

GONZO

ABSOLUTELY
FREE!

We interview the lovely **Liz Lenten** from **Auburn**, Doug

goes to see **Adele**, John goes to Alaska to watch whales and goes to see the **Crazy World of Arthur Brown** in the meantime. Alan goes to **Kozfest**, Jeremy goes to see **Blue Oyster Cult**, Jon muses on unreleased **Pink Floyd** and reviews a book by **Bill Drummond**. Truly this is a massively groovy magazine!

#194

FOREVER AUBURN



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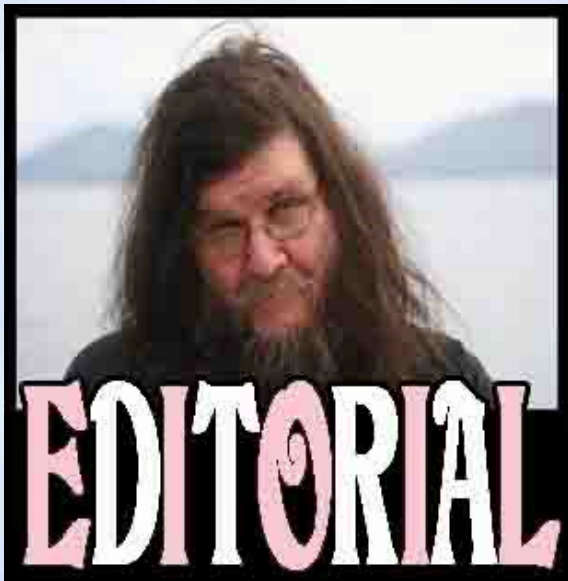
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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

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



Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of this peculiar little magazine, which takes up more of my life than I would have liked, but is nevertheless something of which I am very proud. I have never made any secret of the fact that I have a chequered past, and that thirty odd years ago I used to buy, sell, and collect bootleg tapes. I still have about a thousand of them stuffed in the attic of my old house in Exeter.

The thing that fascinated me about bootlegs were



not the endless poorly recorded live tapes, but the studio gems which remained unreleased, and which we were told would never be released for various legal and contractual reasons. I felt that as a rock and roll archaeologist I was actually doing some sort of public service in making these priceless slabs of rock and roll history available for only 50p more than the price of a blank tape. It was never about the money, and on the odd occasions when I did sell one, it went to feed my increasingly voracious collector's habit.

Over the years the rationalisation behind what I did became less and less acceptable as the record companies themselves slowly began to release the



“I felt that as a rock and roll archaeologist I was actually doing some sort of public service in making these priceless slabs of rock and roll history available for only 50p more than the price of a blank tape”.

stuff that they had once said would never come out. *The Beatles* three Anthology collections included some gems that had only ever been available on bootleg such as *Whats yer new Mary Jane* aka *What a shame Mary Jane had a pain at the party*, and even their first ever recordings from the late 1950s. A couple of years after that Prince's *Black Album* was released, and about ten years ago both Brian Wilson and *The Beach Boys* released approximations of the legendary *Smile* album. Bob Dylan has been releasing regular instalments of his Bootleg Series since the early 1990s, and now the media feeding frenzy surrounding the untimely death of David Bowie has already prompted the release of one legendary unreleased album, and the smart money is that *Toys* (2001) and *The 1980 Floor Show* (1973) will see a legal release sooner or later, probably alongside a whole wealth of similar stuff. My favourite unreleased David Bowie song is an early 1970s number called *Tired of my Life* which is an early outing for the tune of what was to become *It's no Game*.

I have commented elsewhere on the peculiar paradigm by which some artists - *Led Zeppelin* come to mind - always seem to manage to discover unreleased material just when a revamp of their back catalogue is due.

And now another brace of legendary unreleased songs is to see release. I first heard about *Scream thy last Scream old Lady with a Basket and Vegetable man* by *Pink Floyd* in a paperback collection of early articles from *ZigZag* magazine, which I had as bedtime reading in the early months of 1978 when I was living in horribly bourgeois digs in Bracknell, Berkshire. It took me years to find copies, which I finally did at a record fair in Exeter in about 1988. Over the years the *Pink Floyd* management have categorically denied rumours that

either song was ever going to be released. But now, guess what? Both songs are part of a prohibitively expensive box set coming out just in time for what is euphemistically described as the Festive Season.

The Early Years 1965 – 1972 is a brand new, mammoth 27-disc *Pink Floyd* box set that frees over 25 hours of audio and visual material from the band's archive to deliver a deluxe package that features unreleased tracks, BBC Radio Sessions, remixes, outtakes and alternative versions, live and TV performances and original quad mixes..

Packaged in an extravagant seven individual book-style volumes the content includes over 20 unreleased songs, more than 7 hours of previously unreleased live audio and over 5 hours of rare concert footage, along with five 7" singles in replica sleeves, collectable memorabilia, feature films and new sound mixes. In total you get: 10 CDs, 8 Blu-ray Discs, 9 DVDs, 5 seven-inch vinyl singles, collectable memorabilia. A 2CD 'best of' titled *Creation* contains 26 tracks and it's worth noting that each of the seven volumes here will be made available separately in 2017 except the 'BONUS CONTINUATION' one.

I suppose in these decadent days three hundred and fifty quid isn't actually that much considering the embarrassment of riches that is on offer, but it is way beyond my budget, although I will be looking at the individual sets with a less jaundiced eye when they come out next year.

It makes one wonder what will be coming out next. I suspect that the band organisation will think that the market has probably been fulfilled quite adequately by the immersion editions of *Dark Side of the Moon*, *Wish You were Here*, and *The Wall* which came out a few years ago, although it

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة



would be nice to see something similar done for *Animals* which is by far my favourite *Pink Floyd* album from any period of their career, followed by *The Final Cut*. That album, however, has such unpleasant memories for everybody involved that I strongly doubt whether any all singing all dancing bells and whistles editions will ever come out.

But it does make one wonder what is going to come out next. Bob Dylan is arguably the artist who has served the anally compulsive collectors amongst his fans best with his two most recent additions to the Bootleg Series truly taking the proverbial biscuit.

The Bootleg Series Vol. 12: The Cutting Edge 1965-1966 is a set of recordings from 1965 and 1966 by Bob Dylan, released on Legacy Records in November 2015. It is mostly unreleased session demos and outtakes from recording sessions for the albums *Bringing It All Back Home*, *Highway 61 Revisited* and *Blonde on Blonde*. Three different versions of the set were released simultaneously: a two-disc Best of edition in the packaging and format standard to the rest of the series after the first instalment; a six-disc box set Deluxe edition similar in packaging to its counterpart from the previous Bootleg set; and a temporarily available 18-disc limited Collector's Edition available exclusively by order from Dylan's official website, which also



came with nine mono vinyl singles reproducing singles released around the world by Dylan during this era. This soon sold out - as a result, many people will likely never be able to hear the complete sessions. Stated on the website as being limited to 5000 copies total in manufacture ever, the Collector's Edition was unique as it included "...every note recorded during the 1965-1966 sessions, every alternate take and alternate lyric."

So what is there left to hope for from the archives of the rock and roll Olympians? Quite a lot actually. *The Beatles* still have one famous gem awaiting release, for example. *Carnival of Light* is an unreleased experimental piece by the Beatles. It was recorded on 5 January 1967, after the vocal overdubbing sessions for the song *Penny Lane*. The track was created for "The Million Volt Light and Sound Rave", an event held at the Roundhouse Theatre on 28 January and 4 February 1967. The track was confirmed by Paul McCartney to be in his possession in 2008, but his attempt to release it to the public has been unsuccessful, because George Harrison vetoed it. But Harrison is sadly no longer with us, and so it would not surprise me if it saw the light of day eventually.

And one of these days *The Rolling Stones* are going to have to get around to releasing their most notorious song.

Schoolboy Blues is a 1970 song by *The Rolling Stones*, commonly recognised by the name *Cocksucker Blues*. It was written by Mick Jagger to be the Stones' final single for Decca Records as per their contract. The song is a parody of Dr. John's "The Lonesome Guitar Strangler", released on his 1969 album *Babylon*, however its context and language were chosen specifically to anger Decca executives and there are references to fellatio and anal sex in the lyrics. The track was refused by Decca, although promotional 12" singles of it were pressed in the United States.

"I'm a leaning on Nelson's column with a come hither look in my eye"

The song was only officially released later by Decca in West Germany in 1983, where it accompanied a four-LP compilation, entitled *The Rest of the Best*, as a bonus single. That version was withdrawn and the boxed set was re-released without the single.

One can live in hope.

Love and peace and things

jd

Pink Floyd, Bob Dylan, The Rolling Stones, The Beatles, RAZ Band, Viv Stanshall, biG GRunt, Ringo Starr, U2, Elton John, Peter Hook, Joy Division, Ozzy Osbourne, Jack Osbourne, AC/DC, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Mack Maloney's Mystery Hour, Elliot Teichberg (Elliott Tiber), Leslie Hulme (Ken Barrie), The Boomtown Rats, Karnataka, Rick Wakeman, Liz Lenten, Auburn, Adele, Alan Dearling, Kozfest, The Trolleyman, Tea Project, Fijian, Mike Howlett, Cary Grace, Phaselock, Sendelica, Hawklords, Sacred Geometry Band, Gong, John Brodie-Good, The Crazy World of Arthur Brown, Jeremy Smith, Blue Oyster Cult, Mr Biffo, Roy Weard, Hawkwind, Xtul, Bill Drummond, Spectrum, It Flew Away, Capt. Matchbox & Langford Lever, Jack White, The Grateful Dead, Neil Nixon, Dame Barbara Cartland

IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personae



THE GONZO WEEKLY
all the gonzo news that's fit to print

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,
(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)
Graham Inglis,
(Columnist, Staff writer, *Hawkwind* nut)
Douglas Harr,
(Features writer, columnist)
Bart Lancia,
(My favourite roving reporter)
Thom the World Poet,
(Bard in residence)
C.J.Stone,
(Columnist, commentator
and all round good egg)
John Brodie-Good
(Staff writer)
Alan Dearling,
(Staff writer)
Mr Biffo,
(Columnist)
A J Smitrovich,
(Columnist)

Richard Freeman,
(Scary stuff)
Dave McMann,
(He ain't nothing but a Newshound-dog)
Orrin Hare,
(Sybarite and literary *bon viveur*)
Mark Raines,
(Cartoonist)
Davey Curtis,
(tales from the north)
Jon Pertwee
(Pop Culture memorabilia)
Dean Phillips
(The House Wally)
Rob Ayling
(The *Grande Fromage*,
of whom we are all in awe)
and **Peter McAdam**
(McDada in residence)

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

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

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so what's it all about, Alfie?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now is an even better time than usual to subscribe because, not only is it FREE (yes, Oxford English Dictionary free, not yer usual publisher free which means that we sell all the mailing list emails that we garner to a company trying to flog Viagra and/or Double Glazing).

No this is FREE as in Gratis. Not a Sausage. But I digress. So make an old hippy a happy chappy and SUBSCRIBE TODAY

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM



A NIGHT ON THE RAZ

Are you in the New York-New Jersey-Philadelphia area and thinking of going to see the mighty Raz Band in concert in September? Here is the link for tickets:

<http://tinyurl.com/jy6z2gl>

And while you are at it, check them out at Gonzo...



VIV LIVES

Despite having died in a tragic fire back in 1995, Viv Stanshall's star is in the ascendancy at the moment.

Mega Dodo is proud to announce the forthcoming release of this historic biG GRunt BBC John Peel session.

By the time that The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band played their final live dates early in 1970, the individual members had been planning their next move for several months. While for Rodney Slater this meant a career in social work, the others had a more musical direction in mind - and, predictably, nobody's plans were more inventive, ambitious or downright eccentric than those of Vivian Stanshall.

In the months leading up to the band's split, both Stanshall and Neil Innes had formed new bands and had already started recording, but while Innes' new project The World had released an album (the superb "Lucky Planet") by the end of 1970, Stanshall's Sean Head Showband, a loose collection of musicians which included Eric Clapton, only managed to put out one single. 'Labiodental Fricative/Paper Round' was certainly an impressive single - particularly the a-side, with its ringing guitars, dreamy middle eight and absurd tongue-twister lyrics - but the Sean Head Showband was clearly never intended as anything more than a short-term stopgap project. Barely a month after the release of 'Labiodental Fricative', the Sean Head Showband were effectively defunct and Stanshall

"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

announced the arrival of his major new project - biG GRunt.

In addition to Stanshall as lead vocalist and multi-instrumentalist, biG GRunt included two other former members of The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band in their ranks, demonstrating that Stanshall was playing as close attention to the band's visual style and use of humour as he was to the music. Bassist Dennis Cowan, who at that time was also a member of The World, was a reliable musical anchor and renowned by his former bandmates for his highly distinctive sense of humour. Saxophonist Roger Ruskin Spear, in addition to having been the most manic member of The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band onstage and the third most prolific songwriter of the outfit (after Stanshall and Innes), was also a self-styled inventor who built bizarre robots, exploding props and absurd mechanical contraptions for their live shows. The other members of biG GRunt were guitarists Bubs White and Romeo Fred Munt, both of whom had been members of The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band's road crew, and powerful drummer Ian Wallace. Even without biG GRunt having played a note of music in public, the background of the individual members made it clear that they were a formidable prospect both musically and as performers.

Stanshall, widely acknowledged as one of the most influential recording artists of the 20th Century may sadly no longer be with us but the incredible words he created live on via the celebrated rave-reviewed recreation of his meisterwerk 'Sir Henry at Rawlinson End' by actor, singer and comedian Michael Livesley accompanied by his trusted Brainwashing House band.

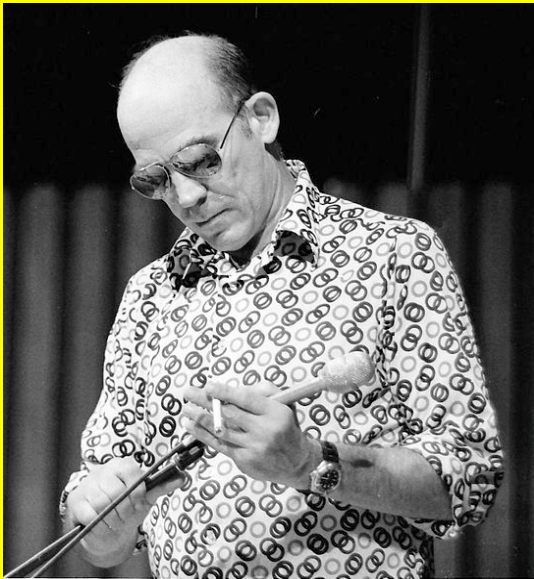
Originally created for John Peel's Radio 1 show in the 1970s, 'Sir Henry at Rawlinson End' - the meandering gin

-soaked saga of a crumbling English stately home and the grotesques who inhabit it headed by the heroically drunk Sir Henry - perfectly distilled and encapsulated Viv's absurdly hilarious wordplay and songwriting which first hit the public consciousness during the 1960s via his work helming the cult Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band.

The show, now in its 6th year and with the full blessing of the Stanshall family, has earned the praise of Viv's fans, friends and celebrity fans alike including keyboard wizard Rick Wakeman who, due to his admiration for this unique piece, has joined the show on piano as a guest many times. This has led to RRAW Records, the exciting new label from Rick and music industry veteran Robin Ayling, proudly presenting this brand new original cast recording of this critically acclaimed stage show as their debut release.

The recording features Rick guesting on piano, and also Viv's Bonzo bandmate and sometime Rutle and Monty Python member Neil Innes plus Viv's favourite violinist Susie Honeyman of The Mekons. For more information please visit www.sirhenrylives.com

<http://tinyurl.com/h3ehsw4>



WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

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

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

"Music has always been a matter of Energy to me, a question of Fuel. Sentimental people call it Inspiration, but what they really mean is Fuel. I have always needed Fuel. I am a serious consumer. On some nights I still believe that a car with the gas needle on empty can run about fifty more miles if you have the right music very loud on the radio."

Hunter S. Thompson



RINGO RANTS: Ringo Starr goes "crazy" over how hard it is for new artists to break into the industry. The 76-year-old musician rose to fame as one fourth of hit band The Beatles and he's also had an illustrious solo career since the group's split in 1970. A lot has changed in the business since then and Ringo sympathises with the challenges facing modern musicians. "I go crazy, because if you want to open for a well-known band you have to pay; management makes you pay. Who is giving back?" he fumed to Bloomberg Businessweek. "I did a Ringo tour once and had a local band at every gig open for us just to give them exposure. Nobody is helping anybody."

Ringo also touched upon the disputes between artists and streaming services, which sees artists gaining little financial benefit from them. The drummer is determined to support emerging musicians, especially after hearing about one musician who reportedly only earned \$5 for 12 million streams online. **Read on...**

BONO BRAGS: According to Billboard, author Xavier Balart, who wrote the book *U2 En Espana*, recently had the chance to talk to band members at a wedding in Barcelona. Bono told the writer that Songs of Experience is not finished but, sounding like a certain presidential candidate, "you will like it." He went on to say that, lyrically, the album is stronger than their 1983 set *War*; however, the author also talked to Irish musician and close U2 friend Gavin Friday who said of Bono's declaration "Really? Mmmmm ... no ... I do not think so" **Read on...**

PROLIFIC PETER: Having detailed the rise and fall of 'Madchester' in *The Hacienda and Joy Division's*

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The Gospel According to *BART*

Many apologies to my favourite roving reporter who sent me this peculiar story a couple of months back, and I missed it. Back in June it was announced that Elton John and Vladimir Putin's planned meeting on LGBT rights in Russia has been postponed, *The Guardian* reported. The Kremlin has said that the pair could meet at a later date.

"The pair's meeting has been put on hold for now given their busy schedules, making it impossible for the singer and president of Russia to find an appropriate time to meet. "We were in correspondence with [Elton John] a couple weeks ago because there had been an agreement that, if their schedules allow, this meeting would take place," Kremlin spokesman Dmitry Peskov said. "President Putin expressed readiness for this meeting. But this time, the meeting won't take place, unfortunately."

John declined to comment further on the delayed meeting."

<http://tinyurl.com/zf3489a>



short career in Unknown Pleasures, legendary bassist Peter Hook tells the third, arguably the most important and certainly the most controversial part of his story: the New Order years. Following on from Joy Division's two seminal albums and the death of lead singer Ian Curtis on the eve of the band's first US Tour, Hooky and band members moved on swiftly to become New Order. "We didn't really think about it afterwards, it just sort of happened. One day we were Joy Division and the next time we got together, we were a new band." Peter Hook

The band's distinctive sound - a fusion of post-punk and ground-breaking electronica - paved the way for the dance music revolution and earned them the reputation as one of the most influential bands of their generation. Throughout the Eighties, New Order scaled the heights of success, gaining international acclaim and touring the globe. From working with Arthur Baker to selling out the Hollywood Bowl in Los Angeles, Bizarre Love Triangle became a huge hit in Australia, Blue Monday became the biggest selling 12-inch of all time whilst New Order's "Substance" shipped many millions of copies to become the group's most successful album. **Read on..**

OSZY ODDNESS ONE: Ozzy and Jack's World Detour, is the brand new buddy show with a rock and roll twist. Ozzy and Jack Osbourne travel the world to find out more about history and each other starting exclusively on HISTORY® this September. As two self-proclaimed history buffs, Ozzy and Jack hit the road to visit some of the world's most historic sites, with a good dose of father and son bonding added to the mix. With Ozzy's relentless Black Sabbath schedule meaning family trips were few and far between growing up, Jack has set out to take his rock God dad on a trip he will never forget. The series will enlighten them both, fuel their

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passion for all things history and have some fun along the way. **Read on...**

OZZY ODDNESS TWO: Ozzy Osbourne is undergoing treatment for sex addiction as he fights to save his marriage to wife Sharon Osbourne. In May (16), Ozzy and Sharon announced they were splitting after it was revealed the Black Sabbath frontman had embarked upon a four-year affair with his former hair colourist, Michelle Pugh. However last month (Jul16) the couple announced they would remain together and fight for their 34-year marriage. Now a representative of the Paranoid singer tells America's People magazine that as part of Ozzy's attempts to save his relationship with his wife the star will undergo "intense" therapy for sex addiction. "Over the last six years, Ozzy Osbourne has been dealing with a sex addiction," the rep revealed. Would it be terribly cynical of me to suggest that this story is remarkably good publicity for the former one? **Read on...**

BUST BUST BUST: Angus Young isn't sure if AC/DC will continue once they finish their Rock or Bust Tour. The band has ten more shows, with Guns N' Roses' Axl Rose out front, before playing what is potentially their swan song on September 20 in Philadelphia. AC/DC has seen heavy turnover in the last two years which knocked out some of its most iconic members. In April, 2014, it was announced that co-founder and guitarist Malcolm Young had left the group and was in a home being treated for dementia. He was replaced by Malcolm and Angus Young's nephew Stevie Young whose connection with the group went back to 1988 when he sat in for his uncle during the group's tour.

Then, in November 2014, drummer Phil Rudd, who had been with the band from 1973 to 1983 and 1994 on, was arrested for attempting to procure a murder, threatening to kill and drug charges.



Without being able to leave the country, he was replaced by Chris Slade who was with the band from 1989 to 1994. Jump ahead to this past March when lead singer Brian Johnson, who had replaced Bon Scott in 1980, suddenly announced he was leaving the group, in the middle of the Rock or Bust Tour, due to serious hearing loss. To fulfill their contracted dates, they brought in Rose who, according to Angus, had actually made the first move in their musical union. Finally, on July 8, bassist Cliff Williams, who has been with the band since 1977, announced that he would retire at the end of the tour. **Read on...**

STRANGE DAYS



“She's a model and she's looking good / I'd like to take her home that's understood”

<http://tinyurl.com/jtszk8p>

In Belleville, Ontario, the police are investigating after 11 female mannequins stolen from boutiques. Natasha Baylis pulled up to her boutique in Belleville, Ont., and went in through the back door, as usual. In the back room, she started getting an order together for a customer while her two-year-old wandered into the front of the store and saw the glass door in tatters. “Uh oh. Uh oh,” the toddler told her mother that day in early May.

“Just one minute,” Baylis said, not registering that anything was wrong. When she eventually made her way out front, she saw the shards of glass jutting out from the door. Baylis’s iPad and laptop were still on the counter, though. And all the money was in the unlocked cash register. All that was missing was the little, child-like mannequin in the front window — with only its hat and one of its arms left behind. “It’s extremely weird, isn’t it?” she said. “They kidnapped my little girl mannequin.”

Baylis, who runs Mrs. B’s Bath, Body and Gifts, is one of several shopkeepers to have fallen victim to what appears to be a serial mannequin thief in Belleville — a town of 50,000, almost halfway between Toronto and Ottawa.



WAITING SINCE 1898

<http://tinyurl.com/hp9xzmo>

Trinidad Alvarez Lira had been waiting for years to obtain proof that she had been born in 1898 so she could claim government old age benefits. The Mexico City department of social development said Thursday they finally granted birth certificate but she died of a heart attack. The 117-year-old woman in Mexico City finally received her birth certificate, and died a few hours later.



THE MAINE TWINKIE

<http://tinyurl.com/jg6lwun>

It was in 1976 when then-chemistry teacher Roger Bennatti, at a school in Blue Hill, Maine, took a freshly unwrapped Twinkie and, in a spontaneous moment of science education, placed it on top of a chalkboard in his classroom so he and his students could see how long it would take to decompose. That question, however, remains unanswered to this day, with said Twinkie having outlasted both Bennatti’s teaching career and Interstate Bakeries Corp., the original company that churned out the cream-filled snack cakes from 1930 until it filed for bankruptcy in 2012. This is despite the fact that, according to NPR, the official shelf life of Twinkies (as stated by the company that now makes them) is only a few weeks.

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

— Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

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

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



FEARFUL SYMMETRY

<http://tinyurl.com/jcr2kgj>

For some it's the ultimate souvenir from exotic climes - a picture next to, or even patting, what appears to be a tame wild animal.

But few are aware of the grim realities behind the lucrative tourist trade. As the world marked International Tiger Day last week, the shocking reality behind the tiger selfie

craze has been revealed. The truth behind such pictures, which are common in tourist hotspots such as Thailand, reveals what it really means to have a selfie with a wild animal.

World Animal Protection's (WAP) report 'Tiger selfies exposed: a portrait of Thailand's tiger entertainment industry' is the first comprehensive study of the tiger entertainment industry in Thailand. Its release comes as the notorious Tiger Temple shuts its gates after all of its 147 tigers were seized by Thai authorities after growing concern from animal welfare organisations. When authorities raided the temple, scores of cub carcasses were found frozen and in jars of liquid.

WAP's undercover investigation reveals the fast expanding tiger tourism industry with a third more captive tigers in Thailand in the last five years. Investigators discovered that in 2015 and the beginning of 2016 there were 830 tigers in captivity at entertainment venues, compared to the 623 in Thailand in 2010. Tiger entertainment venues are increasingly popular attractions where tourists can get up close and personal for a 'once in a life-time' encounter with a wild tiger in captivity. In addition to a growing number of tigers being kept in captivity, WAP's report revealed how the wild animals were tamed to be submissive.



Democracywatch

The subscribers, by appointment from the Commission
of Patents, in report of the U. S. Patent Office for re-
ceiving and forwarding to the said, models, sketches or
manufactures to be patented, & deposited things, which
will be sent free of expense and risk and will dispen-
se, prepare, Certificates, Specifications, Assignments, and all
the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make references
into American and foreign works, to test validity of inven-
tions, and render advice on legal and scientific matters.

TURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND
 MACHINES. Also, Grass, Garden, Field and Flower
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 tioned articles, are invited to call and examine his stock,
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WORCESTER,
THE subscriber having recently opened a New Store,
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Three Times each way Daily.
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Boston; J. H. KNIGHT'S HAT STORE, 165 Main St.
Worcester. E. S. LEONARD.
Feb. 24, 1847.

THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

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

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous
take a camera

The weak and cowardly
take a gun

**What sort of
person are you?**

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



I always promised that this magazine would never endorse a political candidate. I am afraid that, as a person of integrity, that I have no option but to rescind that promise...

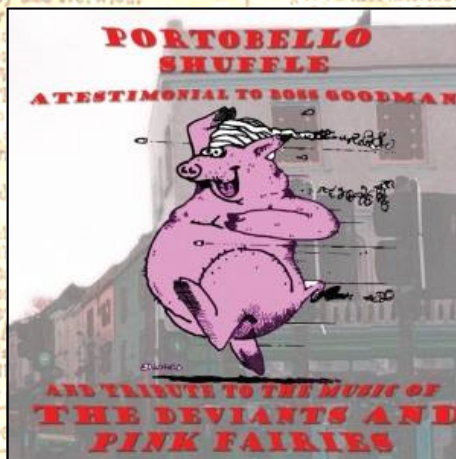


In New Hampshire, a man calling himself Vermin Supreme filed for the presidential primary. He said in his administration, every American will receive a pony. He also plans to defeat ISIS by going back in time.



I'M ON BOARD!

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



Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special
low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc.
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SATELLITE RADIO

(FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM)

"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

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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



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

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

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

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



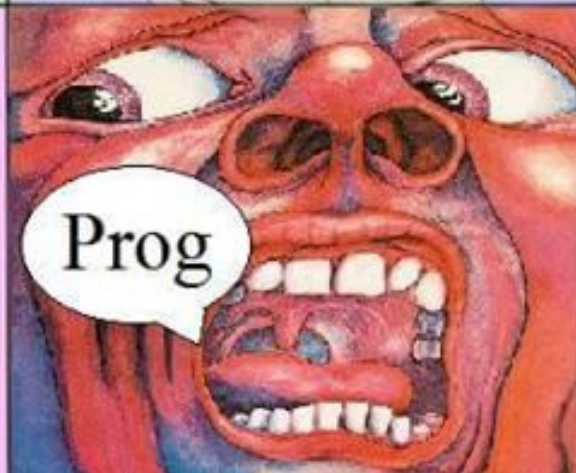
Hmph... You be careful, those
boys only care about one thing.



Sex?



No...



Prog

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





Strange Fruit is a unique two-hour radio show exploring the world of underground, strange and generally neglected music. All shows are themed and all shows set out to give the most hardened of sound-hounds some new delight to sample. The show is also unique in providing homework for undergraduate students on North West Kent College's Foundation Degree in Professional Writing (who dig up many of the odd facts featured in the links between tracks). The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.

Every other week the show is now presented by Jeremy Smith and as the two promotional pictures that he sent consisted of 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



Strange Fruit 174 - Happy Sad

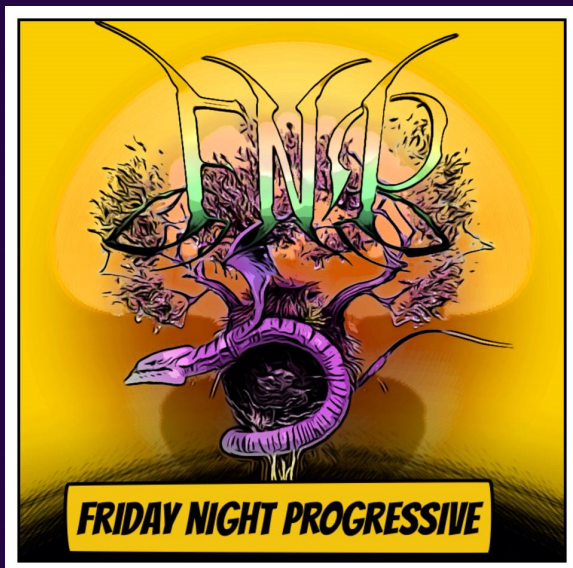
Songs of Joy and Misery inspired by the Tim Buckley album, Happy Sad

Featured Album: Tim Buckley: Happy Sad

Tracks:

- 1 Buzzcocks: Everybody's Happy Nowadays
- 2 Lou Reed: Kill Your Sons
- 3 Small Faces: Happiness Stan
- 4 The Cavemen: Drink Driving
- 5 The Cavemen: Crimes Tonight
- 6 The Cavemen: School Sucks
- 7 Tim Buckley: Strange Feelin'
- 8 Tim Buckley: Buzzin' Fly
- 9 The Turtles: Happy Together
- 10 The Smiths: Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now
- 11 Grin: White Lies
- 12 Jane Weaver: Is Everybody Happy?
- 13 Brinsley Schwarz: Happy Doing What We're Doing
- 14 The Grateful Dead: Wharf Rat
- 15 Harry Violet and the Sharks: Jungle Cavalcade
- 16 Hipbone Slim & the Kneetremblers: Bald Head, Hairy Guitar
- 17 Joy Division: Love Will Tear Us Apart
- 18 The Blue Aeroplanes: Fun
- 19 Tim Buckley: Dream Letter
- 20 Los Bengala: Jodidamente Loco
- 21 Lou Reed: Lady Day
- 22 Motorhead: Louie Louie
- 23 Victoria Williams: Summer of Drugs
- 24 The Zydepunks: La Maraichine
- 25 The Rezillos: Number One Boy
- 26 Elliott Smith: Needle in the Hay
- 27 Tim Buckley: Love From Room 109 at the Islander (On Pacific Coast Highway)
- 28 Television Personalities: All My Dreams are Dead
- 29 Richard & Linda Thompson: Hokey Pokey (The Ice Cream Song)
- 28 Ultravox!: Distant Smile

**Listen
Here**



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

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



ARTISTS:

A Lonely Crowd

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TSK

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

Shadow Eden

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Regal Worm

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

Joshua Swann

<http://www.facebook.com/Joshua-Swann-Music-454649144641680/?fref=ts>

The Aaron Clift Experiment

<http://www.facebook.com/AaronCliftMusic/> —

with Reuben Krendel, Robert Ancell, Josh

Swann, Xen Havales, Aaron Clift, Scott Braker-

Abene, Martin Morgan, David Mercado, Simon

Nagy, Varrod Goblin and Mark Healy.

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



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

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

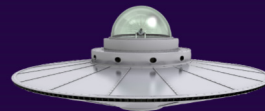
He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."



AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

America's Ship of Horrors, French Sub Missing in Bermuda Triangle, Laffs with Navy Pilot Turned Comedian, UFO Dogfight over England

Mack, Juan-Juan and Commander Cobra talk with War Is Boring's Rob Beckhusen about the U.S. Navy's latest screw-up. Also, the bizarre story of a French submarine, filled with gold, that went missing in the Bermuda Triangle. Mitch Stinson. Navy carrier pilot turned comedian, plus the Commander Cobra on a reported UFO dogfight above the U.K.



**Listen
Here**

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



Elliot Teichberg (1935 – 2016)

Teichberg was better known as Elliot Tiber, and was an artist and screenwriter who wrote a memoir about the Woodstock Festival held in Bethel, New York in 1969.

Tiber's 2007 memoir *Taking Woodstock*, written with Tom Monte, was adapted into a movie of the same name by Ang Lee. The film opened in the United States in August 2009.

In his book, Tiber says he was present at the Stonewall Riots on June 28, 1969, and that he had a part in bringing the Woodstock Festival to Bethel, New York on 15-17 August 1969.

Tiber said he led a closeted life in Bethel in the early 1960s as he spent time managing his parents' El

Monaco Motel, serving as President of the Bethel Chamber of Commerce, and, at the same time, participating in the gay scene in New York, where he lived.

According to *Taking Woodstock*, Tiber read that Wallkill, Orange County, New York had on July 15, 1969 -- 30 days before the music festival was to start -- pulled the plug on the planned Woodstock Festival at the Mills Industrial Park northeast of Middletown, New York.

Tiber says in the book that he had a permit for the White Lake Music and Arts Festival, a planned chamber music event at his motel. He contacted Michael Lang on or about 18 July and pitched the idea of having the festival on 15 acres (61,000 m²) along the edge of White Lake by the motel.

According to *Taking Woodstock*, when Lang said the motel property was too small, he introduced the producers to dairy farmer Max Yasgur, and helped facilitate the deal.

Lang, however, says that Tiber referred him to a local real estate salesman, and that the salesman drove Lang, without Tiber, to Yasgur's farm. Sam Yasgur, son of Max Yasgur, agrees with Lang's version, and says that his mother, who is still alive, says Max did not know Tiber.

Tiber left Bethel shortly after Woodstock and soon moved to Los Angeles, where he became a movie set designer. The motel became an Italian restaurant and was torn down in 2004. It is now marked by a clock tower welcoming people to White Lake.

His 1970s book, *Rue Haute*, was made into a French-language film directed by his domestic partner, André Ernotte. It was released in English in the United States in 1977 under the name *High Street*.

He died on 3rd August aged 81 after suffering a stroke.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Leslie Hulme (1933 – 2016)

Hulme was known professionally as Ken Barrie, and was an English voice actor and singer best known for narrating, and singing the theme tune of the BBC television programme *Postman Pat*. He was also responsible for providing the voices of several of the series' characters.

From Tunstall in Staffordshire, and under the stage name Les Carle, he recorded for Embassy Records, an offshoot of Woolworths that released inexpensive cover versions of pop hits, between 1962 and 1965. He changed his stage name to Ken Barrie (after someone pointed out that Les Carle was French for "The Charlie") from the names of his wife's brothers, and his own singing and narrating voice and whistling has been heard in many movies and television commercials, and included providing the voices of the Smash Martians. Barrie also provided singing voices in various movies for many

actors including Larry Hagman, George C. Scott, and Horst Buchholz. He also provided backing vocals on Top of the Pops for performers such as David Essex, as well as singing on an album with Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby.

He became resident vocalist with the Lou Preager Orchestra at the Hammersmith Palais, and when the orchestra disbanded in 1961 he joined the Phil Tate band. He impersonated singers such as Elvis Presley and Roy Orbison for Embassy.

He sang the theme tune for the sitcom *Hi-De-Hi*; whistled incidental music for *The Prince and the Pauper* (1977) and for a BBC series *My Family and Other Animals*.

He became the voice of Postman Pat in 1981, narrating the first series and also providing the voices of the characters Postman Pat, Ted Glen, Granny Dryden, Peter Fogg, Major Forbes, George Lancaster, Geoff Pringle, Alf Thompson, Reverend Timms, Arthur Selby, and Sam Waldron.

He died on 29 July 2016 after a short battle with liver cancer.



THOSE WE HAVE LOST



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



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daavid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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

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



Artist The Boomtown Rats
Title Live in Germany '78
Cat No. HST308DVD
Label Gonzo

In 1975 friends Garry Roberts, Simon Crowe, Johnnie Moylett, Patrick Cusack and Gerry Cott formed a band in Dun Laoghaire, Ireland. Bob Geldof was originally invited to be the band's manager, but he soon found himself nominated to take on the role of lead vocals by guitarist Garry

Roberts, who originally had that job and didn't want it.

The band's early influences were Dr. Feelgood, The Rolling Stones, The Who, The Doors and Bob Marley, among many others. Gerry and Pete arranged the band's first gig for Halloween 1975 under the name of The Nightlife Thugs, at the Bolton Street Technical College, where they - and Johnnie, were studying Architectural Technology. Just before the band went on stage, they changed their name to The Boomtown Rats, who were a gang mentioned in Woody Guthrie's autobiography, "Bound For Glory".

The Rats were soon causing a buzz throughout the whole of Ireland. In 1976 The Boomtown Rats relocated to England in search of a record deal. They turned down a million pound deal from Richard Branson's Virgin Records, and decided instead to sign for a new label that had been set up by former Phonogram man Nigel Grange and DJ Chris Hill. The new label was called Ensign.

The Boomtown Rats played their first ever UK gig on May 6th. 1977 at the Lodestar Club, Ribchester, Blackburn, Lancashire. The supporting acts were Demolition, and Disco-Punk Chris Graham. Having undertaken a hectic schedule of touring including gigs with Tom Petty, and The Ramones, The Boomtown Rats debut single "Looking After Number One" entered the UK charts in it's first week of release at No. 78. The NME made it their single of the week. The Rats did their first TV show, a turn on The Marc Bolan Show. Marc tragically died 2 weeks later in a motor accident. "Looking After Number One" peaked at No.11 in the UK charts and The Rats were invited to do their first TOTP appearance. The band had now arrived. The Rats released their debut album, the imaginatively entitled "Boomtown Rats". The album reached 18 in the UK charts.

In 1978 the single "She's So Modern" reached No.12 in



the UK charts, more gigs, more tours, more exposure. Geldof was now becoming as well known for his motor-mouth as he is for his music, picking up the nickname "Bob The Gob" by the music press for his outspoken views. The Rats second album "A Tonic For The Troops" produced by Robert Mutt Lange reaches No.8 in the album charts and hangs around for 44 weeks. There was more TV, a promotional trip to America and November saw The Rats reach the top, when the single "Rat Trap" knocked John Travolta & Olivia Newton John off the No.1 spot.

The Boomtown Rats made history as the first Irish band to have a UK No.1 hit. "Rat Trap" is also recognized as the first New Wave song that made No.1 in the charts. In January 1979 Geldof hears the story on the news of the Californian schoolgirl, Brenda Spencer who shot and killed her principal of the school and injured many of her school mates. When interviewed and asked why she did it, she replied "I Don't Like Mondays". This quote proved to be inspirational to Bob Geldof & Johnnie Fingers. The ensuing single became a smash hit world-wide, reaching the No.1 spot in 32 countries and quite rightly became an all-time classic. The Boomtown Rats undertook a world tour, taking in America, Europe, Japan, Australia and New Zealand. The American leg of the tour ended at The Palladium in New York. The Boomtown Rats third album "The Fine Art Of Surfacing" reached No.7 in the UK album charts.

In 1980, a Dublin court canceled a Boomtown Rats concert. Bob Geldof rejected the court's decision and The Boomtown Rats battled on for 2 weeks to be allowed to play in Ireland. The Boomtown Rats held the gig at Leixlip Castle to fourteen thousand fans... with Bob Geldof claiming a Boomtown Rats victory. In 1981 The Rats recorded their new album "Mondo Bongo" in Ibiza with producer Tony Visconti who had previously produced albums with T Rex, Bowie, Thin Lizzy, The Stranglers, Iggy Pop, to name but a few. The album "Mondo Bongo" went gold again. Now a recurring event for each new Rats album. The album featured the classic hit "Banana Republic" which has been called Irelands alternative national anthem! Lead guitarist Gerry Cott now left the band, who continued as a 5-piece. Geldof stars in director Alan Parkers classic film of Pink Floyd's The Wall. The Rats tour Thailand, India, Japan, Malaya, Hong Kong and Singapore.

In 1982 a new generation of bands breaks through and The Rats new album "V Deep", again produced by Visconti becomes The Rats first record setback. The single House On Fire does well in the UK charts. The Rats tour of the UK to promote the album however is a complete sell-out. In 1984 The Rats brilliant single "Drag Me Down" limps into the Top 50. The Geldof masterpiece "Dave" sinks without trace, although Pete Townsend of The Who said Dave was "the best single of 1984".

In late October 1984 Geldof watches the Ethiopian famine on the BBC News and decides to "do something". The other Rats wholeheartedly support him.

In 1985 The Boomtown Rats sing on the Geldof/Midge Ure penned Band Aid record "Do They Know It's Christmas". In its first week of release the single became

the UK's fastest seller of all time, entering the chart at number one and going on to sell over three million copies, making it the biggest-selling single in UK history up to that point. On July 13th 1985, The Boomtown Rats were just one of the greatest artists in rock 'n roll history to play the Live Aid Concert in front of billions of people. In 1986, and so The Boomtown Rats play their last gig in Ireland for Self-Aid.

Unlike 10 years previously when The Rats understood precisely what they stood for, who they were and what their intention were by '86 this had now become unclear. Where could they go musically after all that had been achieved as a group both musically and socially. There were few battles left to fight that they hadn't already won. And so they went their separate ways.

In 2013 The Boomtown Rats re-group and once again overwhelm the tens of thousands at the Isle of Wight Festival. The songs had not only lasted but had over the years attained a newer relevance and power. Hearing them afresh the critics were amazed at how contemporary the Rats, their music, their songs and their attitude -unchanged after all those years still were. And are!! And now, comes an unreleased live concert from Germany 1978 on DVD/CD!

Here is the undiluted towering energy, speed, anger and sheer joy of playing in one of the great British/Irish bands of our time at their peak and in their prime.

REVIEWS:

'Live In Germany '78' is a previously unreleased live DVD/CD by rock legends The Boomtown Rats featuring Bob Geldof. Witness the undiluted towering energy, speed, anger and sheer joy of playing in one of the great British/Irish bands of our time at their peak and in their prime...It has to be said that as the entire show then fades to black, as the performance is over, you are sitting there - as a fan - begging for it to just keep going and going ... and going! But, it doesn't and so we shall just have to be thankful that this brilliant, and previously unreleased live show is now out and available for us all to watch. www.annecarlini.com

This is a previously unreleased audio/video recording by the Boomtown Rats, one of Britain's finest but after all the years still criminally underrated new wave bands. Well, for those wondering what the fuss was all about, all is revealed on this neatly packaged CD/DVD combo!

From a sleeve that portrays the band in their full flight motion, we are left with little doubt of a pending aural assault. The camera work is uninspired, which was quite the standard for 1978, nevertheless the motionless footage doesn't take the sting out of the Boomtown Rats' performance. Quite the opposite, actually. The DVD offers something of an intimate affair. It gets you up close and personal during the course of a show in Germany in front of an orderly seated, yet definitely excited crowd. Focusing on their early repertoire, the band works with apparent determination and absolute authority through punk imbued favorites like "Close as You'll Ever Be", "She's So Modern" and "Mary From the 4th Floor". A broader musical ambition is displayed with "Joey's on the Street

Again", which is simply wonderful. But don't get fooled. Further down the road, "Looking After No.1", stuffed with impatience and belligerence, is a definitive Boomtown Rats statement - a perfect set closer.

Bob Geldof turns on the moves, splashing his Jagger inspired swagger all over the stage. It is all so timelessly cool it is almost comical. Throw in a watertight band performance, complete with a small catalogue of intriguing stage moves (particularly by Pete Briquette) perfectly complementing the frenzied rhythms, this is an unrelenting, unsophisticated and age defying example for us all.

9 out of 10

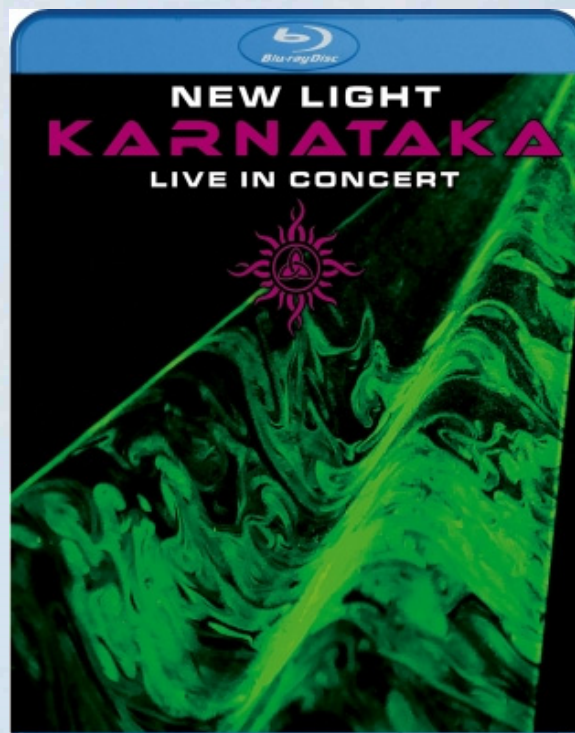
www.therocktologist.com

"I had completely forgotten how raw and pure punk the Boomtown Rats were at first. This scorching hot concert really makes that fact clear...This concert is a fun reminder of the fact that the Rats were a young, hungry band in 1978. I like the booklet that comes with this DVD. I really love the fact that an audio CD of the show is also included. If you want to remember what the Boomtown Rats were like in the beginning, get this. You won't be disappointed. It's a great blast from the past." G.W.Hill, www.musicstreetjournal.com



Artist Karnataka
Title New Light
Cat No. KTKCD006
Label Immrama

New Light (available as Double CD, Blu Ray, DVD) was recorded at The Met Theatre, Bury, UK during the band's critically acclaimed New Light Tour in 2012 and captures Karnataka at their most powerful and majestic best. New Light features tracks from the band's back catalogue including the award winning (Best International Album – World Web Awards Italy) studio album The Gathering Light. The set also includes previously unreleased versions of the



traditional Celtic classic Lagan Love and new song My Love. New Light marks the debut performance of lead vocalist Hayley Griffiths' her breathtaking voice clearly illustrating why she was handpicked by Michael Flatley himself to perform in the Celtic phenomenon

Riverdance and Lord Of The Dance. Hayley's incredible vocal range brings a new dimension to the sound of Karnataka, marking their transition to a powerful, symphonic tour de force.



Artist Rick Wakeman
Title Always With You
Cat No. MFVP126CD
Label Music Fusion

For the last forty years Rick Wakeman has immersed himself in music. Leaving the Royal College of Music Rick has worked with some of the biggest names in rock and pop music playing on some of the biggest hits by artists as diverse as Cat Stevens, Marc Bolan and David Bowie. Likewise he has played with one of the biggest rock bands in the world. As a member of Rick played some of the biggest arenas in the world and released massively successful albums.

In 1973 he released his first proper solo album The Six Wives Of Henry The VIII following that album up in the seventies and eighties with other hugely popular and successful albums. In the eighties Rick also recorded albums in the then popular genre entitled "New Age" Releasing such popular albums as The Aspirant Series of



recordings (Aspirant Sunrise, Aspirant Sunset and Aspirant Sunshadows)



It would seem perfectly logical then that Rick would also record music by some of the world's finest composers leaving his own individual stamp on these recordings. For centuries, composers of all nationalities have been taking existing musical themes from other composers and rewriting them by putting their own twists and turns into the music and in the process, often giving a completely new slant to that of the composer's original intentions.

Continuing in this age-old tradition, Rick Wakeman has created his own musical variations, purely for piano of many different genres of music, which stretch from choral work to full orchestra and folk songs and even rock with a version of Stairway To Heaven. Always With You contains compositions from the new and the old all of which have been recorded by Rick in his own inimitable style.

Always With You is an album of accomplishment and melody and an album that will bear repeated play. With tracks such as Ave Maria, The Piano Messiah, Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring and the title track Always With You this album will appeal to a wider audience than Rick usually appeals to through his rock releases mixing as it does the contemporary alongside the traditional.



JON MEETS

LIZ

Liz Lenten formed AUBURN in the summer of 1999.

Their first gig was at the jam-packed launch party of Scarlet Records held at the salubrious and smoky Madame

JoJo's in Soho to a completely packed and enthusiastic house.

Their first EP, Sweet Sebastian, received extensive airplay and sold out of its limited pressing within 2 weeks. They







then teamed up with producer Tim Pettit, (Travis, Sun House and Carlene Carter) and recorded *For Life*, which also got great radio support and the band toured the UK and played many live radio sessions.

The debut Album *DREAMS* was released in 2003 and AUBURN toured with SOPHIE ELLIS BEXTOR in the UK and EUROPE, playing to 40,000 people. In 2005 *CRY* reached no 5 in the indie video charts after which they took a break and Liz concentrated on parenthood!

Since then Liz has continued to work as a vocal coach, artist manager, record label, songwriter and choral director. She was 'SING UP' (governments' national singing campaign) lead facilitator/vocal advisor for Lincolnshire; has conducted the London Mozart Players Orchestra with the South Holland Choirs; written for and directed a 1000 voice kids choir for 'Sing 66' and manages several artists including award-winning folk artist ELIZA CARTHY and New Yorker GALIA ARAD.

She has just released the third of her

records to be made in Nashville with legendary producer Thom Jutz, and I truly think that it may be her best yet.

I am very fond of Liz, and never need much of an excuse to talk to her, and so, when I heard that all sorts of things had been happening on Planet Liz, I phoned her up...

**Listen
Here**

GONZO **CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (UK)**

GONZO **CURRENTLY IN STOCK
AT GONZO (USA)**

Douglas Harr *Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile*

Adele Through the Years

Megastar Adele brought her current tour to the Oakland Arena August 2, 2016, just after two sold out nights in San Jose. The concert was fabulous in every way, from the production design, to the sound, the band, and Adele herself, who was in great spirits and exceptional voice.

As is fitting, the concert production (featuring creative direction and stage design by Es Devlin) focused on Adele and her voice. There were no dancers, no special effects. She arrived on a “b stage” placed near the rear of the floor, starting off with “Hello,” and over the course of the concert did several songs from that position. But most of the time, she stood in front of her band that was arrayed within a diamond-shaped stage behind, at times behind a gauzy curtain that could be opaque or translucent, allowing for some

nice multiple-exposure visuals via 12 projectors, and some shadow play when the band was lit from behind the curtain. One thing noticeable was how frequently white spotlights were trained on Adele with a lack of color in the rear and front-stage visuals, except for during the James Bond theme “Skyfall” when she and stage were bathed in red light. In one very impressive moment, Adele returned to the b stage for several tracks, ending with the closer “Set Fire to the Rain” at which point she was surrounded on all four sides by real falling water, giving the illusion of her singing within the rainfall. Then for the encore, graffiti cannons fired away, sending up white strips of paper each adorned with a lyric, or phrase that appeared to be hand-written... my wife and teen girls scooped up tons of it! Lighting designer Patrick Woodroffe and LD Adam Bassett and the stage design team did her proud,



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<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>



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achieving the intended focus on her performance with these elegant touches.

As to Adele herself, her voice was in perfect shape. The songs she chose spanned her catalog sounding as good as or better than the original studio versions. The set list was well balanced, the only cover being a sweet take on Bob Dylan's "Make You Feel My Love." Most were played faithfully to the originals, with two tracks done acoustically, "Million Years Ago," and "Don't You Remember." Adele generally stood in place, whether main or back stage, swaying or turning a bit all while projected on front and rear stage screens to get everyone in the audience a great view.

What was unexpected for this uninitiated attendee is just how personable and funny Adele is. She greeted fans warmly, even pulling one couple on stage for selfies. She told stories from different points in her career, often in a self-deprecating way that was very endearing. There was a lot of this between song chatter, but it never wore thin, particularly since so many of her tracks are melancholic, a fact Adele herself pointed out, admitting that a lot of her songs are depressing. Yet there were enough upbeat songs in the playlist, and between those and the banter, there was a celebratory air in the room.

All in all a wonderful and entertaining evening from this pop megastar.



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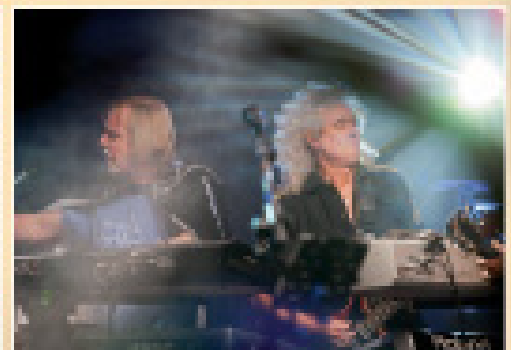
STARMUS 2015



Starmus is festival of music and astronomy on the beautiful island of Tenerife. It is the brain child Garik Israelian (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.



This DVD is a must for all fans of Classic Rock!



Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com

THE ELECTRIC SALAD CO. SHAKES STAGE SERVICES MINDSPACE NEWS

KOZFEST

2016

Down in the Kozfest

with Gonzo's Alan Dearling

Down in the deep, South-West of England, Bobbie Watts' farm is the site of the annual Kozfest. Deviant Amps' singer/guitarist, Paul Woodwright is the amiable and sometimes hassled organiser. It's a meeting of the tribes. An extended hippy family. And the names of the two stages and the bands scheduled to play there: Kozmik Ken's Daevid Allen stage and

the Judge Trev stage - foretell the musical story-line. Bands like Astralasia, Hawklords, Gong and Sendelica. A step back into the past psychedelic glories, where shrooms and acid flowed plentifully in a haze of sweet smelling cannabis smoke.

So, nothing has changed much, other than the reality that the majority of the audience has passed the Beatles' 'When I'm 64', and is ageing somewhat disgracefully.

I was there to work at Kozfest, alongside the legendary actor, film-maker, Al Stokes. My job was as a film-camera-person, clutching a hand-held video-cam (actually, my sorely



alan dearling



abused stills camera in video mode), filming a number of the Kozfest bands. Al's band, the Trolleyman with Al as singer, are a continually shape-shifting outfit. At Kozfest they enlisted the support of musos from Phaselock and the Tea Project, plus Fijian, Mike Howlett, vintage muso with a pedigree including Gong, Psigong, and work with Steve Hillage, Sting, Andy

Summers, plus a vast array of music production work. Al also gave a talk in the Wally Tent - You can see him in the pic with Billy Wizz, me, Wally Dean and Mrs Hardcore, courtesy of the camera of Mr Hardcore.

You can find out more about Mike and the House of Thandoy at: www.mikehowlett.co.uk/



...and more info on the life and times of Al Stokes, including links to his Aphex Twin appearance in the infamous horror vid for 'Come to Daddy':

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h-9UvrLyj3k>

[www.facebook.com/Thetrolleyman?
fref=ts&ref=br_tf](http://www.facebook.com/Thetrolleyman?fref=ts&ref=br_tf)

Everyone's festival is unique

Especially because I was in 'film work' mode, my meanderings at Kozfest were pretty

oblique. Lots of bands I didn't see, such as Cary Grace, of whom I heard lots of positive comments. I even bought her album, 'Tygerland' , based on those good vibes. Ian Abrahams said of it: "...it's one of the most singular, distinctive albums that I've heard in quite some while." I'm led to believe that Cary projects some of aura of Grace Slick and Mariska Veres from Netherlands' rockers, Shocking Blue.

www.facebook.com/carygrace

So, here are a few glimpses into my 'personal' Kozfest.



Phaselock were born in, and are still resident Paris, France. Phaselock are Pascal Vaucel and Bob Hedger. I was completely preoccupied filming their intricate and often ecstatic set, so didn't get any stills. After the set we discussed many musical and life-affirming things: festivals, squats, protest, politics, free music, jazz, improvisation - their set in musical terms encompassed all of that! Lots of electronica and guitar sounds from Bob, complex chords and finger-stretching from Pascal. Hard to adequately describe, but it's instrumental meanderings in space, spikey, mesmeric and challenging. But worth hitching along for a musical ride without frontiers! Here's a pic of Pascal playing friend Del Bartel's guitar (from the Godfathers and the Credible Hulk Collective) in the camping area. And together, Pascal and Del played an interesting mind-stretching set in the Wally Tent.

www.facebook.com/realphaselock/

www.pascalvaucel.com

Perhaps Sendelica deserve my 'favourite' of the festival accolade. It was a great, storming set. Wave



after wave of jazzy-psych sounds. A joyous sound-clash; dubby, punky, jazzy and lots more.

Echoes of Floyd, but a very individual, powerful range of musical ideas. Good to dance around to, and great to watch. These are musicians' musicians. I gather from checking them out on the web that they are based in West Wales, UK. They are definitely crowd-pleasers, with plenty of heavy riffs to keep the old hippies swaying in their kaftans, and shaking their long (greying) hair, or, their bald heads. It's instrumental music, but it's definitely not stuck in the past, particularly through clever blending of electronica with great sax solos,





exuberant theremin and sizzling guitars. The core Sendelica band in UK is currently: Pete Bingham on guitars and electronics, Glenda Pescado on bass, Meurig Griffiths on drums, Lee Relfe on sax and Lord Armstrong Sealand on theremin and synths.

<https://sendelica.bandcamp.com/>

One of the headlining acts were the Hawklords. Originally they were the brainchild of Hawkwind innovator, Robert Calvert, way back in 1978. Now they are Harvey Bainbridge's Hawklords. With Ron Tree as frontman, they now resemble Sid Vicious

providing snarls and stage antics in front of a so-so Hawkwind tribute act. Nice lightshow. Personally, a bit disappointed in them. Ron also led a jamming session in the Wally Tent.

www.facebook.com/TheHawklords/

There are always plenty of 'fringe' moments at festivals. Here are two examples. Gary Lee of the Starship Overflow Radio Show (www.starshipoverflow.com) provided some nice old school sounds in the Judge Trev tent





on the Friday. He also seems like a right nice geezer! And throughout much of the festi, MicroCosmique from the land of Oz, was selling Sacred Geometry CDS. The new CD, from the Sacred Geometry Band is entitled 'Reconnection'. Apparently it is 58 tracks blended, overlaid and filled with spacey, ambient techno into a long solar-lunar soundscape. It's a music journey. And it brings together the talents of Daevid Allen, Nik Turner, Huw Lloyd-Langton and many more of the extended Gong family. Recommended.

Check it out at: www.facebook.com/sacgemband/home

And their album and almost everything associated with the many planets of Gong is at: www.planetgong.com

The death of Daevid Allen pervaded many Kozfesti-folk minds. There was even a rather tasteful Remembrance area .

And so to Gong

Daevid Allen passed on to pastures new, a year ago. He's probably just sitting, a bit gonged-out, somewhere looking down or up at us! One of his Oz mates told me that Daevid's last words to him were: "Life is an ocean".

But Daevid, who I knew quite well, and had visited in Australia, wanted the Gong family

and band to continue as a part of his own legacy. And anyway, there have been Gong line-ups without Daevid in the past too. The current Gong line-up, and the one I think that played at Kozfest, recently recorded an album of their own new music as Gong. They are: Fabio Golfetti – lead guitar (2007, 2012–present); Dave Sturt – bass (2009–present); Ian East – saxophone, flute (2010–present); Kavus Torabi – guitar, vocals (2014–present) and Cheb Nettles – drums (2014–present).

The new album was recorded 'live' at Brixton Hill Studios. The title is 'Rejoice! I'm Dead!'.

Jonny Greene, long-time curator of the Gong Appreciation Society (GAS), and friend and mentor of all-things-Gong, told me: "The new album is undeniably Gong...live. They are at present, under-rehearsed... but they already have some great, strong songs...it will get better...when half of their set is their own material...then they really will be Gong"... taking Daevid's band into the future.

Seeing the new Gong, who were the closing act at Kozfest on the Sunday night, was emotionally challenging. The sound mix took a while to settle down, which meant that the first song was somewhat sacrificed. Kavus is not like Daevid, nor does he make any effort to perform older Gong songs like Daevid. Kavus is another one-off nutter. More punky, visually



energetic. There's more than a bit of Iggy in his stage persona.

I'll own up. After three numbers, I left Gong to it on the Daevid Allen stage. Just 25 yards away, I spotted Jonny from GAS sitting at a cafe table and he kindly invited me to join him for a drink and a chat. Soon after, Alice, Mike Howlett's daughter came and joined us. She was visibly very upset. We talked. Shared memories of Daevid Allen. Daevid was kind, caring and some sort of artistic genius. But he could also be a monster. Alice had grown up inside Gong music and mythology, given her dad, Mike's intimate involvement with the band. Seeing and hearing the 'new' Gong was just too much for her. I think us all blethering together about Gong, past, present and future, helped ease the tension we all felt. One story worth repeating is from Alice. She told us that about five years ago, Daevid with his new, young lady-friend, poet and radical activist, Stef (Stefanie Petrik), who was perhaps 26 or 27, had come to stay with her in Mike's London house. Every morning, Daevid, then about 72, rose early and went outside and sat on the decking meditating - after (of course) taking out his false teeth! Somehow, it is a very Daevid Allen moment. Surreal and highly personal. Many of Daevid's friends and family were none too keen on his relationship with

Stef. Robert Wyatt is reported as asking Stef at a Gong concert, "What made you wanna climb the steep and perilous mountain that is Daevid Allen?" Stefanie instantly replied: "POETRY!"

Gong On Om!

www.planetgong.co.uk/



THE COMPLETE GOSPELS

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.

Special Limited Edition Boxset containing

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**If you go down to the
woods
today.....The
Crazy World of Arthur
Brown – Live**

Theatre in the Woods, Holt 29th July 2016

Having been utterly spellbound by an evening with Arthur Brown back in April of this year (see Gonzo 178) the chance to see him live with his current band

was too good to miss, even if it meant driving from Bristol to Heathrow via Norfolk.....billed as an open air gig (umbrellas not allowed!) we kept an eye on the weather forecast and it was good for the evening in question.

We arrived a few hours early at Gresham, one of England's more expensive boarding schools, located just a few miles from the North Norfolk coast 20 miles or so beyond Norwich. I parked up at the main buildings and we walked down the hill towards the gig site, which was beyond the playing fields. A little splifflet or two quickly erased the long, hot, drive as the clouds gave way to some sunshine at last. As we walked along Arthur Brown and his band could be heard sound-checking in the trees, which seemed pretty fucking surreal considering the setting. The

John Brodie-Good



entrance to the wood was still sealed by security staff, a few little tents setting up with beer, food and local produce for sale. 7.45 was 'opening' time according to one of the friendly folk so we walked back up the hill, had a little picnic, 'perused our minds' a little more and then strolled back down. Cars were starting to arrive and a small throng started to build.

Mostly an older crowd but not entirely so, and yet again I thought there should be far far more of us. Some of the local old 'heads' were definitely out for this one, even a few yummy mummies with their kids (Holt is that kind of place). My eye caught a young woman, walking through the gathering, raven black hair, wearing a red kimono type of thing, black hot pants and legs to the sky....I wondered if she was part of Arthur's crew but it turned out she was just part of the audience, just like us. She danced in front of the stage towards the end, just like people used to do.....

The gates opened and we walked along a short path through some trees, some of which were illuminated with coloured lights. The path rose up and you were suddenly in an amphitheatre, with seating, a small but proper covered stage and PA system, trees all around.

A magical setting.....we didn't have long to wait.....

Arthur and the current Crazy World were soon on stage and the musical proceedings began. The original costume king changed his outfit a number of times during the evening, face painted of course. Some of the band were also in fancy dress, in particular the bassist, Jevon Beaumont who was wearing what looked like rather fancy gold curtains (lame), resplendent with an elegant feather head dress. The drummer, Sam Walker wore a beret whilst Matt Guest on keys wore a little spangled jacket. On the left hand side of the stage stood the rather wonderful guitarist, a tall, long haired lady in another spangled top, black hotpants and black stockings, Nina Gromniak from Poland. She was playing a white Strat with her long, slender fingers.

The sound was generally excellent but Nina was sadly well back in the mix for most of the set. She seemed to be aware something was awry and was continually crouched down checking her pedals and amp on occasions. Suddenly towards the end, someone did something and finally you could hear her properly. His regular lady dancer, Angel Flame, also came out and









danced during a few numbers, in different costumes every time.

Arthur himself was in fine form throughout, I hope I'm as fit and sprightly when I'm 73..... They played a number of songs from his entire back catalogue, including pleasingly for me, a number of Kingdom Come tracks (including Sunrise and Time Captives which was the encore), I Put a Spell on You and of course, towards the end, Fire, complete with flaming helmet. He told us afterwards the person who had lit him up was in fact his son. He wore his amazing light jacket at one point, and a stunning silver robe for the encore. He danced, he messed around with the keyboard player including lifting one of the keyboards off it's stand and held it whilst Matt continued to play. Two tracks also came from the really rather good recent album, Zim Zam Zim.

Whilst there were far too many empty seats, we quickly let Arthur and his band know we thought they were pretty special, a real two-way bond was starting to form. We brought them back with a genuine encore request, and at the end, Arthur spoke to us before finally leaving the stage. He knew, we knew,

he was rather special.

We walked back up the hill to our car in the dark and finally got to Heathrow at 1am, having driven over 420 miles in the day. You know what, even if we had just heard the sound check, the journey and the time spent was well worth it.

For a taste of how good Arthur and his current band are live, check out this version of Sunrise from 2014, Ms Gromniak sure proves that girls can play lead guitar.....

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MmUm93TfSQ8>

If you haven't, you really should experience him for yourself, several upcoming gigs are advertised on his website including Las Vegas later this month, plus one in Holland. The next UK gig is October 15th in Uckfield in Sussex. If you go, it will definitely be one of your best musical and visual experiences this year, I guarantee it.

www.arthur-brown.com

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

p.s. Start helping elephants today at [nature.org/elephants](https://www.nature.org/elephants) and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.



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DESIGNED BY MARTIN COOK, AFTER ALEX STEINWEISS

2016 – This Ain't the Summer of Love – A night with the Blue Öyster Cult.

Jeremy Smith

For those of you who remember it, the summer of 1976 was hot and dry and perfect for an 18 year old who had just finished his A 'Levels and was working in a concrete factory earning £50 a week. This meant that I could run my car and keep myself supplied with beer and blow. My parents didn't nag me as my exams were over and I basically had three months doing what I wanted. Musically, I was transitioning from prog to punk spending every Thursday evening seeing the Stranglers at the Nashville in West Kensington, but apart from the Ramones first album, there wasn't any punk on vinyl and so me and my friends continued to listen to the same type of records we had for the last few years.

That summer, the music we played included Okie by JJ Cale, Fly Like an Eagle by the Steve Miller



Band and Red Octopus by Jefferson Airplane. All nice laid-back stuff that even your parents could like. And then there was the Blue Öyster Cult. My mate Clive had the double live album On Your Feet or On Your Knees and I remember listening to it late at night and particularly thinking that "The Last Days of May" was the best song I'd ever heard. But the rest of it was a bit too heavy metal for my taste.

But then came Agents of Fortune. Released in May 1976 it must have sold 100s of copies in Surrey alone as all my friends had it and we played it all summer long. It was new, it was





edgy, and it even had Patti Smith on it, which made it cool. It became the soundtrack to the best summer of my life!

So when I heard that the Blue Öyster Cult were coming to London this summer and were going to play the whole album. I thought, "Yep, that's one for me, deffo!" And on to Kentish Town I went pausing only for a quick few pints in Farringdon at a friend's leaving do (Cheers Rob) and a couple more with Kev and Susie in the Southampton Arms just up the road from the Kentish Town Forum (well recommended if you are going to a gig there).

There was no support act (or if there was, we missed them) but we found a good place to stand on the steps at the back of the downstairs bit (do you call it "stalls" if there are no seats?) and with pint in hand (yes, it was one of those evenings), we were ready for the Cult.

Sometimes when you have been looking forward to a gig for a long time, the expectation is better than the reality and I was a bit disappointed as the band played Agents of Fortune, one song after another. I'm not sure if it was too quiet but it all seemed a bit mechanical as they played through the whole album. Maybe the band were affected by the recent death of Sandy Pearlman



BLUE ÖYSTER CULT



but it felt more like a club than a cult to me.

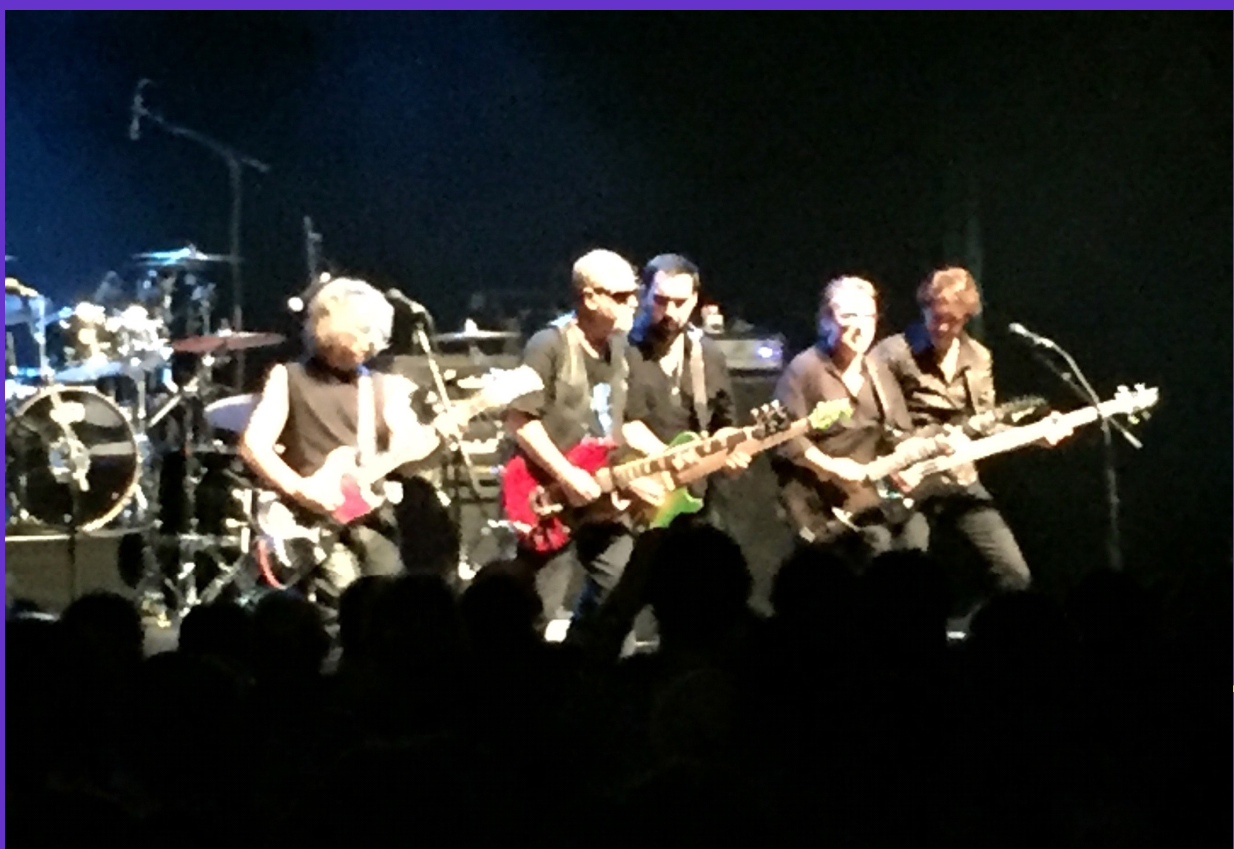
Anyway, the first set was: This ain't the Summer of Love, True Confessions, Don't Fear the Reaper, E.T.I., The Revenge of Vera Gemini, Sinful Love, Tattoo Vampire, Morning Final, Tenderloin & Debbie Denise. Halfway through Albert Bouchard came on and sang a few songs and played guitar but it was all strangely muted and the applause as they went off for a 10 minute break was a little quiet.

But football managers often talk about a game of too halves and this gig certainly was like that. The second set was louder and storming and the more riff-based songs like Godzilla really came alive. New boy Richie Castellano and Buck Dharma each played some scorching solos and Eric Bloom in wrap around sunglasses was as cool as ever. Burning for You was a standout and then a blistering 10 minute version of The Last

Days of May nearly brought tears to my eyes before ME 262 and the famous 5 guitar sonic attack. And to cap it all, to end the show, it was Born to Be Wild, played at a breakneck pace.

The full second set tracklist was: Dominance and Submission, Golden Age of Leather, OD'd on Life Itself, Burnin' for You, Harvest Moon, The Vigil, Lips in the Hills, Buck's Boogie, Then Came the Last Days of May, Hot Rails to Hell, Godzilla, ME 262, Born to Be Wild, but each was a gem and I was gutted that I had to go before the encores of In Thee and Cities on Flame With Rock'n'Roll.

So a great evening in the end and just a little sad that 40 years have gone so quickly, but while bands like the Blue Öyster Cult are still around, I will never forget 1976 and it will always be the "summer of love" for me.



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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.

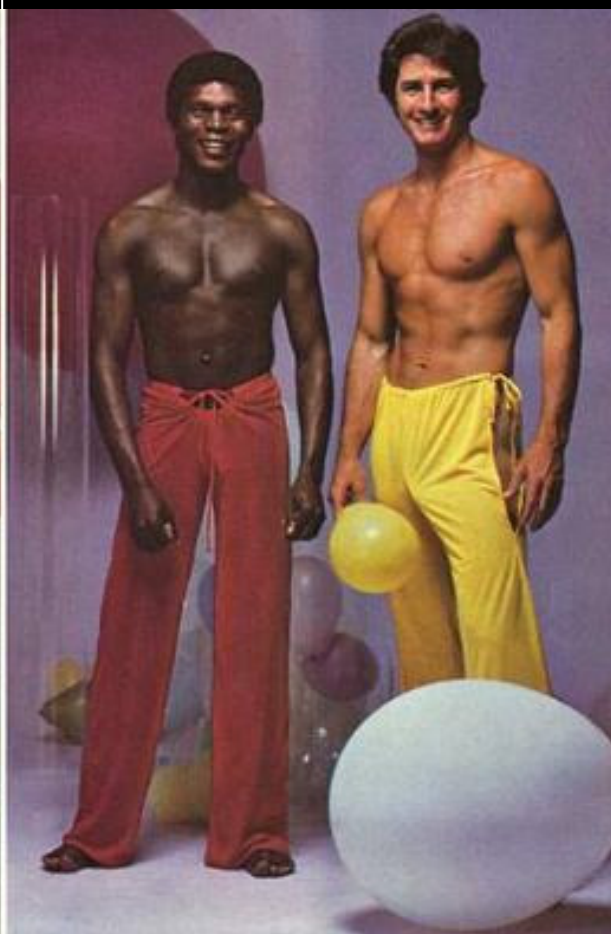
From 1993 for a decade he was the editor of an anarchic video games magazine on Channel Four Teletext. It was called Digitiser and contained some of the most gloriously funny bits of off the wall dicking about that I have ever read. Biffo happens to be a friend of mine and as the re-launched Digitiser2000 is just as stupid and just as funny as ever, we shall be featuring a slice of Biffo every week from now on.

A TRIBUTE TO SEVENTIES FASHION

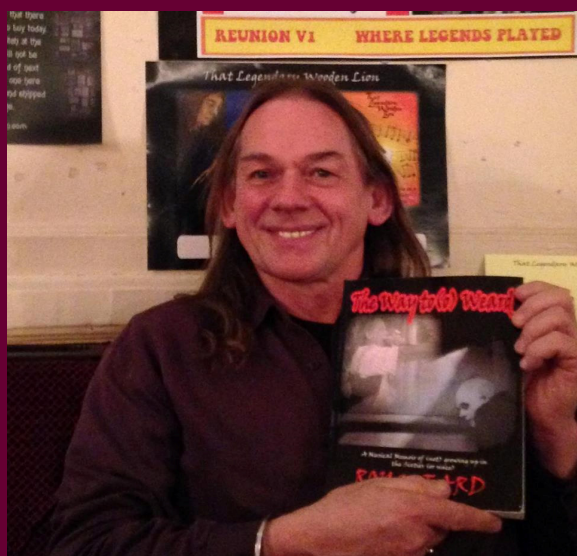
"Fashion! Turn to the left! Fashion! Turn to the right! Oooh, fashion! We are the goon squad and we're coming to town! Beep-beep!"

And people called David Bowie a terrible lyricist.

In honour of it being 46 years this year since the dawn of the 1970s, here's some godawful fashion from that era, which mercifully chose to remain there.



WORDS FROM THE WEARD



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

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

Chappo's East German tour started in April in Jena, home of the *Karl Zeiss* optical factory and a bit of an industrial heartland – if such a thing existed in East Germany. As I mentioned before, the Russian rulers of this section of Germany had put very little into it since the war and most of its industry was pretty much still operating as it did back in the '40s. It was all coal fired, steam driven and technology free. The *Karl Zeiss* factory was probably the jewel in the crown of East Germany's industry. It was already a respected producer of lenses and cameras before the war and was one of the few companies that exported its products to the west. Practika cameras and Zeiss binoculars and telescopes could be found in many shops in western cities and were the better option if you could not afford an expensive *Nikon* or other camera. I had one of these myself and was planning to buy a couple of lenses with my East German marks while I was there, but I found out that the top of the range stuff that I had was only ever exported and not sold in the country in which it was made. Anyhow, geography lesson over – let's get back to the music.

The first odd thing about the tour was the visa situation. Normally, when we had travelled to East Germany in the past, there was a very strict set of instructions about what border crossing to take. This time it was a little vague. Still we travelled to Jena in the usual van loaded with gear. When we got to the border the guards were not as officious as usual, stamped the passports and carnet and let us through. I was away on tour with David Essex so I was on the front board which I enjoyed immensely. The band was a little different this time around. Geoff had quit at the end of the last tour so, Steve Simpson was joined on guitar and backing vocals by Bobby Tench, a former *Streetwalkers* member. John Lingwood, from Manfred's band, was on drums and Ian Curtis had taken over the keyboard role from Tim Hinkley. The PA was provided by an East German company so it was all pretty relaxed.



The second show in was in Dresden and we had a day off afterwards. We all went along to the motor museum there which had some really stunning examples of old German cars. When you consider that the streets were filled with Trabants (a car made of cardboard with a lawnmower engine in it) and it was only the richer people who could afford the better cars – Skodas – the walk through the museum was quite surreal. As we left and walked out into the grey East German streets John said, ‘This is the only place I have ever been to where the cars in the museum are better than the ones on the streets.’

He had a point.

We also went to the railway station. This looked like it had come straight out of a black and white ‘50’s film. At any moment I expected to see Robert Mitchum or Jack Hawkins stagger up to me in a trench coat, with a knife sticking out of his back, clutching a piece of paper saying, ‘Get this to Londonnnnn....’ before collapsing onto the floor as the police whistles sound and well. you get the picture.

As with all East German tours we were given an ‘interpreter’ to travel with us. In reality it was someone to watch us to make sure we did not interact too much with locals, and report back to the STASI. In this case it was a guy called Karl. The morning after I went along to the station with my camera to take some photos and I ran into Karl. He invited me to breakfast so we went along to the station café and sat down. I had been pretty impressed with the old parts of the town I had seen, those that still

remained, anyway.

‘This must have a beautiful town before we bombed the shit out of it,’ I said casually.

‘It was,’ he replied.

‘I always think that it is so one sided after a war. The winner gets to put the loser on trial for all the things they did wrong, but no one really questions the winner. In my view Dresden, Hamburg and the other towns the British firebombed were also war crimes. If you want to claim the moral high ground you have to behave responsibly too,’ was my reply. Something I have long held to be true.

‘Ah,’ he responded, leaning forward.

‘So now you see that Adolf Hitler was not so bad aft.....’

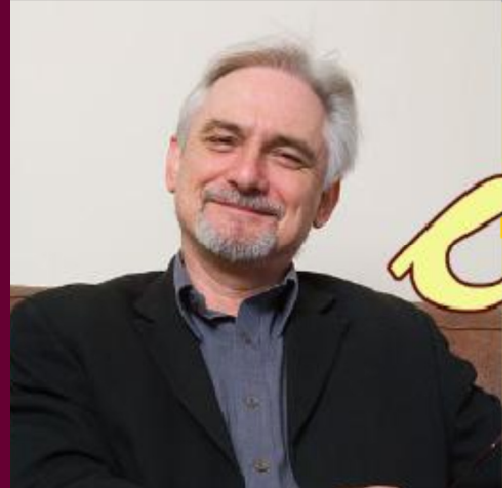
That was as far as he got. Just like in a movie he could see by the expression on my face that I was not applauding the long dead tyrant, but expressing my disapproval at the actions of my own government in that regard.

GONZO

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c.j.stone

LSD REFUGEES

Psychedelic cathedral

I'm in the toilet, sitting on the closed lid. It's dark, though not completely. The orange glow of the streetlight outside is making a bubble-effect pattern through the frosted glass, and there's a splash of light under the door from the hall. And there's my own internal light too, of course, those geometric flashes of colour that tend to dance before your eyes whenever external light is dimmed or diminished.

I'm in the toilet because I've just had an anxiety attack. There's a knot of tension in my stomach. It's like that feeling you have when they've finished cranking you up to the top of the roller coaster and you look down at the sheer drop in front. A lurching sensation, a real physical pang which, if it were to be verbalised, would come out something like: "Oh my God! Oh Jesus! Oh Lord! What the hell am I doing here?"

Except that a roller coaster ride is over in a minute or two, and the ride I 'm about to embark on will last all night.

I've just taken LSD. For the first time in 25 years. That little brown drop of liquid, placed on the end of my finger and ingested some 30 minutes ago, is about to play havoc with my sense of self.

Suddenly there's a kind of humming noise. This low-down, deep-bass growl sound, like the boom of an organ in an empty Cathedral,

like the lowest, low-down bass note on a massive pipe-organ going in and out of phase. Reverberating. In and out. Hum. In and out. Hum. Like that. Slowly and deliberately. With a sort of rhythmic insistence.

It's hard to say where, exactly, the sound is coming from. It's not in the room, as such. It's not in my head. It's just there, at some deep level. It's like I'm hearing the sub-atomic pulse of the Universe in the very fabric of matter, so low it's thrumming in my guts. And then it's as if an invisible pair of hands had taken space itself and was squeezing it like a concertina. In and out. In and out. The Universe is pulsing to a living heart beat.

Now the colours in front of my eyes are circling, shifting, swirling, weaving, shaping, changing to make an endlessly morphing, moving mandala, the colours coming in from all sides now, streaming at me, taking on dimension and form, creating a sort of tunnel down which my all too mortal eyes are staring in fear and awe and wonder.

In and out. In and out.

That's my breathing.

Where am I?

Oh yes, I'm in the toilet.

That's when I decide I have to leave. Not just the toilet. This house.

Downstairs they are playing the Ace of Spades
by Motorhead.

You know I'm born to lose
and gamblin's made for fools
But that's the way I like it baby
I don't want to live forever
The ace of spades...

I pop my head around the door. Back in control,
momentarily.

There's a bunch of people in there, sitting
around on the soft chairs and settees ranged
around the room. Posters on the wall (including
one of Che Guevara). Lamp to one side, draped
in a red, translucent scarf, giving off a soft,
silky light. Low table in the middle of the room,
scattered with bottles from our earlier drinking.
No one's drinking now. One person is rolling
spliffs. This is the person who'd given me the
acid. He's hunched up over the table,
concentrating, looking like a big, friendly devil.
He turns to me slowly with this arch look, out
of the corner of his eye. It's like he knows
what's been going on in the toilet.

The rest of the room are chattering in what
seems, at first sight, to be a perfectly normal
manner. There's a lot of laughter. But, you
realise, this is nervous laughter. There's kind of
hum in the air. The trip is coming on. You look
people in the eye and you can see it: a sort of
swirling depth of colour with a startled spark in
the middle.

I must admit I'm panicking. I'm afraid that if I
stay I'll not be able to get out again. The room
wants to suck me in and hold me there forever.
It's looks like a bordello dungeon in the
mansion-halls of hell. All I want to do it to get
out of the front door.

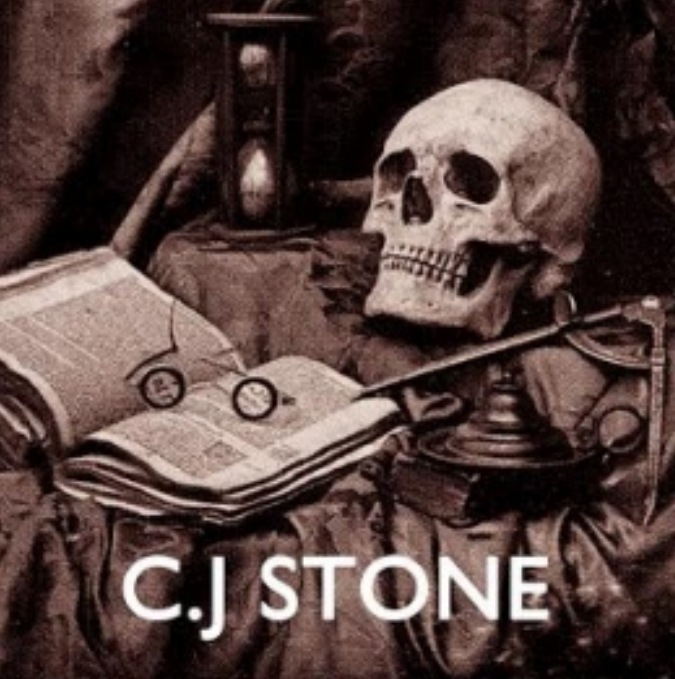
There's one man sitting near the door. This is
my charge, my guest for the evening. A man
who calls himself Arthur Pendragon.

I say, "Um, I'm off. I'm off. I'm going home."

Read on

THE EMPIRE OF THINGS

SELECTED WRITINGS 2003 - 2013



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"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and
sensitivity."

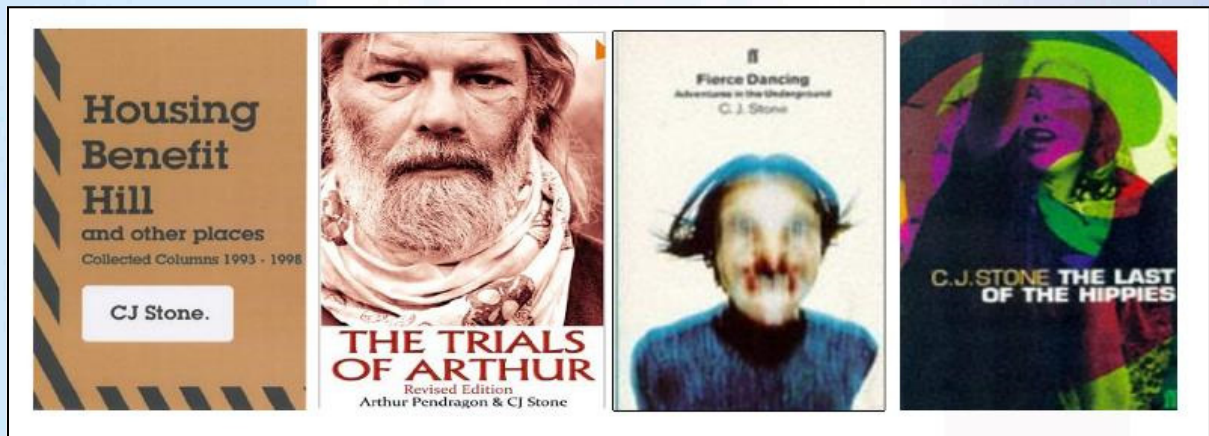
Times Literary Supplement

"Wry, acute, and sometimes hellishly
entertaining essays in squalor and rebellion."

Herald

"The best guide to the Underground since
Charon ferried dead souls across the Styx."

Independent on Sunday



Housing Benefit Hill:
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X>

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

Fierce Dancing:
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Fierce-Dancing-Underground-C-J-Stone/dp/0571176305/>

The Last of the Hippies:
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Last-Hippies-C-J-Stone/dp/0571193137/>

A wide-angle photograph of the Stonehenge monument in a grassy field under a cloudy sky. The stones are arranged in their characteristic circular formation. A small figure of a person is visible on the right side of the image for scale.

**OTHER BOOKS BY
C.J.STONE**


weird
weekend **2016**

**Three Days of
Monsters, Ghosts,
UFOs and more**

19-21 August 2016, The Small School, Hartland



Under 16's admitted free (must be accompanied by an adult at all times).

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..

A recent and somewhat unusual poster sale on eBay attracted some attention recently: a set of Barney Bubbles posters, currently on

offer at £320 which is almost \$500 at today's rates. The description states:

"The sets have all been stored rolled since 1972 but they have taken some storage damage and wear from general moving from one storage place to another. The main issue looks to be an issue of condensation - all of these posters have developed some crinkling..." - and some photos of the discolouration spots are shown. "I've taken random images of the collection so you get a general impression of the condition of the posters," the write-up continues.

The collection is described as comprising Aura Rhanes, Earth Family, Fanon Dragon Commando, Temple of Hex and Prince Minsky. Those names might not mean very much to the average Hawkwind fan, but the one poster picture view that's shown is that of Fanon Dragon Commando.

The collection is described as being from "the merchandise stock of Zephyr / Hawkfrendz and was originally bought in the closing down of Doug Smith's offices ... They've been stored at Hawkfrendz storage before becoming part of the Faeries Wear Boots stock in around 2002."



Spirits Burning

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

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

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



1. Our Crash
2. I Have Two Names
3. JigSawMan Flies A JigSawShip
4. Live Forever
5. My Life of Voices
6. Let's All Go Cloud Puffing
7. Stellar Kingdom
8. Spaceships At The Starting Line
9. We Move You
10. Tripping With The Royal Family
11. Xara's Poem
12. For Those Who Are Searching
13. Rolling Out
14. Angel Full Of Pity
15. Right On The Mark
16. This Time, This Space
17. So Strong Is Desire

GONZO

Multimedia
spiritsburning.com



Faeries Wear Boots is the name of a rather obscure band, so perhaps that's who's being

referenced there.





HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



Greetings space travellers!

This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

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

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

Pass. No.....(Leave blank)

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty roster (optional)

.....
.....
.....

Full Earth Address:
.....
.....

Post Code

E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly).....

Telephone Number:

Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com



The Song of

PANNU

Being Mainly About Elephants

JONATHAN DOWNES

XTUL

IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

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

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

XXVIII

"One must find out for oneself, and make sure beyond doubt, who one is, what one is, why one is" wrote Aleister Crowley in his treatise in *Magick*. He continued: "...Being thus conscious of the proper course to pursue, the next thing is to understand the conditions necessary to following it out. After that, one must eliminate from oneself every element alien or hostile to success, and develop those parts of oneself which are specially needed to control the aforesaid conditions."

Bizarrely I never heard the most popular song



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



of 1997 until the following year. I was in Mexico with a film crew from UK Channel 4, and we pulled over on the verge of a lonely road leading deep into the Puebla desert. Peculiarly we were in the process of being turned over for an impromptu poll tax by some enterprising members of Mexico's police force. The radio in the police car was blaring the local pop music radio station.

"Goodbye English Rose" sang Elton John as the policeman glowered at us, submachine guns at the ready. Despite the fact that we were in very real danger, I started to laugh, and for some reason my laughter broke the spell, and the two policemen started to laugh as well. Our general factotum gave them a couple of hundred dollars and they waved us on our way.

I was not a fan of Diana Princess of Wales, and although I would not have wished any harm to her I did not grieve when she died. Right at the beginning when she was first in the public eye

at the age of nineteen, my mother sniffed peevishly and said that her upper lip was too narrow. I tried to push her for an explanation, and she sniffed again and muttered something about "The Perfume Counter at Woolworths", but my mother was a strange lady with deep set ideas. I thought she (Diana not mother) was a simpering ninny and was never impressed by what she did and said. But she had been named after the Lady Huntress, the Queen of the Night and one of the most revered of the ancient Goddesses.

In Roman mythology, Diana was the goddess of the hunt, the moon and nature being associated with wild animals and woodland, and having the power to talk to and control animals. She was eventually equated with the Greek goddess Artemis, though she had an independent origin in Italy. Diana was worshipped in ancient Roman religion and is revered in Roman Neopaganism and Stregheria. Diana was known to be the virgin



goddess of childbirth and women. She was one of the three maiden goddesses — along with Minerva and Vesta — who swore never to marry.

Oak groves were especially sacred to her as were deer. According to mythology (in common with the Greek religion and their deity Artemis), Diana was born with her twin brother Apollo on the island of Delos, daughter of Jupiter and Latona. Diana made up a triad with two other Roman deities: Egeria the water nymph, her servant and assistant midwife; and Virbius, the woodland god.

Whether or not one agrees with the majority of academics who believe that Margaret Murray's theory that ancient Europe was home to a continent wide religion venerating Diana in all her forms is arrant nonsense, it is an undoubted fact that many people (including my late mother and the Potts siblings) *did* and *do* believe just that.

Whether or not one agrees with the majority of academics who believe that Margaret Murray's other theory that there is a long tradition of

sacrificing royal leaders at the height of their power as part of the veneration of The Goddess Diana, is arrant nonsense, it is an undoubted fact that many people (including my late mother and the Potts siblings) *did* and *do* believe just that.

And it is undeniable that the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, the namesake of the huntress in a Paris underpass on the last day of summer in 1997 had an enormous effect on the collective psyche of the United Kingdom, and indeed much of the world. Britain was engulfed in a shroud of mass grief that coincided with a mass belief that Diana had been murdered - not as a sacrifice to the ancient gods - but on the orders of her ex-husband and/or other members of the Royal Family. British royalty was more unpopular than it had been for years, and - ironically - would not start to recover in the eyes of the public until another royal death five years later.

There were sightings of Herne the Hunter, ironically not in Windsor Great Park, but - appropriately enough - across the wilder parts of the Duchy of Cornwall; a land without a

Duchess for the first time since 1981. There were accounts of the Wild Hunt heard roaring triumphantly across Dartmoor; a land owned by the Prince of Wales. And a little brain damaged girl who had known little but abuse in her short life, suddenly found that on certain nights she not only had her faculties restored but somehow assumed the mantle of a demigoddess.

There was wild primal magick in the west country air at that time, and although some things remained the same, other things found themselves changed forever.

I don't really believe in conspiracy theories surrounding celebrity deaths.

"James Dean was just a careless driver/and Marilyn Monroe was just a slag" sang *Half Man Half Biscuit* and that just about sums it up. I am not saying that the British establishment was (and is) not capable of having murdered Princess Diana, but if they were going to do it, why do it then? I would have thought that they would have done it before Mishcon De Reya made all the embarrassing revelations in the divorce court.

I would have thought that they would have done it as soon as Diana started collaborating with Andrew Morton on a book which he openly admitted was written with the aim of damaging the Royal Family enough that Britain would become a republic. I would have thought they would have done it as soon as Diana's extra marital activities threatened to become public. The idea that it was done after all that makes no sense at all. But then again much of the way that the world works makes no sense at all, at least from where I am sitting.

Neither do I believe that Diana was sacrificed on the altar of her namesake. In 2002, former royal butler Paul Burrell claimed that the Queen warned him that his close relationship with Princess Diana had put him in danger from shadowy "powers at work in this country". But he was paid by one of the tabloid newspapers just after being on trial, accused of stealing over three hundred items that had belonged to the late Princess. He claimed that the Queen told him: "There are powers at work in this country, which we have no knowledge about".

This may or may not be true, but we do not live

in the pages of a Dan Brown novel, and I find it hard to believe that the country is ruled by a secret Pagan cabal with the power to sacrifice prominent members of the ruling elite for their mystickal ends.

Crowley wrote: "As St. Paul says, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission"; and who are we to argue with St. Paul? But, after all that, it is open to any one to have any opinion that he likes upon the subject, or any other subject, thank God!"

And continued: "Those magicians who object to the use of blood have endeavored to replace it with incense.

For such a purpose the incense of Abramelin may be burnt in large quantities. Dittany of Crete is also a valuable medium. Both these incenses are very catholic in their nature, and suitable for almost any materialization. But the bloody sacrifice, though more dangerous, is more efficacious; and for nearly all purposes human sacrifice is the best."

I am no student of magick, high or otherwise. I have merely learned a little about it tangentially whilst about my studies on other matters. But unless I am terribly mistaken, the mass outpouring of Odylic life force energy in the form of National Grief will have had a massive effect on the aether. But was this accidental sacrifice and its aftermath enough to partially heal a battered woman with the mind of a child?

Or was it caused by another sacrifice. A deliberate sacrifice carried out with great care. The willing auto-sacrificial act of an elderly clergyman who had spent his life following the teachings of a great man, who - if we are to believe what we are told - sacrificed himself for the love of others. An elderly clergyman who had taken the young fugitive Hazel into his care when nobody else would. An elderly clergyman who - having embraced the teachings of what he believed was an even older religion - sacrificed himself to protect the two women that he loved above all others?

I know what I think.



Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

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

WHETHER IT BE THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY

or OD or toxic PTSD, or any number of fatal complaints ..

sometimes we have a choice in our manner of leaving. (mostly not..

Happens via accident or loss/illness that compounds. We are grounded. Ground dead. before we have learned to fully fly. WHY? We learn from deaths of plants, animals, friends.

We watch as emotions drain teardrops via loss unexplained and personally tragic.

The whole world stops when we are in grief.. You know folk who never get over it..

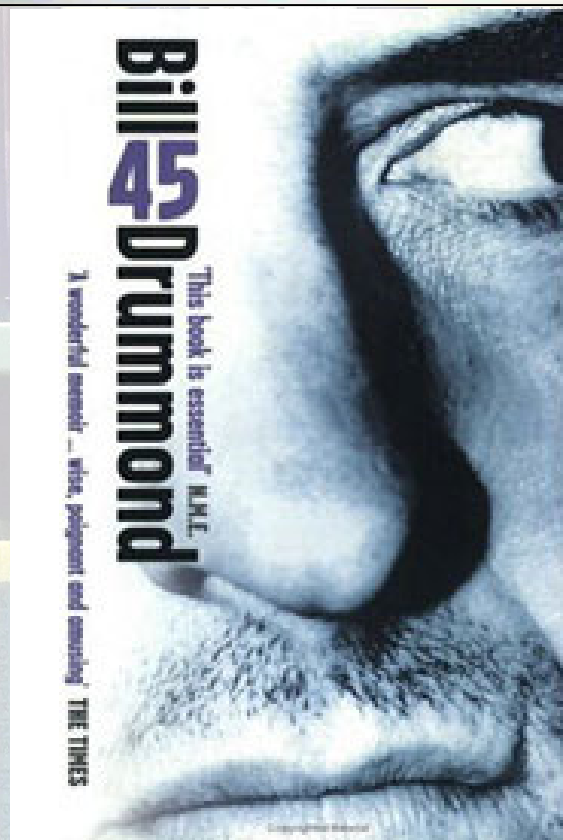
Death is for survivors, who learn and are burned by loss. Grief is anger/internalized..

We may never be able to stop mortality-yet we can hold each moment as a breath.

Closer than lovers/within our very skin/love Life as a lover.. and only release so the next breath can come in. Like tides, moon, cycles, seasons.. we dream within..



Yer Gonzo Bookshelf



Paperback: 368 pages
Publisher: Abacus (November 1, 2001)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 0349112894
ISBN-13: 978-0349112893

As anyone who is a regular reader of my burlblings will know, I think very highly of Bill Drummond. A few years ago I might even have gone so far as to say that Bill Drummond is one of my heroes, but I am only a few years shy of sixty, and more than slightly cynical as I approach my dotage, and I think that I am probably too old to have heroes, but if I wasn't, he would be.

Believe it or not, by the mid 1980s I had pretty well given up on the music of the time. Apart from the odd record by The Pogues I had stopped buying contemporary albums, and I spent my time and money hunting down obscurities from the sixties and seventies. I was at a record fair in Salisbury in 1987 when an acquaintance on a stall opposite mine came over and pressed a cassette tape into my hands. "You

gotta listen to this, maan" he enthused. "These two records have changed my life!"

On one side of the C90 was 'Box Frenzy' by Pop Will Eat Itself and on the other was something called '1987: What the Fuck is going on?' by The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu. And my acquaintance (whose name, to my embarrassment, I forget) was right. These two records *did* change my life, by throwing me back into the melee of contemporary music.

The latter record was my first introduction to the surrelchemical world view of Bill Drummond.

In 1993, *Select* magazine published a list of the 100 Coolest People in Pop. Drummond was number one on the list. "What has this giant of coolness not achieved?", they asked: "Like the Monolith in 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, Drummond has always been a step ahead of human evolution, guiding us on. Manager of The Teardrop Explodes, co-inventor of ambient and trance house, number one pop star, situationist pagan, folk troubadour, pan-dimensional zenarchist gentleman of leisure...and then, ladies and gentlemen, he **THROWS IT ALL AWAY**, machine-guns the audience and dumps a dead sheep on the doorstep of the Brit Awards and vanishes to build dry-stone walls. His new 'band' The K Foundation make records but say they won't release them at all until world peace is established. Deranged, inspired, intensely cool."

Also in 1993, an *NME* piece about the K Foundation found much to praise in Drummond's career, from Zoo Records through to the K Foundation art award: "Bill Drummond's career is like no other... there's been cynicism... and there's been care (no one who didn't love pop music could have made a record so commercial and so Pet Shop Boys-lovely as 'Kylie Said to Jason', or the madly wonderful 'Last Train to Trancentral', or the Tammy Wynette version of 'Justified and Ancient'). There's been mysticism... But most of all there's been a belief that, both in music and life, there's something more."

John Lennon once proclaimed that he was going to make his life into a work of art and produce a series of works about it, but Bill Drummond actually did so.

I have to agree with one time Oz-lad Charles

Shaar Murray who wrote in *The Independent* that "[Bill] Drummond is many things, and one of those things is a magician. Many of his schemes... involve symbolically-weighted acts conducted away from the public gaze and documented only by Drummond himself and his participating comrades. Nevertheless, they are intended to have an effect on a worldful of people unaware that the act in question has taken place. That is magical thinking. Art is magic, and so is pop. Bill Drummond is a cultural magician..."

I have spent a lot of my adult life involved with magick in one form or another, mostly as an onlooker, but very occasionally as a participant or even a celebrant. My two favourite magickal volumes are *Monstrum* by Tony Shiels, which we shall, I suspect, visit in this column one of these days, even if by doing so we violate my self-imposed rule not to write about books with which I have been involved (Tony is a dear friend, and I published the revised edition of this book about five years back) and this one.

This is the first of a number of books - all with numerals as titles - written, and sometimes published, by Drummond in which he holds a mirror up to, and then documents his magickal life with refreshing candour, quiet good humour and more honesty than the vast majority of autobiographers. This book is a collection of essays written in Drummond's forty fifth year (for those of you kiddies too young to remember the ubiquity of vinyl records (for some reason I find it immensely irritating when people call them 'vinyls') LPs used to play at 33.3rpm and singles used to play at 45rpm, and Drummond - who obviously fetishises pop music even more than I do - decided that because he released his first and only solo album at the age of thirty three and a third, that he should compliment it with this book.

And that is basically all there is to it. But what is in there?

There are accounts of peculiar misadventures with the apparently psychotic Mark Manning aka Zodiac Mindwarp. The two of them wrote several other books - warped travelogues - together, but whilst I found Drummond's bits to be massively entertaining I found the

violence and sexual fantasies (or at least I sincerely hope that they are fantasies) that Manning wrote to be mildly revolting and rather off-putting. But the accounts in this book are charming and surreally intriguing.

There are accounts of geomantic excursions with two of his numerous children, during which he does his best (and almost succeeds) in involving them in his magickal chicanery, and also go to see Michael Jackson.

There are stories about various projects, some planned and others completely extemporised, carried out with his one time partner in crime Jimmy Cauty, with whom he formed the JAMMS and later the KLF who are not the same thing at all, even if the two members were exactly the same. There is comedy, tragedy, laughter, tears, passion, emotion and Lord knows what else.

And there are very precious glimpses into the psyche of an extraordinary man, whose very extraordinariness is that he has no idea that he is extraordinary, and just carries out his extraordinariness in a far from extraordinary manner because that is basically what he does. (I think that if there is a prize going for the most number of times anyone has used the word 'extraordinary' in a sentence, I should be a contender after this paragraph).

Gonzo contributor C J Stone once wrote a column entitled 'Tales of Ordinary Magic' bits of which have made it on occasion into this magazine. And I would like to pinch the title and add a K (which is appropriate) as I try to explain these tales of Extraordinary Magick. The thing that makes them EXTRAordinary, is that like all true artists Drummond does what he does for the sake of doing it, rather than so that an 'audience' will applaud him for it, and although he realises he is creating art, I think that the fact that he is also creating magick is so much a part of his psyche that he doesn't realise he is doing it?

Does that make sense? It is the best I can do I am afraid although it is woefully inadequate.

Oh fuck it. Just go out and buy the damn book.

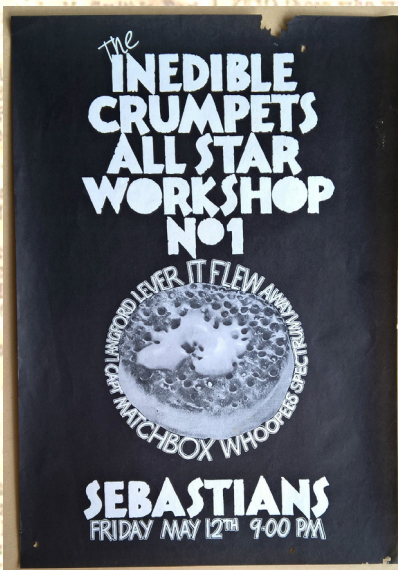
THE BITCH IS BACK



What's a Chordelia?"

All I can say, other than acknowledge the clever pun on the name, is check it out [HERE](#)

SPECTRUM It Flew Away CAPT.MATCHBOX AUS Original Concert Poster 1972 PROG Rock - AU \$60,000.00 (Approximately £34,122.33)



"This is an original Australian promo concert poster for the "Indelible Crumpets All Star Workshop No.1" at Sebastians. Show featured Spectrum, It Flew Away, Capt. Matchbox & Langford Lever.

Country of Issue: Australia. Poster Dimensions: 41cm x 59cm. Condition: - Very Good - never displayed. Has Silverfish Damage In Places"

Huh? £34,122.33 for a poster?! Oh my giddy aunt!

The Beatles Sealed 1999 Promo Inflatable Yellow Submarine. RARE. - £40.00

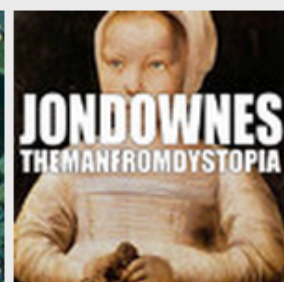
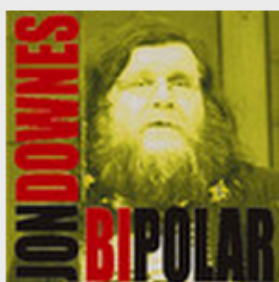
"Owing to a few pieces going 'missing' of late I am afraid that I can only offer signed for delivery to protect both myself and you as the buyer. Please bear these costs in mind when bidding - thank you."

Brother, I feel your pain. Only recently I suffered a similar incident of 'missing' post. A package I sent to my son-in-law for his birthday was mysteriously 'snagged' and two dvd sized items managed to purge themselves from the heavy card Amazon-style envelope and fall into a black hole. My question to the Royal Mail is where is this pile of 'missing' items. They must be somewhere. Things don't crawl out of smallish tears in stiff card envelopes by themselves and take themselves into the aethers.

"Rare USA sealed The Beatles inflatable yellow submarine. Part of the promo package for the re-release of the VHS film. It was given to retail stores for display purposes. Dates back to 1999, still sealed in original packaging. Never removed or opened. Complete with string, hook, patch & instructions. I believe it

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

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



[Check it out now...](#)



measures 6" X 9" X 3" from researching via Internet."

But back to the auction at hand. Who can resist an inflatable yellow submarine if one has £40 to spare? If £40 to spare is not on the cards, who cannot help but covet such a thing?

Beatles 1964 INTACT PERFUME BOTTLE! ONE THE RAREST ITEMS OF BEATLES MEMORABILIA!

"THIS IS AN INCREDIBLY RARE 1964 UK



BEATLES PERFUME BOTTLE! THIS IS FOR SURE, ONE OF THE RAREST OF ALL BEATLES MEMORABILIA EVER MADE! AND THIS IS ALSO ONE OF THE VERY BEST

CONDITION EXAMPLES IN EXISTENCE!

THIS IS THE EARLY 1964 UK BEATLES PERFUME BOTTLE! (Made by Olive Adair LTD in Liverpool.) SIZE IS 3 1/8" TALL X 2 1/8" WIDE X 1 3/8" THICK. NOTE THE LABEL IS NEAR MINT AND STILL INTACT 100%! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANOTHER ONE IN SUCH GREAT SHAPE! ALL THE PRINT IS PRESENT AND EVEN THE SHOULDERS OF THE LABEL THAT LEAD TO THE FACE IMAGES ARE 100% INTACT! NO CHIPS TO THE GLASS! THE CAP IS THE ORIGINAL! EVEN RETAINS A SMALL AMOUNT OF THE ORIGINAL PERFUME INSIDE! INDEED, THIS IS A CROWNING JEWEL TO ANY BEATLES MEMORABILIA COLLECTION! IT WAS ACTUALLY DISTRIBUTED FROM LIVERPOOL AS PRINTED ON THE LABEL! (Note: the base of the bottle has the 'FRANCE' raised letters and this is correct for this item as the perfume was from there and sent to Liverpool for Beatles marketing!)"

All I can say is that the liquid in this must be a bit whiffy by now.

GRATEFUL DEAD Nesting Dolls - OWNED BY THE GRATEFUL DEAD One Of A Kind - BONHAMS - US \$650.00

"GRATEFUL DEAD Nesting Dolls - BAND MEMBER MEMORABILIA - One Of A Kind - BONHAMS AUCTIONS

Don't miss out on your opportunity to own these one of a kind Vince Welnick owned nesting dolls. Handmade and painted by a St. Petersburg artist, and gifted to each member of the Grateful Dead in 1994. They were part of my collection, and





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 subscribers, by appointment from the Commission
of Patents, in virtue of the U. S. Patent Law, for re-
ceiving and forwarding to the said Comptroller, notices of
inventions to be patented, & deposited things, which
will be sent free of expense and risk and will dispen-
se to prepare Certificates, Specifications, Acknowledgments, and all
the necessary Papers and Drawings; will make references
into American and foreign works, to test valid claims in
ventions, and render advice on legal and scientific matters.



Available from iTunes, Amazon etc

First of all, I am not too sure why “Motley KISS Nirvana” are mentioned in the auction heading (in fact I cannot understand why anyone would want to mention Kiss in anything to be honest, unless – perhaps - they ditched that loathsome knobhead Gene Simmons) and secondly isn’t it great how a comma can change the context of a few words? For example, how about “Jack White, Smashed, Signed Red Fender Guitar”? Or even “Jack White.



PRATT, DOWNES & SCOTT,
— 100 N. B. STREET —

A night scene of a riot. In the background, a large fire burns brightly, casting a strong orange glow. In the foreground, a line of riot police in helmets and shields stands facing the viewer. The scene is dark, with the fire providing the main light source.

"Ev'rywhere I hear the sound
of marching charging feet, boy"

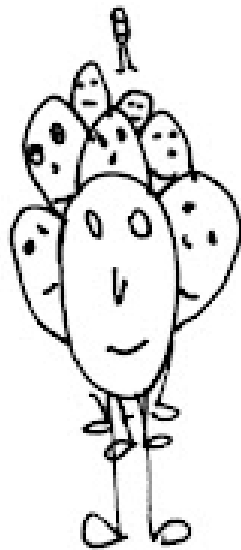
[http://www.zazzle.co.
uk/streetfightingshirts](http://www.zazzle.co.uk/streetfightingshirts)

A close-up, black and white photograph of a guitar headstock. The focus is on the tuning pegs and the strings. The background is dark and textured, possibly the body of the guitar.

AULD MAN'S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES

THE NINE HENRYS



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

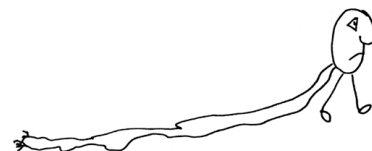
"a five ya aad can draw better than that"
Authors brother.

THE WORLDS FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

There are nine Henrys, purported to be the world's first cloned cartoon character. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. They mooch around in their minimalist universe suffering from an existential crisis with some genetically modified humour thrown in.

I think Peter McAdam is one of the funniest people around, and I cannot recommend his book *The Nine Henrys* highly enough. Check it out at Amazon. Each issue we shall be running a series of Henrybits that are not found in his book about the nine cloned cartoon characters who inhabit a surreal world nearly as insane as mine...



"Let go! Let Go" were the last words Henry heard
before he did his Bungee Jump



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.

Dame Barbara Cartland: Album of Love Songs (State, 1978)
What? Dotty old dame goes defiantly old school in her dotage.

Cartland (1901-2000) was a prodigious purveyor of romantic fiction, initially considered risqué, she soon settled into a groove of high morality and historic romance, allowing the virginal nature of her typecast heroines to appear more plausible. Debate continues as to whether the massive sales figures claimed for her output have any remote link to the actual truth, and Cartland was already something of



a caricature before her death. Anyone watching Matt Lucas in drag artfully dictating romantic drivel whilst draped on a chaise longue in Little Britain is looking at the popular image Cartland had towards the end of her life.

Cartland was always capable of generating media interest, so the fact this late seventies long player is virtually unknown in the twenty first century might, just, suggest that even she realised what an inescapable stinker it is. Given the constituent parts, something useful could have emerged. The Mike Samms Singers (with a credible pedigree) provide the backing vocals, The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra are the backing band and Magnet Records (with a track record of astute signings, pop success and well-aimed novelty items) are hosting the party. The whole arrangement sets up a lush wall of sound for Cartland to artfully front her vision of morally scrupulous, old school, love. Seriously, it's great until she opens her mouth.

The Dame's dull vocals, limited range, wavering power and off key warbling mangle standards like "Goodnight Sweetheart" and "A Nightingale Sang in Berkely Square" and the one allowance made to her cloth eared crooning involves an abundance of spoken word introductions, reducing the collection to something akin to a disastrous drag act besotted with his/her own thoughts on the songs. The truth of these little asides appears dubious, for example, Ms Cartland claims she did once fall in love in Berkely Square and a nightingale did sing as it happened. It may be that the spoken word pieces were allowed simply because any available bucket in which she might have carried a tune was otherwise engaged as the musically competent backing crew queued up for collective chunder in response to the horrors unfolding before their ears.

This truly is a twelve track torture beyond satire and, almost, beyond belief. An ill-starred irony-less venture that exists in a terrifying twilight zone somewhere between Roddy Llewellyn's one and only album and Ethel Merman's disco diversion. The CD reissue has yet to appear.

Template Instructions:

BEATLES



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Gregg Kofi Brown

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND UFOs

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

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

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

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

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

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia



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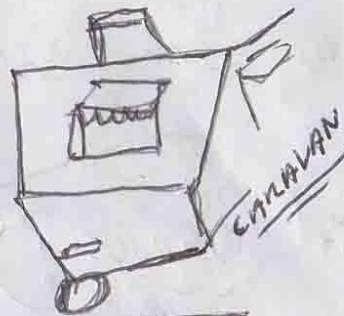
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CARAVAN



YEAH, HOLIDAY

ZINE

M. A. Raines



M. A. Raines

So once again another week plods wearily off into the sunset as I write the finishing paragraphs of this week's magazine. This week I am exceptionally jealous of one of our staff writers, John Brodie-Good, because he is presently in Alaska looking at bowhead whales, which were until recently one of the rarest creatures on the planet, and something that I have always wanted to see.

In fact, although I have seen various dolphins and porpoises, and an orca back in the day when Legoland was Windsor Safari Park, and it was still considered ethical to house these magnificent creatures in a swimming pool, I have never seen any of the great whales, except for a brief sighting of a fraction of a hump and the vanishing remains of the spume of what I was informed at the time was a humpbacked whale somewhere between the Canary Islands and the Straits of Gibraltar back in 1971.

There is something about the great whales that is particularly awe inspiring, but bowhead whales are especially so. They are probably the longest lived mammal on the planet, some specimens having achieved a life span in excess of two hundred years.

They are a conservation success story having recovered their numbers during the thirty year moratorium on whaling by the IWC. But peculiarly, the very success of this species during the thirty year moratorium on commercial whaling is one of the arguments used by the pro-whaling lobby to support a return to commercial whaling.

It is the cruelty of whaling just as much as the negative conservation aspect which - to me at least -



is most reprehensible. This is how Dr Lillie, a ship's physician on an Antarctic whaling expedition in 1946, described what he saw:

"If we can imagine a horse having two or three explosive spears stuck into its stomach and being made to pull a butcher's truck through the streets of London while it pours blood in the gutter, we shall have an idea of the present method of killing. The gunners themselves admit that if whales could scream, the industry would stop, for nobody would be able to stand it."

Let us hope that for once the world can find itself ruled by compassion rather than greed, and end this horrific practise forever.



THE BEST LAID PLANS

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Live on stage



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