sipp, I made my way to a new pop-up, slightly edgy looking venue, at Jericho House, 55 Lothian Street. Self-described as, "The Bootleggers - an adventure park for adults". Actually it reminded me of many arts squats in Europe in cities like Amsterdam and Copenhagen. Straw bales, old pallets for tables, low lights and plenty of space.

Lots of 'street performers' and their mates spending their busking money, and still playing a few tunes and with plenty of wild-dancing for the guests.

However, for me, some of the James Brown styled soul numbers got a bit screechy. As musicians they are talented, play with admirable spirit and a bit of abandon. And perhaps sometimes, just a bit too loudly and a trifle discordantly on tracks like "My buddy Keith Richards and I". But that's probably being a unfair and hyper-critical. Edinburgh audiences want to enjoy themselves. And they did. And the Rad Trads were selling lots of their CDs after the gig to their new-found friends.

Check them out online at: www.theradtrads.com
Facebook: www.facebook.com/TheRadTrads/

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Lots of 'street performers' and their mates spending their busking money, and still playing a few tunes and with plenty of wild-dancing for the guests.
Musical conversations: the Jan Garbarek Group

Live on tour at Edinburgh's Festival Theatre

The Festival Theatre in Edinburgh was stiflingly hot. An unpleasant, sticky, sweaty atmosphere and not the most comfortable seats. But the atmosphere was also filled with musical alchemy. Jan Garbarek's current 'Group' are superb. Four maestro musicians. And, having listened over 45 years to many of Norwegian, Jan Garbarek's solo works and collaborations with the likes of Eberhard Weber, John Abercrombie and Keith Jarrett, I wasn't prepared for the transformation in Garbarek's musical performance. This was melodic, beatific, crystal-clear perfection. Not only did we have Garbarek's piercing, clean, fiord-cool Sax haunting us - we had humour and playfulness too! He was positively having fun with his lads. And he allowed plenty of space for them all to perform solos. It was a performance full of Garbarek's 'greatest hits', but with added warmth and humanity. You could say that this is mildly matured Garbarek!

A great performance from all four guys, with stunning solo spots. German, Rainer Bruninghaus, inventive and exuberant on grand and electric piano, alongside Brazilian, Yuri Daniel performing the uncanny, haunting undertones of Garbarek's work on fretless bass (I was amused that the Festival programme lists Yaron Herman as the bass player - actually, he's a French-Israeli pianist!). Plus, Trilok Gurtu, Indian master percussionist on a mad-professor's array of drums, tablas, pots and pans, Indian voice clicks and more. Even lessons in audience modular clapping. Jan himself constantly switching between tenor and soprano sax and at one point, whistle! Great fun!

The music of the current Jan Garbarek Group is pretty tricky to categorise. It's closer to world music and classical than jazz on the basis of this performance. But who needs categories? The 135 minutes swirled by in a series of sublime musical conversations between these four superb musical magicians. It was rich mix of blended interplay between their instruments. Complemented by interludes for solos and duos and trios seamlessly fitted into the whole. Truly, music without boundaries. Ultimately, it appeared that the entire evening was one long suite. Mesmerising stuff! If you are even half-way interested in modern jazz or world music and get a chance to see this current iteration of the Jan Garbarek Group - grab it! You won't regret it.

Jan Garbarek has been a towering figure in what is often called 'European jazz'. He's accorded the accolade of having been the source of the ECM (Edition of Contemporary Music) 'sound' since his first recording for that label in 1970 (I think). But it
was, for me at least, the starkly beautiful, ambient album, 'Dis', which added him into my list all-time jazz heroes. He's recorded over 40 albums.

But his current group performance is so much more accessible than the ethereal and rather frigidly austere sounds of much of his earlier work, achingly beautiful as that may be. It came as a revelation to me. We need more in these troubled times!

As Jan Garbarek says on his website (no-one from the group spoke to the audience at all):

"We make good music sound better. At least we try."

Website: www.garbarek.com/
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Starmus is festival of music and astronomy on the beautiful island of Tenerife. It is the brain child Garik Israeli (The astrophysicist who led the team which found the first observational evidence that supernova explosions are responsible for the formation of stellar mass black holes). Rick Wakeman has made several appearances at this festival. The most notable was in 2015 where he was joined on stage by Dr Brian May, the iconic guitarist from Queen, where Rick Wakeman and English Rock Ensemble performed amongst other tracks from throughout Rick's career a legendary version of Starship Trouper.

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The Gospels evolved because Rick Wakeman was asked to perform at an organ recital to raise money for the Camberley United Reform Church, which was in desperate need of a new organ. Rick pondered what to play and the more he thought about it and what the evening should mean, the more he felt that something very special was about to take place.

Thoughts of the New Testament kept creeping into his mind and he decided to write an instrumental piece to the settings of the four Gospels. He began working but after a couple of hours realised that there was no way he was going to get across the feelings he wished to portray without singing. The music seemed to cry out for an operatic tenor.

Amazingly enough, just a few weeks earlier, Rick had met the famous tenor Ramon Remedios at a charity concert in which they both performed and he plucked up courage to ask him if he would kindly agree to perform the New Gospels with him. The concert was a tremendous success and Ramon’s feeling and understanding of the music moved many people to tears.

The complete Gospels is a limited edition box set containing all the known recordings of the project both audio and visual. Along with a reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
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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.

WHICH OF THESE TEN ICE CREAM SELLERS WILL YOU BUY FROM?

It's so hot. So very hot. It's so hot that your clothes have melted right off your bodies, and your cat has melted, and dribbled down the drain, and your hair has melted.

But wait... that sound... could it be? It is! It is the sound of ten ice cream vans simultaneously playing a tinkling rendition of Greensleeves, as they pour into your cul-de-sac. The question is... which mobile ice cream vendor will you accept an ice cream from? Hurry now - they won't last long in this heat!

http://tinyurl.com/hcgu6ek
When I got back from the Santana tour I found a new Jacko. Washed, spruced and – most astonishingly - with a girlfriend. He had taken up with Gillian from the Brockum office and she had set a path to get him sorted out. This was something of an odd thing. Having known him for quite a while it was hard to get used to this new Jacko. Even stranger was the concept that he was going to marry this woman. I was asked to move out so they could share this flat alone, and I wound up living with Dave and an American woman called Sue – both lighting engineers from Zenith Lighting - in a shared house in Muswell Hill. Sue was quite nice but had hands that were scarred and calloused from rigging so many trusses. She made a couple of slight overtures towards me, but I was not too keen.

During the Santana tour I had put my Sunbeam Alpine in for a re-spray and the car had come back with a very nice red paint job and a white swoop across the side and over the back. I was quite pleased with it. That year David Soul had stepped out from behind his persona as ‘Hutch’ in the ‘Starsky and Hutch’ TV series and was touring as a middle of the road style singer. I knew a bit about the series, but had never seen it. We had been out of the country a lot and neither of the flats I had lived in had TV sets. He was performing at the Rainbow Theatre in Finsbury Park and Brockum were doing the merchandising. Mick asked me if I would drop the crew and band jackets in to them so I shoved them in the boot of my car and drove over to the theatre. When I arrived I seemed to attract quite a bit of attention from the fans gathering outside as I parked the car, took out the box, and walked into the theatre. There was a big poster of ‘Hutch’ in his TV role, posing beside the car. It was then that I realised why I had attracted so many looks. The guy who had re-sprayed the car had copied the design of their vehicle! Of course the people in the Brockum office knew this and also knew that I had no idea about, and that was why they got me to go over and drop the stuff off.

In 1978 I went out on one of the last tours I
was to do for Brockum and that was with 'God' himself, Eric Clapton. I was never overly enthusiastic about his work but the epithet came from some graffiti scrawled on a wall somewhere saying 'Clapton is God'. Most of this tour was uneventful except when we came to Glasgow. He played two nights at The Apollo, a venue with an absurdly high stage, around eighteen feet from the base of the orchestra pit. The Apollo was also renowned for the hard time that Scots audiences gave to English performers. Glasgow itself was not really a very safe place in those days anyway. On the first day we had two shows, a matinee in the afternoon and a second show in the evening. So it was going to be a long day.

When the doors opened for the first show the audience poured in and began to buy stuff frantically. We were barely able to keep up, and had it not been for the crash barriers around the stall, we would have been crushed into the wall. All we could do was to stuff the money into bags and put it into the flight case for safety. There was a brief breather during the show, and the serum was repeated on the way out. Straight after this we launched into the evening show which was a repeat of the same serum – fuelled by a little more alcohol. By the end of the night we were exhausted. We counted up the products and I brought the van round to the front. All of the takings for the night were in a black bin bag, uncounted and crumpled. While I was waiting for my partner to come back from the toilet, a man was ejected from the fish shop beside the venue. He obviously did not like that so he went back inside. Moments later he flew backwards through the door sporting a bloody nose. Undeterred, he marched back in, there were shouts and the sound of a scuffle and he again flew back out of the door to land, on his back, in the road. He stood up and walked, unsteadily, but with a definite sense of purpose, to the door. As he got there an arm came out of the door and hit him straight in the face. Down he went again and, at this point two of his friends came over and helped him away. Glasgow!

We went back to the hotel. Not exactly a five star establishment. I cannot recall the name of it now but we did have to cross Sauchiehall Street, which in those days was renowned for its fighting and drunkenness. We got away with that, although my companion was asked by someone who he was 'lookin at pal' and then asked if he was in the CID. The hotel had once been a good one, but that was in the days of horse drawn carriages. Now it was faded, dark and damp. The night porter was the only person on duty, but he agreed to make us some coffee and sandwiches and bring them to our room. When we got there we emptied the three bags of crumpled money onto one of the beds and started sorting it out. There was a knock on the door and the night porter came in with the food and drink. When he saw the pile of money on the bed he stopped still and began to shake slightly. God knows what he thought we had been doing. Two scruffy hippies with a bed full of money in the early hours of the morning.

The following day we went back to The Apollo for the last show. While I was in the foyer setting up the stall, a police officer came in holding the arm of a young boy of about 12. He asked the manager if he could use his office. A short while later two more police arrived. One went into the office and the other stood outside.

'What happened?' I enquired.

'Caught him trying to set fire to the chip shop,' he replied. 'They beat his brother up there last night.'

I was coming to the end of all of this though. In the last couple of years I had done a lot of travelling, seen a lot of bands, and made some great friends. A lot of the time it had been absolutely enormous fun, but I wanted to perform again. I stood at the side of the stage in Lund, Sweden, and watched a band, who were not as good as some of my old bands had been, and I thought this is it. Go back to the UK and put a band together. When I got home again I began to look around and see what I could do. Starting from scratch is never easy, but I did hook up with one band out in Essex who needed a singer. I thought I would join them for a while at least and see if I could not do something else. They were all a bit fixed on Hawkwind and I was keen on opening their horizons a bit more.

The American lighting designer, Sue, asked me if I would drive a van for her. She was doing lighting for a show in London – a bunch of dancers doing a bash for a company party. I agreed and we went along to a club in London that had been hired for the evening. When we got there I helped get the rig into the building and set it up. I was holding the torch while Sue put the mains in and I just passed out. I remember saying, 'Hold the torch for a moment' and then I was on the floor. I recovered from that quite quickly though. No idea why it happened. I had not taken anything that day.

Only three of the dancers – all women – turned up. After a few frantic phone calls they found out that the others had contracted food poisoning from a gig they had done the day before and were all ill in bed. This led to a lot of discussion about what kind of a show they could put on with only three of them. They turned to me. Could I dance? Well the answer would have to be no – but maybe I could perform. They had a few routines they could do with just one of two partners and the final part was to be a piece set to the Tubes instrumental, 'A Special Ballet'. They dug out a white robe and a few wooden staves from their costume trunk, made a mask from tin foil and we worked up a routine between us. So I was performing again! Not quite as I had intended, but it was fun sitting in the dressing room with two half naked dancers, having a line or two of coke and then going out and doing a sort of dance routine. I had gone from van driver to performer that day – and then back to van driver to take it all back to the warehouse.
Repetitive beats
I first met Tony Benn in 1994 at a march and rally against the Criminal Justice Bill which was then passing through Parliament. This was the bill which was attempting to outlaw various forms of protest, criminalising trespass for the first time in British history. It had specific provisions against ravers, against squatters, against hunt saboteurs and against gatherings above a certain number on both public and private land. Famously it included the definition of music as “sounds wholly or predominantly characterised by the emission of a succession of repetitive beats”.

There were three marches against the Bill that year, and I had been involved since almost the beginning. My name was one of three to be registered at Scotland Yard as the organisers of the first protest, in May. The next two were organised by the Socialist Workers Party, in July and October, and they had managed to get some high-profile speakers, including Tony Benn and Arthur Scargill. It was on the back of my involvement with the campaign that I was invited up onto the stage at one of these later marches.

I saw Tony Benn. He was standing on his own reading a paper and I immediately went up to shake his hand. There was no hesitation. How often do you get to meet a national hero face to face?

I forget what I said exactly. I think I asked permission to shake his hand and said that I had always been a great admirer of his. I do remember his reaction, however. He took my hand, looked me in the eye, and was immediately asking me questions about my own life and personal circumstances.

I was writing a column in the Guardian Weekend at the time, which he had seen. “Yes, I've read it,” he said. “Very interesting.”

What struck me was how open he was. He was paying attention to me. It was direct human to human contact. I felt that I mattered to him, that he was genuinely concerned. Later I tried to get the attention of Arthur Scargill, who was on the same platform. Scargill was surrounded by reporters, all firing questions at him. My little Dictaphone was one of a number of listening devices all pointing towards his head.

I tried to ask a question which showed that I was on his side, but he was aggressive in his response. I was just another reporter to him.

That was the great difference between them. With Scargill I
sensed defensiveness and vanity, an overweening sense of self-importance. He obviously loved the attention. He was like an intellectual pugilist glorying in the rough and tumble of the political struggle. I got none of that with Benn. He had a quiet presence about him. There were no barriers. His socialism came from the heart. He saw all human beings as equal, all human life as equally valid. Or that’s how it felt to be greeted by those candid, clear eyes of his.

I took a small lesson from that encounter which I have carried around with me ever since. I realised that what was important wasn’t so much your ideas as how you lived them. It’s not what you say that matters, it’s what you do. Benn was one of those people who embraced the world, whose words came out of a genuine human concern for others, a genuine belief in the possibility of change. Unlike most politicians, you sensed his words not as an attempt to dissemble or to misdirect, but as the simple truth springing from an authentic place. From the place of the heart.

**Lord of Misrule**

The next time I met Benn was about six years later, in October 2000. I was working on a book at the time, about the protest movement. It was called The Lords of Misrule. I wrote to him at the House of Commons requesting an interview. I had by this time also managed to secure an interview with Noam Chomsky, the great American linguist and political dissident, and I mentioned this in the letter. I think it was this that swung it for him. Benn liked the idea of being on the same bill as Chomsky. It made him feel that he was in good company.

I knocked on the door of his house in Notting Hill and was shown into a spacious basement room lined with books and his famous tape archive. I recorded the interview on my Dictaphone, as did he on his. We were recording each other. Consequently I occupy a tiny space in Benn’s extensive archive, something of which I am genuinely proud. It’s like I am written into the pages of history by this, even if it’s only as a footnote.

He was very easy to spend time with. He made a pot of tea which he brought out on a tray, along with cups and saucers, a sugar bowl with sugar lumps and milk in a jug, which he laid on the table between us. After this he filled his pipe and lit it. I think he made two pots of tea while I was there, and puffed on his pipe most of the time. I have a feeling that the tea service was one of those utilitarian green sets, like the ones you used to get on British Rail.
Housing Benefit Hill:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X

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

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YOU'VE NEVER HAD IT SO WEIRD

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

Some Sonic Assassins news has emerged recently, although seeing as it all happened nearly 40 years ago, perhaps we should file it under "late news"...

Firstly, someone asked on a Facebook Hawkwind page about the 1979 Hawkwind tour programme, where the discography mentions 'Dave Brock's Sonic Assassins - Warlords Of Space' as an upcoming release. A subsequent reply from ex-Hawk Keith Kniveton said this:

"There were two albums planned; one was Sonic Assassins Live At Barnstaple which was already in the can, and a second one called Warlords of Space which was Hawkwind jamming at Rockfield Mill House in April '77."

... and Keith posted a shot of the then-proposed album cover, one which is generally reminiscent of the Weird Tapes cassette covers. Part of the Barnstaple gig was on the very first Weird Tapes cassette, Weird 101 (The subsequent DVD gave it the slightly more logical name of Weird 1) but the Warlords album never made it into the public arena.

Meanwhile, Paul Hayles, an ex-Assassin and an ex-Hawk, has been blogging his stories about the Hawkwind tour of America in March 1978. This was the tour which lead to the temporary break-up of Hawkwind, and Dave Brock swiftly created a replacement, Hawklords. Hayles' accounts of the tour mostly revolve around drugs and groupies and hotel ructions... all the usual sort of rock n roll things, really. Here's an extract from the page covering the Los Angeles visit:

"...it was boiling hot with no shade anywhere so
we decided to give it a miss and go to a famous music store where Dave tried a couple of guitars, I watched a black guy playing some marvellous stuff and I tried yet again to get Dave interested in my lack of effects pedals. He just nodded and said that we must but did nothing."

(Simon House, who had just left Hawkwind to tour with Bowie, had taken the effects pedals with him, leaving Hayles with almost nothing to run his keyboards through.)

"I recently bumped into a recording of one of our gigs in LA at The Starwood ... It's the first time I have listened to a whole gig with Hawkwind in which I was playing (outside of Sonic Assassins). I was immediately struck by the fact that the missing effects were clear right from the start where I would have used phasing on the 'violin' solo on the first number [Hassan i Sahba], and from then on. I think some people, particularly Bob Calvert and Dennis the sound engineer, expected me to reproduce the sounds on the original recordings, particularly as the new synth was state of the art, was polyphonic and had 4 memories for created sounds. But in fact, the preset sounds were very poor and 4 memories is a drop in the ocean, particularly when playing with a band like Hawkwind. I also noticed that Dennis, if he didn't like the sound I had found, would sometimes drop me out of the mix altogether."

Sometimes, it's not easy being a Hawk!

Paul Hayles' recollections commence at: http://paullastwind.blogspot.co.uk/2016/07/touring-with-hawkwind-part-one.html
Greetings space travellers!
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The idea is for Hawkwind fans to have access to special Hawkwind events such as Hawkfest, obtain limited edition DVDs and CDs of exclusive material and to attend private Hawkwind parties.

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www.hawkwind.com
Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com
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…

As regular readers of my ramblings may well be aware by now, I have a rich and varied collection of friends and acquaintances, some of whom are particularly peculiar, and many of whom inhabit one or the other of the sacred groves of academe in some capacity or other. One acquaintance whom I wish that I know better is a guy who operates under the sobriquet of ‘Dr Beachcombing’ and who is the head honcho of a website called ‘Strange History’.

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

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generally held to refer to human sacrifice, of course. The usual story attached to this is that the sacrifice was a willing one – the oldest member of the coven celebrated the rite nude, on an exceptionally cold May night, and took an extra portion of the fly agaric mushroom which formed part of the ritual. Within a few days, whether from exposure or poison or both, he was dead. If true, then the man’s as great a war hero as any, in that he willingly gave his life to help stop Hitler, whether it had any effect or not. I’m sorry to say that I’ve got my doubts as to whether it actually happened. Gardner’s rather coy remark seems to be the only primary source for this – lots of writers relate the details of exposure and poison (mainly over-excitable fundamentalist Christian writers expounding on the dangers of Wicca – most seem to skip...
bothered to ask. They - my parents included - just supposed that he had taken the gentleman’s way out, retiring to the library with a decanter of port and a revolver. Or in this case, into the woods naked with a shotgun.

The fact that he had been naked with a pentacle sigil painted on his forehead had been conveniently ignored by the demi monde of rural North Devon, if indeed they ever knew, and although I have no way of proving this, and indeed it doesn’t really matter nearly twenty years later, I suspect that either Britannia or Lysistrata or both cleaned, washed and dressed the body before leaving his pitiful corpse to be found by the dogwalking daughter of a local farmer who then informed the police.

Lysistrata insisted that neither she or Britannia had known about his plans, and that by the time that they had found out it was too late. I see no reason why she would have lied to me about it, having confessed so much else that must have been terribly painful to impart.

But his death was a game changer because from then on everything changed.

over *why* the alleged sacrifice took place, as well as the exceptional nature of it), but none seem to cite a source. Wiccan Roots by Philip Heselton seems to be where the fleshed-out version originated, as best I can tell, but I make no claim to authority on this. The problem there is that Heselton admits that he’s speculating on the details. It seems rational and informed speculation, but it’s speculation nonetheless.*

I recognised the words immediately that Lysistrata spoke them, and knew that the kindly old clergyman had killed himself with the highest possible motives: to spare the two people he loved most from an unpleasant and painful death at the hands of a nasty bucolic psychopath.

As far as the world at large was aware, Cymbeline had committed suicide out of remorse for the deeds that he was popularly supposed to have committed nearly two decades before. Why he had waited seventeen years nobody cared, and - indeed - nobody bothered to ask. They - my parents included - just supposed that he had taken the gentleman’s way out, retiring to the library with a decanter of port and a revolver. Or in this case, into the woods naked with a shotgun.

The fact that he had been naked with a pentacle sigil painted on his forehead had been conveniently ignored by the demi monde of rural North Devon, if indeed they ever knew, and although I have no way of proving this, and indeed it doesn’t really matter nearly twenty years later, I suspect that either Britannia or Lysistrata or both cleaned, washed and dressed the body before leaving his pitiful corpse to be found by the dogwalking daughter of a local farmer who then informed the police.

Lysistrata insisted that neither she or Britannia had known about his plans, and that by the time that they had found out it was too late. I see no reason why she would have lied to me about it, having confessed so much else that must have been terribly painful to impart.

But his death was a game changer because from then on everything changed.
the Hunt was killed on the last day of summer, must have had some effect on the years that followed.

But the thing which I find impossible to ignore is that after the death of my old friend and mentor in early September, the strange occurrences across the county of Devonshire, which had been the focus of my life all summer, suddenly came to an end. Something had happened, and I think that unlike Dylan’s Mr Jones I actually know now what had happened.

But that night in September 2015, my heart was heavy, and Lysistrata and I, standing on either side of my rusting old Vauxhall Astra, wept as the moon stared down on us implacably.

Some years ago John Higgs wrote an extraordinary history of the life and career of a band called the KLF aka The Justified Ancients of MuMu in which he claimed that the band’s notorious bonfire on which they burned a million pounds was “a magical act that forged the 21st century”.

One of the cultural signposts which led him towards this conclusion was a minor plot twist in Alan Moore’s *From Hell* which suggested that the conception of Adolf Hitler at the same moment as one of the Jack the Ripper Murders kickstarted the horrors of the 20th century.

I think that it is highly unlikely that the death of Diana Princess of Wales was anything but a drunken accident, but - unless everything that I think that I know about the nature of magick and its relationship with the universe is wrong - the public outpouring of grief after a much loved public figure named after the Goddess of
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 Daevd 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!!"

ALL LIFE IS SACRED

RAT, COCKROACH, SHARK, FLEA
Mosquito, fly, snake, spider-
venomous and non-/subject to extermination.
Some species have disappeared in our lifetime.
We hire agents to kill bugs, fleas, ants, pests..
and seek to control their numbers. We have done this to ourselves-
After the Russian Revolution, one million people died of starvation.
Stalin killed his fellow Georgians, Mao his own Chinese in the Great Leap Forward
Who will forget Year One in Cambodia or Hiroshima, Dresden, Nagasaki?
We have more weapons than people. More bombs than gods.
Every word can be a bandage or a wound, weapon or a rose.
May this prayer for your life disarm all those
who would steal your only life away.
to enjoy it. I have never been a big druggie, alcohol has always been my drug of choice, and the only thing that I have ever been addicted to are the products of Messrs Benson and Hedges, but over the years I have experimented with various substances with varying degrees of enjoyment. I was always quite fond of opiates, but disliked both speed and cocaine completely, cos all that they gave me was a self opinionated bad temper and a nasty headache. And I am bad tempered enough without having to resort to chemical assistance.

I took psychedelic drugs quite a lot between my first trip (psilocybin on my birthday in 1981) and my last (lysergic acid diethylamide on Boxing Day the same year) and have never touched them since. This was not a conscious decision at the time, but these days I have such a tenuous hold on reality at the best of times that the idea of psychonautic adventures frankly scares the living daylights out of me.

The difference between me and Andy is that whereas I have only ever seen psychotropic drugs, whether they be opium, or brandy and coke, as a form of recreation, Andy and many like him believe the psychedelic experience to be far more important spiritually than that. Like I said, we each respect each other’s views and agree to disagree.

And the fact that we disagree on his essential thesis did not mean that I found this book to be anything other than fascinating and massively entertaining.

This book is an anthology of Andy’s writings on the subject of psychedelic drugs and their effects upon the human psyche. It includes fiction, non fiction, reviews, obituaries and speculation and is an absolutely fascinating read. So fascinating that I found myself seriously contemplating the idea of going out to the fields near Abbotsham Cliffs again this autumn to pick some magic mushrooms for the first time in thirty five years.

It includes a remarkable examination of the seminal The Hangman’s Beautiful Daughter by the Incredible String Band which set me off listening to the album again for the first time in years, and even taking a few notes. It includes interviews with several major luminaries of the British psychedelic scene including one of the Operation Julie chemists, and fabled DJ Jeff Dexter.

There is a fascinating piece about the urban legend, or perhaps that should be digital legend as it has been largely promulgated across the internet that Francis Frick, one of the discoveries of the DNA double helix was off his tits on acid when he made the discovery. Andy suggests (to my relief) that he probably wasn’t.

Bizarrely, although it was actually the first time that I had
read about this widespread belief, I actually alluded to something of the sort in one of my songs over twenty years ago:

Karl Marx looked down at Groucho and he said: ‘It’s Simply Weird, How the world gets more confusing every day’
And he took the double helix he’d secreted in his beard
And without a second thought he threw the thing away

Well it made sense to me when I wrote it.

Some of the less trodden highways and byways of the history of British psychedelia are examined in some depth, and in many ways this book is a perfect companion piece to the book about the British Free Festival scene that Gonzo

Books (and me) put out a few years back. It even has an afterword by my mate Julian Vayne, who will be appearing at this year’s Weird Weekend in Hartland, North Devon in only a few weeks time. Basically it is everything that one could possibly want to know about the history of psychedelic drugs in Britain.

Possibly my favourite chapter is the one when he investigates the concept of using the psychedelic experience as a kind of magickal geomantic fishing net, and comes home with a pile of yellow plastic ducks.

MEMO TO SELF: Must write to Andy and find out whether he has ever read Brandy of the Damned by John Higgs, which is another extraordinary book, which I would recommend to anyone, and is peculiarly psychedelic in its own way, and features colourful flotsam, though not anseriform.

Have I any quibbles with it? Only that unlike the notorious Schoolkids Oz it doesn’t instruct you to suck the corner of page twenty-three.

I have always been a fan of Andy’s writing and have published three books by him myself, and this book illustrates why so many people hold him in such high esteem as a wordsmith. He writes authoritatively, with calm good humour, and is not afraid to gently laugh at people, including himself. This is an extraordinarily impressive book, and should be on the shelves of anyone even slightly interested in such things.

Rave on Mr Roberts,
rave on thy Holy fool
Down through the weeks of ages
In the moss borne dark dank pools
North Devon Firefly Faery Fayre x Ball
23rd July 2016
11am till Midnight
Stalls, Workshops, Entertainers at The Fayre
6 live bands & more at The Ball
Food all day, Bar from 7.30pm
Clovelly Parish Hall
Winkleberry Lane, Clovelly,
Devon EX39 5SU
Contact: 01237 441999
www.spanglefish.com/
northdevonfireflyfaeryfayreandball2016
All proceeds to the Small School.
In Victorian times every well-bred Gentleman had a 'Cabinet of Curiosities'; a collection of peculiar odds and sods, usually housed in a finely made cabinet with a glass door. These could include anything from Natural History specimens to historical artefacts.

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

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

Okay chaps, I am going to skip any waffle this week because I am using a tablet for this and really detest trying to type on it for long periods of time. So quickly on with the show...

The beat goes on and on and on and on

"If you stepped outside in 2013, chances are you heard “Happy” by Pharrell Williams. The song stayed at the top of Billboard’s Hot 100 for 10 weeks in a row. And with good reason: it was ridiculously catchy—and ridiculously repetitive. In six choruses, the word “happy” appears 57 times.

Maybe Pharrell was reading up on his Journal of Consumer Psychology. One study published there by music researchers at USC found that each repetition of a chorus adds a 17% likelihood that a song will chart in the Top 40. And that’s even if we don’t really “like” the music being repeated. The psychology is attributed in part to the mere exposure effect, which says that people tend to prefer things just because they are familiar with them. But this general rule, which can be applied to everything from advertising to black coffee drinking, doesn’t tell the whole story. Another study found that people tend to hear music in repeated non-musical sounds—suggesting that repetition is one of the key factors that separates music from noise. Classical
composers like Luciano Berio and Elliott Carter have gone against the current and made a name for themselves on the strength of their complex, non-repetitive arrangements. Still, the public would prefer that they take some cues from Pharrell. Researchers chopped up recordings of these composers’ works to make them more repetitive and asked listeners to compare them to the originals. Most people preferred the repetitive versions—which they rated as “more likely to have been composed by a human.” Good news for me, as I’m composing a new song that I think people will really like. I call it, “The Song that Gets On Everybody’s Nerves”…

I love these little musical nuggets from curious.com

Beatles Yellow Submarine tin containing two packs of 52 playing cards (nm) - £11.95

“Hinged tin containing two full packs of playing cards with 104 different images. High quality linen finish”

Different if nothing else

RaRe *1978 WARREN ZEVON - SILVER BULLET* vtg Elektra Asylum Records
Promo shirt US $400.00 (Approximately £302.63)

“Excellent / Mint Condition -- still in the original plastic baggie”

I can’t see a shirt in this photo. All I can see is a mock bullet and a piece of card extolling the virtues/uses of said mock bullet. However, it is the photo that urged me to ask myself, and anyone else who may be listening/reading: ‘well that is fine and dandy if it does, but does it mean that you are pretty screwed if you meet a werewolf on the far reaches, and beyond, the suburbs of good old London town? What is one supposed to use then? Well?’

A big dish of beef chow mein (Mr Ed)

Beatles Aladdin Brunch Bag Lunchbox, Vintage, Rare 60s - £300


SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

Just in case you are interested, here is yer beloved Editor at iTunes
vinyl, zip fastening, with Aladdin's Industries, Inc.
plaid Thermos inside, 20cm (8in) high. It has one
scuff at the back bottom, shown, and a slit on the
bottom an inch long. There is a naturally occurring
"pock mark" along the top, shown, another smaller
one the same along the side. Very rare item! When
will you see another?"

My cucumber sandwiches are wilting at their crust
free edges at this price tag. It certainly brings new
meaning to the phrase ‘no such thing as a free
lunch’. Blow me down, no sirree.

Limited Edition Handmade Roy Wood doll in
wool - £70.00

“Roy Wood! Inspiration
This Roy Wood is based in images on the singer
from the Glam rock Seventies!
He is wearing a black shirt with red flared trousers
and a long multi coloured tunic.
His hair is made from brown acrylic and burgundy
mohair yarn ans he has a silver star on his forehead.
Roy is around 10 inches , or around 26 centimetres
tall.
He is knitted with double knit acrylic yarn and
stuffed with polyester stuffing.
Townes will come in a box with a signed, numbered
Limited Edition Certificate, Number 1, of 1.
Hi is are completely handmade and there is only one
of him. I could make more but because each one is
handmade they will have tiny differences.”

No need to tell us who this is really and it is damn
fine.

There are quite a few more knitted treasures ranging
from Roy here at £70 to the Eagles at £350: … here
are a couple:

Crosby Stills & Nash

The Eagles
Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy man - the wildman of the woods. Is he a man? Is he a beast? Is he something in between? Whatever he is, he is spoken about by humans in hushed voices. They are scared of him and they tell tales of him to their children to scare them from entering the hushed darkness of the tree kingdoms. They call him many names; the woodwose, the wudawasa, the wodwos amongst them. The bane of a high-born daughter takes her unintentionally through such a forest on her last journey as a single woman to wed the man of her father's choice. Imposters from another land tramp through such a forest on a mission of their own, killing everything that comes across their path. The lives of some of the creatures that dwell in this place become unavoidably entwined with both these trespassers. The lives of some will change. Some will cease completely.
The Beatles complete set of 1966 "Disc-Go-Cases" in ex cond including brown case - US $1,777.00

"Up for sale is this complete set of original authentic The Beatles "Disc-Go-Cases" manufactured by Charter Industries in 1966 in the United States. They are all in overall excellent condition, being displayed in a Beatles museum collection here in Louisville KY. This includes all 7 colors including the RARE brown one. They are 8" tall & 9" in diameter. The red & blue ones have the original Charter Industries company sticker still on the sides. The lavender case has the original round instruction tag inside. None of the record cases have any cracks & have some wear to the bottoms of the cases. They all have "1966 Nems Enterprises Ltd." in small print under The Beatles logo.

Some more of that tacky retro stuff.

ORIGINAL 1966-vintage (Mattel-Raybert-Plastic) "The MONKEES ~ Guitar" Toy! - US $149.95

"This is in real nice shape all there, and still works. When you turn the handle it plays music, and this toy still has the strap on it. The graphics are in nice shape on front of guitar."

Mr Ed points out with some justification that compared to the Beatles memorabilia from the period which was licensed to a bloke called Nicky Byrne of Setlaeb (Beatles spelled backwards) in one of Brian Epstein’s crappiest business deals, the Monkees guitar is really rather nice. I agree.

That whole cut and paste lark has been excruciating.

See you next time.
"Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy"

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

Auld Man's Baccie

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

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

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

The Cardboard Lung: Black Patch
(Earth Monkey Productions, 2008)
What? Dark ambient, glitch and beyond.

To be brutally honest the world isn’t exactly short of darkambient, glitch techno any combination thereof or indeed any variation that takes either of the above and hurls it towards any other variant of computer generated sound or sample. Still reading this entry? Well, then, it might be worth making a brief case for the work of John Kenneth Hall – visual artist, man about community educational projects and occasional musician.

Ironically one of the major strengths Hall – AKA The Cardboard Lung – brings to his craft is the fact he isn’t primarily a musician. Black Patch isn’t exceptionally long, isn’t out to grab your senses and scramble them and doesn’t do more than most dark ambient works. It samples dialogue, plays insistent and mildly disturbing tricks on your senses with slow rhythmic assaults and sporadic bursts of speed and noise, and also manages a cinematic quality hinting at a range of dark and disturbing images.

Hall – a man whose talents have gone from film composition to an ambitious arts project linked to football (as in soccer if you’re American) in the community – is an adept if unspeaking MC, guiding the mood music through the chambers of the subconscious. Hall describes himself on one website as a “renaissance underachiever” a shorthand reference – perhaps – to way his low-key work often references high-art principles. “The Cuckoo” on this collection being a good example, sampling a beautiful English folk song before crumbling into minimalist and mournful glitch-techno. “Fox Dream” is another collision of sample (this time sound from nature) and a disturbing techno excursion though the two chord backing, slow shuffling, drum track. The voices at the edge of perception exercise of “Watershed” shows The Cardboard Lung taking on standard ambient/glitch territory and getting the sense of analogue warmth from digital sound that eludes many in this area.
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 previously 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
Graham tells me that nearly twenty years ago I kicked up a fuss because we changed from Windows 95 to Windows 98, and that I ranted about the changes for days. I truly don't remember that, but it seems like the sort of thing that I would probably do.

I don't like change. No I REALLY don't like change and I particularly don't like it when tried and tested software that have I been using daily for years updates with what I perceive as a load of unnecessary bells and whistles.

I hated Windows 8 for example with a user interface that appealed to the mobile phone generation but nobody else, although now that I have had an iPad for a couple of years I would probably be a bit better with it.

Why am I saying all this? It is simple. After 10 years of using Microsoft Office 2003, following five years of using a hooky copy of Office 2000, we have taken the plunge and subscribed to Office 365.

And, I am doing my best not to rant and rave and generally be a complete arse about the changeover, especially as porting over all my templates from Office 2003 is not as straightforward as I would have liked.

Change? Pah!

And now I am on the want again. Ticket sales for this year's Weird Weekend are the slowest ever. I strongly suspect that it is because of the financial insecurity that so many people are feeling at the moment, but I hope that it will turn itself around in the next four weeks. This year's Weird Weekend featuring our very own Steve Ignorant, sponsored by our very own Erik Norlander, compèred by me and the return of Nuneaton's Mr Entertainment, Barry Tadcaster with his pal Orang Pendek, and featuring a whole cornucopia of high strangeness and cerebral silliness. It would make me very happy if I could sell some more tickets.

find out all about the Weird Weekend http://www.weirdweekend.org
buy tickets to the Weird Weekend: http://tinyurl.com/jnke
BEFEHEART AT HIS BEST
Live on stage

ADMIT ONE $5.50 STALLS

SOMEBWHERE OVER DETROIT

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & THE MAGIC BAND

ERIC DREW FELDMAN * ROBERT WILLIAMS * RICHARD SNYDER * JEFF TAPIR/WHITE * JEFF MORIS TEPPER

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