Alan discovers how Steve Ignorant - a motormouthed punk icon - swapped the Tourette’s rage of Crass for a life as a Punch and Judy Professor. He also has a very Weird Weekend. Jon, however, muses on Al Stewart and reads about Miss Peregrine and her Peculiar Children. John says goodbye to Gilli Smyth of Gong and Doug gets a whiff of Perfume!

Good ‘ere innit?

#198
THAT’S THE WAY TO DO IT
Subscribe to Gonzo Weekly
http://eepurl.com/r-VTD
Subscribe to Gonzo Daily
http://eepurl.com/OvPez
Gonzo Facebook Group
https://www.facebook.com/groups/287744711294595/
Gonzo Weekly on Twitter
https://twitter.com/gonzoweekly
Gonzo Multimedia (UK)
http://www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk/
Gonzo Multimedia (USA)
http://www.gonzomultimedia.com/
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,

As we approach what Keats described as the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, welcome to what is quite possibly the last issue of Gonzo Weekly of the summer. Then again, with global warming, climate change and all that gubbins, September is quite often just as sunny as the bona fide summer months, and for a butterfly freak like me, the most exciting time of the year with long tailed blues, Monarch butterflies, and Queen of Spain fritillaries all arriving on our shores as vagrants and delighting everyone for the last few weeks of what used to be called an Indian Summer before the term became derided as racist and imperialist or whatever.

In fact I have no idea whether the term is de rigueur or not, but it gives me a great link into the main subject of this editoriallythingy.

Talking of Indian Summers, Al Stewart (who has just released some groovy things on Gonzo) did an album called Live/Indian Summer and can you guess who I want to talk about today?

I am very pleased that there is Al Stewart stuff out on Gonzo because he is an artist that I enjoy, and have always enjoyed very much. I went through a period of four or five years when I didn’t listen to him after my divorce, because he was my ex-wife’s favourite artist, and for some considerable time it was too painful for me to listen to him. His management continued to send me promo copies of the albums to listen to and review, but they languished in my filing trays, because I could not deal with listening to them. But eventually pain faded, and by the time I was first living up here in North Devon I had...
rekindled my relationship with Al’s music, and in particular with the albums I had missed in the meantime.

Al Stewart has always been an almost mythical character in the history of rock and roll. Having bought his first guitar from future Police guitarist Andy Summers, Stewart traded in his electric guitar for an acoustic guitar when he was offered a weekly slot at Bunjies Coffee House in London's Soho in 1965. From there, he went on to compere at the Les Cousins folk club on Greek Street, where he played alongside Cat Stevens, Bert Jansch, Van Morrison, Roy Harper, Ralph McTell and Paul Simon, with whom he shared a flat in Dellow Road, Stepney, London. He played at the first-ever Glastonbury Festival in 1970, knew Yoko Ono before she met John Lennon, and was the first person to have the word “fucking” in a song on a mainstream album, although it is almost certain that one of the old bluesmen (or blueswomen) pre-empted him by about twenty or thirty years.

Now, I thought that I was relatively au fait with Al Stewart’s music, but this week I discovered something peculiar. In 2005, he released A Beach Full of Shells, which was set in places varying from First World War England to the 1950s rock ‘n’ roll scene that influenced him. It was the first ‘new’ Al Stewart album that I had heard since rekindling my love affair with his music and it is truly a cracker. One stand out song is “Class of ‘58” which told the story of his own original love affair with rock and roll in various small towns in Dorset where he spent his adolescence. However, it was originally intended to be something completely different.

Stewart originally wrote the song "Class of ‘58" as 13 minutes long. When the record company rejected it, he rewrote it to the truncated 4-minute version on the album. The long version was subsequently released as a single. In the blurb on the single, it is suggested that the
album *A Beach Full of Shells* was originally intended to focus around this song, which describes the life of a musician on the 1950s rock and roll scene. I went to Stewart’s website and found that the single is still available but at a prohibitive $200 price tag. So I did some digging around and found it on YouTube, (there are several versions there, including one that is apparently three minutes longer than the released version on the single).

Listening to it was a remarkably emotional experience. The annals of rock and roll what-might-have-beendom are full of records which only got released after the record company had demanded changes, George Harrison’s *Somewhere in England* and Bob Dylan’s *Blood on the Tracks* for example being the first two that come to mind. And it has to be said that the released version of the latter album is far stronger than it would have been if the versions of songs as included on the massively rare *Joaquin Antique* bootleg (yes I do have a copy somewhere, no I don’t know where it is, so I won’t tape it for you, no I don’t know where you can get a copy) had been included instead. However, on this occasion, Al’s record company missed a trick because the extended version of the song is something very special indeed.

The version that was eventually released is a basic twelve bar rock and roll song and so when I first read about the thirteen minute
version online I had imagined it to be something like the massively tedious (unless you are very stoned) versions of Chuck Berry songs on the Grateful Dead monumental series of Europe 72 albums. Here I suspect I shall arouse the wrath of various Deadheads of my acquaintance, and even those who vaguely tend to such things on the Gonzo Weekly staff. I am a big fan of the Grateful Dead myself, but find the long drawn out pub band jams to be far inferior to their own material both studio and live.

But I digress, as is one of my habits.

Back to Al. So, when I heard there was a thirteen minute version of this four minute rock and roll song, I assumed it would be a long jammy workout. But it is not like that at all.

It is a surprisingly touching, totally engaging and very warm told tale of the career trajectory of a bunch of teenagers in the late fifties who form a band, get ripped off by management and publishers, get massively famous, have hit records, tour Britain and America, develop a plethora of personality disorders and then split up only to find that a career in rock and roll doesn’t really prepare them for life in the real world. (Don’t I fuckin’ know it?)

The final verses when the protagonist reminisces about a trunk in his parents’ attic which has all his memorabilia and tour souvenirs in, and how he goes and plays with a pub band in the evenings because he misses being on stage, brought very real tears to my eyes and made me think of people that I know, and have known over the years, some of whom have appeared in the pages of this very magazine.

So, go out and listen to it. If you have $200 spare go and buy it. I should be interviewing Al before the end of the year. It will be the first time since 1989 that I have spoken to him, but if he is as engaging and affable a bloke as I remember, I shall be asking him about this, and pleading with him for it to receive a more general release.

Watch this space.

Hare Bol

jd

IT’S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

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

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

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

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

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

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

http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/technology-26187730
THE GONZO WEEKLY
all the gonzo news that’s fit to print

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

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

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

Corinna Downes,
(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)

Graham Inglis,
(Columnist, Staff writer, Hawkwind nut)

Douglas Harr,
(Features writer, columnist)

Bart Lancia,
(My favourite roving reporter)

Thom the World Poet,
(Bard in residence)

C.J.Stone,
(Columnist, commentator and all round good egg)

John Brodie-Good
(Staff writer)

Alan Dearling,
(Staff writer)

Mr. Biffo,
(Columnist)

A J Smitrovich,
(Columnist)

Richard Freeman,
(Scary stuff)

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

Orrin Hare,
(Sybarite and literary bon viveur)

Mark Raines,
(Cartoonist)

Davey Curtis,
(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee
(Pop Culture memorabilia)

Dean Phillips
(The House Wally)

Rob Ayling
(The Grande Fromage, of whom we are all in awe)

and Peter McAdam
(McDada in residence)

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

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

Contact us with bribes and free stuff:

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

Telephone 01237 431413
Fax +44 (0)7006-074-925
eMail jon@eclipse.co.uk
Now is an even better time than usual to subscribe because, not only is it FREE (yes, Oxford English Dictionary free, not yer usual publisher free which means that we sell all the mailing list emails that we garner to a company trying to flog Viagra and/or Double Glazing).

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

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

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

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

I look around and see that we are living in a world where the things that I think are important are valued less and less by society as a whole; a world where asinine 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.
CHARLIE DON'T SURF: An explosive new book by Beach Boy Mike Love says late bandmate and cousin Dennis Wilson once confessed to him that he watched cult-killer Charles Manson fatally shoot a black man. Wilson approached Love in a California recording studio in 1969 "visibly shaken" and said: "I just saw Charlie take his M16 and blow this black cat in half and stuff him down the well," Love recounts in his new memoir Good Vibrations, in a chapter obtained by People magazine. Wilson and Manson, a singer-songwriter, had become friends during their time hanging out in the Los Angeles music scene. Wilson had spent some time at Spahn Ranch where Manson was setting up the commune that would soon become infamous.

The mysterious victim's death Wilson spoke of was apparently never reported or discovered. Wilson was too frightened to report what he had seen to police, according to the book. But Love, now 79, believes what Wilson witnessed stuck with him and may have been partly responsible for the drug and alcohol abuse that led to his death in 1983 at the age of 39. Read on...

HERE COMES THE SCUM: The estate of former Beatle George Harrison has complained after Donald Trump's daughter Ivanka came on to the tune of Here Comes The Sun at the Republican National Convention in Cleveland. Harrison's family tweeted that the use of the song had not been authorized and was 'offensive and against the wishes of the George Harrison estate'.

Harrison wrote the song, a catchy, upbeat homage to springtime, which appeared on The Beatles' 1969 album Abbey Road. Later Harrison's estate joked, in another tweet: 'If it had been Beware of Darkness, then we MAY have approved it!' Read on...

WHICH ONE'S PINK?: London’s Victoria and Albert Museum have announced the first major international retrospective of Pink Floyd, one of the world’s most pioneering and influential bands. To mark 50 years since the band released their first single Arnold Layne, and over 200 million record
"Capitalism is the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men for the nastiest of motives will somehow work for the benefit of all."

John Maynard Keynes
WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

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

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

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

“But our trip was different. It was a classic affirmation of everything right and true and decent in the national character. It was a gross, physical salute to the fantastic possibilities of life in this country—but only for those with true grit. And we were chock full of that.”

Hunter S. Thompson

take drugs during their years together, but looking back, she's convinced he was hooked on powerful painkillers.

Prince was found dead in the elevator at his Paisley Park estate in Minnesota back in April (16), and an autopsy later confirmed he had overdosed on a drug called Fentanyl, which he stashed in over-the-counter pill bottles. "He would sometimes stay up for five days at a time without sleep, food or even water, going nonstop back and forth to the studio," Charlene explains. "I had to sneak in catnaps to keep from passing out from exhaustion. Read on...

CRIPPLED INSIDE: Mark David Chapman, the man who was convicted of murdering John Lennon in 1980, has been once again denied parole. A three-man board denied his application for parole, the ninth time he has requested release. Chapman, 61, will be able to submit a new request in two years.

Over the years, Chapman has said that he has "found God" and that he was an "idiot" for killing Lennon and, although there have been those who have supported his release, there are many others, including Yoko Ono, who have written letters to the parole board for each request asking that he remain jailed.

Chapman was, actually, quite religious in his youth, having become a born again Presbyterian at the age of 16. He later attended Covenant College in Lookout Mountain, GA, but dropped out and began having mental
The Brighton Bar Proudly Presents...
Gonzo Multimedia Recording Artist
One Night Only

The RAZ Band

Featuring Joey Molland from “Badfinger”

A Do Not Miss Show!

Saturday
September 17, 2016

Door Open at 7:00 PM

Also Appearing:

They Easy Outs

And

Stone Baby

The Grip Weeds

Mark your calendars, tickets will go on sale soon!
problems including an attempted suicide. He also became obsessive with a variety of subjects including art, music, the book The Catcher in the Rye, and Lennon. Read on...

BORN TO RUN ON AND ON: Bruce Springsteen shows have always been a bit of a marathon. Often starting an hour late, once they get going, there is no stopping for a minimum of three hours and, often, much longer. Internationally, his record is a four hour and six-minute show in Helsinki, Finland during the Wrecking Ball Tour. Thursday night, Bruce Springsteen set the mark for U.S. shows at MetLife Stadium in East Rutherford, NJ with a concert that came in at exactly four hours. The new record broke one that had only stood for two nights since Tuesdays opening show at MetLife Stadium. Saturday, the band is off to the United Center in Chicago but, next Tuesday night, they are

20-Sep Tue Irkutsk Russia Irkutsk Philharmonic Hall
21-Sep Wed Angarsk Russia Club "Beerloga"
23-Sep Fri Perm Russia Club "Pravila"
24-Sep Sat Arkhangelsk Russia Drama Theater
27-Sep Tue Novorossiyusk Russia Marine Cultural Center
28-Sep Wed Krasnodar Russia Wilson Pub TBC
29-Sep Thu Rostov Russia Club "Bukovsky"
30-Sep Fri Ulyanovsk Russia Ulyanovsk Philharmonic Hall
back at MetLife, giving them a chance to not only break a U.S. record but go the extra six minutes to overtake their international mark. **Read on...**

**UNFAITHFUL OZZY:** Ozzy Osbourne cheated on his wife Sharon with five different women in five different countries. The couple hit headlines in May (16), when it was reported Sharon Osbourne, 63, had kicked rocker Ozzy out of their Los Angeles mansion amid rumours of his infidelity. They later reconciled, and earlier this month (Aug16), Ozzy confessed to battling sex addiction, admitting he had been unfaithful to Sharon with other women, including Los Angeles-based hairdresser Michelle Pugh.

His recent affairs came as a shock to his fans, but Sharon has since revealed Ozzy's cheating has been going on for years. "The s**t that's been going on with my husband recently, it's been going on for about five years but people are talking about it now," she told Britain's The Sunday Times magazine. "We've survived everything, drink, drugs and now it's women. Next thing he's going to want to be a woman. Who knows?," the U.K. The X Factor judge quipped, adding he had cheated on her with five women in as many countries. "I think about my own depression and my personal struggles, and I think, 'For God's sake, when's this going to end? When's it going to be normal?' I don't think it ever will be," she sighed.  **Read on...**

**SELLING NELSON BY THE POUND:** Fans of Prince will be able to wander around his Paisley Park compound this autumn (16), when the late music icon's home is opened to the public. Bremer Bank officials, who were appointed special administrators for Prince's estate following his death in April (16), have announced the gates to the singer's private estate and production complex will open for daily public tours from 6 October (16). The decision was made by Prince's family, in conjunction with the Bremer Bank bosses.

Confirming the news, the late star's sister Tyka Nelson says, "Opening Paisley Park is something that Prince always wanted to do and was actively working on. "Only a few hundred people have had the rare opportunity to tour the estate during his lifetime. Now, fans from around the world will be able to experience Prince's world for the first time as we open the doors to this incredible place." Visitors will get a guided tour of Paisley Park's main floor, which features Prince's recording and mixing studios. **Read on...**
FEDERAL WAY, Wash. - Ken Miller, a 30-year engineering manager with the Lakehaven Utility District, said he's never seen anything quite like it. Friday afternoon, Miller said meter readers with the utility company spied an open manhole in the middle of a Federal Way street. They closed it, but came back later and saw it was open again. "They pushed the manhole closed, and then later on they came back and the manhole was open," Miller said.

They contacted the Lakehaven Sewer District, who sent out a crew to investigate. When they looked inside, they were surprised to find clothes, toys, food and other miscellaneous belongings. Miller said the crew later made contact with kids nearby who said they had stayed there.

DEAD PARROT SKETCH
A Major Mitchell cockatoo, thought to be the oldest bird of its kind in captivity, has died at a US zoo. He had lived at Chicago's Brookfield Zoo since he was one year old.

PEARL OF GREAT PRICE
http://tinyurl.com/glpg9v1
Enormous pearl thought to have come from a giant clam could be the biggest in the world and, if authenticated, is estimated to be worth more than $100m. A fisherman in the Philippines has kept what might be the largest natural pearl ever found hidden in his home for more than 10 years. The enormous pearl is 30cm wide (1ft), 67cm long (2.2ft) and weighs 34kg (75lb). If it is confirmed to have formed within a giant clam, as has been reported, it would likely be valued in excess of US$100m. According a report in the local Palawan News, a man from Puerto Princesi, on Palawan Island, found it more than a decade ago while out fishing. His boat's anchor caught on the giant clam and he had to swim down to dislodge it.
trials, put it: “Setting the targets in this way gives a small possibility of reducing badger numbers by 70%, but a much smaller reduction is much more likely.”

Non-achievement of culling targets not only risks the whole exercise being futile but might actually increase the infection rate in cattle due to the wider ranging of surviving badgers within the culling areas.

Bovine TB has been declining since the introduction of stricter pre-movement testing of cattle in 2007-08, so it is difficult to tell what effect the culling is having on disease incidence within and around the culling areas. Nevertheless, contrary to anecdotal evidence from farmers, the only detailed analysis published so far showed no significant effect over the first two years.

An honest government would admit that the culling methodology doesn’t work and abandon it altogether. Failing this, an alternative would be to complete the initially planned four years of culling in the existing areas, basing targets on the most realistic population estimates, and then to follow up with a detailed analysis of the results before deciding whether to extend or discontinue culling.

Dr Francis Kirkham
Crediton, Devon

“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. _Quo 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…

**FROM THURSDAY’S GUARDIAN:**

Most scientific experts agree that data from the initial trial badger culling areas in Gloucestershire, Somerset and Dorset do not justify further extension of culling (Scientists criticise badger cull extension, 31 August). In ignoring this advice, and extending culling to five new areas, the government risks not only wasting much money but also giving farmers false hope that the approach will contribute to reducing TB in cattle. The initial trial areas were set up to test whether free-range shooting could be done humanely and at the same time reduce badger populations by at least 70% – the figure previously established as the level needed to achieve a significant reduction in TB in cattle.

The government was able to announce last year that it had achieved its culling targets, but only because they were based on unrealistically low badger population estimates – not on the central or best estimate value, but on the lowest bound value of the statistical margin of error around this estimate; this was simply a fudge. In none of these exercises did it achieve a 70% reduction based on the most likely population estimate. As Professor Woodroffe, one of the scientists involved in the original 10-year badger culling
It is both sad and shameful that when night falls and the setts of southern England stir, their gentle folk will be needlessly slaughtered. That in spite of science and public will, the wrath of ignorance will further bloody and bleed our countrysides of its riches of life. That brutalist thugs, liars and frauds will destroy our wildlife and dishonour our nation’s reputation as conservationists and animal lovers. I feel sick, sad, disempowered, betrayed, angry and crushed by the corruption of all that I know as right.

- Chris Packham

IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED
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. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price.
arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk

Michael Des Barres on Little Steven's Underground Garage
Maximum Rock and Roll
Mornings 8am - 11am ET Ch 21 SIRIUS 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

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

Dog exorcisms offered at luxury pet spa to drive demons out of your pooch

http://tinyurl.com/h5zthto
Bye Daddy! I'm leaving for my date tonight!

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

Sex?
No...

Prog

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

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

I agreed, and then the floodgates opened. We have regular weekly shows from Tim and Jaki on their submarine, and from the mysterious M Destiny on the other side of the pond with Friday Night Progressive. We also have a regular visit to the world of the Canterbury Scene courtesy of our friend Matthew Watkins. There are several other shows in the wings, waiting to join us, so stay glued to your seats boys and girls, your life is never going to be the same again!
Strange Fruit is a unique two-hour radio show exploring the world of underground, strange and generally neglected music. All shows are themed and all shows set out to give the most hardened of sound-hounds some new delight to sample. The show is also unique in providing homework for undergraduate students on North West Kent College’s Foundation Degree in Professional Writing (who dig up many of the odd facts featured in the links between tracks). The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.

Every other week the show is now presented by Jeremy Smith and as the two promotional pictures that he sent consisted as one of him covered in mud and the other of him covered in guinea pigs he is obviously mad as a bagful of cheese, which means he will fit in here just fine!

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

Strange Fruit 180 – Post-Punk Postcards

Songs by artists influenced by Punk but slightly more melodic. Well in most cases!

Featured Album: Echo and the Bunnymen: Crocodiles

Tracks:
1. A Teardrop Explodes: Reward
2. The Cramps: Goo Goo Muck
3. Wire: Map Ref. 41 Degrees N 93 Degrees W
4. Half Man Half Biscuit: Joy Division Oven Gloves
5. Joy Division: Transmission
6. Echo and the Bunnymen: Going Up
7. Echo and the Bunnymen: Stars are Stars
8. Orange Juice: Rip It Up
9. Theatre of Hate: Rebel Without a Brain
10. The Monochrome Set: Letter from Viola
11. Rip Rig and Panic: Storm the Reality Asylum
12. John Foxx: No One Driving
13. The Cure: A Forest
14. Magazine: Rhythm of Cruelty
15. Killing Joke: Love Like Blood
16. That Petrol Emotion: Can’t Stop
17. The Fall: Rebellious Jukebox
18. Television: See No Evil
19. Pere Ubu: Non-Alignment Pact
20. Pere Ubu: The Modern Dance
21. Echo and the Bunnymen: Rescue
22. Echo and the Bunnymen: Villiers Terrace
23. Echo and the Bunnymen: Crocodiles
24. The Soft Boys: I Wanna Destroy You
25. Tracey Thorn: Small Town Girl
26. The Psychedelic Furs: India
27. The Psychedelic Furs: Sister Europe
28. The Smiths: Hand in Glove
29. Big Country: In a Big Country
30. Alternative TV: Viva La Rock’n’Roll

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

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

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

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

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

An obscure recording of some superb live Caravan from '76, Terry Riley collaborating with John Cale, as well as being interpreted by a late 60s French-Canadian activist collective, Ollie Halsall playing some completely insane guitar with Kevin Ayers, a new North Sea Radio Orchestra cover of a Robert Wyatt song, something Oregonian with a suspiciously Wyatt-like vocal sample-loop, a little bit of Schoenberg 12-tone piano, some Squarepusher, the origins of drum 'n' bass, Henry Cow, Soft Machine, Matching Mole and the conclusion of Gong's 25th birthday party. Also, from the Canterbury today, Humble Pious, Jamie Dams and a Koloto remix.

Listen Here
AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

Special Show -- "The Best of Commander Cobra"
The name says it all. Highlights of Commander Cobra interviews plus special excerpts from Operation Distant Thunder conspiracy investigations

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."

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
Dwane "Hoot" Hester
(1951 – 2016)

Hester was an American fiddle player, multi-instrumentalist, and country music and bluegrass artist.

He was born on a small farm near Louisville, Kentucky, on August 13, 1951. Hester played with a number of well-known bands, and later became a session musician and a longtime member of the Grand Old Opry's staff band. Hester was also a featured performer at the NAMM Show during the time it was held in Nashville c. 1993 and 2004.

Hester had played backup for a number of country music recording artists, among them Alabama, Hank Williams Jr., Conway Twitty, Randy Travis, Bill Monroe, and Ricky Van Shelton. He had also recorded with Manhattan Transfer and Ray Charles. Hester was the former fiddler and co-founder of a Nashville-based Western swing band, named the Time Jumpers. He appears on the band's debut album, On the Air. For many years Hester has been a fiddle player for the Grand Old Opry's staff band.

He began his fiddling career with the Bluegrass Alliance in Louisville. In 1973 he moved to Nashville, having received several job offers after winning fifth place in a fiddle contest at which Chet Atkins and other prominent people in the music industry were judges. For the next year he played with The Whites.

During the 1980s Hester began doing session recording for various artists and producers, and has continued this work until his death. He also began appearing on television shows, one of which played for eleven years. In 1997 Dennis Crouch and Hester put together a western swing band called The Time Jumpers. Hoot eventually left The Time Jumpers to produce and write with Rachael Hester, his youngest daughter, who leads a band named "Rachael Hester and The Tennessee Walkers". Hoot has played with the Grand Ole Opry staff band since the year 2000. He has also worked with Earl Scruggs until Scruggs' death in March 2012.

Hester died on August 30, 2016 after battling cancer.
Gene Wilder (né Jerome Silberman) (1933 – 2016)

Silberman, known professionally as Gene Wilder, was an American comic actor in film and theatre, screenwriter, film director, and author. He was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He adopted "Gene Wilder" for his professional name at the age of 26, later explaining, "I had always liked Gene because of Thomas Wolfe's character Eugene Gant in Look Homeward, Angel and Of Time and the River. And I was always a great admirer of Thornton Wilder.

Wilder first became interested in acting at age 8, when his mother was diagnosed with rheumatic fever and the doctor told him to "try and make her laugh."

He began his career on stage, and made his screen debut in an episode of the TV series The Play of the Week in 1961. Wilder's first major role was as Leopold Bloom in the 1968 film The Producers, which was the first in a series of collaborations, and a cult comedy classic, with writer/director Mel Brooks, including 1974's Blazing Saddles and Young Frankenstein, which Wilder co-wrote. Wilder is known for his portrayal of Willy Wonka in Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory (1971) and for his four films with Richard Pryor: Silver Streak, Stir Crazy, See No Evil, Hear No Evil, and Another You. Wilder directed and wrote several of his own films, including The Woman in Red (1984).


Wilder died at the age of 83 on August 29, 2016, at home in Stamford, Connecticut, from complications of Alzheimer's disease. He had kept knowledge of his condition private, but had been diagnosed three years prior to his death.
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: Jeff Wayne/Radio Luxembourg
Title: The Magic Radio
Cat No.: GSGZ002CD
Label: Greyscale

The original pressing of this album is "Undoubtedly one of the RAREST UK LPs EVER made! Up until 1973 Radio Luxembourg had the monopoly on advertising on UK Radio - as all other Radio Stations were BBC only! However in 1973 the 'Independent Local Radio' project was begun - and for the first time Radio Luxembourg faced serious competition for Radio advertising! And so they commissioned this LP (99 copies only to avoid tax!) to be given to advertising people to advertise their Radio Station. For the VERY FIRST TIME Jeff Wayne (later more famous of his legendary 'War Of The Worlds' double LP in 1977) was commissioned to write ALL the music on this LP! Naturally this makes this a

---

Artist: Martin Stephenson
Title: Sweet Misdemeanour
Cat No.: BARBZ101CD
Label: Barbaraville

Martin George Stephenson was born on 27 July 1961 to Alfred and Francis Stephenson in Durham and the lead singer of The Daintees. Stephenson's work has increasingly drawn on folk music and traditional musical roots, and his performances have often taken in low-key live events and venues for recording. He has recorded albums in a Scottish church and a disused lighthouse. Martin Stephenson currently lives in the highlands in Scotland. An anonymous source on Amazon.com commented: "'Sweet Misdemeanour' is right up there with his best work. Although much of the album has a rockabilly flavour to it, this is an eclectic mix of songs and for this reason, reminds me of the Daintees classic debut 'Boat to Bolivia'. This CD is well worth a listen"
Arthur Wilton Brown (born 24 June 1942) is an English rock singer best known for his flamboyant theatrical performances, powerful wide-ranging operatic voice and his number-one hit in the UK Singles Chart and Canada, "Fire", in 1968. Brown has been lead singer of various groups, most notably The Crazy World of Arthur Brown and Kingdom Come, followed by a varied solo career as well as associations with Hawkwind, The Who, Jimi Hendrix, Klaus Schulze, and Frank Zappa.

Though Brown has had limited commercial success, he has been a significant influence on a wide range of musicians and artists and due to his operatic vocal style, wild stage persona and concepts, he is considered a pioneer of shock rock and progressive rock and influential on heavy metal music.

Following the success of the single "Fire", the press would often refer to Brown as "The God of Hellfire" in reference to the opening shouted line of the song, a moniker that exists to this day. These vintage radio sessions go a long way towards explaining why he is a living legend. Enjoy!

Arthur Wilton Brown
Born 24 June 1942
English rock singer
Flamboyant theatrical performances
Powerful wide-ranging operatic voice
Number-one hit in the UK Singles Chart and Canada, "Fire"
Leading singer of various groups
Solo career
Associations with Hawkwind, The Who, Jimi Hendrix, Klaus Schulze, and Frank Zappa
Influential on shock rock, progressive rock, and heavy metal music
Moniker "The God of Hellfire"
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Pink Fairies</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Naked Radio</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cat No.</td>
<td>HST422CD</td>
<td>Label</td>
<td>Gonzo</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Pink Fairies are an English rock band initially active in the London (Ladbroke Grove) underground and psychedelic scene of the early 1970s. They promoted free music, drug taking and anarchy and often performed impromptu gigs and other agitprop stunts, such as playing for free outside the gates at the Bath and Isle of Wight pop festivals in 1970, as well as appearing at Phun City, the first Glastonbury and many other free festivals including Windsor and Trentishoe.

They never entirely went away, but now they are back with an astounding new record - their first studio album for many years. Up the Pinks!

Rick Wakeman

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Rick Wakeman</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Made in Cuba</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cat No.</td>
<td>HST417CD</td>
<td>Label</td>
<td>Gonzo</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"Made in Cuba", presents Rick Wakeman with his band the New English Rock Ensemble performing to a capacity crowd live at the Karl Marx Theatre in Havana, Cuba, in April 2005, and invited by the Ministry of Culture, the Cuban Music Institute and the Swiss foundation, "Association Friends of Cuba". Rock Keyboard legend Rick Wakeman traveled to Havana, to perform a series of concerts that will forever be recognized internationally as an enormous event for the Cuban people, and a historic moment marked by the importance of one of the first and largest official Rock concerts ever to be performed on the Island.

This DVD captures the spectacular performance and the momentous event which will undoubtedly be worthy of an entry in the chronicles of rock music history. Wakeman devoted most of the concert to classic tunes from the 1970s, including songs from his ""The Six Wives of Henry VIII"" (73), ""Journey to the Centre of the Earth"" (74) and ""King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table"" (75) albums, plus a recent stage favorite from the ""Out There"" album called ""Cathedral of the Sky"" and the YES classics ""Starship Trooper"" and ""Wurm"".
John Robert "Joe" Cocker, OBE (20 May 1944 – 22 December 2014) was an English singer and musician. He was known for his gritty voice, spasmodic body movement in performance and definitive versions of popular songs. Cocker's cover of the Beatles' "With a Little Help from My Friends" reached number one in the UK in 1968. He performed the song live at Woodstock in 1969 and at the Party at the Palace concert for the Golden Jubilee of Elizabeth II in 2002. His version also became the theme song for the TV series The Wonder Years. His 1974 cover of "You Are So Beautiful" reached number five in the US. Cocker was the recipient of several awards, including a 1983 Grammy Award for his US number one "Up Where We Belong", a duet with Jennifer Warnes. In 1993 Cocker was nominated for the Brit Award for Best British Male, in 2007 was awarded a bronze Sheffield Legends plaque in his hometown and in 2008 he received an OBE at Buckingham Palace for services to music.

In 1961, under the stage name Vance Arnold, Cocker was singer with, Vance Arnold and the Avengers. The name was a combination of Vince Everett, Elvis Presley's character in Jailhouse Rock (which Cocker misheard as Vance); and country singer Eddy Arnold. The group mostly played in the pubs of Sheffield, performing covers of Chuck Berry and Ray Charles songs. Cocker developed an interest in blues music and sought out recordings by John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, Lightnin' Hopkins and Howlin' Wolf. In 1963, they booked their first significant gig when they supported the Rolling Stones at Sheffield City Hall. In 1964, Cocker signed a recording contract as a solo act with Decca and released his first single, a cover of the Beatles' "If I Cry Instead" (with Big Jim Sullivan...
Artist Rick Wakeman and Mario Fasciano
Title Black Knights at the Court of Ferdinand 4th
Cat No. MFGZ002CD
Label RRAW

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

Artist Rick Wakeman and Brian May
Title Starmus 2014
Cat No. MFGZ019DVD
Label RRAW

Starmus is a festival of music and astronomy on the beautiful island of Tenerife. It is the brain child of 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 2014 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 Trooper.

This DVD is a must for fans of Classic Rock!
**Barbara Dickson**

**Title**: Live in Concert 1976/77  
**Cat No.**: CTVPCD014  
**Label**: Chariot

Released for the first time ever on any format, this exclusive DVD features two rare television concerts recorded by Barbara Dickson in 1976 and 1977. All fifteen live tracks from both studio sessions are also included as a bonus CD.

Not seen since the original broadcasts and remastered from the original studio master tapes, ‘Barbara Dickson in Concert’ sees Barbara and her band performing material from her first two best-selling pop albums, ‘Answer Me’ and ‘Morning Comes Quickly.’ In addition to ‘Answer Me’, a top ten hit for Barbara in late 1976, the release includes ‘Another Suitcase in Another Hall,’ Barbara’s second chart hit taken from the soundtrack to the Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice musical, ‘Evita’.

Also included are the singles ‘Lover’s Serenade’ and Gerry Rafferty’s ‘City to City’, as well as Steve Goodman’s ‘City of New Orleans,’ a popular track from Barbara’s live repertoire which has never previously been released on any of her studio or live albums.

The DVD booklet features a new interview with Barbara in which she looks back over her pop career and the many television appearances she has made over the years. Commenting on the concerts included on this release, Barbara says, “I haven’t seen these since they were first broadcast but I have to say I’m impressed. They’ve been beautifully remastered and are a nice snapshot of what I was doing during that stage of my career. For those who enjoy my pop stuff, I don’t think you’ll be disappointed!”

---

**Rick Wakeman**

**Title**: Art In Music Trilogy  
**Cat No.**: MFGZ007CD  
**Label**: RRAW

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

This release was hailed by his fans. Albert Johnson wrote: “This is perhaps one of the best albums Rick has produced. It’s sensual, relaxing & a sheer musical pleasure to the ears of any age group. If you’re feeling tired, rundown or stressed out then just sit back, close your eyes & relax to this musical extravaganza & let those worries fade into the distance. A must have album for true Wakeman collectors”. And Peter Zajac wrote: "What more can one say about Rick Wakeman, musical works. If you like Wakeman you will like this. Apart from the excellent playing, I am always amazed by the quality of the recordings on Wakeman CD’s as they seem to have a clean crisp sound.”

Also included are the singles ‘Lover’s Serenade’ and Gerry Rafferty’s ‘City to City’, as well as Steve Goodman’s ‘City of New Orleans,’ a popular track from Barbara’s live repertoire which has never previously been released on any of her studio or live albums.

The DVD booklet features a new interview with Barbara in which she looks back over her pop career and the many television appearances she has made over the years. Commenting on the concerts included on this release, Barbara says, “I haven’t seen these since they were first broadcast but I have to say I’m impressed. They’ve been beautifully remastered and are a nice snapshot of what I was doing during that stage of my career. For those who enjoy my pop stuff, I don’t think you’ll be disappointed!”
Some personal musings
from Alan Dearling

For many folk of a certain age, the band Crass symbolise anarchy, rebellion, a do-it-yourself ethos and a general 'up-yours' attitude and style. They were always questing and confrontational. Fronting that band was Stephen Williams, aka, Steve Ignorant. The Weird Weekend (WW) event organised down Devon-way at the Small School at Hartland was blessed with Steve (and Punch's) presentation.

Jon Downes as Master of Ceremonies from the Centre for Fortean Zoology, greeted Steve as a visiting hero. It was full-speed ahead Rock 'n' Roll storytelling. And what fun we all had! Thanks and respect to Steve for his strictly non-PC guide to the character of Mister Punch, his family and adversaries.

First off, there was a bumpy moment when Richard Freeman as his alter ego Barry Tadcaster and his ape puppet, Orang Pendek, gave Steve Ignorant a ‘nonsense-full’ intro. And for a couple of blinks, it looked as
The moment passed, and for one and a half magical hours, Steve guided the audience through the murky Italian origins of Punchinello and Joan (the characters' original names), onwards through the back streets and working class hinterlands of Europe, England and beyond. A magical mystery tour of Agitprop street-theatre. Counter-culture at its best. Arrogant, bold – old school!

Essentially, Steve has retained his skill as a wordsmith, oozing dollops of working-class sensibility. At the Weird Weekend, I asked his wife, Jona, what I should listen to from Steve. Jona said: “Listen to his solo album, it’s less punk. You can actually hear all the words.” It’s entitled, ‘Love and a Lamp-post – a slice of life’. In the songs and the spoken word pieces, you meet a rich cast of street characters, supping cups of tea, drinking pints of beer. It’s crammed full of underclass poetry, rhymes and rants. Think of an eclectic mix
Already an artist of real ability and a keen student of music-hall, Steve thought about performance shows he might do – perhaps, Jack the Ripper? Instead, he opted for Punch and Judy. Twenty-five years ago he made his own set of glove puppets, with heads crafted out of papier mache. Steve said, “Punch and Judy is do-it-yourself”. Back in Dial House, the Crass family home, Steve had obviously already had a fascination with Mister Punch, creating a fine stained-glass window there. Steve suggested:

“I became Professor Ignorant, Punch and Judy Man.”

He told us how he got plenty of bookings, but there were weird bookings where a mum would say, “Don’t do the hanging scene. I don’t want my little Tarquin frightened.”

Instead, Steve told us, “Punch is irreverent... it’s full of kick ins, hangings, farts – that’s the whole thing about Punch....he don’t give a fuck about anybody...anybody in authority going to give it to him, he’ll give it back twice.”

If you’d like to actually see part of Steve’s presentation at the Weird Weekend, this is the link to a film I made of him:

https://youtu.be/0cseVgOfXhs
Using his suitcase full of characters, Steve gave a tour-de-force show. Lots of swear words, non-PC ideas and sentiments. Real history. Challenging. Grubby. And, as he put it, “Punch is a Jew, a hunchback, a cripple, a wife-beater... for centuries he was symbol for the working-class, the people – he took on authorities – and won.” Steve explained how the ‘stories’ used in Punch shows by the professor, the showman, the uncle, the punchman, changed and shifted shape through the centuries. Back in the eighteenth century, it was a show aimed at adults. The common people – the rabble. It was only late in Victorian times that it became primarily aimed at children and families. Out went characters such as ‘Pretty Polly’, Punch’s mistress and the Devil. But, “it can’t be sanitised”, Steve made clear. Steve’s performance brings history to life. But nowadays, the classic Punch and Judy show is banned from many parts of the UK. And for Steve, he’s not prepared to compromise. It has to include Mister Punch throwing the baby around, beating up Judy, fighting with the policeman, and deviously avoiding the hangman’s noose. No
And Steve showed us how he uses the 'swazzle', a little sound-reed held in the back of throat to produce the range of squeaky compromise, indeed.
Punch character voices. It’s easy to swallow and the showman has to use it with care, especially whilst alternating voices. Steve also explained how many of the so-called ‘authentic, original’ scripts of the Punch show are of dubious origin. To Steve, many are too stilted and high theatre, not the raucous, comedy show of the street-people, which is the true origin of the Punch and Judy show. In its rough and ready forms, this remains a performance-piece which shows the wicked Mister Punch fighting alternately for good and evil, but always against all the figures of authority – the police – judge – the wife – the crocodile. And actually winning! An early example of the bad, rude boy.

Steve Ignorant has also quite recently published his autobiography in 2015. It’s not the Crass story. It’s full of ‘real life’ ups and downs. Depression, fuck-ups, and great moments. Dagenham, schooldays, the Clash, Crass and Dial House, Ken Loach, politics, more politics, music, anger, TB, love and a lifeboat. ‘That’s the way to do it!’.

‘The Rest is Propaganda’, written by Steve Ignorant with Steve Pottinger. Check out more about Steve Ignorant at: [www.facebook.com/steveignorantofficial/?fref=ts](http://www.facebook.com/steveignorantofficial/?fref=ts)

And here’s the Facebook link to Crass: [https://www.facebook.com/crass/](https://www.facebook.com/crass/)

And finally, here’s Jonathan Downes with Steve Ignorant, one of his heroes!

Now check out Steve at Gonzo...
My daughter has long been a source of inspiration to me. She has a deep and abiding interest in music, dance, and art, and her tastes have been carefully cultivated. She’s introduced me to many newer bands like Beach House, Warpaint and Mac DeMarco, both of which are now part of my own collection. When in middle school, the kid got very interested in Anime, taking colored pencils to paper to draw her favorite characters, inspired by books and movies, particularly the beautiful, surreal treasures of Hayao Miyazaki.

Fast forward to high school and she took to electronic dance music (EDM) expressing her version of artful dance by incorporating lighted hula-hoops. For a graduation present my wife
and I played chaperone for her and friends to go to Electric Daisy Carnival (EDC) in Las Vegas, where a film crew captured her hooping, placing a row of Vegas dancers behind! Proud Dad, check.

I’ve endeavored over these years to support my aijou and join in on her love of all things Japanese and EDM. The concerts are hard for me to appreciate, as it’s difficult to accept the genre when the performer is just triggering deafening pre-recorded content, and no one is actually playing an instrument or singing. However, I’ve tried, and do see where some of the acts rise to the level of art. This even when at EDC I was asked by one young attendee “what are you doing here?!” I will say it’s a lot easier to see EDM events as concerts worthy of attendance when they transcend the repeated “drops” and incorporate dance, lighting effects and stagecraft to improve the level of entertainment.

While one such act, Perfume, won’t be everyone’s cuppa, they most definitely rise above the robotic crowd. This group of three young women, all exceptional singers and dancers, hail from Japan, performing their own version of J-pop/techno-pop internationally to great acclaim. But what brought them more to my daughter’s attention was their spectacular use of video imagery, as seen on their many Youtube videos. The imagery is not just lighting and film, but carefully choreographed graphic art and illusions that are projected onto layers of screens, which alternate between being translucent and opaque. As the dancers move in and around the panels, the effect is that they seem to appear and disappear instantaneously while graphics and filmed images take over. It almost defies explanation, but I’ll try: the dancers execute tight moves, suddenly seeming to transport across the stage to new locations, reappearing in unexpected places, or dancing in place...
encapsulated in or morphed into an image such as a planet, swirling shaft of light or other visual artifact. It’s truly impressive.

After struggling to find the right sound and approach early in the millennia, Perfume released their major label debut in 2005. By 2010 they performed to 50,000 fans at Japan’s biggest venue, Tokyo Dome. Since then their popularity has grown around the world. The three performers, A~chan, Kashiyuka, and Nocchi are brilliantly choreographed by dance instructor MIKIKO. Their expressive, cute dance moves, combined with perfect three part harmonies, and colorful costumes would be enough to raise interest in a large fan base. But their additional secret weapon comes in the form of visual artist Daito Manabe, who first added his craft to that 2010 show in Tokyo.

Manabe creates visual art that forges “a tighter, happier relationship between man and machine.” When applied to Perfume’s effervescent electro-pop act, the result is magic, best described on the Japantimes.co site: “The group performs their futuristic electro wearing elaborate white dresses that act as a canvas for a constantly morphing kaleidoscope of digital graphics, which in turn interact with the images being projected on screens behind them.” Actually it’s now “images projected in front of and behind them” as special screens are mounted and mobile, able to be carried by the dancers such that the surfaces themselves can move and change as the dazzling effects play out. This effect must be seen to be appreciated:

Tokyo Dome: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bVuLrZ8Tyc4

SBSW: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zZiPIgClxg

Last week, on Friday August 26, 2016 at the Orpheum theater in Los Angeles, now long into their career, and after multiple international tours, Perfume simplified their show a bit to make it more organic and personal. The stage was massive, stacked three levels high with a series of movable steps that allowed the group to traverse floors, eliciting cheers from the enthusiastic crowd. Extensive graphic effects were saved for just a few points in the show, while the majority of the songs were performed without special screens and effects; the scene at stage level projected above and behind them in real time, more like a basic singing & dancing act. While I would have liked to see more focus on the type of imagery made famous by Manabe, what they did do was joyful and captivating, more human than machine-like. I would have expected their vocals to be performed live – instead both the music and three part vocals were pre-recorded, as has been their way – forgivable really since the dance and visuals are so involving – and much preferable to a guy and a button! The young women haven’t yet mastered English, so their salutations and exclamations between songs were simple and seemingly innocent. At one point they selected an audience member who was bilingual to translate their greetings and admonitions to be happy and dance along together with them – very endearing.

Check Youtube for videos of the band, and also take a look at some recent contestants on the show America’s Got Talent and elsewhere who have used this same motion-capture and projection technique to create incredible illusions on stage. Besides Perfume and others, what’s possible is probably best seen by viewing performances by Japanese artists Hara and SIRO-A.

SIRO-A: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MiMhIFgclAw

Hara: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G4hmELQSw70

Nosaj Thing: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_woNBilyOKI
perfume
Forthcoming releases from Rick Wakeman & Friends

Rick Wakeman & Brian May live from STARMUS 2015

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

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

Available to pre-order from www.rickwakemansmusicemporium.com
At the tender age of 15, I will never forget hearing the Witch’s Song from Gong’s *Flying Teapot* album for the first time; who was this very seductive sounding woman? Along with Stacia from Hawkwind, but for different reasons, Gilli played a big part in my sexual awakening, but her talents went far beyond a few amusing lines. Dingo Virgin may have christened her the ‘Good Witch Yoni’ but we just lost a musical goddess, and another very special person to boot.

English originally, Gilli met Daavid Allen in Paris in the late 1960s when there were ‘riots going on’, Allen already being in
the original Soft Machine at the time. Gilli was writing poetry amongst her many other talents and they because a musical and romantic partnership for many years to follow.

It is quoted that she perfected her ‘space whisper’ vocal technique around 1968, and is certainly used to tremendous effect on the wonderful ‘Flying Teapot’ trio of albums, originally released by Virgin in the early 1970s. It’s very hard to put into words however, and is still a style almost unbelievable really that has not been copied by anyone else to date. ‘An ethereal method of atonal singing, vocalising and musical landscaping’, which can range from a beautiful, almost heavenly background noise to a full on raging demon roaring at you. That she had such a clear and confident voice, allowed her to range from one end of the scale to the other, in as short a time as a line in a song verse. She could also change from making just a musical sound to clearly spoken words in the same line too. Once you’ve heard it, she is very addictive, her voice is a full range, very feminine, musical instrument.

Gilli’s space whispers are just as an important part of the overall Gong sound as any other member of the ensemble, in fact hers was one of the most unique sounds, and that included Allen’s glissando guitar playing and Tim Blake’s bubbling synthesiser work.

Collectively, they could convey you into either inner or outer space like no other. Her vocal techniques were not just studio trickery either, she could do it live, no problem. I saw Gong a fair few times in that period and she always cut a striking figure on stage, tall, slim, long haired, usually wearing beautiful robes.
and often her purple witch's hat. Echo and repeat effects were used and she had her own box of tricks in front of her. I've been looking online for any technical details but can find none, I suspect Bert Camembert may have assisted her in her early days, tech-wise. Tim Blake would be the person to ask now. She would assume different feminine characters in her performances, ranging from prostitute to mother. After Gong, she had her own band, Mother Gong, releasing many more albums over a more than 10 year period.

Of the national papers, oddly the Guardian and the Telegraph only mourned her passing. The Guardian piece was quickly followed up by another piece about Gong generally, which is rather cool, Joe Meeks is credited as the writer. One of the main thrusts of his piece, is that Gong's lyrical silliness has put many people off from listening to them properly. She will never be forgotten in this house for as long as I listen to music, at least one of the Teapot trilogy gets played at least monthly around these parts (usually Angel's Egg), and I've got a fairly decent collection of Gong live CDs now too.

If there is any justice in the world, sometime in the future, when they teach about music from the past, 'the golden age of modern music', future music students will marvel and revel in Gong's wonderful sounds, and wonder how they produced them.

There really is a hell of band up in the stars now.

Gilli's website

Gong's website
http://www.planetgong.co.uk
(1874-1932), fortesque studies include everything that is regarded as ‘anomalous phenomena’. In other words, ‘stuff that is hard to explain’. For the own life-work was to take notes on anything that he found interesting. He appears to have been witty, energetic and endearingly odd. One of his unpublished books, titled simply ‘X’, explored the notion that the inhabitants of Earth are being controlled by the inhabitants of Mars. Charles Fort said, “I believe nothing of my own that I have ever written.” It all seems to be a mad mix of science fiction and fantasy, conspiracy theories, myths, magic, the paranormal with wedges of anarchic humour and general scientific and quasi-scientific research with added mayhem. Perhaps.

Fortean journalism is described in the Google entry as, “combining humour, scepticism, and serious research into subjects which scientists and other respectable authorities often disdain.”

Crypto-Zoology: is described, negatively, by Google as a ‘pseudoscience’. ‘The study of

So, what is a Weird Weekend?

In which, strde adventurer, Alan Dearling risks sanity and reason to join the throng of crypto-zoologists, chaos-magicians, UFO spotters, alien-abductees, and shamen and women at the 2016 Weird Weekend at the Small School in Hartland, Devon.

And, to be frank and honest, there is no straightforward or simple answer to the question in the title. It’s definitely an ‘Un-convention’. And it was the 17th such event organised by Jon Downes, Director of the UK’s Centre for Fortean Zoology. [www.cfz.org.uk](http://www.cfz.org.uk)

Lots of strange words and concepts.

Let’s look at a couple with help from the Internet.

**Fortean:** Based loosely on the ideas of American researcher and writer, Charles Fort

1874-1932, fortective studies include everything that is regarded as ‘anomalous phenomena’. In other words, ‘stuff that is hard to explain’. For the own life-work was to take notes on anything that he found interesting. He appears to have been witty, energetic and endearingly odd. One of his unpublished books, titled simply ‘X’, explored the notion that the inhabitants of Earth are being controlled by the inhabitants of Mars. Charles Fort said, “I believe nothing of my own that I have ever written.” It all seems to be a mad mix of science fiction and fantasy, conspiracy theories, myths, magic, the paranormal with wedges of anarchic humour and general scientific and quasi-scientific research with added mayhem. Perhaps.

Fortean journalism is described in the Google entry as, “combining humour, scepticism, and serious research into subjects which scientists and other respectable authorities often disdain.”

**Crypto-Zoology:** is described, negatively, by Google as a ‘pseudoscience’. ‘The study of
I didn’t even try to keep notes on all the inputs. And I’m only going to provide a flavour of the event. You can see by the list of topics that it was pretty mind-bending and sometimes mind-numbing. So, the impression I got from about half the presentations was of a wonderful child-like naivety. Believe in everything. Except science.

So, having experienced a number of Weird Weekend presentations, it seemed there were common ingredients and links. I’ve come away with the notion that a guide to a Fortean Cryptozoological Expedition might read a bit like:

**A TRUE ASTOUNDING STORIES guide to the GREAT BRITISH BOYS’ OWN ADVENTURE.**

1. Ensure at all costs that you are badly prepared.
2. Get lost by whatever means possible.
3. Forget to take photos or use a faulty camera/video recorder.
4. Meet locals, who appear to have escaped from nearby mental institutions. Interview them and believe everything they tell you.
5. On return from the expedition, try to convince scientists and government agencies that:
   
a) UFOs and all paranormal activities are real

hidden animals’. Cryptozoology originates from the works of colleagues, Bernard Heuvelmans, a Belgian-French zoologist, and from Scotland, Ivan T. Sanderson. It is many things – the search for, and codification of, mythical and extinct beings – humans, animals, birds – just about anything really. So-called monsters such as Big Foot and the Loch Ness Monster share the billing with the Minotaur, the Dodo and Robin Hood. Dazed and Confused?
I'm obviously being a bit Fortean in this description, but there were moments that were straight out of Monty Python or a Ken Campbell show. Such as when the loveable and clownish, Richard Muirhead produced the book: ‘Thought Transference in Birds’ (1931) and Jon Downes gleefully cried out something like,

"My dear boy, give it to me. We must reprint it. What about the film rights?"

My personal favourite inputs were:

Jon Downes’ master of ceremonies quips, comments on a cornucopia of subjects and especially his closing address on the future of Weird Weekends. Jon is larger than life, and as large as Moses, David Bowie and possibly God. See part of his closing epistle at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bM5u7socDnY

Lars Thomas gave an amusing and factual talk on the Vikings and their monsters.

Engaging, humorous and informative - Steve Ignorant’s incomparable performance show on the history of Mister Punch was just great. I’ve written about it separately. It was also very

b) all myths and legends are based on truth and therefore are inherently true

c) importantly, avoid all study of related sciences (and maps).
wide range of Chaos Magickians, including Aleister Crowley, Madame Blavatsky, Austin Osman Spare (one of my personal favourites – occultist and artist – the originator of the Sigil) and Peter J. Carroll.

And finally, I loved the droll Irishman, Ronan Coghlan, who reminded us of the spell-binding power of the story-teller. His input on the possible histories and myths of Robin Hood was tour-de-force. You can catch the start of his ‘show’ at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=UX3Ki2i0U2E

So, in conclusion, I hope you’ve caught a whiff of the ‘weirdness’. The quark, strangeness and charm’ of the Weird Weekend. But be warned, if I’m invited back I think I’ll go along with my copy of Ed Wood’s ‘Planet 9 from Outer Space’ movie and show it with a deadpan face, explaining that finally, we have irrevocable proof of alien beings!

Matthew Watkins is an extraordinary mathematician, and I found his subject matter – retrocausality (can the future come before the past) fascinating, but it did cause my little brain to hurt a bit. Easier on my brain cells was Shoshannah McCarthy’s well-illustrated and proven dissection of the myths surrounding vampire dogs.

Author, Julian Vayne, gave a veritable Cook’s Tour, complete with useful visuals across a non-PC. You can see a bit of it at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=0cseVpOFXhs

So, in conclusion, I hope you’ve caught a whiff of the ‘weirdness’. The quark, strangeness and charm’ of the Weird Weekend. But be warned, if I’m invited back I think I’ll go along with my copy of Ed Wood’s ‘Planet 9 from Outer Space’ movie and show it with a deadpan face, explaining that finally, we have irrevocable proof of alien beings!


**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**

Signed by Rick Wakeman and numbered certificate.

DVD containing over 2 hours of footage including an in depth interview with Rick about the project.

Double CD 1, The Original Gospels - with Robert Powell as the Narrator.

Double CD 2, The New Gospels

DVD / CD of The Gospels performed live in California – never seen before.

Reproduction A4 x 12 page concert program.

---

**The Rainbow Suite**

This is a brand new orchestral piece written and performed by Rick Wakeman and the Orion Orchestra. This is a specially written piece of therapeutic music designed for people with an Autistic Spectrum Disorder to enjoy as well aficionados of good quality instrumental music.

This is Rick and Orchestra at their finest !!!
This is the most important moment in history to do something for African elephants. Because it's the worst time in history to be an elephant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

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

‘LOSTINFOLK’

FRI 16TH TO SUN 18TH SEPTEMBER 2016

Lostwithiel’s First Major Folk-rock & Acoustic-roots Music Event, Featuring...

JEZ LOWE & THE BAD PENNIES

RICHARD DIGANCE

SALLY BARKER

JOHNNY COPPIN & MIKE SILVER

SPIKEDRIVERS

GERRY COLVIN BAND

HUT PEOPLE

ROVING CROWS

BROADSIDE BOYS

 DANIEL NESTLERODE

WILDCOOD KIN

PLUS A LATE NIGHT CEILIDH SATURDAY NIGHT
AFTER THE CONCERT FEATURING THE FABULOUS FOLK-ROCK DANCE MAESTROS

TICKLED PINK!

All concerts £15 each or £55 for all four, subject to availability

BOX OFFICE 01208 872207

LOSTWITHIEL COMMUNITY CENTRE

PLEYBER CHRIST WAY, LOSTWITHIEL, CORNWALL, PL22 0HE

Further information at: www.deckchairproductions.co.uk
Weekly Acoustic Jam Session Hosted by Dogleg

@The Village Inn, Westward Ho!
Every Tuesday from 7.30pm

All styles, levels and listeners welcome

facebook - dogleg Musician/Band
Now recognised as the leading online magazine of its type, Phenomena Magazine is a FREE magazine from Manchester's Association of Paranormal Investigation and Training (MAPIT)

Recognised as the leading online magazine of its type, now distributed worldwide, 'Phenomena Magazine' is a FREE monthly publication. Phenomena looks into the whole realm of the Strange, Profound, Unknown and Unexplained, delving into subjects of the Paranormal, Ufological, Cryptozoological, Parapsychological, Earth Mysteries, Supernatural and Fortean Events. Guest writers along with reviews of books, movies and documentaries add to the content as does recent news from around the world. Phenomena Magazine can be downloaded from our site every month for FREE in PDF Format.

GET YOURS FREE TODAY!

DOWNLOAD YOUR FREE COPY AT...

WWW.PHENOMENAMAGAZINE.CO.UK

PHENOMENA
The Official UPIA & MAPIT Update

ALIEN ABDUCTION OF CHILDREN OR IS THERE ANOTHER EXPLANATION?

IN THE NEWS LATEST INVESTIGATIONS A PARANORMAL VISIT TO CHESTER AND MUCH MORE!

MYSTERIOUS ENCOUNTERS IN MORECAMBE

GAINSBURY'S CAR PARK COMES UNDER SIEGE

AN AMERICAN IN SUFFOLK

THE FOURTH KIND MOVIE REVIEW WHAT IS THE TRUTH BEHIND THE HIT MOVIE THE FOURTH KIND

PRESSURES OF MARRIAGE, ROOME MORE

FREE!
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 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.

24 YEARS STILL ISN'T LONG ENOUGH - BY MR BIFFO

My partner disagrees that I'm not a natural showman.

She's used to me twatting about like an arse, or - as happened yesterday - encouraging the kids to shout "Losers" to a long queue of people outside the school shop as we drove past, because we had the foresight to get their uniforms at the start of the school holidays.

I insist that I'm not a showman, or a performer of any kind, and she never believes me. Thing is, it's one thing to behave in a certain way with those who love you, and another to do it before strangers.

I don't actually mind talking to an audience - I've done a fair bit of it over the years. For some reason, I have the kind of job that people seem to find interesting, and want to hear about. So long as I'm expected to be me - and not "perform" - then I've no stage fright whatsoever. I mean, I'll be up and talking to 140-odd of you on October 1st, and I'm fine with that. No fear.

Plus I've no issue whatsoever with those who are life's extroverts and performers. If anything, I look at them with envious eyes, that they can be so un-self-conscious. I suppose what I fear is "performing" for an audience, and making them think I think it's all about me, rather than being there for them.

That has always held me back, and caused me to tie myself in knots. It's like trying to balance on the middle of a see-saw, while simultaneously trying to not be noticed.

http://tinyurl.com/ho6v4vq
One of the bands I had been doing sound for was *The Last Post*. Steve Bensusan, lead guitarist for that band asked me if I would get up and sing with them. I was not too keen. The whole *Dogwatch* thing was a bit raw and I did not want to jump back into that again so quickly. I was also a lot keener to write songs than to perform other peoples’ work. In the end I agreed we should do a few rehearsals and write a couple of songs together. As a result I found myself on stage in a pub called the *White Hart* in Woodford Green doing a short set with the *Last Post*. This all went down much better than I had anticipated, and we decided to join forces and become *Roy Weard and Last Post*.

Work was progressing on rebuilding the *Elephant Recording Studio*; the walls were up and the soundproofing was all in place. We went back to the old studio to start dismantling it and transporting it to its new home in Wapping. When we arrived with the desk, tape machines and racks to go in the completed control room, Graham gathered us all together. He said he had run out of money and he could pay us till the end of the week, and then he would have to finish it on his own. There was still a lot to do. The control room was ready to have all the gear put in, but we still had to get all the soundproofing up in the main studio and vocal booth. There was a lot of wiring to be done and still a lot of painting and general decorating. It was clear this would be a long job alone and he would still have to pay rent on the property with no actual income coming in until it was finished. I offered to carry on working and be paid in studio time. A couple of the others were also willing to do the same and we carried on and finished the job. The studio time I accumulated would form the basis of the recording for the *Last Post* album.

The *Last Post* carried forward the tradition of dressing up and being generally ‘out there’. I had a chain saw that I used as a percussion instrument, and lots of props. We also had rather a good road crew who would turn up and smooth out many of the bumps along the way. As a band it lacked the downright quirkiness and melodic swing of *Dogwatch*, but made up for it by really rocking. Steve was, and still is, a superb guitar player and when he is in the right place he can outplay the best of them. When I met him again after 26 years had passed I was surprised that,
although he was still playing, he had never made it into a band that really justified his talents. I suppose some of it is down to how much you want something, how much you are willing to give up to do it. Standing on the right square metre of this planet when an opportunity opens in front of you is another factor. Throughout my life I have worked with everyone from the artistically bereft to the hugely gifted, and there has never been any correlation between talent and achievement. Herds of people will trample all over a creative artist to get to the banal repeater of worn out clichés. It is down to the creative artist to keep that spirit alive within themselves and not sink into the ordinary. Well, that is how I see it anyway.

Val and I were finally offered a council flat, somewhere near the Blackwall Tunnel and began decorating it while still living over the health food shop. We moved in at the end of 1980 and my son, Tim, was born in 1981. I was in the studio again when the contractions started but, this time, I was able to get to the hospital and was there for the birth.

I was trying hard to resist the temptations of some of our female fans and be a ‘good boy’. The band was doing quite well by this time with a regular gig at the Horseshoes Hotel in Tottenham Court Road, which was always packed out. The PA system was also doing quite well but there were some pitfalls to avoid. Around this time there were a lot of skinhead bands around. I refused to hire the system out to any of these, on both political and sensible grounds. I wanted nothing to do with right wing racist zealots, and I also knew that many of these gigs led to big fights and things getting broken. We were called up by a couple called Ron and Nanda who ran monthly gigs at The 100 Club. I asked about the kind of music they promoted and, in the end, he came clean it was the kind of music I normally avoided.. I usually worked this by giving a silly quote that got turned down, but Ron and Nanda took me up on it. I told them I would have no truck with racism and I would pull the plug if anything like that went down. I also said that if anything was damaged they would have to pay for it, and they agreed. We did four or five gigs for them and, on the whole, the ‘Oi’ bands were good natured and friendly. Some of the audience were less so, but they did not bother us too much. It was a bit more difficult because I did a lot of these shows with my black friend Peter Victor. Peter was a pretty good engineer and later a really good bass player. He went on to become the news editor of The Independent On Sunday. One of these evenings coincided with a Peter Hammill gig I wanted to see, so I set the PA up and left Peter in charge, and went off to the gig. When I got back there was a stand-off going on. The band had launched into shouting ‘There is a black bastard over there’ and thing were looking nasty. We got out of there and that was the last gig we ever did for them, despite many requests.

Roy Weard and Last Post released its debut album, ‘Fallout’ on our own label. Recorded at the Elephant Recording Studio using time I had accumulated by building the studio. The man on the desk, and the person who did all of the production for us, was Simon Tassano, who went on to be Richard Thompson’s tour manager, sound engineer and right hand man for over 20 years. This sold well at gigs, and we were writing a new batch of songs for the next album.

The ‘Post’ had a song called ‘The Room’ that they used to close the set with. The lyrics, by Ronnie Raymond, referred to an incident when they were at a gig and his bass amp broke down. He called a friend who said he could borrow his, but he would have to collect it so Ronnie borrowed someone’s car and drove over there. On the way he got stopped by the police and could not prove he had the car with the owner’s permission. They took him to the station, words were exchanged and he got roughed up a bit. The song’s lyrics went like this:

‘I was alone in a room by myself
When in came a policeman and somebody else
They accused me of something I didn’t do
They beat me blue
They said I fell off a stool
I was alone in a room by myself – now I’m dead!’

The chorus was even better:

‘I want to see every policeman in hell,
because of what they done to me, down in the cells’

We had a spell being managed by a guy called James Campbell and he got us a few gigs in odd places. One of these was Wandsworth Prison. As you can imagine, we decided against doing that song in the set.

Val and I were finally offered a council flat, somewhere near the Blackwall Tunnel and began decorating it while still living over the health food shop. We moved in at the end of 1980 and my son, Tim, was born in 1981. I was in the studio again when the contractions started but, this time, I was able to get to the hospital and was there for the birth.

I was trying hard to resist the temptations of some of our female fans and be a ‘good boy’. The band was doing quite well by this time with a regular gig at the Horseshoes Hotel in Tottenham Court Road, which was always packed out. The PA system was also doing quite well but there were some pitfalls to avoid. Around this time there were a lot of skinhead bands around. I refused to hire the system out to any of these, on both political and sensible grounds. I wanted nothing to do with right wing racist zealots, and I also knew that many of these gigs led to big fights and things getting broken. We were called up by a couple called Ron and Nanda who ran monthly gigs at The 100 Club. I asked about the kind of music they promoted and, in the end, he came clean it was the kind of music I normally avoided.. I usually worked this by giving a silly quote that got turned down, but Ron and Nanda took me up on it. I told them I would have no truck with racism and I would pull the plug if anything like that went down. I also said that if anything was damaged they would have to pay for it, and they agreed. We did four or five gigs for them and, on the whole, the ‘Oi’ bands were good natured and friendly. Some of the audience were less so, but they did not bother us too much. It was a bit more difficult because I did a lot of these shows with my black friend Peter Victor. Peter was a pretty good engineer and later a really good bass player. He went on to become the news editor of The Independent On Sunday. One of these evenings coincided with a Peter Hammill gig I wanted to see, so I set the PA up and left Peter in charge, and went off to the gig. When I got back there was a stand-off going on. The band had launched into shouting ‘There is a black bastard over there’ and thing were looking nasty. We got out of there and that was the last gig we ever did for them, despite many requests.

Roy Weard and Last Post released its debut album, ‘Fallout’ on our own label. Recorded at the Elephant Recording Studio using time I had accumulated by building the studio. The man on the desk, and the person who did all of the production for us, was Simon Tassano, who went on to be Richard Thompson’s tour manager, sound engineer and right hand man for over 20 years. This sold well at gigs, and we were writing a new batch of songs for the next album.

The ‘Post’ had a song called ‘The Room’ that they used to close the set with. The lyrics, by Ronnie Raymond, referred to an incident when they were at a gig and his bass amp broke down. He called a friend who said he could borrow his, but he would have to collect it so Ronnie borrowed someone’s car and drove over there. On the way he got stopped by the police and could not prove he had the car with the owner’s permission. They took him to the station, words were exchanged and he got roughed up a bit. The song’s lyrics went like this:

‘I was alone in a room by myself
When in came a policeman and somebody else
They accused me of something I didn’t do
They beat me blue
They said I fell off a stool
I was alone in a room by myself – now I’m dead!’

The chorus was even better:

‘I want to see every policeman in hell,
because of what they done to me, down in the cells’

We had a spell being managed by a guy called James Campbell and he got us a few gigs in odd places. One of these was Wandsworth Prison. As you can imagine, we decided against doing that song in the set.
Paganism is to religion as anarchism is to politics. It is anti-religion, the opposite of religion. Not religion's friend: it's enemy.

The words “pagan” and “priest” are a contradiction in terms. Paganism is what the people get up to when the priests aren't looking.

You probably already know the derivation of the word: from the Latin, pāgānus, meaning “villager”; from pagus, “province” or “rural district.”

It is an insult, the equivalent of calling someone a yokel.

It was also an army word. A paganus was a civilian or an incompetent soldier, a derogatory term applied by the professional soldier to conscripted peasants during times of emergency.

There were pagans long before there was Christianity. Probably it applied to villagers and their peculiar rustic practices when the city-dwellers were being all sophisticated worshiping Jupiter and Mars in the official temples of Rome.

There were a number of archaic practices which survived into Classical times, and the country gods were a dissolute lot: Faunus, a nature god, similar to Pan, often depicted with an enormous phallus, and Bacchus, the equivalent of Dionysus in the Greek world, the god of agriculture and wine, of ecstasy and sensory disruption.

Were these gods “worshipped” in the way the State gods were?

No. There were rites. There were festivities. There were sacrifices. There were celebrations. There was plenty of drinking and dancing, and no doubt any number of secret trysts in the woods and groves, but you didn't need a priesthood to intervene on your behalf. You just got on with it. The pagan gods were understood as the presence and personification of nature.
religious products in the spiritual supermarket. Both Wicca and Druidry, while they claim antecedents in the remotest corners of history, are modern inventions. Druidry has its roots in the romantic movement of the late 18th and early 19th centuries, while Wicca is only a little over half a century old.

That's not to say that they're not valid as ways of engaging with the world, but, we have to be clear: we're also not hearing some ancient revelation from the dim and distant past. These are modern people's interpretations of what an earlier people might have thought. What we know of ancient Druidry, for example, is filtered through two sets of prejudices: those of the original Classical writers with their sense of moral superiority over the quaint or barbaric practices of a rival culture; and the fantasies of the modern antiquarians who have interpreted these scanty texts through the filter of their own Romantic imagination.

and its powers and anyone could get in touch with them in the spirit of wildness and ecstasy.

As a catch-all term for the various expressions of modern alternative spirituality, the word is so vague as to be almost meaningless.

Does it apply to crystal healing or Angel healing? What about Wicca? Or Druidry? All of these are recent additions to the shopping-list of

NOW AVAILABLE FROM GONZO MULTIMEDIA

"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
OTHER BOOKS BY C.J. STONE

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 bit of a strange one, this week - a vintage photo of Hawkwind in action, announced as them performing under the arches of the Westway in 1971, and showing Paul Rudolph and (in the head-dress) Bob Calvert.

Now, Rudolph had the somewhat unenviable task of directly replacing Lemmy as Hawkwind's bass player - a task made all the more difficult as...
Rudolph was primarily a lead guitarist. 1976 is the year I first saw Hawkwind live, and he made a good job of it, carving a throbbing furrow that became a style all of his own, in Hawkwind.

But that transition didn't happen until around May 1975. Given Hawkwind's somewhat convoluted early history, there's no reason why Rudolph shouldn't have been playing a gig with the lads five years earlier... maybe as a one-off... but it is an interesting talking point.

And when 1977 dawned, and Adrian Shaw became their bassist, there was another abrupt change - this time to melodic and very measured bass notes, as of course we all know from "High Rise" and "Robot". Paul Rudolph might not thank me for this description, but his live approach of total onslaught was, I think, a splurge. And it was highly effective.

Bob Calvert fans might have problems recognising the singer! His performances certainly overlapped with Rudolph's presence in the band... throughout all of 1976, in fact - during which I saw them play three times. But, by then, Calvert had long-ago lost the face-fungus, and was more into the clean-shaven Biggles look. Complete with machine-guns and all that stuff.

Personally, I think we have a Hawkwind mystery here: and I think it's one that readers of Gonzo Mag might like to help us solve. So let us know what you think, eh.
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 PANNE
Being Mainly About Elephants
JONATHAN DOWNES
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.

**XXX**

Children have far more freedom nowadays than they did when I was a boy. And they take these freedoms for granted rather than having to snatch them furtively like my generation did. They also have access to communication media that I would never have dreamed of. The telephone in my family home was situated on the sitting room windowsill, behind the place now occupied by a large and comfortable sofa on which the dogs and my Mother-in-Law now jostle for the most comfortable position.
But it was ever thus.

Once upon a time in a universe far away (ok, London in the Swinging Sixties) lived a couple called Mary Ann and Robert de Grimston (originally Mary Ann MacLean and Robert Moor). They were, or at least had been, members of the exceedingly dodgy Church of Scientology, which decades later was to provoke the wrath of Anonymous. They formed a splinter group called The Process Church of the Final Judgement, which pissed off the elders of Scientology so much they were declared “suppressive persons” by L. Ron Hubbard in December 1965.

In 1966, members of the group underwent a social implosion and moved to Xtul on Mexico’s Yucatan peninsula, (any of this beginning to ring any bells somewhere in your cerebral cortex, guys?) where they developed “procesean” theology (which differs from, and is unrelated to, process theology). They later
Christ said: Love thine enemy. Christ’s Enemy was Satan and Satan’s Enemy was

Christ. Through love, enmity is destroyed. Through love, saint and sinner destroy the enmity between them. Through love, Christ and Satan have destroyed their enmity and come together for the End. Christ to judge, Satan to execute the judgment.

I have always been fascinated by this group, ever since I read about them in Ed Sanders book on Charles Manson, and became even more fascinated by them when I actually met one of its erstwhile members. Sabrina Verney is the daughter of Sir John Verney, one of my favourite authors and painters who died in 1993. I had a brief acquaintance with her father, and ran into her through the good offices of my mate Andy Roberts, an avid chronicler of psychedelic culture and the weirder parts of the 1960s. Sabrina (the original for February Callender in the series of children’s novels written by Sir John) was one of the girls who went to X tul, and I very nearly published her book on the subject (the original manuscript and other supporting documents being somewhere in my archives).

I have always been interested in the trajectory of the group. Judge Smith, another friend of

established a base of operations in the United States in New Orleans.

They were often viewed as Satanic on the grounds that they worshiped both Christ and Satan. Their belief was that Satan would become reconciled to Christ, and they would come together at the end of the world to judge humanity, Christ to judge and Satan to execute judgment. Vincent Bugliosi, the prosecutor of the Charles Manson family trial, comments in his book Helter Skelter that Manson may have borrowed philosophically from the Process Church, and that representatives of the Church visited him in jail after his arrest. According to one of those representatives, the purpose of the visit was to question Manson about whether he had ever had any contact with Church members or ever received any literature about the Church.

The group published an article about Manson and the jail visit in the The Process magazine’s special “Death” edition.
mine who was one of the founder members of Van der Graff Generator remembers the Process turning up at various countercultural events dressed in black and with fierce looking Alsatians. Mick Farren, another mate of mine, told me before he died that the group were “absolutely fucking terrifying”, when he encountered them at various events during the mid 1960s. But it is what happened to them that is most interesting.

Mary Anne kicked Robert out in a Stalinist move in 1974; he tried to continue with a similarly named organisation, but it was a failure and he disappeared into obscurity, defying the best efforts of me and Andy Roberts to locate him, although some claim that he is living under his birth name in Staten Island.

The group moved to Utah, and eventually morphed into the Best Friends Animal Sanctuary, where Mary Anne died some years later, according to some reports having been torn apart by a pack of wild dogs.

There is still a Process Church today, active on Social Media, but as far as I am able to understand, none of the original members are involved, and the Best Friends Animal Sanctuary, with a slightly changed name, is still going strong. So, an established (though dodgy as fuck) church threw off an even dodgier mind control cult, that the Self identified as a Satanic cult, and eventually became an animal welfare group. But could something like this have happened in reverse?

Well, yes, if my ex-girlfriend Lydia was to be believed. It most certainly could.
Rob Ayling writes:

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

"THERE IS NEVER SILENCE"

Always,a tremor.Vibration.Interruption to solitude
Train rattling.Car swooshing.Bicycle wheeling
Even in the darkest cave- batwings/fluttering
And when you import silences,they come with personal histories
Sound and sense fail,so utterances ,chants,moanings in labor
Always we are tied to one another.Drag your chattering cliches into consenting conversations.Some seek only silences.FAIL!
In Monasteries,by Sacred Sites,in hospitals and hospice practicing little silences in preparation for The Big Sleep.
Even then,shudder of bones,growth of fingernails
Each wing shudders -bird,bee,butterfly
Silence is invisible.It,too,wants to fly.
Some years ago I discovered a peculiar little art rock band called The Trachtenburg Family Slideshow Players, which consisted of Trachtenburg family father, Jason Trachtenburg, who played guitar and piano and sang, the mother, Tina Piña, who ran the slide projector and was a backup vocalist and the daughter, Rachel, who played the drums and sang backup. Born on December 10, 1993, Rachel was only six years old when she began performing publicly. Their trademark was the slideshow itself: slides collected from "estate sales, garage sales, thrift stores, etc." are constantly shown in order to "turn the lives of anonymous strangers into pop-rock musical exposés based on the contents of these slide collections". The band sings about things that occurred in the places shown in the slides, such as public execution (Mountain Trip to Japan, 1959) and McDonald's' competitors' "using network television to take advantage of efficiency" (Wendy's, Sambo's and Long John Silver's).

Like most eccentric art rock bands they fairly soon dissipated, with both Jason and Rachel forming their own bands which were neither as innovative or as entertaining as the family ensemble. But whilst the parent band (pun only vaguely intentional) existed they produced three albums and a DVD, and I for one thought that the concept behind the band was a smashingly innovative one.

Of course it wasn't a new concept. The theoretical basis of musique concrète as a compositional practice using found sounds was developed by Pierre Schaeffer, beginning in the early 1940s. William Burroughs pioneered randomised cut up techniques utilising randomness as a literary tool in the 1950s, and the anarchic surrealist game of "Exquisite Corpse" is even older. But nobody had done it quite like the Trachtenburgs, and I remember thinking at the time what a pity that nobody had used this concept in writing a novel. And now they have... Sort of. And I received the said novel, and its two sequels for a birthday present. Immediately before my birthday was the Weird Weekend, a conference that I promoted for seventeen years, and it seemed that everyone at the conference was talking about this extraordinary book.

The thing that made the Trachtenburg Family so impressive was that whereas most music made using avant garde techniques is virtually unlistenable unless you are a savant of peculiar tastes, (which I am afraid describes me to a certain extent) the songs by The Trachtenburg Family Slideshow Players were eminently listenable, although they made no sense without the accompanying visuals.

Author Ransom Riggs (I had originally misread his name as RANDOM Riggs, which prompted a whole screed about lexilinking which I then had to delete) has long been a collector of peculiar vernacular photographs, and the book is based on pictures from his and other collections. The result
is probably the strangest book I have read since Leonora Carrington’s *The Hearing Trumpet* (1976) and that is saying something. But although the premise of the book is an odd one, and the very composition is based on an undoubtedly avant garde concept, the book turns out to be eminently readable, and not the challenging slice of art prose that I was mildly expecting.

As I have written elsewhere, I do not like to review novels by revealing the plot line, so you will have to be content with this very bald synopsis nicked from Wikipedia:

“When Jacob Portman was young he was told by his grandfather, Abraham Portman, that he lived in a special orphanage for children who were peculiar run by a mistress named Miss Peregrine. However, as Jacob grew older he began to question the reality of his grandfather’s stories. This changed when Jacob received a distressing phone call from his grandfather, visited his grandfather’s home, and found that Jacob was able to see a monster that his friend could not. Abraham, his grandfather, tells Jacob “to find the bird in the loop on the other side of the old man’s grave on September 1940” and tell them what happened. Jacob has seen a monster but the police and his parents don’t believe the description of the monster, and his parents take him to see a psychiatrist, Dr. Golan. Dr. Golan suggests that Jacob go to Wales, the location of the orphanage from his grandfather’s stories. Jacob initially finds the orphanage deserted and empty, so Jacob seeks information from the people around that area like the workers at the “Cairnholm museum”.

And that is all that I have any intention of telling you about the plot, which is complicated, sinuous, and utterly gripping.

Children have very different lives today than they did in my teenage years. So, when the male and female protagonist kissed in Nina Bawden’s *On the Run* (1963) it was portrayed as chaste, affectionate and sweet. In this book there are tongues, spit swapping and hormones. But, the teenage lust is carefully handled, and whilst it is an important subplot does not get out of hand.

Teenagers also have more freedom these days, so when in *On the Run* the three protagonists being out of adult supervision was in itself a shocking plotline, in this book the more liberal attitudes of the second decade of the 21st century are allowed to colour the prose which is no bad thing.

The plot zigzags between the present day and the 1940s, and if I have a criticism it is that the characters in 1940s Wales sometimes lapse into the vernacular of the present day. But I am nitpicking!

This is quite probably the best, strangest and most inventive novel that I have read all year. I am looking forward to reading the two sequels immensely, and have shown admirable restraint in avoiding anything that will inform me about their plotlines, whilst working on this review. Please do not spoil the surprise by telling me anything about them.

If you haven’t already read this book which has been out for five years already, I sincerely recommend that you do so. It is a peculiar, exciting and warm hearted book which I cannot imagine anybody not finding massively entertaining and totally gripping.

Go buy.
In Victorian times every well-bred Gentleman had a 'Cabinet of Curiosities'; a collection of peculiar odds and sods, usually housed in a finely made cabinet with a glass door. These could include anything from Natural History specimens to historical artefacts.

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

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

Whilst driving through Bideford the other day I found myself having to slow down and swerve slightly to ensure I didn't run over a pigeon, which seemed to be out for a weekday afternoon stroll. As I continued a mere few feet further I had to stop suddenly when two sullen looking females stepped off the kerb in front of me, glared at me and then continued to nonchalantly continue their slow way across the road, you know ... cos they had right of way, it being a ROAD; the main thoroughfare through the town, usually BUSY with TRAFFIC.

A thought crossed my mind. I remember back in the day watching a programme on television called - I think - 'Hypotheticals', in which people were basically given moral quandaries and had to decide the outcome (or something along those lines. It was a long time ago and I cannot remember clearly). So here's your starter for ten, folks.

A pigeon decides to take it upon itself to walk across the road in front of you, and does not fly off as you approach. Ahead of you, two slouching, sullen females step off the kerb without looking and with complete disregard for oncoming traffic. Bearing in mind that the pigeon is a bird with not as much intelligence (so they say, although pigeons are not, apparently, as dumb as they make look) as
members of the human race. If you run over the pigeon with complete disregard, you may have more warning of the sullen females ahead of you who are about to step off the kerb without looking. If you slow down and swerve slightly to save the pigeon from a horrible death and in that split second miss the warning of the stupidity of the sullen wenches a catastrophe may occur.

Now remember, this is hypothetical. Which of these would actually deserve mercy? The bird that has become desensitised to urban comings and goings, thus rendering its natural fight or flight mechanism to be slightly lessened, as well as it not having the same brain capacity as us in the first place, or the humans who don’t give a shit about other people and just continue through their day oblivious to anyone but themselves?

And as if to unceremoniously plop the cherry on the cake, further along in the journey a woman decided to step out from behind a parked van into the road without looking – thankfully a good way off. But, believe it or not she was pushing a child in a pushchair, therefore which of these two came out first from the shadow of the parked vehicle? FFS what is wrong with people!!

Anyway, there seems to a toy theme running through the cabinet entrants this week. It was not intentional, but just the way the cookie crumbled.

**Ozzy Osbourne Rubber Duck Toy Black Sabbath JOKS INC. 1st Edition – US $12.00**

“Cosmetically in excellent condition.”

So his make-up is okay, but does he float? And is it me, or does this duck look a bit … erm … feminine?

**THE MONKEES 8 INCH ACTION FIGURES; BLUE BAND OUTFIT; FIGURES TOY CO - US $29.99**

“BLUE BAND OUTFIT. LIMITED RUN 300 PIECES OF EACH. FIGURES ARE BRAND NEW IN RESEALABLE CLAMSHELL PACKAGE. FULLY LICENSED PRODUCT. FIGURES TOY CO. THEY ARE…**

---

**SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME**

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

[Check it out now...]
8 INCH ACTION FIGURES FULLY POSEABLE WITH REAL CLOTH CLOTHES. HIGHLY DETAILED. ITEM IS BRAND NEW. MADE BY FIGURES TOY COMPANY 2016.

Cute factor is around 95%. And look at Mike’s bobble hat — n’awwww

JUDAS PRIEST - Very Rare Hand Painted Russian Wooden Doll Set - £34.99

“This is a hand painted Russian Doll Set for JUDAS PRIEST Bought in Russia quite a few years ago and very rare. This doll set has a painted face, most sets have a paper face. Approx 7” high and 1” for the small doll.”

Don’t you just love the shiny, beautiful colours of matryoshka dolls? Whether or not they look like the folks they are supposed to depict is somehow besides the point.

And because I love them so much, and I am indulging myself, here a couple more:

Matryoshka nesting doll Pink Floyd

“5 piece matryoshka doll set, featuring the faces of famous Pink Floyd group. This set is made by hand in Russia. It is made of linden wood and then painted by a professional matryoshka doll artist. It is a funny matryoshka doll, and each smaller piece of the set fits into the next larger one. Each matryoshka is polished with 3-5 layers of crystal clear lacquer.”

Matryoshka nesting doll The Doors
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.
Cool huh?

BEATLES VINTAGE PADDLE BALL TOY SEALED w/PACKAGE w/ HEADER CARD - US $19.99

“Original Factory Sealed”

These are great for releasing frustration, until - of course - the elastic breaks mid-paddle and you either get the ball in your face or it flies over the fence into the neighbour’s garden and lands in the pond with a more than satisfying plop. Aim it right and it might even go in through the bathroom window.

Oh yeah, yeah...
"Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy"

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

Auld Man's Baccie

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

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

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

David Cassidy: The Higher They Climb The Harder They Fall (RCA, 1975)

What? Concept work from little-regarded seventies popster occasionally hits the highest heights.

Cassidy's hugely successful solo career started with the same fodder, before diversifying into competent if hardly earth shattering rockers, and some self-penned material. The case in favour of Cassidy also musters some credible evidence, an Emmy nominated actor (though not for The Partridge Family), a respected and honoured stage performer and – at his height – holder of the record of the most active members of a fan club at one time, (bigger even than Elvis at his height). He briefly craved serious standing as a rock musician and – once his pop career had been buried – made a strong attempt to achieve it on the back of three albums with RCA Records. This, the first of the trio, remains a genuine pop/rock curio. A concept album, apparently charting the rise and fall of a pop star, its allusions to Cassidy’s career are obvious.

To its credit The Higher They Climb... has a narrative that is easy to follow and packs some banging tunes. The backing band include a couple of Beach Boys and a stack of mid-seventies country rock names, in other words those usually seen hanging in the bands of Joe Walsh and Jackson Browne. Their participation was assured since most of these people knew and respected DC, and shared his ambitions. When it works, the album works surprisingly well, opening with ‘When I’m a Rock ’N Roll Star’ a self-penned Cassidy composition. It also packs a trio of pop/rock standards: “Be-Bop-A-Lula,” “I Write the Songs,” and “Darlin’” into the first side of the old vinyl release, as Cassidy charts the rise of his semi-autobiographical self before introducing a trio of Bee Gees’ style cod-disco numbers on the
second side, broken up with an ultra-strange spoken word track and a gentle country rocker.

To Cassidy’s credit, he sings and plays it like he means every second, and strives like hell for credibility. But, that’s also the problem. The spoken word “Massacre at the Park Bench” features a tramp and a washed up pop star debating life’s cruelties, the tramp having discovered a sob story in the paper about the fall of ‘Da…… iddy’ (there being a hole in the middle of the column.) It doesn’t take a genius to figure out the moral from this point on. Revealing the strange balance of the concept album. It’s almost as if Homer’s Odyssey has been reworked by the makers of glossy seventies pop magazines.

Whatever the intention, the critical backlash was ferocious, generally spun into variations on the theme of: “the harder he tries the more he flops.” Cassidy’s music career was finally revived to some effect with less serious adult pop, placing him somewhere between the schmaltz of Barry Manilow and the sexy cool of George Michael, in the mid-eighties. For fans of items like The Turtles’ Battle of the Bands or Todd Rundgren’s Faithful, collections in which the artist changes personality and sound from track to track, Cassidy’s odd, obscure and terminally ambitious mid-seventies effort has proven a fruitful little find.

New from Neil Nixon at Gonzo Books

£9.99
Gregg Kofi Brown has transcended many genres of music...

岩’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 Albarn’s African Express and collaborate live with Amadou & Mariam featuring Beth Orton.

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia

www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk
THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines

DECISIONS - DECISIONS?

m.a.raines
As you may or may not know, I have had a whole string of teenage girls working for me over the past few years, mostly as students, whom I teach the rudiments of office skills and help towards their Btech in Animal Management. In return for them helping me make sense of the ever changing circus of which I am the ringmaster, some of them also have guitar lessons from me, and I occasionally help with their English Literature GCSEs.

Some have been better than others. One I remember told me that "I have a bit of an attitude sometimes" to which I replied "not when you are working for me you don't, young lady".

She left a few days later.

Another was playing me up so badly when I was meant to be giving her extra tuition that I sent her into the office to wait for her mother telling her not to speak to her "elders and betters" like that.

She never came back.

Others have been lovely, and have great things ahead of them. I am pleased to say that the latest incumbent, Miss Chloe Gray is of the latter school.

Dear Chloe was here this week and toiled massively. Together we put together the latest CFZ Newsletter and sorted both hard copy and ebook versions of the last two issues of A&M - something we should have done weeks ago. She shows a real aptitude for what we do and is truly the best assistant that I have ever had.

I so often find myself being negative and rabbiting on about doom, destruction and the badger cull in these pages, so it is very nice for me to be able to write something positive for once.

See you next week,

Hare Bol

jd
BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST
Live on stage

Admit One $5.50

Somewhere Over Detroit
11 Dec 1980
From Harpos Concert Theatre, Detroit

Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band

Eric Drew Feldman * Robert Williams * Richard Snyder * Jeff Tipter White * Jeff Morris Tepper

LIVE

GONZO MULTIMEDIA
www.gonzomultimedia.co.uk